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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XCII.

DECEMBER, 1895—MAY, 1896.

ARCADIAN BEE-RANCHING ..... *Ninetta Eames* 509

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece 509
An Apiary in Southern California 511
Extracting Honey 513
Smoking down the Bees 516
Tail-piece 518

AT HOME IN VIRGINIA ..... *Woodrow Wilson* 930

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Leaving Mount Vernon for the Congress of the Colonies 930
The old Capitol at Williamsburg 932
The White House, Alexandria, Virginia 933
William and Mary College, Williamsburg, at the present Day 941
William and Mary College 942
Hanover Court-house 943
Tazewell Hall, the Home of the Randolphs 944
Peyton Randolph 945
Gunston Hall, the Home of George Mason 946
George Mason 947
In the old Raleigh Tavern 948

BALTIMORE, THE NEW ..... *Stephen Bonsal* 331

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece 331
Broadway 332
Mount Vernon Square 333
The City Hall 335
At the Foot of the Washington Monument 336
An old Baltimore Mansion 337
The Cathedral 338
Cardinal Gibbons 339
Maryland Club 340
Great Hall, Maryland Club 341
W. T. Walters 343
The Peabody Institute 344
Daniel Coit Gilman 345
Johns Hopkins Hospital 346
Johns Hopkins 347
First Methodist Church 347
Druid Hill Park 348
Entrance to Druid Hill Park 349

BARREN GROUNDS.—See "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds."

BOSS OF LING-FOO, THE. A STORY ..... *Julian Ralph* 620

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Mandarin's Street Pageant 621
A Water-side Tea-house 623
"The old Man who tends the Net" 625
A Bit of typical Garden 627
The Tao-tai's Yamen 628

BRINGING OF THE ROSE, THE. A STORY. (With Illustration) ..... *Harriet Lewis Bradley* 840

BRISEIS. A NOVEL (With twelve Illustrations) ..... *William Black* 79, 224, 403, 519, 733, 870

BY LAND AND SEA. A STORY. (With twelve Illustrations, including Frontispiece.) ..... *Howard Pyle* 3

CALIFORNIA.—See "Arcadian Bee-Ranching."

CHINESE TALES.—See "Boss of Ling-Foo," "Little Fairy's Constancy," "Story of Miss Pi."

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.—See "Phase of Modern College Life, A."

COURTSHIP OF COLONEL BILL, THE. A STORY.....*J. J. Eakins* 306

DASHUR EXPLORATIONS, THE.....*Jacques de Morgan* 918

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece and Initial..... 918
Rubi Hamzarri..... 919
Khalif Hamzarri..... 920
Map of the Necropolis of Dashur..... 921
Plan of the White Pyramid of Amenemhat II. Restored..... 922
Jaques de Morgan..... 923
Crown of the Princess Khūmit (two Illustrations).....924, 925
Ornaments of the Princesses Ita and Khūmit 927
Golden Vulture of the Princess Khūmit 929

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Goldstein's equestrian Joke (Hayden Carruth), 159. Ready for Business (Illustration by E. M. Ashe), 161. The S. Claus Company, Unlimited—A Suggestion (Carlyle Smith), 162. Wanted more of it, 162. A strong Faith, 162. The ruling Passion, 162. A great Surprise, 162. A bright Bird, A Rabbit Tail, Somewhat nervous, A logical Conclusion (Illustrations by Peter S. Newell), 163. Santa Claus's Assistant (John Kendrick Bangs), 164. A lovelorn Goat (Illustration by Peter S. Newell), 165. Unequal Chance, 165. A Theory, 165. Fate's Remedy (E. Irenaeus Stevenson; Illustration by Will H. Bradley), 166. Moriah's Mo'nin' (Ruth McEnery Stuart; Illustration by A. B. Frost), 321. New Friends, new Wine, new Books (Frank Dempster Sherman), 324. Why he was silent, 324. Pat's ready Wit, 324. Ice-cold (John Paul), 324. An unfortunate Sign, 324. A Milliner's Complaint, 324. A needed Precaution (Illustration by E. M. Ashe, 325. Biographical Note of W. Higbee (H. C.), 326. No Chance for such a Mistake, 326. A Specialist (Illustration by H. M. Wilder), 327. Book-worm Ballads—A literary Feast (John Kendrick Bangs), 327. Almost impossible, 327. Verbum Sapientibus (Walter C. Nichols), 328. A courteous Fellow-traveller (Mary Argyle Taylor), 328. Fox-hunting of the Future (Illustration by C. Gray-Parker), 328. The fatal Message (Farce by John Kendrick Bangs), 479. Expecting too much (Illustration by H. M. Wilder, 485. Notes on Whistletoot (Hayden Carruth), 486. A pleasing Condition (Illustration by T. Dart Walker), 487. A Psalm of Art (E. Irenaeus Stevenson), 488. A poor Crop, 488. Discipline (R.), 488. "When Quality meets, Compliments pass," 488. A severe Test (Illustration by E. G. Emmet), 489. The Minister's Misapprehension (Tom P. Morgan), 489. Bad Business (Illustration by E. W. Kemble), 490. Too much of a good Thing (Alexander Ricketts), 490. A Reproof, 490. A Financier, 490. A suburban Adventure (Hayden Carruth), 645. No Doubt about it (J. B.), 646. A Woman's Way (Illustration by R. M. Crosby), 647. A Legend of the Strand (John Kendrick Bangs), 647. After Information, 647. At any Cost (Earle H. Eaton), 648. An unwilling Sacrifice (Tom P. Morgan), 648. The first in his Experience (Gilberta S. Whittle), 648. A soft Answer, 649. A mathematical Nightmare (J. S. R.), 649. Blink's first Golfing (Illustrations by E. W. Kemble), 649. Strange Adventure in a Lift (H. C.), 650. A small Girl's View, 650. No Rip Van Winkles wanted, 651. Not fond of Exercise (John Paul), 651. Illustration by W. H. Hyde, 651. Knew from Experience (Illustration by Peter S. Newell), 652. Lenten Philosophy (Walter Clark Nichols), 652. A Goose-chase (Margaret Sutton Briscoe; Illustration by A. B. Frost), 807. English as she is spoke, 810. She proved it (Illustration by W. H. Hyde), 811. Notes on Horsemanship, 811. Easily explained, 811. Sheriff Goggles (Hayden Carruth), 812. To a Critic (John Kendrick Bangs), 813. At the Theatre (Illustrations by H. M. Wilder), 813. Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club of Athens in Acropolis Square (C. Gray-Parker), 814. First Aid to the Injured (Farce by W. G. van Tassel Sutphen; Illustrations by Edward Penfield), 965. Florida Statistics (Illustration by A. B. Frost), 971. Dreams (John Kendrick Bangs), 971. Logic (Mary Argyle Taylor), 971. The brilliant Idiot (W. O. P.), 971. Cheerful Buckminster (Hayden Carruth), 972. A domestic Scene, 972. In Days of Yore (Illustration by Albert E. Sterner), 973. It was a cold Day (H. G. Paine), 974. Business Ability, 974. Just his Kind (Illustration by R. M. Crosby), 975. To a rejected Poem (Henry Herbert Harkness), 975. From North Carolina, 976. Not much of a Light, 976. Good Advice (Illustration by H. M. Wilder), 976.

EDITOR'S STUDY.....*Charles Dudley Warner*

A Check to Christmas, 155. The Outlook of an Optimist, 155. Social Evolution, 157. The obstreperous Dog, 316. International Gibing, 317. The Bicycle Year, 318. For Thackeray Lovers, 320. A Study of Death, 474. The last Work of a Sculptor, 476. The deadly Trolley, 476. A Dream Republic, 639. The "Strong" Story, 643. American Winters, 802. Christianity and Republicanism, 802. Judge and Poet, 803. Incomes of Authors, 805. The Opera Hat, 959. The Homely Crow, 960. Color in Literature, 961. Helen Keller, 962.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1863. A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF CYRUS W. FIELD..... 846

ENGLISH CRISIS, THE.....*By an Eastern Diplomatist* 954

FRONTISPIECES:—"In the Wood-Carver's Shop," 2; "George Washington," 168; "Prussia's Peasant Soldiers, 1813," 330; "Washington's Retreat from Great Meadows," 492; "Execution of Joan of Arc," 654; "Samuel Langhorne Clemens," 816.

GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY, THE.....*Poultney Bigelow* 66, 249, 446, 603, 760, 901

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Straggler..... 67
Napoleon crossing the Beresina..... 69
Remnants of the Grand Army..... 71
The great Baron Stein 73
General York enters Königsberg 76
Prussian Volunteers leaving Berlin..... 253
Friedrich Ludwig Jahn 254
A Volunteer of 1813..... 255
The Smith spiking the Guns on the Lange Brücke 257

GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY, THE.—*(Continued.)*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"For King and Father-land" 259
Lützow's wild Huntsmen 261
Körner in the Uniform of the Lützow Free Corps 263
Prussia's Peasant Soldiers, 1813 330
Lützow captures two hundred Recruits for the French Army at Roda 447
Cheering Lützow's Flags of Truce in Leipzig .. 451
The Patriot Fichte 458
Napoleon at Weimar 605
Map showing the Relation of the Battle-field of Lützen to Berlin, Dresden, and Prague. 608
One of Tettenborn's Cossacks enters Lüneburg 609
A Saxon Cuirassier 613
The Bridge over the Elbe at Dresden at the present Day 615
Field-Marshal Gebhard Lebrecht von Blücher. 617
Blücher's favorite Pipe 619
Prussian Volunteers attack Napoleon's Picket Troops 760
Old Marshal Vorwärts attacks the French on the Katzbach 763
The single Fight between a Magyar and a French Hussar 765
Monument on the Battle-field of Kulm 767
Bernadotte plans a Retreat 769
The Pursuit after Gross Beeren 770
The Town-Hall at Leipzig 901
The Cave at Hale once a Resort of Jahn 903
Blücher on his Way to Leipzig 905
General York and his Snuff-box 907
Metternich, Autrian Prime Minister 909
Map showing Napoleon's Line of Retreat from Leipzig 910
Caub, where Blücher crossed the Rhine 911
The Saxons go over to the Enemy 914
A Mecklenburg Hussar's Capture 916

HEBRID ISLES, FROM THE ..... *Fiona Macleod* 45

ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. Martin's Cross 45
Barra Head, Outer Hebrides 47
Iona—Cathedral and St. Oran's Chapel 49
The Herdsman, Staffa 50
Coast of Iona—the Sight 51
Gylen Castle 53
The Kilt Rock Loch Staffin, Skye 54
Loat o' Corry, from Hart o' Corry 55
The old Man of Storr 57
Druidical Stone at Callernish, Stornoway 60

HER BOY. A STORY ..... *Robert Stewart* 460

HULDAH THE PROPHETESS. A STORY. (With four Illustratins) ..... *Kate Douglas Wiggin* 115

HUMOR.—See "Penalty of Humor, The."

INTERVIEW WITH MISS MARLENSPUYK, AN. A STORY. (With Illustration.) ..... *Brander Matthews* 61

IN WASHINGTON'S DAY ..... *Woodrow Wilson* 169

ILLUSTRATIONS.

George Washington 168
Head-piece 169
A Virginia Plantation Wharf 173
"Even Sir William Berkeley, the redoubtable Cavalier Governor, saw he must yield" ... 176
Map of Tide-water Virginia, 1738 180
"They read only upon Occasion, when the Weather darkened 185
Alexander Spotswood 186
View of the Potomac River and the opposite Maryland Shore 187
James Blair 188
Fac-simile of the Entry of Washington's Birth in his Mother's Bible 188
Ye Virginia Gentleman of the Olden Time (Tail-pie) 189

JANE HUBBS'S SALVATION. A STORY ..... *Helen Huntington* 598

JOAN OF ARC.—See "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc."

LAST SONNET OF PRINZIVALLE DI CEMBINO. A STORY. (With four Illustrations.) ..... *Thomas Wharton* 126

LITTLE FAIRY'S CONSTANCY. A STORY. (With nine Illustrations) ..... *Julian Ralph* 856

LONDON'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS ..... *Elizabeth Robins Pennell* 278

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-piece 278
The passing Train 279
Charing Cross Station 280
Exterior of Charing Cross Station 281
A Station of the Underground 282
Arrival of City Men, Mansion House Station .. 283
Posters at a Station 284
Waiting for a Train 285
At High Street, Kensington 286
The Victoria Station 287

LOWELL, MR., IN ENGLAND ..... *George W. Smalley* 788

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE'S VICTORY ..... *Hon. Theodore Roosevelt* 702

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Murder of the Envoys 703
Wayne's Escape 706
The Charge of the Dragoons 715

MARK TWAIN. (With seven Illustrations, including Frontispiece).....*Joseph H. Twichell* 817

MISSIONARY SHERIFF, THE. A STORY. (With three Illustrations).....*Octave Thanet* 773

MONEY-BORROWERS .....*Junius Henri Browne* 636

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRINT EVENTS.

DOMESTIC.—American Universit· Buildings begun, 964. Arbitration, International, 8G, 964. Bering Sea Dispute with Great Britain—Appoutment of Arbitration Committee, 806. Bond Sale ɔ protect Treasury Reserve, 644, 806. Canals, Improverent in New York, 320. Cardinalate—Mgr. Satolli elevaed, 478, 644. Congress: Organization, 478; Appropriation for Venezuelan Boundary Commission, 644. Rsolution of Sympathy with Cuban Insurgents, 964. ‘otton States and International Exhibition, 320. Electins in Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nw Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Uth, 320; to the United States Senate, 806. PresidentCleveland's Annual Message to Congress, 478; Spcial Message on the Venezuelan Question, 644; Appoitment of Boundary Commission, 644. Red Cross Soiety: Miss Clara Barton sails for Armenia, 806. Salvaon Army: Commander Ballington Booth recalled, 806; Decision to found a new religious Order, 964. Yachting — Lord Dunraven's Charge disproved, 806.

FOREIGN.—Armenia, Massacres i, 320, 478; Red Cross Society to the Rescue, 806. Cban Revolution: General Campos succeeded by Geeral Weyler, 806; Filibustering Expedition stopped a New York, 964. France: Emile Loubet elected Presint of the Senate, 806. Germany: Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Foundation of the Empire celebrated, 806 Great Britain: Alfred Austin appointed Poet Laurate, 644; Excitement over Dr. Jameson's Raid on th Transvaal, 644; Dr. Jameson brought to London fr trial, 806, 964; Desire for Arbitration with the Uited States, 806; A Venezuela Boundary Commissio advocated, 964. Italy: Disastrous Campaign in Abysnia, 964. North Pole: Discovery indicated, 964. Russia: Suzrainety over Turkey, 806; Alliance with Servia, 806; Acquisition of an open Port on the Pacific, 806. Spain: American Consulates mobbed, 964. Transvaal: Dr. Jameson's Raid, 644. Turkey: Naval Demonstration before Constantinople, 478; Understanding with Russia, 806. Venezuela: Boundary Commission, 644, 964.

OBITUARY.—Battenberg, Prince Henry of, 806. Bowen, Henry C., 964. Boyesen, Hjalmar Hjorth, 320. Barnby, Sir Joseph, 806. Dumas, Alexandre fils, 478. De Haas, M. T. H., 478. Elchonon Rabbi Isaac, 964. Ewing, General Thomas, 806. Floquet, Charles Thomas, 806. Furness, Rev. Dr. William Henry, 806. Frothingham, Rev. Octavius B., 478. Field, Eugene, 320. Gillam, Bernard, 806. Greenhalge, Frederick T., 964. Harper, Philip J. A., 964. Harter, Michael D., 964. Hinckley, Thomas Hewes, 964. Houssaye, Arsène, 964. Jordan, General Thomas, 478. Kenrick, Ex-Archbishop Peter Richard, 964. Kingsley, William Lathrop, 964. Leighton, Sir Frederick, 806. Leslie, Henry David, 806. Mahone, Ex-Senator William, 320. Miller, General Madison, 964. Mines, Flavel Scott, 478. Pasha Rustem, 478. Pasteur, Louis, 320. Ponsonby, Sir Henry T., 478. Rice, William W., 964. Riley, Charles V., 320. Robinson, George D., 964. Runyon, Theodore, 806. Saint-Hilaire, Jules-Barthélemy, 478. Sala, George Augustus, 478. Smith, Rev. Dr. Samuel T., 478. Stepniak, Sergius, 644. Story, William Wetmore, 320. Thomas, C. L. Ambroise, 964. Thurman, Allen G., 478. Tyffe, Joseph, 964. Tyler, John, son of President Tyler, 806. Vaux, Calvert, 478. Verlaine, Paul, 644. Waite, C. C., 964.

MOTHER IN ISRAEL, A. A STOR.....*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen* 377

NERVES OF A WAR-SHIP, THE .....*Park Benjamin* 631

ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARRN GROUNDS.....*Caspar W. Whitney* 10, 208, 359, 493, 717

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-pieces 10, 2i, 359, 493, 717
Trading in the Hudson Bay Compny's "old Store" at Edmonton..... 11
Northwestern British America, shoing Barren Grounds and Mr. Whitney'sRoute.... 12
Sarcee Belle 13
Winnipeg Dragoon 13
Wapiti-hunter 13
Sarcee and Squaw "At Home"..... 14
Breaking a Trail for the Dogs 15
An Encampment near Calgary..... 15
A Medicine-man's Lodge 16
Going for an Afternoon Drive at Eonton.. 16
Off for Lac La Biche..... 17
One of the first Steel Knives traded i Indians 18
Meeting of two Dog Brigades..... 19
The Copper Kettle in which we brved Tea for twenty-six hundred Miles 21
Blanket Clothing of the early Wint, before excessive Cold demands Furs 22
An Edmonton Freighter..... 23
Half-breed Dog-driver 23
One "Made Beaver" Token, formerly sued by the Hudson Bay Company..... 24
Lac La Biche on New-Year's Day..... 25
Native "Snow-glasses"..... 26
"In a 24° below Zero Atmosphere thewaited" 27
A Woman's Porcupine-quill Belt..... 27
The Indian's Storehouse and Larder..... 209
Native-made Garter..... 210
"John"..... 211
The First and Best Camp of the Trip..... 213
Grizzly-claw Necklace 214
Pole Lodge in which Moose and Caribou Skins are Smoked..... 215
Moccasins 215
Ancient Knife with Beaver-tooth Blade..... 216
Noon-day Tea 217
Dog-whip..... 218
Drying Fish—the Staple Food of Man and Dog. 219
Moccasins 220
"Sour Grapes"..... 221
Fort Chipewyan 223
War-Bonnet 361
Hand-Warmers of the North 362
The North-land Shoemaker..... 363
Squaw Legging 364
Pappoose in its Moss Bag..... 364
The Belle of the North Country..... 365
The "Rabbit Camp"..... 367
Chipewyan Tripping-Shoe—three feet long.... 369
Cree Hunting-Shoe—six feet long..... 369
Loucheux Shoe—six feet long 369
Cutting a Way through the small Firs..... 371
Jeremi was too quick with his Gun..... 374
Types of Snow-shoes..... 495, 504
Map showing Mr. Whitney's Route 496
"Spelling" the Dogs..... 497

ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS.—*(Continued.)*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Beniah and Dry Geese, two famous Dog-Rib Leaders 499
Musk-ox Hunting-knife and Barren Ground Axe 500
Arriving at Beniah's Lodge 501
The last Wood—laying in a Supply for the Barrens 503
The Indian's Tool-kit—Axe, crooked Knife (home-made), and File 505
Northwest Sock of Duffel 506
A Hudson Bay Company Fur "Pack" 507
Old Flintlock traded to the Indians, and Moose-skin Gun-coat 507
Cutting Lodge-poles on the Edge of the Timber 508
A Pipe in the Land of Little Sticks 719
Indian Legging 720
Feeding the Dogs 721
Barren Ground Caribou 723
Medicine-man's Necklace 724
Types of North-land Indians 725
Caribou in Sight 727
Musk-ox at Bay 730

PARIS OF SOUTH AMERICA, THE. (With seven Illustrations)..... *Richard Harding Davis* 104

PASSING OF THE FUR-SEAL, THE. (With Map)..... *Henry Loomis Nelson* 462

PENALTY OF HUMOR, THE..... *Brander Matthews* 897

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC. A HISTORICAL ROMANCE. ..... *Louis de Conte* 135, 288, 432, 585, 655

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Duchess kissed Joan, and so they parted" 139
Joan at Jargeau 143
"I sprang forward with a warning Hand up". 146
Joan and the wounded English Soldier 289
Coronation of the French King at Rheims... 292
Jacques D'Arc and Uncle Laxart watching the Procession 301
Joan drills her Father 433
The Paladin tells how he won Patay 434
The Capture of Joan at Compiègne 443
The Maid of Orleans 589
Rainguesson and De Comte making their Way to Rouen 593
The Trial of Joan of Arc 596
Execution of Joan of Arc 654
The Maid of Orleans 659
Joan signs the List of Accusations 663
Cauchon accuses Joan of violating her Oath.. 667
The Martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans 670

PHASE OF MODERN COLLEGE LIFE, A..... *Henry T. Fowler* 688

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Murray Hall, Princeton University 688
Dwight Hall, Yale University 689
Interior of Dwight Hall 691
Styles Hall, University of California 693
Barnes Hall, Cornell University 694

PREMONITIONS OF INSANITY..... *Forbes Winslow* 471

PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT, A. A COMEDY. (With five Illustrations)... *William Dean Howells* 28

SEAL.—See "Passing of the Fur-Seal, The."

SHOEMAKER OF FOUGÈRES, THE. A STORY..... *Katharine S. Macquoid* 150

SNIPE-HUNT, A. A STORY OF JIM-NED CREEK. (With three Illustrations)... *M. E. M. Davis* 352

SPRING FLOOD IN BROADWAY, A. A STORY. (With Illustration)..... *Brander Matthews* 696

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT..... *Hon. Theodore Roosevelt* 387

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"A Mounted Indian discovered the Advance of the Americans" 395
"The Men saw no Enemy as they stood in the Ranks" 397
"Again and again the Officers led forward the Troops" 399
"On the Battlefield itself the Slain lay thick". 402

STORY OF MISS PI, THE. A STORY. (With four illustration)..... *Julian Ralph* 189

THREE OLD SISTERS AND THE OLD BEAU, THE. A STORY..... *Mary E. Wilkins* 854

THROUGH INLAND WATERS. DEPICTED WITH PEN AND PENCIL. (With sixteen Illustrations.) ..... *Howard Pyle* 828

TWENTY-FOUR: FOUR. A STORY. (With two Illustrations)..... *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps* 264

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, THE..... *T. R. Lounsbury* 201

VENEZUELA.—See "Paris of South America, The."

VOICE OF AUTHORITY, THE. A STORY. (With five Illustrations).....*E. A. Alexander* 674

WASHINGTON.—See "In Washington's Day," "At Home in Virginia," and "Colonel Washington."

WASHINGTON, COLONEL.....*Woodrow Wilson* 549

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Washington's Retreat from Great Meadows... 492
Head-piece..... 549
Thomas, Sixth Lord Fairfax..... 551
Mount Vernon at the present Day..... 553
The Potomac from Mount Vernon 555
Lawrence Washington..... 556
French and English in North America, 1755 (Map)..... 559
General Edward Braddock 565
The Burial of Braddock..... 569
Washington and Mary Philipse..... 572
Tail-piece..... 573

WAYNE.—See "Mad Anthony Wayne's Victory."

WHERE FANCY WAS BRED. A STORY.....*Owen Wister* 574

POETRY.

A DREAM.....*Margaret E. Sangster* 772

A NIGHT AND MORNING IN JERUSALEM. (With three Illustrations).....*Katrina Trask* 683

A WATER-LILY.....*Z. D. Underhill* 598

BORDER-LANDS.....*Louise Imogen Guiney* 854

DIVERSE.....*Anna C. Brackett* 200

LIFE.....*Julie M. Lippmann* 759

PÆSTUM. (With Illustration).....*John Hay* 351

TANSY. THREE POEM. "Our Old Graveyard," "My Moon Song," and "Waiting." (With Head-piece.) .....*Mary Allen* 868

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.....*Louise Imogen Guiney* 445

THE BANQUET.....*Charles G. D. Roberts* 65

THE FALLOW FIELD.....*Dora Read Goodale* 845

THE FINAL WORD.....*Alfred H. Louis* 673

THE GOSPEL OF THE GROUND.....*John Vance Cheney* 519

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.....*Z. D. Underhill* 827

THERE.....*Lulah Ragsdale* 917

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII DECEMBER, 1895 No. DXLVII



By Land and Sea.

A Series of Three or Four Sketches by Howard Pyle.

1

THE old ship-builder had brought his daughter for the final sitting for the figure-head of the *Polly Ann* brig. The day was warm and the shop was very still, and he soon fell asleep in his chair. Meantime the young wood-carver, as he tapped, tapped with his mallet on the chisel-handle, was thinking what he would say to the girl if the opportunity offered.

He was very much in love. No sound broke the stillness but the deep breathing of the old man and the cooing of some pigeons strutting in the hot sun on an adjoining roof. Suddenly the wood-carver spoke: "You must turn your face a little this way." The old man started up at the sound, and looked around him as though bewildered. He took out his watch. "'Tis a quarter to ten," said he, "and I must see Tom Boles at the rope-walk. I'll be back for thee, Polly, in half an hour." Then he put on his hat and went away, his feet clattering down the stairs.

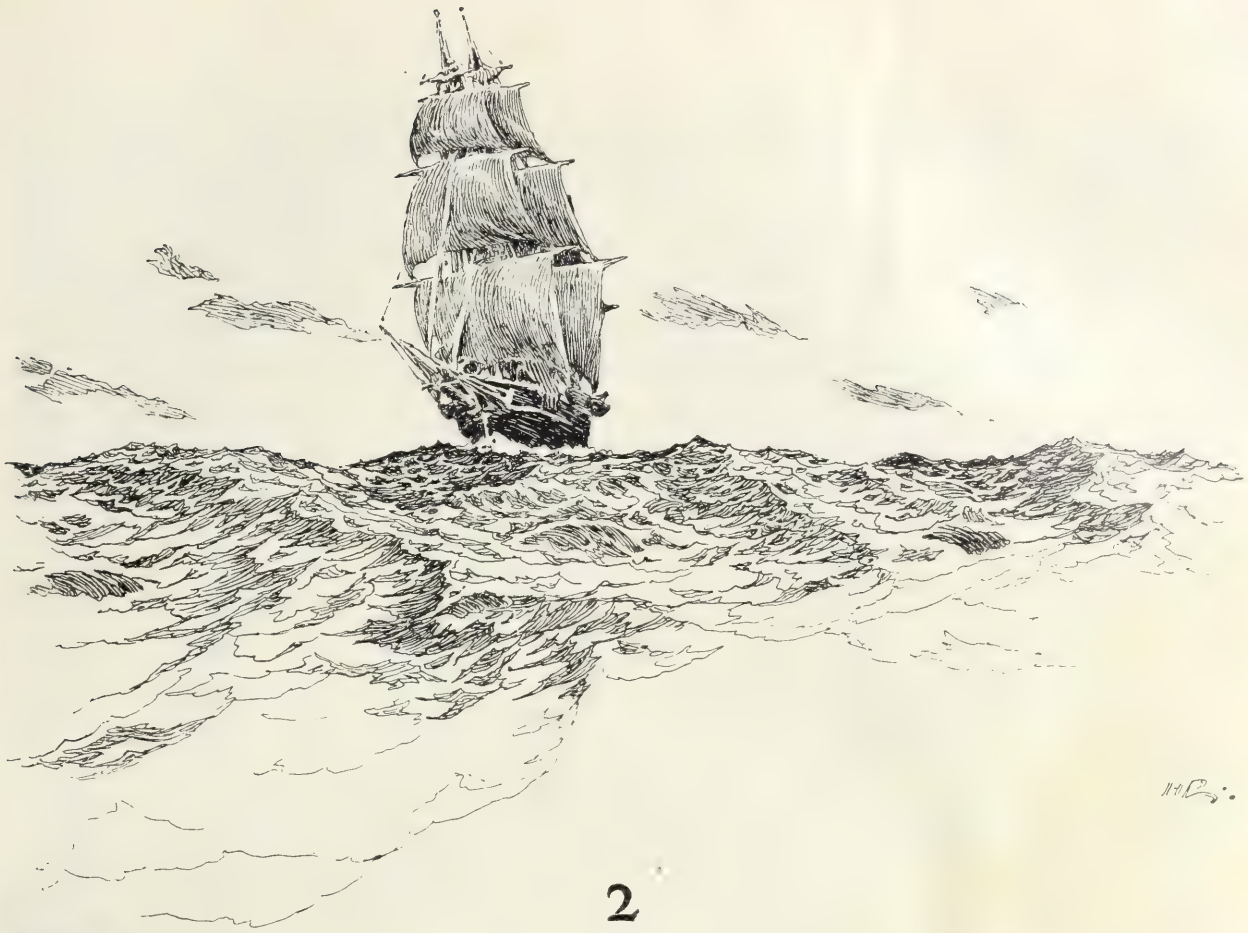
The wood-carver's time had come. It seemed to him as he stood there that his breath suffocated him, and the girl looked down and pleated her dress with trembling fingers. No sound broke the hot stillness except the cooing of the pigeons.



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A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.



2

IT was Sunday afternoon. When the wood-carver came he found that Cousin Joe, the sailor-man, just returned from the East Indies, was there. It seemed to the wood-carver that she welcomed him very coolly, and he sat down with them with hardly a word spoken. Then the young sailor rattled on with what he had been talking about. He was telling her about Bombay, and what he had seen there. Then he told her about two pretty Indian girls who flirted with him there. "But do you think I would have anything to do with the likes of them?" said he. "Not I, with you in my heart, Polly. Nay, you sha'n't look away from me so. What! D'ye think I've forgot what we said to one another down by the harbor-front that night before I went away to Boston? Just you wait till my chist comes, and see the bangle I fetched for you from India."

Meantime the wood-carver sat silent, looking straight before him. The church-bells were ringing, and the martins were chattering in the martin-box, but he did not hear them. Suddenly the old ship-builder came out of the office down at the bottom of the garden; he was dressed in his Sunday clothes and was smoking a pipe. "Why, there's Uncle Amos! I thought he was gone to church," said the young sailor.





THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.



3

THERE was a wedding going on in the church. The March air was blowing swift and cool, but the spring had already come, and there was a wide feeling of warmth, a smell of growing things coming out of the ground. Suddenly there was a sound of movement in the church, the scraping of footsteps upon the brick floor, and the sound of talking voices. The sexton flung open the door and fastened it back. Then he began to ring the bell. As the bridal party came out of the church, Polly's father and Cousin Joe's mother came close behind, and a crowd of relatives and friends followed after, and for a time the churchyard was full of movement and the sound of voices. At last they were all gone, and the sexton ceased ringing the bell, and shut the door and locked it. Then he too went off across the grassy graveyard. The wind was blowing swiftly across the shaggy graves, and the brass weather-vane upon the cupola glinted against the gray sky. That afternoon the wood-carver sat all alone on a bench down along the harbor-front, looking out across the water—looking, but seeing nothing. "It is all over now," he said to himself, almost aloud. "I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!"





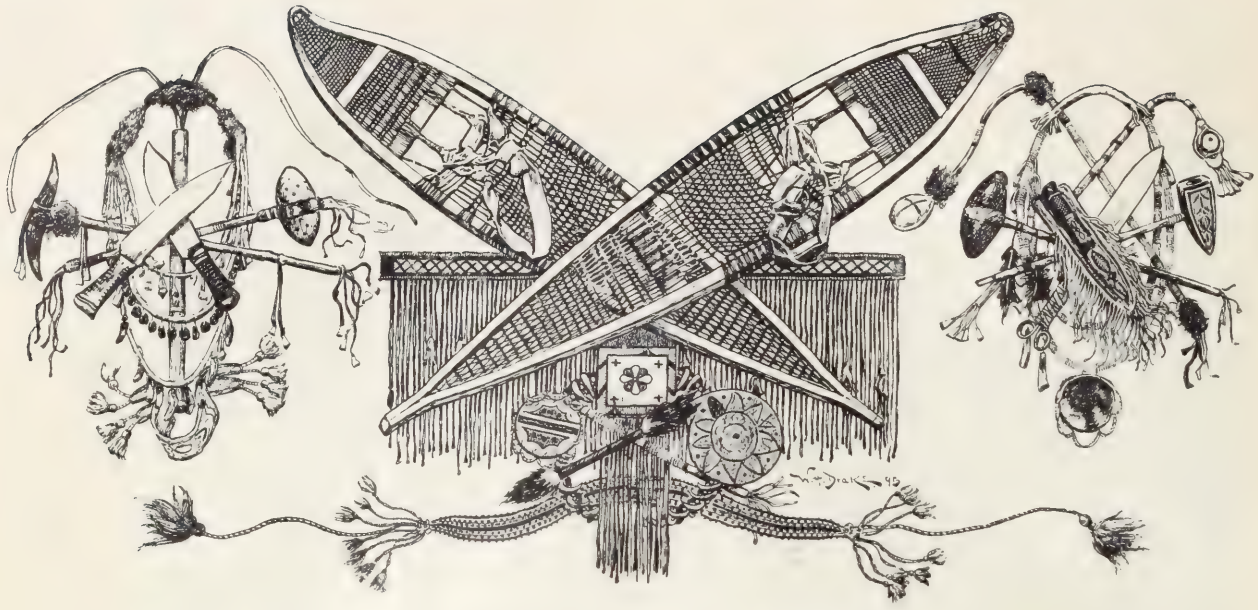
A WRECK FROM THE SEA.



4

EARLY in the morning the light-house-keeper and his granddaughter went out for a walk along the beach. The girl had just come down on a visit from the town, and she was curious to see the wreck on the beach she had noticed the evening before. The wind was blowing, and the air was full of the ceaseless monotone of the breakers, that at each recurrent burst sent a frothy sheet of water sliding up across the sand. The old light-house-keeper walked limpingly with his cane. He had been wounded in the knee in the battle of Bennington in the Revolution, and the government had given him the post of light-keeper. When they reached the wreck they stopped, and stood looking at it for a while. "'*Polly Ann*,'" read the young girl; and then, looking at the figure-head, "I suppose that is a likeness of somebody." "Ay, ay," says the old man, "the *Polly Ann*. She was an unlucky craft, they do say. She went ashore here in a gale last October, and two of the crew was drowned." Then he looked at the figure-head, squinting in the bright light as he did so. "'Tis like enough," said he, "that that be the likeness of the daughter of the owner." "I wonder who carved it?" said the girl. "'Tis very well done."





ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY

FAR to the northwest, beginning ten days' journey beyond Great Slave Lake and running down to the Arctic Ocean, with Hudson Bay as its eastern and Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine River as its western boundaries, lies the most complete and extended desolation on earth. That is the Barren Grounds, the land whose approximate 200,000 square miles (for its exact area is unknown) is the dwelling-place of no man, and its storms and sterility in its most northerly part are withstood the year round by no living creature save the musk-ox. There is the timberless waste where ice-laden blasts blow with hurricane and ceaseless fury that bid your blood stand still and your breath come and go in painful stinging gasps; where rock and lichen and moss replace soil and trees and herbage; and where death by starvation or freezing dogs the footsteps of the explorer.

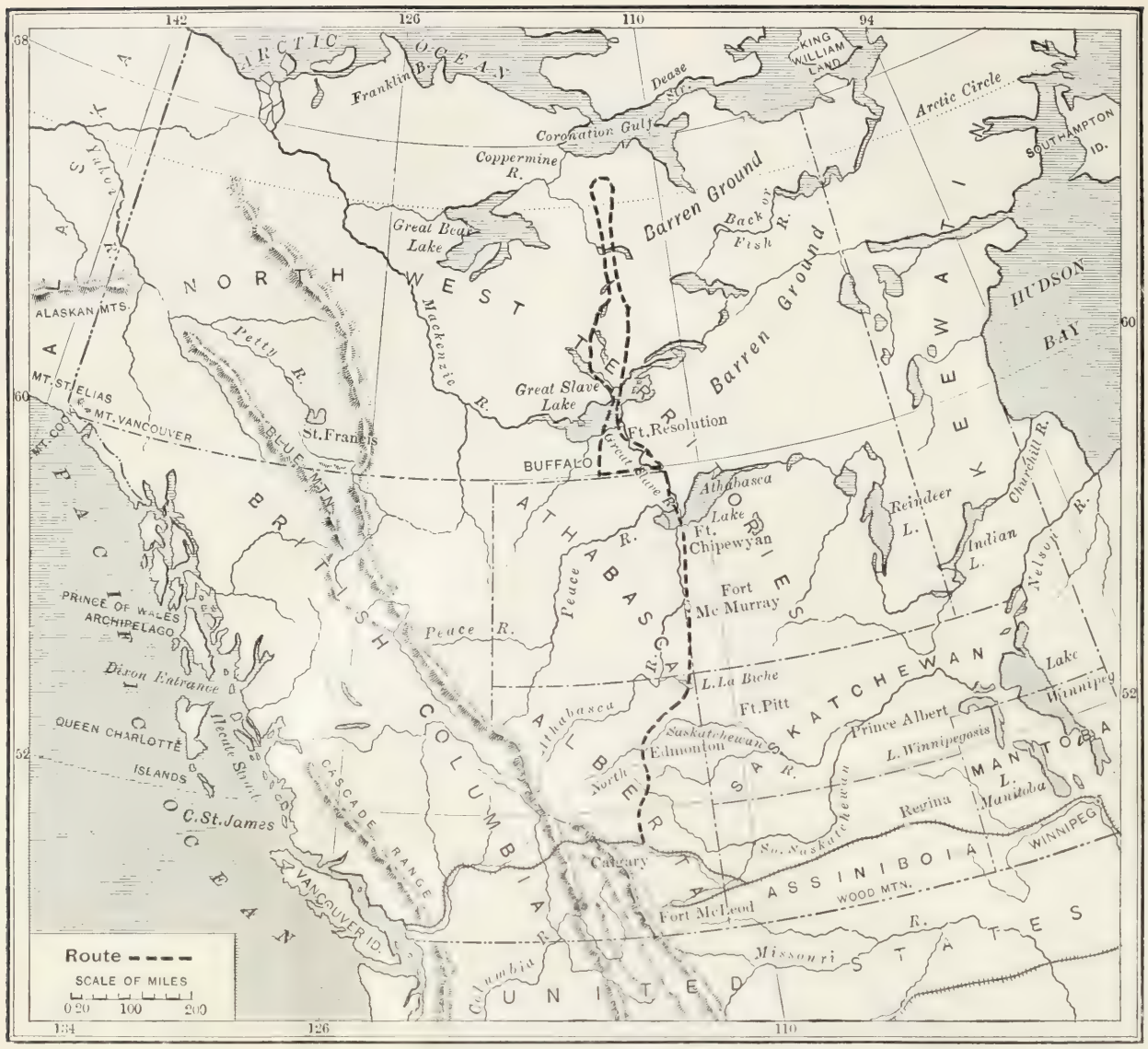
There are two seasons and only two methods of penetrating this great lone land of the North—by canoe, when the watercourses are free of ice, and on snow-shoes during the frozen period, which occupies nearly nine of the year's twelve months. The deadly cold of winter, and greater risk of starvation, make the canoe trip the more usual one with the few Indians that hunt the musk-ox. But, because of the many portages, you cannot travel so rapidly by canoe as on snow-shoes, nor go so far north for the best of the musk-ox hunting, nor see the Barren Grounds at their best, or worst, as you care to consider it. That is why I chose to make the attempt on snow-shoes.

And why did I turn my face towards a country which seemed to hold naught for the traveller but hardship? Well—certainly to hunt musk-ox, the most inaccessible game in the world, and to look upon his habitat at the period of its uttermost desolation; certainly also to study the several tribes of Indians through which I must pass on my way to the Barren Grounds; and *en route* to hunt wood-bison, undoubtedly now become the rarest game in the world. Possibly, too, I went that I might for a time escape the hum and routine sordidness of the city, and breathe air which was not surcharged with convention and civilization.

Arthur Heming, the artist, and I found ourselves, December 27, 1894, at Edmonton, the end of the railroad. We had travelled on the Canadian Pacific *viâ* Winnipeg and Calgary, and through the land of the Crees, Blackfeet, and Sarcee Indians, without seeing anything so picturesque in the way of costuming as the Winnipeg dragoon and a Sarcee young woman resplendent in beads and glittering tinsel. I really ought to include the mounted policeman, for he too has a uniform which, with scarlet jacket and yellow-striped breeches, is deserving of greater attention. But the mounted po-



TRADING IN THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S "OLD STORE" AT EDMONTON.



NORTHWESTERN BRITISH AMERICA, SHOWING BARREN GROUNDS AND MR. WHITNEY'S ROUTE.

liceman has that which is far worthier of comment than uniform. He has the reputation of being the most effective arm of the Canadian Interior Department. And he lives up to it. These "Riders of the Plains," as they are called, patrol a country so large that the entire force may lose itself within its domains and still be miles upon miles apart. Yet this comparative handful maintains order among the lawless white men and stays discontentment among the restless red men in a manner so satisfactorily and so unostentatiously as to make some of our United States experiences read like those of a tyro.

The success of the Northwest Mounted Police may be accredited to its system of distribution throughout the guarded territory. Unlike our army, it does not mass its force in forts adjacent to Indian reservations. Posts it has, where recruiting and drilling are constantly going forward, but the main body of men is scattered in twos and threes over the country, riding hither and thither—a watch that goes on relief after relief. This is the secret of their success, and a system it would well repay our own government to adopt. The police are ever on the spot to advise or to arrest. They do not wait for action until an outbreak has occurred; they are always in action. They constitute a most valuable peace-assuring corps, and I wish we had one like it.

Although Edmonton has but a few hundred population, it is doubly honored —by an electric-light plant which illuminates the town when not otherwise engaged, and by a patience-trying railway company that sends two trains a week to Calgary and gives them twelve hours in which to make two hundred miles. But

the boat-club wharf at Shanghai than Confucius began to load it with provisions for the trip on which Mr. Weldon and I were to start immediately—out to and on the famed Grand Canal. The stores were from the great grocery house of an American from Lewes, Delaware. There were two refrigerators loaded with artificial ice; there were great boxes of distilled water, and other boxes of soups, all that was peculiar in a boat full of peculiarities. Being Chinese, the two men imbibed the entire lesson, and performed their duties with but one mistake during the whole time they served us.

The *Swallow* is simply better than any, except five that are like it, of the Shanghai house-boats. It is a broad, square-nosed sloop of thirty feet in length, fitted with a great, comfortable cabin, and a sail



A WATER-SIDE TOWN.

butter, meats and fish in tins; of bread, biscuits, fresh meat, and poultry; of English, American, and Indian sauces, cheese and curry; of jams and fruit in glass; of ham, bacon, flour, eggs, condensed milk, yeast cakes, rice, oatmeal, sugar, and spices; of Chinese persimmons, pomelos, grapes, lemons, oranges, beans, pease, carrots, parsnips, sweet-potatoes. Really it was wonderful what a lot of edibles came aboard the little boat, and still more wonderful what became of them all, for the only things that overflowed into our saloon were some dozens of bottles of water that were stowed in one of the four great drawers under our beds. Confucius saw everything in its place. Then he brought the new cook and boy who were to serve us, and handing the keys to them, told them in less than five minutes where to find everything, what everything was, what sort of dishes to cook and what to avoid, how I liked the beds made, where to find the table-linen, how to manage the patent American lamps, and, in short, of the enormous size that distinguishes so many sails in China. Such a house-boat is the regular thing in which the Europeans at the treaty ports go pleasuring, hunting, and sight-seeing along the inland waterways of the realm. It is the sort of floating private car in which the white men, women, and children add to the ease and luxury of life in the far East. On top of its long round-roofed cabin, when we started, stood the Laou-ta, or "Old Great," as the captain is called. His duty and his pride were to increase and direct the tremendous vocal uproar that accompanied our start, and that never fails to help on the Chinese with any work they have in hand.

"Bay-soi" or "tay-soi" shouted the two sailors who poled us out into the Soo-chow creek, and the Old Great repeated the words with extraordinary lung-power at the craft in our way, warning them to go to the left or the right. Our main propulsion came from the yoolo, a great bent-handled sculling-oar which

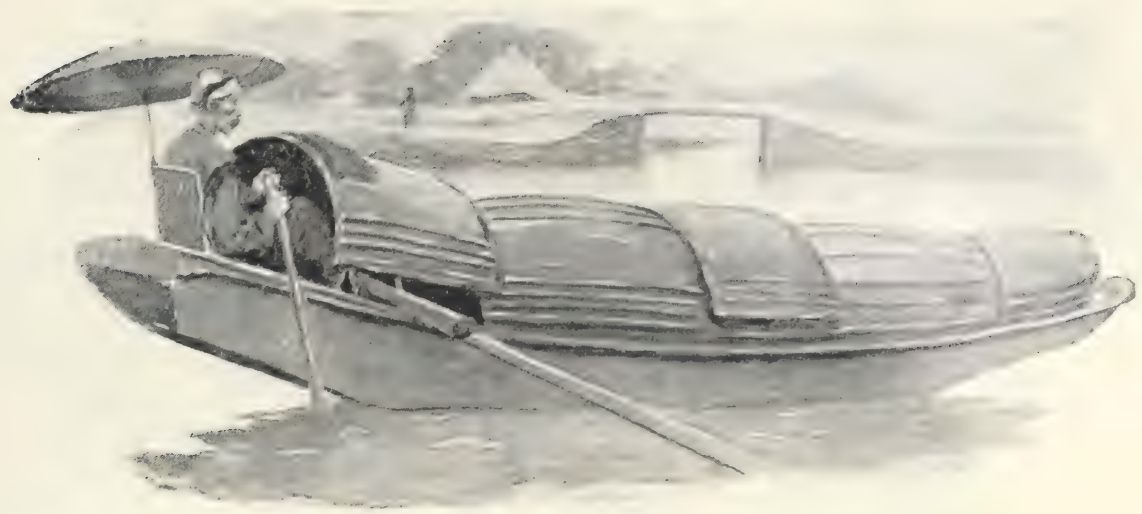
two sailors manipulated at the stern, but the coolies poling in front guided us through the amazing scenery into which we plunged when we entered China alone and in earnest.

Since there are neither wagon roads nor any wheeled vehicles except hand-barrows, all travel and traffic are by water. And since the waterways are led to the doors of all the people, except the millions whose homes are floating craft, the number of boats in China is beyond anything that the world knows or that the world sees elsewhere. In all my life rolled together I had never seen so many water-craft as I saw at Shanghai, and yet I saw more when I travelled inland. At Shanghai they anchor in such myriads that the beholder realizes for the first time what a farce it is to speak of the "forests of masts" at New York or Liverpool. They lie together in all but solid masses for miles and miles on each side of the harbor, and the channel between the lines is no more clear of them than Broadway or Charing Cross is free of vehicles at noonday. Thus we see how large a proportion of the population is nautical: and since the *Swallow* carried only us two "Europeans" among her twelve men, it will be well to describe her crew in order to get at least a slight knowledge of these sailor-folk, most of whom are born upon the water, and live and die upon it.



AN ANCIENT PAGODA IN KA-DIN.

The Old Great was a hard-looking character, perfectly at home with his coolie crew, and very ill at ease when he was called forward to consult with his masters. He differed from the sailors only in being better dressed than they; for he wore an old Derby hat, and white men's woollen trousers. His sailors were mainly clad in faded blue cotton, which was either patched or should have been. He ate his meals of rice, fish, and vegetables seated tailor fashion among the coolies on the little after-deck, and betweenwhiles he smoked tobacco with them—



AN EXPRESS BOAT.

tobacco that looked and smelled like red hair on fire. He had a way of slipping off with his chums in the crew at night after he had tied up to the river-bank, being always careful to select a night stand close to some city or town, where opium joints and singsong girls and samsu wine were plenty, and where we were entertained by the incessant ringing of joss-house gongs, the sputter of fire-crackers celebrating some superstition, and the toot-tooting of the river police, who follow the Chinese custom of blowing horns to notify the thieves when to stop thieving and lie low until danger of detection is past. I could have stopped his nocturnal wanderings, for I had the right to do so, and he was as obedient as a good dog, but I did not find out about them until one night when I feared molestation by the two worst sorts of the scum of China—the soldiers and the river pirates—but then we were too near the end of our voyage to bother about it. He was the only living fixture on the boat, being hired at $96 the year, and he was so hired because he knew a little of pidjin-English and more of the lay of the country.

"What time can make boat walkee?" I asked him on the first day.

"More quick more better," said he.

"Can go Soo-chow chop-chop?"

"Can do," said he, which means, "I can."

"How can do when no got wind?"

"Can yoolo, can makee pole, and can makee track," said he, which was to say that he could row, pole, or have the boat pulled from the shore.

So out into the thicket of boats of almost every conceivable size and shape we were poled and sculled, and the Old Great stood on the cabin roof and took his cue from the polemen to yell at everything that crossed our route or loitered before us. If you threw a quart of shavings into a pail of water you would see how thick the craft lay on the surface of the Soo-chow Creek as we ran through Shanghai. Around us was an incomprehensible litter of sampans, house-boats, junks, rafts, steam-launches, stern-wheel kickaway boats, chop-boats, military transports, the bateaux of the Tanka girls who work the ferries, the craft of broom-makers, duck-raisers, fisher-folk, scavengers, customs men, police, and—short of the book that some one must write about the water-life of China—I could not begin to tell what other craft. Such a boat as ours is a privileged institution in China. It is known among the people as a glass boat, because of its windows. It is feared by the robbers and pirates because of the guns it is supposed to carry, and it is respected by the folks afloat because of the dread power and cunning which give to Europeans the far from disrespectful nickname of "foreign devils." All this the Old Great knew very well, and made full use of, for a Chinaman loves authority as a negro does, and fattens on advantage like a Hebrew. Without understanding a word of the volleys he roared from the cabin roof, I yet knew perfectly well what he was saying to both the humble and the great and powerful who got in our way:

"Hi! you little five-cash mud-scraper," he yelled, "don't you see a great lordly boat behind you? Out of the way, chop-chop. Hey, you mandarin's chop-boat, get out of the way of this European glass boat, or Heaven knows what will happen. Hello, there, you water-spider Tanka girl two blocks away, don't you see what's coming?"

And such is the regard for size and rank and power in China that everybody always scuttled out of our path. We found that when a mandarin travels, in a great oak-colored, varnished house afloat, he hangs some red tassels on its bow, a great streamer floats behind, and a coolie larrups a huge gong, that goes off with a crash like the day of judgment. That is China fashion. Ours was European fashion. The Old Great had caught the Anglo-Chinese trick of yelling, and bullying and browbeating every one around him. That is how plenty of Europeans travel (and how some preach Christianity) in China. That is what breeds outrages, riots, and massacres.

When I say that the Old Great got $8 a month I mean $8 Mexican, which was $4 of our money. Hereafter I shall reduce to our money every sum I have to mention. The sailors received fifteen cents a day, and were therefore lords above most coolies that they met. They were coolies. Coolie means laborer, man of burden. It is not the name of a race; it is the Oriental synonym of our word laborer. Where life is real and earnest, as it is in China, it is no reproach to be called a laborer, as it is where men work eight hours a day, and ape the gentleman during the other sixteen hours. Therefore these sailors were addressed as coolies,



FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

no one, except luckless travellers, at Edmonton cares a rap about intermittent electric lights, or railroads that run passengers on a freight schedule, so long as they do not affect the fur trade. Fur was originally the *raison d'être* of Edmonton's existence, and continues the principal excuse of its being. In the last three years the settlement of a strip of land south and of one to the north has created a farming or ranching contingent, but to date of my visit canned goods appeared to remain the chief article of sustenance, as furs were certainly the main topic of conversation. Edmonton may in time develop the oasis upon which it is built, between the arid plains immediately to the south and the great lone land to the north, into something notably agricultural; but for many years the town will be, as it is to-day, the gateway of the well-nigh boundless fur-producing country to the north, and the outlet for the numberless "packs" gathered by the great Hudson Bay Company.



SARCEE BELLE.

And what a company is this!—with the power of a king and the consideration of a partner. A monopoly that does not monopolize, it stands alone a unique figure in the commercial history of the world. Given its charter by the impecunious Charles II. in 1670, the pioneers of this "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay" sailed for the southern shores of St. James Bay, where they set up their first post and took possession of the new country in the name of Prince Rupert. Here they found a rival French company, with a previous charter granted by Louis XIII., and an equally keen sense of Indian barter, so that for many years there was more fighting than trading. When Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham, crushed the power of France in Canada, the French company entered upon a decline that finally ended in dissolution. But in their stead came numbers of Englishmen, pushing their way westward, eager to trade for the furs of which they had heard so much and seen so little. Thus many trading-posts came into being, and eventually (about 1780) combined to form the Northwest Fur Company, the longest-lived and most determined rival that ever disputed trade with the Hudson Bay Company. It is not my purpose to fill space with historical research, but a



WINNIPEG DRAGOON.



WAPITI-HUNTER.

brief sketch of this company, and how it came in the land, is necessary to a proper understanding of the country into which I hope to carry the reader.

The Hudson Bay Company had not reached out to a very great extent, being content with the fur gathered by their half-dozen "factories," of which York Factory and Churchill were the earliest and most important. But the Northwest Company brought a new spirit into the country; they pressed for trade with such avidity and determination as to carry them into parts hitherto entirely unknown, and cause bloodshed whenever they met the agents of the rival company. It was the greed for trade, indeed, that quickened the steps of the first adventurers into the silent, frozen land of the North. Samuel Hearne, the first white man to pass beyond Great Slave Lake, made his trip in 1769 by order of the Hudson Bay Company, and in search of copper-mines. It was in pursuance of trade for the Northwest Company that Alexander Mackenzie (1789) penetrated to the Arctic Ocean down the river which bears his name. I have never been able to see the justice in the command that gave Mackenzie a knighthood and ignored Hearne. The latter's trip was really a most remarkable one—overland a great part, and always the more difficult. Mackenzie's trip, as compared with it, reads like a summer day's pleasuring.



SARCEE AND SQUAW "AT HOME."

For forty years these two companies traded with the Indians, and fought one another at every opportunity, meanwhile pushing their posts farther and farther into the interior; but in 1821 a compromise was effected, an amalgamation resulted, and the Hudson Bay Company reigned supreme. And so it has continued to reign ever since; for though it retired from the government of Ruperts Land in 1870, and handed it over to the Dominion of Canada for £300,000 sterling, yet, so far as the country is concerned of which Edmonton is the distributing point, the Hudson Bay Company is as much the ruler in fact as ever it was in law. But this particular section, extensive as it is, is only one of the many in which, from end to end of British North America, this company counts altogether something like two hundred trading-posts. Nor are furs its sole commodity; from Montreal to Victoria along the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and at the centres of the Indian countries in which they trade, may be seen the "stores" of the Hudson Bay Company. Its £2,000,000 sterling capital stock is owned in London, but the business of the vast corporation is operated from Winnipeg, with "Commissioner" C. C. Chipman as its executive head.

One surprise at least awaited me at Edmonton. I had expected—I will be more honest, and say I had hoped—Edmonton would prove to be a bit untamed and picturesque. The realization of be-



BREAKING A TRAIL FOR THE DOGS.

ing on this Canadian frontier raised memories of other frontier days across the line, when Colorado and New Mexico were wild and woolly, and the atmosphere was continuously punctured by cowboy whoops and leaden pellets. Edmonton, however, never passed through such a period of real exhilaration. It had its days of waywardness, but its diversions were exceedingly commonplace. A few years ago it was almost surrounded by the battling-ground of the Crees and Blackfeet, and, as a matter of course, harbored red as well as white renegades; there was little law, and that little was not respected; Indians out in the country killed off their foes from ambush, and in town renegades revealed their coward's blood and lack of originality by stabbing their enemies in the back. There were none of those blood-stirring nights in town such as we used to have on our own frontier; no duels on the main thoroughfare between two prominent citizens, with the remaining population standing by to see fair play; no cowboys to ride into saloons and shoot out the lights; no marksmen so expert as to knock the neck off the whiskey-bottle



AN ENCAMPMENT NEAR CALGARY.



A MEDICINE-MAN'S LODGE.

in the bartender's hands, and no bartenders who under such conditions did not turn a hair. There was murdering in plenty in and around Edmonton in the old days, but no man maintained a private burying-ground. This is not a distinction without a difference, as those with frontier experience will bear me out. I found Edmonton settled into a steady-going business community, with many hotels and few saloons, and the most exciting sight I beheld during my two nights and a day stop was a freighter wrestling with himself after a bout with "40 proof."

Indeed, when I set out, the morning after my arrival, to get all in readiness in the one day that we might make the start for Lac La Biche on the second, I doubted if the citizens had ever heard of the word "hustle." I had been delayed in leaving New York, delayed in having to stop over at Winnipeg to get letters of credit from the Hudson Bay Company, and now I had finally reached the frontier, I was determined to be delayed no longer if effort of mine would provide against it. First of all, the shops did not open until nine o'clock, and I, forgetful of being in a latitude where the sun in winter does not show himself before that hour, found myself chasing about the streets in the dawn that, before coming out of doors, I fancied due to a clouded sky. At last the shops and the sun opened for the day, and I succeeded in getting every one on the move. Still, we should not have been able to get away next day, I am sure, but for the consideration of the Hudson Bay Company factor, Mr. Livock, and his chief aid, Mr. Kennard, who were



GOING FOR AN AFTERNOON DRIVE AT EDMONTON.

us, and good cigars, and a boy to anticipate every wish, we were glad to be aboard the *Swallow*. And it was better yet to awaken in the morning deep in China, as free from any sight or sound of modern civilization as if we had journeyed three hundred instead of only thirty miles.

"What side have come?" the owner asked his boy.

"Have come Four Water," said Confucius. "Tink good place for takee barf."

Now the yellow mud of China washed into the Pacific Ocean makes the sea the color of the Mississippi even hundreds of miles from shore, yet here the same water was as clear as Croton, having had leisure to drop its yellow burden while loafing through an intricate system of creeks and canals. Clad only in knitted trunks, we stood upon the lacquered deck and looked into the water. It loitered along above a swaying floor of emerald cut into close-fitting star-shaped forms far below—the tops of a thick growth of water-weeds. These a comely girl in a blue suit of jacket and broad trousers was helping her father to tear up with tools like oyster-tongs. The two had been heaping the weeds on their square-nosed boat in order to use them for manure on the farm near by, but they stopped to take in the surprising view of us two outer barbarians. Perhaps they had never seen any barbarians before; certainly they had never seen so much of any barbarians. For many a long year that couple will insist that, in spite of the absurd dress of the white man, he seems a reasonable, common-sense creature—a Chinaman underdone, like toast that has not been browned.



THE HOUSE-BOAT "SWALLOW."

But what of their view compared to mine! For I was face to face with China! I had but to raise my eyes in order to see the nether side of the world, the empire of the Son of Heaven, the Flowery Kingdom, the seat of the oldest civilization that exists, the changeless empire, the strangest, most peculiar realm on earth!

How beautiful it was! How natural and orderly and reasonable was everything around me! How much it seemed like Nature's veriest home, where she lavished her splendor and enjoyed herself! How unlike it was to all and everything that I had expected! Japan had been



SUCH A NET AS IS SEEN ON EVERY STREAM.

very strange, almost startling, theatrically unnatural. It proved to be a country all made up of multitudinous mountains; and they were not like any other mountains, but were such heaps as we sometimes make when we let sand slip through our fingers upon a board. Everything in Japan is little, humorously though picturesquely little. It is Tinyland. It is made up of petty mountains, peopled by a stunted, kiln-dried humanity herding in little villages of impossible, tiny, fragile houses that might as well be made of cardboard. Its women are the funniest personifications of dolls, and its men seem to have a quarrel with everything except their comical self-conceit, and to be at odds with their modern clothing and their modern civilization — both of which are misfits. Lilliputian misfits, I should say, for everything about Japan is Lilliputian, except its grand burst of Orientalism, with which it startles every voyager over the Pacific.

But here at last was China, turning out to be a part of the same earth as we live upon, and apparently reasonable and logical in the same degree that we had expected it to be queer and confusing. Of course that is not the case. It is the things one finds out upon acquaintance, and not the things one sees, that make China what she is; and Heaven knows they are grotesque enough and plentiful enough to more than match the whimsical pretty-pretties that make Japan the quaint little steaming teapot that she is. But I am now writing of my first impressions; and that China looked logical and proper was the first one I got as I brought my heels together and prepared to make a dive into that creek to signalize my earlier plunge into the Orient. So far as China's scenery was concerned, that was also the last impression I carried away when summer had gone, winter had come, and I was waving adieu to those men and women in China, yellow and white, who will live in my mind forever, here and in heaven, as the jolliest, kindliest, most sympathetic, generous souls I ever found in such profusion anywhere in my roving.

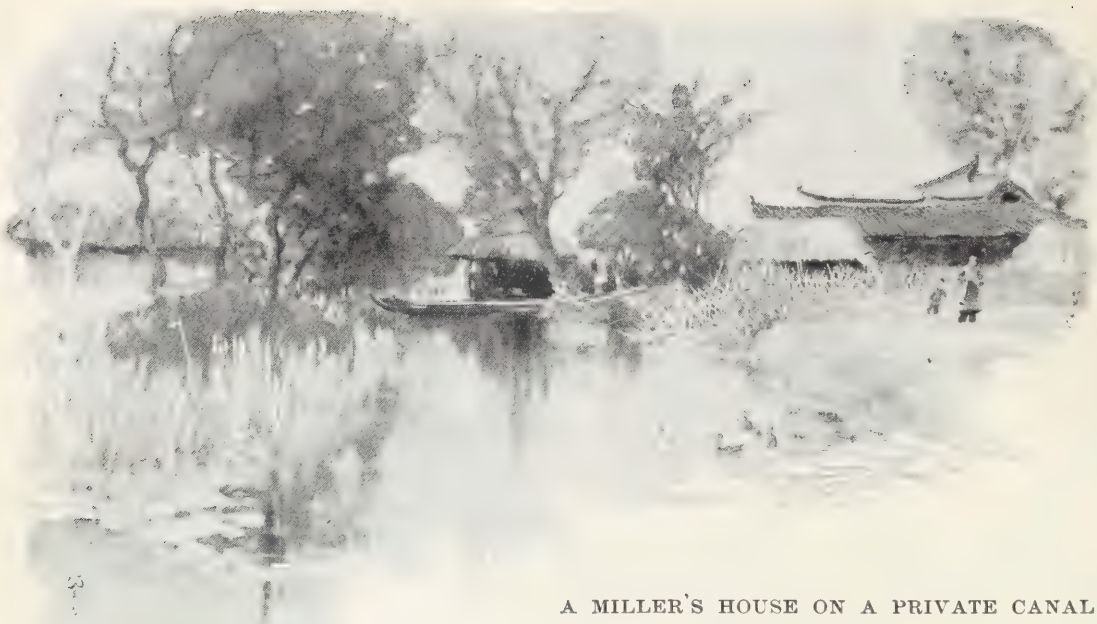
It was a charming sight of Nature at her happiest that met the eyes I raised toward the first view of the interior of China. Before me was a seemingly endless expanse of pea-green ricefields: spring-green grassy meadows they might have been. Ahead of the *Swallow* a fence of light yellow bamboo rods, laced together with bamboo, started to cross the creek from one clump of young willows to another. At the creek's middle the fence was cut down to the water's edge, where its palings were just barely in sight, like teeth that had been worn down to the gum in a long-sustained effort to eat up the myriad boats that bore down upon them and dragged their bottoms over them. Then the neat yellow fence rose again high out of the water, and climbed the farther bank beside a curving purse-net of woven bamboo; for all this was the great net of a fisherman, who lived near by, and made that monopolistic use of the stream which every Chinaman seems able to make of every stream and road and bridge and public place — even the most sacred — in the empire. Abaft the boat rose the broken ruins of an aged *pi-lo*, or "honorable arch," erected, the Lord knows when, to the sainted memory of He alone knows whom. A terrace of granite steps led from the ruins to the water, and, just beyond, a little side creek, the only sort of true road in most of China, went green and placid and straight among the thatch-roofed stone one-story houses of a little farm village. Thither I followed it; but I had only time to notice that the village street was but four or five feet wide and paved with cobbles, that there were many blue figures in two tea-houses that gaped at the street like parched clams, that the

funny betrousered children followed us close behind, and that the women scuttled away at sight of us as fiddler-crabs hustle to their holes when you trespass upon their mud. I remember that it seemed like Sunday there, as it was, and yet there is no Sunday until New-Year's, when fifteen Sundays occur in a bunch. I recollect, too, that the men all grinned when they saw us, and that we were barked at by many wolfish dogs, who everywhere and always scent a white man—perhaps because, as the Chinese declare, we all smell like sheep. Whatever be the truth about us, I afterward discovered time and again that the scent of a white person will wake a Chinese dog out of a sound sleep. I reason it out that we appeal to the dog's neglected stomach, that his stomach notifies his head, and that he barks, as he always does, because he expects to dine on mutton and finds himself fooled.

Beyond the village we climbed skyward, and found the ascending earth no different from any treeless, grass-coated hill in Pennsylvania or in England. It was littered with familiar wild flowers, strewn with gray stones, and crisscrossed here and there by narrow twisted paths. One of the humpbacked cows of China, that would pass for the "sacred cows of India" in Central Park or Barnum's show, stared at us out of a gentle, placid face, and then moved munching along upon the slender, sleek-coated legs of a deer. Fitting like a woven cap upon the uneven skull of the next hill was a considerable Catholic mission building, which we would have visited had we not found that both of us had left all our money aboard the *Swallow*, loose in an unlocked drawer, beside my watch, in my case—a feat that one may safely perform in China if proper servants are employed. But the pleasantest view was not of the mission: it was the sight of the vast



HOW A MANDARIN TRAVELS.



A MILLER'S HOUSE ON A PRIVATE CANAL.

plain before us, on the edge of the Garden of China. As far as the eye could reach lay the bright green rice country, all cut up and gridironed by creeks and canals and ditches, all sprinkled with those clumps of round and graceful trees that shade and hide the farming villages, all astir with softly gliding boats, and sending up from everywhere the hushed sound of birds' songs, the calls of boatmen and farmers, the noises of children at play, and the sharper barking of dogs. Great homelike, ragged-winged turkey-buzzards, called crows in China, circled over the plain, as if to suggest that we were on the coast of South Carolina. Over the crest of the hill went we, and then we ran down to the level earth again through a little tangle of what appeared to be laurel bushes, and into a great cool green grove of bamboo-trees. That was my first sight of a bamboo plantation, with its tall slender dark green trunks, as smooth and hard as glass, and its cloud of long narrow leaves. Soon I came to delight in seeing such thickets, and thought them among the prettiest, as they are the most wonderfully useful, of Nature's gifts to China.

Back again aboard the *Swallow*, we found that Confucius had spread the dining-table beneath an awning on the front deck, where we sat and enjoyed a tiffin than which none more appetizing was eaten that day in Paris. For lookers-on at the meal we had a comical row of moon-faced children, who stood on the nearest bank and watched us, wondering at our snow-white napery, our silvered knives and forks, our delicate glass-ware, and our red wine, as well as at the criminal callousness that made it possible for us to monopolize such enjoyment and plenty while they looked on with the sides of their hollow stomachs knocking together, as little dogs look, watery-eyed, within a butcher's door. The row of funny little Chinese was clad all in faded blue and in trousers; but while the nether garments of the girls were intact, each boy had his pantaloons split up the inner side of each leg. The girls wore their hair as our women do, in a coil, but at one side of the skull instead of behind; and we could farther distinguish the sexes apart because the bigger boys wore proper pigtails, while the smaller ones carried funny little rat-tail queues sticking straight out on each side and on top of their buttonlike heads. I will not say too much of how they beckoned to us with the palms of their hands, instead of with the backs, as we do, because later on that was done to us more prettily by a girl who is to live forever in our dreams; but I cannot withhold the fact that each one, even the baby in arms, carried a flower or a bunch of blossoms, of which luxuries I despoiled them for a Kwangtung five-cent piece before we pulled up anchor and sailed away.

No sooner was the *Swallow* warped to

with "Coolie, do this," and "Coolie, go there." They were a happy little band. One sang an endless comic song all the time he tugged at the yoolo, and all laughed as long as they were awake, when they were not wrestling or frolicking or bandying repartee with the happy folk on passing vessels and on the shore. The Cantonese that we see in this country seem a preternaturally grave people, though I do not believe they can be at home, for where I saw China the men were forever playing tricks, making fun, exchanging wit, chasing one another, and shoving and pushing and wrestling like school-boys at home. Both the Chinese and the Japanese seem grave when you surround a few with European influences and watch them. That is one of the million ways in which they are like our red Indians. But both nations are full of fun. The Japanese, being the more conceited, wear the thicker pretence of dignity. They never unbend before a critical public. But when you come to be familiar with many Chinese you find yourself among a lot of madcap boys and girls (no matter what their age), and when you are intimate with many Japanese you discover a mine of punsters, and people given over to the lightest games and diversions, so necessary to their temperament that they can amuse themselves by the week with their fingers, with bits of paper, and with twine. When my coolies on the *Swallow* were strangers to me they joked about me with passers-by. Later they turned the laugh on their own countrymen.



AN IRRIGATION SHED.

Fun has to be simple and genuine to reach their minds. For instance, one caught a water-snake, and let it run upon the deck to frighten me. I feigned terrible alarm, and they roared and screamed "Hi-yah!" But presently I stroked the little creature, and showed that I had been feigning fear. I got Mr. Weldon's tobacco-box while he was on shore at his painting, and dumping out the tobacco, put the snake in its place. Then I jumped into the *Swallow's* polished small boat and ordered a coolie to take me to Mr. Weldon. I returned with him, and urged him to smoke a pipe and enjoy the sunset. I brought out the box and opened it for him to fill his pipe, when, lo! a huge serpent, twice or three times the size of the first one, began to uncoil and come out. While I was away the coolies had caught this larger snake to startle me with. I feigned nothing when I dropped the box as if it had been white-hot, and the sensitive soul of the painter urged him to scramble upon the cabin roof and order the infernal reptile—he was more brief—thrown overboard. The coolies bent double with mirth.

A Chinaman will "squeeze" a penny in excess of his due whenever chance offers. Stealing is there called squeezing, because it is a national vice, and is regarded as we regard the practice of exacting a commission. Largely, stealing is only done in office, on the Tammany plan. Getting $15,000 from a policeman

to buy a captaincy for him, and then keeping $5000 of it for your trouble, is a genuine Chinese operation. But small squeezing is done by every one in every walk of life, and a man in China expects his boy to squeeze one or two per cent. on every transaction. Even then everything is so cheap that no one minds. Such squeezing is practised upon the shrewdest old residents, and even among the Chinese; for they are a people who bid their children weigh whatever they buy, after seeing it weighed at the shop, and then they weigh it again when the child brings it home, to see that the child has neither been cheated nor been cheating. It is when a coolie catches a greenhorn that he turns from squeezing to highway audacity. He knows a white man is a greenhorn when the white man pays him too much, and then, instead of being grateful for his good luck, he goes to every length to bleed the man worse. I paid a ricksha man forty cents after I had used him three hours at ten cents an hour. I did so because he had run ten miles with me in two of those hours, and was so wet and tired that I felt compassion for him. He made an outrageous effort to get more out of me, following me with clamor into the hotel office, and thence into the dining-room, where he kept plucking my sleeve and holding out his open hand with my four bits contemptuously displayed. The kindly proprietor of the hotel bundled him out, and then gave me a lecture that I sadly needed.

"This is twice this has occurred," said he, "and it is altogether your fault. That coolie agreed to work for you for a certain price, and yet you deliberately gave him more. He thinks you 'one piecee foolo,' and he is right in thinking so. He says to himself, 'If that greenhorn can't keep his word or his money, but is willing to give me ten cents too much, why should he not give me a dollar just as well?' Stop giving more than what is right, or you will have a miserable time in China. The Chinese regard us as strictly just and truthful, and it is only when we disabuse them of that impression that they show us any disrespect."

This is a long preface to a second little illustration of the simplicity and readiness of fun among the Chinese, and yet it may be of value by itself. At all events, one day Mr. Weldon bargained for a little knickknack—a peasant's wooden bracelet—which was worth ten *cash*. He gave the man all the *cash* he had—a handful—to rid himself of the load. The man at once set up a noise and disturbance, and Mr. Weldon took back his money, counted out the right change, and pocketed the rest—a proceeding that sent a great crowd of Chinese men and women into convulsions of laughter. That was a joke that they could understand. As for the peddler, he not only got justice, but he "lost face"—that is, he was shamed in public, and that is the worst thing that can ever happen to a Chinaman.

The Old Great "lost face" on the second night out, when he and his crew were keeping up their customary hullabaloo of yelling and shouting at the other water-folk. The frequent crashing against other boats, the scraping over bamboo fish-nets, and the hubbub when we passed through a river town or tied up near one, were poor enough accompaniments for sleep, and I resolved that my own crew should be quiet.

"Too muchee bobbery whole time," said I. "No can sleep, no can do. No wantchee any more—all foolo pidjin." (Pidjin means "business.")

With his mate and several coolies listening admiringly, the Old Great set about to give me impudence and to out-talk me. "No belong foolo," said he, meaning that he was no fool. "If my no makee noise, people tink my no got savey" (people would think he had no sense). "No can do if no holler; all makee laugh." With an appearance of anger and disgust, I told him I wanted no talk from him, nothing but instant obedience; furthermore, that if there was any more noise at night I would be the Old Great myself, and would let him walk home. He was stupid, surly, and impudent, and needed a short rein once in every three days, until, on leaving Soo-chow, he met with such humiliation that he did not even raise his head thereafter. We were poling through a mass of what seemed a million junks and flower-boats, sampans, and other craft, beside the interminable gray walls of "the Paris of China," and he was putting on the airs of an angry lion, perched on the cabin roof, and roaring at every one to "look-see the glass boat" that was coming along. How any moving thing ever made twenty feet of progress in that jam

of boats I do not know, but we crept along for a mile or more, studying the life on the vessels of the mandarins, the poor folk, and the painted outcast beauties of the flower-boats. Suddenly a chop-boat bulged out of the thicket at one side of us, our iron-bound prow veered toward it at the same time, and crash went a plank on the other boat—a plank that was worth a few *cash*, and a few more *cash* to put it in place. In China one must not let such things happen. If you strike a man, you must settle with all his relatives; if you maim one, you must support a swarm of his connections until he gets well; and if you do any damage you must pay well for it, just as the Emperor himself expects to pay for every massacred mission-



ONE HOUSE IN QUIN-SAN.

ary, and for every war into which bothersome barbarians force him. The instant the board was broken all the bombast and boasting and vainglory of the Old Great turned itself against him with added force. If he and his vessel were so wonderful, the aggrieved Chinese argued to themselves, they must be able to pay well for their blunders. Such a row as blew up about us I never heard in all my days. All my crew yelled back at the yelling of the greater crew of the chop-boat, and presently the men from the other boat boarded ours and swelled the quarrel at short range. I went on deck and ordered all the boarding party off at once, telling my Old Great that I would not permit such a riot, and that he must push on, chop-chop.



THE WALL OF SOO-CHOW.

We pushed on, but not he. He was obliged to stay behind, in pawn, to settle for the damage he had done. We left him in a small boat, and a mile or so farther on, beside the rows of ovenlike graves that rose above the ground in the shadow of Soo-chow's gray wall, we waited for an hour. The task of the Old Great was to be very sorry, apologetic, and humble, and to assure his captors that though we were truly walking national banks (as are all Europeans in Chinese eyes), still this debt was to be paid out of his pocket. It took him an hour to get off on payment of fifty cents. But he came back to us with "lost face," a humbled, quieted, retiring personage, very unlike his former self. When the trip was at an end he sent Confucius to us to extort a present for the crew, to all of whom we had foolishly given tips whenever they served us in any direct and personal manner. We made up a purse of two dollars (gold) for the Old Great and his coolies, but he sent Confucius back to us in a few days to say that all of the little we sent had been given to the crew, and he had got nothing, although he had had to pay a Mexican dollar for that accident at Soo-chow. Confucius hinted that two dollars and a half (gold) should satisfy him, and we accepted the suggestion. Thus, in China, there is incessant clamor for money, and bother about it—in China, where money is more scarce, and goes farther, and is exacted in more trifling sums, than anywhere else, I suppose, in all the world.

The cook should have a page of description, but, alas! he showed himself as little as the men who run the engines on a steamship. When he was caught outside the galley he was seen to be as comely as a young girl, round-faced, round-eyed (for not nearly all Chinamen have the typical slits for eyes), smiling, clean, and boyish. He was a Little Billee among cooks, and

kind enough to neglect their business to attend to mine. The one happy stroke we had made was in choosing the Queen's for our hotel; it was quite haphazard, but very lucky. Here I found the best board to which I had ever sat down in a frontier town, and host and hostess that did more for me during my sojourn than the bill showed or I could repay.

If such signs were trustworthy, I should have been much elated over the auspicious weather that ruled on the day of our departure for La Biche. Truly it was a beautiful morning, with the temperature some twenty degrees below zero, and a glorious sun, which touched the ice-covered bushes and trees with sparkling brilliancy; and when we started on our 175-mile drive, all Queen's Hotel, and, I judged, half the town, turned out to bid us God-speed. We had two good horses and a strong box-sleigh, and our load was not heavy, so that I expected to make good time. I had taken only enough provisions from Edmonton to last us to La Biche. There was much that I could have taken, of course, in the way of canned vegetables, meats, etc., and which might have saved me from many a meal of the oftentimes unpalatable stuff which I secured from post to post. But I was going into the country for a purpose, and not for a picnic. I knew perfectly well that I could not carry in a sufficient supply to last until I had covered the 900 miles that lay between me and Great Slave Lake, because of the impossibility of securing enough dogs and sledges to freight it, and I knew that even if I could eat as a civilized man until I reached that point, I should be obliged, when I began my journey into the Barren Grounds, to abandon all hope of eating well, or even plentifully, and live or starve as do the Indians on their annual hunt in that region. Besides, the greatest essential to the success of my trip was speed. I had set out to make my bison-hunt, to get into the Barren Grounds for the musk-ox, and get back again to Great Slave Lake on snow-shoes — an undertaking that had never before been attempted, and which every one assured me I could not carry out. It meant snow-shoeing nearly 1900 miles, and left no time for leisurely travelling; but I was determined to accomplish what I had planned if it lay within human possibilities; and thus it was that we took no unnecessary freight from Edmonton, for civilized food is so considered in that great North land. Tobacco was the only article of which I took a greater supply; but tobacco is not considered freight up there; it is always a solace, and



OFF FOR LAC LA BICHE.

becomes on occasion a stimulant when there is no meat, and an irresistible lure to facilitate intercourse with the Indians.

It was well we had a stout sleigh, for, much to my astonishment, the snow seemed not more than a foot deep anywhere, while in the road it had been worn down by much travel, and the rocks were numerous and aggressive. We made twenty-two miles by noon of the first day, and took our dinner at Fort Saskatchewan, the most northerly post of the Northwest Mounted Police. Up to this point of the day's journey the road had been plain, and the country not unpleasant to the eye. In fact, in some parts it is rather pretty, of a general rolling character, fringed with small timber, mostly of the poplar variety, though pine is fairly abundant. It looks like, and is, in truth, a grazing country more especially, though the horses and cattle I saw *en route* were rather poor—a condition to be probably expected in a land where everything is new and the settlers lead a hand-to-mouth existence, as all settlers do. An Edmonton enthusiast—I think he must have had property for sale—assured me with great gusto that the land around that town would yield from 35 to 75 bushels of wheat to the acre, and from 100 to 200 bushels of oats, the latter weighing 42 pounds to the bushel; the timber, however, he acknowledged "wasn't much to brag on."



ONE OF THE FIRST STEEL KNIVES TRADED TO INDIANS.

The one well-defined road we had been following all day broadened out towards sunset into a valley, showing in turn several depressions in the snow—here much deeper—which we assumed to be roads. No one at Saskatchewan was able to direct us intelligently, and not a soul had been seen since leaving there from whom we could ask our way. Grierson, who was driving us, and who is one of the Queen's Hotel proprietors, had never before been over the road, but his bump of direction was well placed and abnormally developed. People in this country do not seem to consider knowledge of the roads necessary to reaching their destination. They just start off on the one main and almost only trail, which they follow to its end, when they continue on in the direction of their objective point. Roads are few and far between in this section, and disappear altogether when you get one hundred miles north of Edmonton. The alleged road to La Biche, which bears to the east of north, is the longest, and the end; beyond, all travel is by dogs in winter and canoe in summer. Grierson knew that Beaver Lake Creek was the point we were booked to reach that night in order to make La Biche in three days' travel from Edmonton, and he was sure it lay to the northeast. So we pegged on, until finally, after chasing several lights that turned out to be the wrong ones, and once nothing less lofty than a planet, which in this far North hung near the horizon, we found the log cabin of Beaver Lake Creek's most distinguished settler. I say distinguished, because his was the only cabin in those parts which boasted of two rooms and a second story—an extravagance, he informed us, he had indulged in with the idea of one day, when the section in which he had located became more populous, putting a stock of merchandise into the "other room," and utilizing the top story as a dormitory for travellers. I concluded he was a host of discernment, with a delicate humor for inciting reform in his guests without offending their previously conceived sense of propriety, for, having refreshed myself in about one and a half inches of ice-water, I was confronted by this black-lettered legend on the cabin door: "Bad luck attend the man that wipes his nose on the towel."

We left the pioneer of Beaver Tail Creek's "400" next morning before the sun was up, and by one o'clock had gone thirty-eight miles to Victoria, on the Saskatchewan River. It is the site of a Hudson Bay Company trading-post, and the end of the telegraph line. Once past here, the most rapid means of communication is the "express," as the Indian runner is called. To me, as sportsman, the most interesting feature of Victoria was the fact of its being about the northern limit of wapiti in this particular part of the continent. Formerly, in the days of the bison, wapiti were numerous, particularly near the Battle River, but, although they have not entirely disappeared, they are not now plentiful, and are to be had only by the most skilful hunters. Because of this the Indians living near Victoria resort to every manner of device for a shot, but with indifferent success.



MEETING OF TWO DOG BRIGADES.

This was our longest day's drive, for we had made very close to eighty miles by eleven o'clock at night, when we camped, and the road, or rather the multiplicity of roads, of the afternoon proved even more perplexing than on the day previous. Our direction lay along the border of a Cree Indian reservation, and was cross-sectioned at times with trails, or at least what in the snow had the appearance of trails, running to the four points of the compass. We knew we had but one point of the compass to follow—of that much, at least, we were sure, and proportionately thankful—but that point seemed to be such a broad one we were constantly at a loss for our bearings. I should be very much relieved to know positively if there was indeed any trail taking a northeasterly course that escaped us, and shall always regret I did not return by that route in the spring on my way back to the railroad, and when the snow had disappeared, just to satisfy my curiosity on that score. We were making for the White-Fish Lake Indian reservation, where we had been told we could find feed and a covering for the horses, and a schoolmaster who would give us a place to throw down our blankets, and the best of his larder. We were not concerned for ourselves, for we carried enough to provide a substantial meal, and, I think, all three of us would have preferred sleeping in the open to the average cabin. But the mercury had fallen a great many degrees since leaving Edmonton, a cutting wind was blowing, and our horses were pretty well worn, with still forty-five miles to go the next day before reaching La Biche. This was why we pushed on, hoping every turn would show the light in the distance that meant rest for us and an extra feed for our team. We finally reached some straggling cabins of the reservation, but should have been searching for that light yet if we had not roused an Indian from his slumbers, whom Grierson, by some startling Cree vocalization, the like of which I never heard before nor since, at length made understand what we were after. Then this drowsy child of nature led the way to a schoolmaster, but not to the schoolmaster we had been seeking, whose house was a few miles farther on, we subsequently learned.



THE COPPER KETTLE IN WHICH WE BREWED TEA FOR TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED MILES.

The schoolmaster we found was a study in filth. He lived like a dog in a wretched kennel, and talked like a cockney Englishman; indeed, he confided to me, the following morning, that he had come from London, and was living there chiefly to learn the Cree language, that he might later preach "Jesus to the wayward heathen." Meanwhile he was educating him. This cockney's one idea of education seemed summed up in the single word coercion. If the Indians gathered for the dances of their tribe, he scattered them; if they played the games of their childhood, he stopped them; if they asked for reasons, he told them it was the devil in them that they exploited and which he wished to cast out. A logical way, forsooth, of educating the ignorant! And this is why we find the broken-spirited Indian, who realizes he is the creature of an all-powerful master whose ways he cannot understand, so often "converted," but only in individual cases educated and civilized. He is "converted" because it requires only outward acquiescence, and he finds his material life made pleasanter thereby. He is willing to change his "Great Spirit" for the white man's "Great Spirit" when a few beads or an extra ration make the trade inviting. But he cannot be educated without being first civilized, and he cannot be civilized because in most cases the white man does not know how, or does not find it to his interest, to make the attempt in a rational way. At present he distrusts, and sees only that he is being "civilized" off the face of the earth, and remembers the white man in his successive rôles of welcomed guest, greedy hunter, settler, and exterminator. I am not dealing in heroics, and every one knows that the savage must disappear before the civilized man; but if we are to attempt the civilization of those that remain let us first endeavor to gain their confidence, and then follow it up by methods which

they can grasp. It is not to be done in one season, nor in two; the civilized red man cannot be brought forth full-fledged, as from a patent incubator; he can be evolved only after long periods of gradual and natural development; yet we expect by mere word of mouth to make him forsake the sentiments of a lifetime, of generations of lifetimes. At the same time he should realize there is a law in the land which punishes and protects him as thoroughly as it does the white man. He should not be allowed to escape with no severer penalty for furtive war-path festivals than that of being merely herded back to his reservation, when white men equally guilty would be hanged or shot. The surest way of civilizing the Indian is through his children, and possibly their children in turn will cease to remember that once their ancestors roamed over the country hunting, and learning the lessons of their common mother Nature, instead of living fenced in on a reservation, ploughing, and studying the precepts of the white man.



BLANKET CLOTHING OF THE EARLY WINTER, BEFORE EXCESSIVE COLD DEMANDS FURS.

We left the Indian reformer early the next morning, after a broken night's rest on a dirtier floor than, I think, I ever saw in an Indian lodge. We must have proved a blessing to that fellow, for we put money in his purse, and such a meal in his stomach as I fancy he had not had for many a long day. The weather had grown colder, and one of our horses gone lame, but our big fur coats to keep out the one, and mustang liniment to relieve the other, put us in travelling shape. We had broken our sleigh, and patched it up again before we camped for our noon-day meal in a squall of snow, but we had covered by that time a good half of the distance which the previous night separated us from our destination. As we neared La Biche we renewed our troubles over diverging roads, but this time our direction was so accurate that the delay was inconsiderable. Moreover, there were others abroad; for the morrow was New-Year's, and Indians and half-breeds were making their way to the company post to partake of the feast which is provided for them annually. They came from either side, and fell into the now well-beaten track we were all travelling; men and women, old and young, some walking, but the majority riding in a sort of box set upon runners, locally known as a "jumper," and drawn by a nondescript kind of beast which we discovered upon close scrutiny to be an undersized, underfed horse, but that more nearly resembled an overgrown jack-rabbit. And thus with the dying sun of the last day of 1894 we made our *entrée* into Lac La Biche with the gathering of the clans.

I do not believe I had ever been in a more advanced state of exhilaration than on first viewing the unsightly cabins of the La Biche post. Farther along on my trip I felt a deeper thankfulness, when hope had almost fled, and mind and body were too jaded to rejoice, but now I was as a boy given an unexpected holiday, who wanted to shout and throw his cap into the air; for here at last I beheld the actual frontier, and the real starting-point of my journey. It was not that the trip from Edmonton had been so long or so hard, for, as a matter of fact, it was pleasant and easy, but it was the realization of being on the scene of action, so to say. When one has planned an adventure, and discussed ways and means and dangers, there is a satisfaction in reaching the base of operations; and when one's friends have tried to dissuade and natives to intimidate you, there is added to satisfaction that other feeling, which puts you on edge, fires your blood, and makes you keen to toe the mark and be off. It was a blessing I arrived in such a humor, for it was sorely tried at La Biche during the three vexing days we were compelled to spend there. I had a premonition we were going to run against a snag when I saw Gairdner, the Hudson Bay Company officer in charge, saunter out of his cabin to greet us; and when he asked if we were not ahead of time, in a tone that implied he would have been better pleased had we been overdue, I felt convinced we were

going to be delayed. We were a day in advance of our schedule, having taken but three instead of four days from Edmonton, but as an "express" had been sent Gairdner two weeks before to warn him of our arrival, and as the preparations were only the making of two pairs of snow-shoes, and the engaging of two trains of dogs and drivers, I could not see that our coming was ill-timed.

I think, nevertheless, he was glad to see us (especially Grierson, who had brought along a flask), and he certainly shared the best of his house with us. He told us we had come at the best time of the year to see the Indians; that they were always given a feast and a dance on New-Year's, and that some of them, hearing of our arrival, would probably drop in that night to dance a little for us. Well, they did "drop in," and they as certainly danced, though not a "little." Heavens! how those creatures danced, and what an atmosphere and a racket they created in that house! They began to arrive shortly after we had finished supper, shaking hands with us solemnly on entrance, and eying us stealthily after seating themselves in rows against the walls. Then one of them produced a fiddle, and from the time the first measure was sounded, I think there was no cessation until about two o'clock the following morning.

For a while the exhibition was rather interesting, though never very novel. The common dancing of Indians appears to be about the same all over; there is but one type, though it may assume different expressions, according to prejudice or locality. Either they shuffle around in a circle, or they hop from one foot to the other in lines or separately, or they do all three, with more or less vigor and with or without costuming. At La Biche the dancing is not of the Indian type, it is of the kind one sees in the half-breed camps of Canada, and consists of a species of jigs and reels gone through at a pace that makes you dizzy only to watch. They have their dances where several couples perform, but the most popular seemed that in which separate couples engaged, as many as the floor would accommodate. These face one another, and the man enters upon a vigorous exploitation of the double-shuffle, which he varies with "pigeon wings," and Heaven knows what not, always making the greatest noise of which he is capable. Noise and endurance, I was given to understand, are the two requisites to good dancing; but men and women of course wear moccasins, and only on occasion have board floors to dance on. It was my luck to happen along at one of those "occasions," and to be further tortured by a half-breed company servant, whose great pride was a



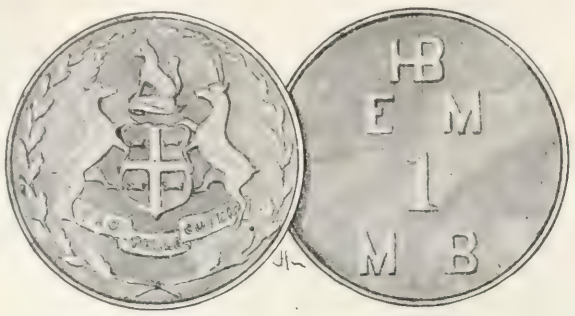
HALF-BREED DOG-DRIVER.



AN EDMONTON FREIGHTER.

heavy pair of white man's boots, which he never wore except when threading the giddy maze.

Half-breeds—French and Cree—constitute the larger share of population at La Biche, if I may class as its population those scattered over the immediately surrounding country, and where the settlement consists of just three cabins besides the Hudson Bay Company's. But, after all, the French blood reveals itself chiefly in a few Christian names and in the more fanciful coloring and use of some articles of wear, for there is little French spoken, the children of mixed parentage almost invariably adopting the mother-tongue, Cree. There are not more than one hundred Crees who come into La Biche, which is the most northerly post where treaty money is given, and they are not thriving to any very great extent, nor increasing. The annuity of about five dollars a head is not sufficient to support and just enough to interrupt keen hunting; they plant a few potatoes, which grow here fairly well, but are making no progress towards self-support, as are those of the same nation more to the south.



ONE "MADE BEAVER" TOKEN, FORMERLY ISSUED BY THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

After what I had seen the night before of the preliminaries to the annual feast-day, I did not expect on New-Year's to be able to make any preparations for our further progress. Long before we had turned out of our blankets the house was literally packed with Indians, and by noon-time the fiddle was going and the dancers had entire possession of the floor. I doubt if I ever saw, outside of some of the Chinese dens in San Francisco, so many crowded into the same space. I lacked the heart to talk business with Gairdner, who, I divined from some of his remarks, had not accomplished, in the way of making ready our dog brigade, all I had expected of him. I simply pitied him for the unpleasant and malodorous fulness of his home, and I pitied his half-breed wife and her daughters, who were kept cooking for and feeding half-starved Indians from early morn until late into the night. Heming took his pencil and scratch pad and I my camera, and we went out to see the New-Year's-day arrivals and the dogs and the Indians.

In front of the fort's stockade were gossiping groups that grew with each fresh arrival, while scattered all about the enclosure, just where their drivers had left them, were the dog trains of the Indians who had come to fill Gairdner's house and eat the Hudson Bay Company's meat. There was no stabling nor feasting for these dogs; in a 24° below zero atmosphere they stretched out in the snow and waited, without covering, and in many cases without food. The Indians with their blanket coats or capotes, and the dogs and sledges and "jumpers," made a picturesque whole against the unbroken background of snow, but, like all Indian pictures, its attractiveness faded away on the close inspection that discovered the dirt of the man, and the scraggy, half-starved condition of the beast. These people had never before seen a camera, and many of my plates show them scurrying away or turning their backs. It was only after the most elaborate descriptions to Gairdner, who instructed the interpreter, who explained to the Indians, that we induced one or two "types" to sit in our presence while Heming sketched them. They thought we were making "medicine" against them, but were won over by Heming drawing the moose and caribou, while they watched the animals they knew so well develop under his pencil.

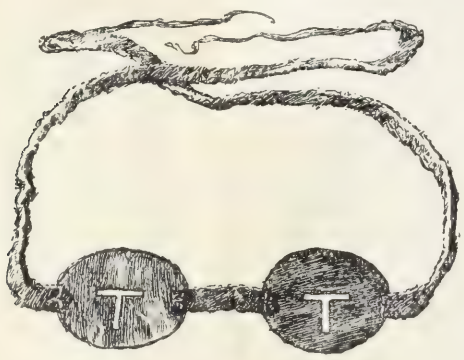
When we returned to the house the dance was still on; it was always "on" during the first thirty-six hours of our stay at La Biche. Formerly the Hudson Bay Company officers merely "received" on New-Year's day; but as the Indians have a custom between sexes of kissing on meeting, and as it did not become an impartial officer to distinguish in this respect between old women and young, unattractive and attractive, the feast was substituted; so now the women are fed and danced instead of being kissed.

I hope that New-Year's night will not be recorded against me. Those Indians danced until four o'clock in the morning,

LAC LA BICHE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

and they danced to my utter demoralization. We sat around and watched the "gymnastics" and pretended we enjoyed them until about one o'clock; then we retired. We all three slept in Gairdner's office, a tiny apartment separated from the main room by a thin board partition, of which a good quarter section in the centre was removed to admit of the two rooms sharing a single stove. There was a piece of loosened sheet-iron tacked to the partition to protect it from the heat, and my head was against that partition, and our blankets on the same floor upon which those Indians sprinted and jumped and shuffled!

New-Year's past and the fiddle hung up, I entered upon the business of our getting under way for Fort McMurray,



NATIVE "SNOW-GLASSES."

the next Hudson Bay post to the north, and then indeed did the trouble begin. First of all, Gairdner earnestly assured me that I could not make the trip I contemplated, that I could not get into the Barren Grounds, and would risk my life if I did, and could not get Indians to accompany me if I would. Then, after finding me undismayed by the lugubrious prospect, he informed me that he had not been able to get matters ready, nor could he say how soon we could start. He had first engaged two men, but both backed out, one because he could not get four dogs together, and the other because he had no house to put his wife in during his absence. Finally he had secured the services of a half-breed called "Shot," who, he said, was the best man in the country, trustworthy and a good traveller, and had spoken to another half-breed, who was just then struggling to make up his mind. Added to this pleasing intelligence, the snow-shoes were being made by an Indian who lived fifteen miles away, and from whom nothing had been heard. I thought we were at least sure of "Shot"; but the next day he came to us with a large story of his worth, the sacrifices he would make by going with us, and wound up by refusing to budge unless we doubled the wages which he and Gairdner had agreed upon.

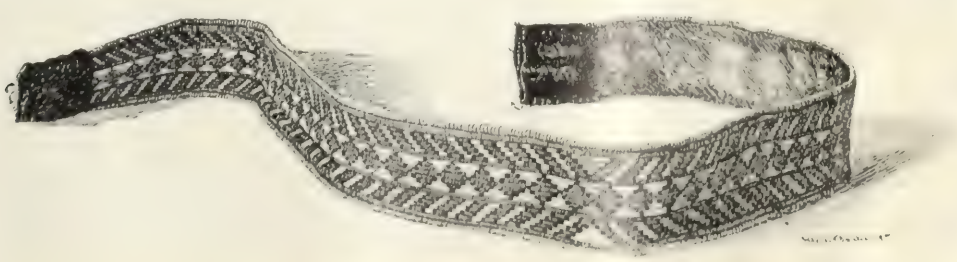
For the remainder of this and the next day life was a burden to me. Gairdner was absolutely of no use, as he could have been by standing between us and the Indians in our business. I was obliged to take matters into my own hands, and deal with the wrangling Indians through an interpreter. I finally secured "Shot" on a compromise, intending to take no other man, but drive the second train of dogs ourselves. Then I had a time getting another four dogs and sledge. First the owners would not hire a train without their own engagement (this after I had spent two days trying to induce them to go with me!), then no one man who had a complete train could be found. At last I got two dogs from one Indian and one dog each from two different Indians. Meanwhile I was waiting for "Shot," who was to come prepared for the start as soon as the snow-shoes were finished, and being worried thin by the dog-owners' repeated visits and their clamors for a new deal; having hired the dogs and sledge, they wanted me to pay an additional fee for harness and wrapper, or, if not, to give them a little tea or tobacco or moccasins. I was in constant dread lest their fickleness would eventually deprive me of a train, and I cursed "Shot" roundly for his delay. Meanwhile, too, Heming and I were conditioning ourselves by some running every afternoon, and had settled to the conviction that the hardest part of our trip appeared to be the getting started.

At last on Friday, January 4th, the impatiently awaited "Shot" arrived, with his dogs and sledge in good condition, but the sledge of the second train broken so badly as to necessitate its repair before starting. "Shot" had also brought with him a young Cree Indian called John, whom he recommended as a good runner, and advised me to engage; and afterwards, when Heming fell ill, and John and I pushed on into the country alone, I forgave "Shot" much of what I had harbored against him because of his bringing me that Cree. It was noon before the sledge



"IN A 24° BELOW ZERO ATMOSPHERE THEY WAITED."

had been mended and we were ready to begin packing up for the start. Our personal luggage consisted of a change of shirts and heavy underwear, three silk pocket-handkerchiefs, an extra pair of Irish frieze trousers, a heavy woollen sweater, stout gloves to wear inside the native-made mittens, two pairs of Hudson Bay Company four-point blankets, a rabbit-skin robe (of native manufacture, and very warm), blanket leggings, a caribou-skin capote lined with blanket, a knitted hood, a worsted tuque, "duffel" socks (native-made of a sort of blanket stuff, two to three pairs being worn at a time inside the moccasins), snow-glasses, several pairs of moccasins, hunting-knife, strong clasp-knife, a 45.90 Winchester, half-magazine, and 150 cartridges, pills, and mustang liniment; I had, besides, a compass, my camera (in a strong zinc box), note-books, and some iodoform, antiseptic lozenges, and sterilized gauze bandages, in case amputation because of freezing became necessary. Our provisions included bacon, tea, flour, and a few pounds of potatoes Mrs. Gairdner was kind enough to boil and mash and freeze into a pan for us; our one luxury—or rather mine, for Heming does not smoke—was tobacco. In all we had just 357 pounds, which I was careful to determine, for I was sure "Shot" would be grumbling about the load, and swear we had 600 pounds on each sledge, and I wanted to be prepared to meet him, as I had said we should go light purposely to make good time. We took only one night's fish for the dogs (dogs being fed fish in this country in place of meat), because Gairdner told us we should find plenty at Hart Lake, which we would reach the next night. Finally by three o'clock the sledges were packed, "Shot" and John had bade tender farewells to every man, woman, and child about the post, Gairdner and Grierson had wished us the best of luck, and we began our journey.



A WOMAN'S PORCUPINE-QUILL BELT.



See "A Previous Engagement."

"WELL, PHILIPPA?"



I.

MRS. FREDERICK WINTON AND MR. LEONARD CAMP.

MRS. WINTON: "I shall have to begin somehow, Mr. Camp, and I can't begin worse, I suppose, than by saying that Philippa is peculiar."

Mr. Camp: "It isn't at all a bad beginning, Mrs. Winton. I should have had no criticism to offer even if you had begun by saying she was unique." He smiles and she laughs a little. They are sitting in the parlor of Mrs. Winton's cottage on the southern Long Island shore: she with the air of having just come down to meet him, and he with the effect of not having so freshly arrived but that he has had time to accumulate most of the books on the table near which he sits in the vain effort to amuse the impatience of waiting; they lie in a straggling heap next his elbow, some half open. He has one glove off: with the gloved hand he rests his straw hat upon his knee.

Mrs. Winton: "Ah, I shouldn't have gone so far as that; and I'm quite ashamed to have kept you so long; but—we had a little controversy as to whether I should be allowed to see you at all, or not. Philippa insisted that it was altogether her own affair, and she ought to see you first."

Mr. Camp: "I hardly know what to say. Between the joy of seeing Miss Winton, and the desolation of not seeing you—"

Mrs. Winton, laughing: "Of course it's difficult, and I won't make you go on. But I felt that I ought to come, for it might be now or never—"

Mr. Camp: "*Oh*, Mrs. Winton!"

Mrs. Winton: "I don't mean it's so bad as that—unless *you* choose."

Mr. Camp: "*I* choose!"

Mrs. Winton: "I certainly shouldn't have allowed you to be got down here, and then driven off again by any act of ours."

Camp: "Oh, *Mrs.* Winton!"

Mrs. Winton: "Spare your raptures; or, rather, postpone them, till you know whether you can really indulge them. Philippa says that before she can consent to anything like an engagement, she must tell you something."

Camp: "What *is* it, Mrs. Winton?"

Mrs. Winton: "Oh *that* would be telling. And although she has seen at last that it is proper for me to come and—and prepare you, so far as you can *be* prepared, she insists absolutely upon telling you herself. And she's all the more determined because it's an ordeal."

Camp: "For me?"

Mrs. Winton: "For her—she *thinks*." She laughs.

Camp, musingly: "Oh, for both, then." He preserves a thoughtful silence for a moment. "Miss Winton has rather a fondness for—ordeals?"

Mrs. Winton, with candor: "No, no. I can't say that she has,—exactly. But when it comes to a question of duty—But why do you ask *me?* *You* know what Philippa is!"

Camp, sighing: "She is an angel. But sometimes I doubt if I know just what *kind* of angel."

Mrs. Winton: "Yes, there are angels and angels, I suppose."

Camp: "Do you think we ought to be afraid of angels, Mrs. Winton?"

Mrs. Winton: "Not if we are good, I think."

Camp: "Well, sometimes I'm afraid I'm afraid of Philippa. Does that mean that I'm not good? Of course I know I'm not good enough *for her.*"

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, in this case it's just the other way, I believe. She thinks she may not be good enough for you."

Camp: "Now you *do* alarm me. Who is to judge?"

Mrs. Winton: "You are!"

Camp: "I? Does she say that? Then there is no hope! It must be something desperately bad, if I'm fit to judge of it. Is it something desperately bad, Mrs. Winton?"

Mrs. Winton: "Well, *I* shouldn't think so." She checks herself in a laugh.

Camp: "Oh, why stop laughing? It gives me new life! Now I shall have to get on with the old,—what there is of it. Mrs. Winton, what *is* it that Philippa wishes to tell me?" He edges forward on his chair in his eagerness.

Mrs. Winton, falling back in hers: "Why, it's merely that— No, no! I mustn't tell you. I promised her. How can you ask me?"

Camp: "I don't ask you to tell me what it is. I meant merely to ask you what it was *like.*"

Mrs. Winton: "And I can't tell you that, either."

Camp: "Did you promise her that, too?"

Mrs. Winton: "I promised that I would not even approach the subject."

Camp: "Oh!" After a moment: "And how were you expecting to prepare me? It seems to me that you are taking the very course to unprepare me, if I understand such things."

Mrs. Winton: "I don't see how you can say that. I think I have been very reassuring."

Camp: "How?"

Mrs. Winton: "By my manner."

Camp: "What has your manner been?"

Mrs. Winton: "Light, cheerful, gay, almost frivolous."

Camp, with a sigh: "That's true. But it's always that."

Mrs. Winton: "Mr. Camp!"

Camp: "Oh! I mean you're always so good. And you think I ought to take courage from your manner?"

Mrs. Winton: "I mustn't say that. It would be treachery to Philippa. There! I can hear her walking impatiently to and fro overhead!" They both listen. "Can't you?"

Camp: "That silken sweeping? That swift, soft footing like a caged—"

Mrs. Winton: "Yes—"

Camp: "But isn't this a kind of eavesdropping? Ought we to overhear the play of Philippa's emotions, as expressed in her circumambulations?"

Mrs. Winton: "No; we ought *not.* You're quite right! It is a kind of eavesdropping." She rises.

Camp, springing to his feet: "Oh, don't leave me, Mrs. Winton! I feel dreadfully unprepared. I—I feel—yes, I feel unaneled. Do you know what aneling is?"

Mrs. Winton: "I haven't the least notion, except that it's something Shakespearian. I must go—"

Camp: "One word! One little monosyllabic vocable! I think I've been a pretty average sort of man, Mrs. Winton. But a fellow doesn't live till thirty without getting *some* dust on his youthful bloom. Girls are so strange, nowadays; and Philippa is so—unique; and if she should ask me—"

Mrs. Winton, fondly: "You poor man! She isn't going to *ask* you anything! She's going to *tell* you something."

Camp: "Oh! Do you think that will be any better?"

Mrs. Winton: "That I can't say. 'Sh! I hear her stopping! She's stopping at the door!"

Camp: "Do you think she's coming down?"

Mrs. Winton, listening: "No; she's walked away again! What do you wish to say more, Mr. Camp?"

Camp: "Oh yes! I wish to say— But do resume your light, cheerful, gay, almost frivolous manner, or I shall have no courage at all!"

Mrs. Winton, laughing: "Well, there!"

Camp: "Well—where was I?"

Mrs. Winton: "I'm sure I don't know *where* you were."

Camp: "Do you know where *you* were?"

Mrs. Winton: "No! 'Sh! But I know where Philippa is! She's just slammed to her dressing-table drawer, and that means she's put some finishing-touch on, and she's not going to wait any longer! 'Sh! She's crossing the room—she's at the door. Don't try to keep me, Mr. Camp! You mustn't! Why, are you crazy? If Philippa found me here— There she is on the stairs!" She releases the hand to which Camp is clinging, and flashes into the next room through the sliding-doors, which with one motion she opens and shuts, as Philippa reaches the bottom of the stairs, and enters the parlor.

II.

PHILIPPA, CAMP.

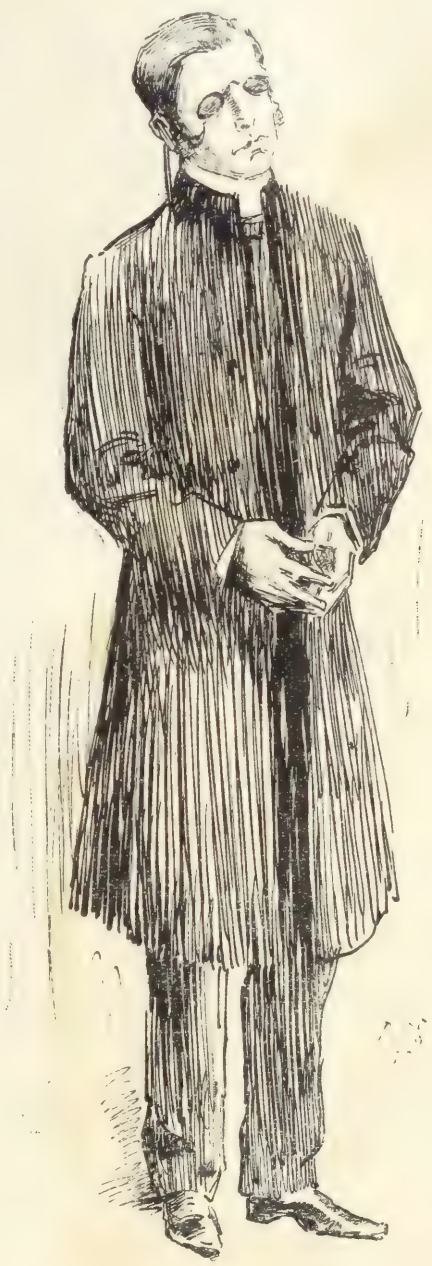
Philippa: "I wish to tell you, before we go one word farther, Mr. Camp—"

Camp: "Even before we say good-morning?"

Philippa: "Good-morning, if you insist. It's a decency, and I suppose it doesn't matter that it's now afternoon—"

Camp: "It's before dinner."

Philippa: "Yes,—it's that." She is a dark girl, with a thin, impassioned face, and an intense look in her starry eyes, which have a strange remoteness of glance, as if their rays might be some minutes in traversing space before reaching the object they fall upon. She is so tall that her eyes are nearly on a level with the parting of Mr. Camp's blond hair; but then, Mr. Camp is not very tall, and he stands a little inclined towards her in the tentative and provisional attitude he has taken at her entrance. "Will you sit down?"



"HIM."

Camp: "Can we shake hands after we sit down?"

Philippa: "I don't wish to shake hands —yet."

Camp: "But we don't meet as enemies?"

Philippa: "We meet as—neutrals." She takes the chair lately occupied by her aunt. With a faint sigh, and a slight shrug, Camp resumes his own. There is a moment's silence, while Philippa fingers the arm of her chair, and with an effort governs the tremor of her hand. "Mr. Camp, I wish to tell you that I have been engaged before." Her tone is thick with emotion, but she holds her voice firm.

Camp, making a joyful start toward her: "Before? Then you mean that now—"

Philippa: "Wait, please. Let—let me go on. Don't misunderstand me. I mean —nothing but what I say. I would have told you this sooner—I would have told you at the beginning, if I had imagined— But it has all been so unexpected!"

Camp: "Not to me, Philippa! I expected it the first moment I saw you. In fact, I knew it."

Philippa: "That makes it so much the worse for me. I ought to have known it; I can only say that I didn't; and that's saying nothing. Your letter—your offer—was a perfect surprise; but as soon as it came I was resolved that you should know everything. I would have come— don't interrupt me, please—I would have come to tell you; that would have been the right way; but they wouldn't let me; and I was forced to send for you here. I have made you travel a long distance—"

Camp: "It was only a few hours; and they'd a parlor-car on!"

Philippa: "No matter! It was wrong. And now you have the full right to reject me—"

Camp: "Reject you? Philippa, if you'll let me follow you round on my knees the rest of my life—"

Philippa: "I mean—I was going to say—after you've heard all."

Camp: "All? Is there any more? You've told me you were engaged before—"

Philippa: "I was wrong to say that; it implied that I thought myself engaged now."

Camp: "I wish you did! I shouldn't care for your being engaged before. Only be engaged now, Philippa, and—"

Philippa: "You don't know all yet, and I can't let you say anything till you do. And I can't let you call me Philippa."

Camp: "Miss Winton, then. I take back the Philippa."

Philippa: "You are very good—you are like *him* in that. We were very young when we met—I was only seventeen. I don't tell you to excuse myself. But life had just begun for me, and I found my world in him. My world? My heaven! He had no tie to this earth except in me—I dragged him down as low as such a spirit could descend. If I am good in anything, he made me so."

Camp: "I think you may have had a hand in it, too. A little hand!" He looks at hers.

Philippa, ignoring him: "We were engaged, and we were to have been married, although I was so young—he was only six years older himself—as soon as he got a parish—"

Camp: "He was—excuse me; I don't want to seem intrusive—a clergyman, then?"

Philippa: "Yes." A silence follows, unbroken by her.

Camp: "Well, if that is all— But of course!" After a moment: "And you said— You wished to say something more?"

Philippa: "Yes—everything. I broke off the engagement. I tired of him."

Camp: "Oh!"

Philippa: "I was too light for any serious love—"

Camp: "I don't think that follows, necessarily. Do you mean that he bored you?"

Philippa, tragically: "I tired of him. Yes, *say* bored. The time came when he bored me. But if I had been true, and high, and worthy, he would never have bored me. I saw that afterwards. Distinctly."

Camp: "Do you mean that you—wanted to have it on again?"

Philippa: "Oh, never! If I had, I could have forgiven myself. But the relief was too great, too disgraceful, too wicked. You had better know the worst of me. It was a perfect joy to have him out of the country."

Camp: "He went away?"

Philippa: "To India. He is a missionary there."

Camp, subduing a laugh into a respectful smile: "Well, I don't pretend to be very superhuman; and I confess that if



"IF YOU'LL LET ME FOLLOW YOU ROUND ON MY KNEES THE REST OF MY LIFE."

he had been where we were likely ever to meet him—and the world's so small!—I would just as soon it had not happened. I suppose a man likes to be the first, though I really don't know why; but if the other fel—the other one—is so far off, why, it's practically the same as if I *were* the first."

Philippa: "Do you really think so?"

Camp: "Yes, I'm quite sure of it."

Philippa: "But if you were to meet him—"

Camp: "Then it would be a little—creepy."

Philippa: "I am glad to hear you say that. I couldn't have l—honored you if you hadn't." She hesitates.

Camp: "And was that all?"

Philippa: "Yes—all." She sighs. He makes a movement towards her. "No!"

Camp, restraining himself: "But if that's all, and I don't mind it in the least, why in heaven's name aren't we engaged, Philippa?"

Philippa, looking steadily at him: "Because—because—if I could tire of him, if I am so fickle and variable as that, I'm not sure that I'm worthy of you."

Camp: "Oh, let me be judge of that!"

Philippa: "I'm not so generous as you—so wide-minded. If *you* had told *me* such a thing, I don't believe I could have cared nothing for it."

Camp: "Oh!"

Philippa: "No, not even if I loved you."

Camp: "Even if you loved me! Don't you love me, Philippa?"

Philippa: "How should I know?"

Camp: "Well, if you shouldn't, who should? Do you feel no peculiar emotion towards me? If you wish a diagnosis!"

Philippa: "I think you are charming—"

Camp: "Philippa!"

Philippa: "Yes, from the very first I felt a strange fascination in your presence. I feel it now!" He starts towards her. "Don't touch me! I think—*think*—I love you. Wait! But I want to think it *over*. Just now I'm—blinded. You seem very good—I hope you're not too good for

me! I'm going down to the sea-shore to think it all over."

Camp: "I hoped you had thought it over, Philippa, by this time."

Philippa: "I mean your not minding. I haven't had time to think that over yet. I wish to see it in every light."

Camp: "May I go, too, and help you?"

Philippa: "Are you going to stay for dinner?"

Camp: "They haven't asked me yet. But I dare say they will, if all goes well."

Philippa: "Will you wait till I come back?"

Camp: "If you won't let me come to meet you!"

Philippa: "You can come to meet me."

Camp: "When—how soon?"

Philippa: "By-and-by. That is, if I make up my mind. If I want you, I'll put my handkerchief on the point of my parasol, and wave it. You'll see it over the bank."

Camp: "Well."

Philippa, after a pause: "We may never see each other again. Should you like to— Do you think me a very strange girl, Mr. Camp?"

Camp: "Bless me, no! Like all of them! Only in a different way."

Philippa: "Then—we may not meet again."

Camp: "Oh, don't say that! Not, if you put your handkerchief on your parasol?"

Philippa: "In that case, yes. But if I don't—if I think it's best not to—"

Camp, eagerly: "Yes!"

Philippa: "I shouldn't wish you to think I didn't care for you—"

Camp: "Oh, Philippa!"

Philippa: "But because I wasn't sure I ought—that it was right—"

Camp: "Oh!"

Philippa: "But I want you to believe that I do care for you, and I'm only anxious to find out how and why—in this new light; and if I couldn't find out, I should be very, very sorry for you; sorrier even than I was for myself; and I thought— And—and should you—should you like to kiss me before I go?"

Camp, with a burst of honesty: "Philippa, I don't know! I thought I would have given the world to kiss you. But now—"

Philippa: "Will you let me kiss *you*?"

Camp: "Oh, if it comes to that!"

Philippa: "Good-by, then—perhaps forever."

Camp: "Oh, *no!*"

Philippa: "It might be better so—for both of us." She goes up to him, and puts a hand on either of his shoulders. His arms hang at his sides. She looks earnestly into his eyes, and then she kisses him, and he remains standing so after she has left the room.

III.

MRS. WINTON, MR. CAMP.

Mrs. Winton, flashing the sliding-doors apart: "Congratu—"

Camp: "Good heavens, Mrs. Winton! Have you been—"

Mrs. Winton: "Not an instant! I've been sitting most conscientiously beyond ear-shot, and almost perishing of my own virtue. I've just this moment come in from the very farthest end of the veranda. What's the matter? Isn't it settled?"

Camp: "Not in the least."

Mrs. Winton: "But didn't I hear—the only thing I *did* hear?"

Camp: "You heard a kiss."

Mrs. Winton: "And doesn't *that* settle it?"

Camp: "Not always."

Mrs. Winton: "But if you kissed her—"

Camp: "I didn't kiss her. She kissed me—more shame to me!"

Mrs. Winton: "Oh! Is it such a disgrace?"

Camp: "I shouldn't have thought so—once. But now—"

Mrs. Winton: "The weight of such questions used to be with women; but now they seem to be with men. Could you be a little less mysterious, Mr. Camp?"

Camp: "It would be difficult. Mrs. Winton, it seems to me that I've had a look into Philippa's soul."

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, indeed! And what was it like?"

Camp: "Heaven."

Mrs. Winton: "And is that what makes you so dreary—not to say, paralytic? Suppose we sit down!"

Camp, sinking into his chair again: "Yes; it was rather overawing. Earth is gayer." He sighs. "The trouble with me is, so far as I can make out, that I didn't have a glimpse of Philippa's soul

on the same level. I had to look up. It's given me a moral crick in the neck."

Mrs. Winton: "Now you're beginning to be yourself again."

Camp: "That's comparatively easy. The difficulty is to be somebody else; and that's what I fancy Philippa has a right to, in my case."

Mrs. Winton: "Why, you *are* a little dislocated! Won't you try to let me help you?"

Camp: "There isn't anything to tell —if that's what you're after."

Mrs. Winton: "I couldn't admit it for worlds!"

Camp: "She seemed to wish me to know that she had once been engaged to a—"

Mrs. Winton: "Yes, I supposed it was that. Why, she was a mere child at the time! But of course it flattered her vanity; and she did take it very seriously—for a while."

Camp: "She broke it off because she got tired of him."

Mrs. Winton: "Did she tell you that? Yes, she got tired of him, that is the plain truth. But I must say he was a man of very high ideals. He had a beautiful nature; he was noble."

Camp, leaning forward in pathetic entreaty: "Was he so very, *very* noble, Mrs. Winton?"

Mrs. Winton, laughing against her fan: "Yes, his nobleness was of the deepest dye. But he wasn't the least amusing."

Camp: "You think I have a melancholy advantage of him, there?"

Mrs. Winton: "Yes. He made you feel that there could not be such a thing as joking in heaven."

Camp: "Thank you, Mrs. Winton. You don't think you're flattering me?"

Mrs. Winton, with a cry of laughter: "Not at all! You are exactly what Philippa needs; and if she doesn't— But what did you say when she told you of her engagement?"

Camp: "That it didn't make any difference to me."

Mrs. Winton: "Surely she didn't complain of that?"

Camp: "No. But it seemed to make a difference to *her*. She complained of *that*. She accused me of being too good for her, and she said she must go down to the beach and think it over. She asked if you had asked me to stay to dinner—"

Mrs. Winton: "I have—now!"

Camp: "But she seemed to think it was just as well you hadn't; for she intimated that she might not get back from the beach before I was gone. And she bade me a provisional farewell. I wanted to go down to the beach with her, and help her think; but she said she would put her handkerchief on the point of her parasol and wave it over the bank if she needed assistance— Good heavens! She may be needing it, she may be waving it, now!" He rushes to the window, while Mrs. Winton falls back in her chair in shrieks of laughter, and he stares long and earnestly towards the sea. "No. It's only a four-masted schooner in the offing; not a handkerchief at all! And then she asked if she might—kiss me. I don't know how I ever came to allow it."

Mrs. Winton: "Ah, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha! Really I shall die."

Camp, ruefully: "Mrs. Winton, what do you suppose she did it for?"

Mrs. Winton, wiping the tears from her eyes: "For the usual reason—if it's a reason. Such things used to go by favor, I believe."

Camp: "I can't flatter myself of it, in this case; I'm afraid Philippa is peculiar."

Mrs. Winton: "Why, that's what I said in the first place. You assented, but I could see you didn't believe me."

Camp: "One must sometimes give people the benefit of a reasonable doubt. I didn't believe she was *so* peculiar, then."

Mrs. Winton: "And I don't believe she is, now."

Camp: "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Winton: "I mean that Philippa is a girl, like all the rest of them."

Camp: "That's exactly what I said myself."

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, that's why you don't believe it. But it's true, all the same."

Camp: "Well, I'll admit she's a girl, but not like the rest of them. What do you think she meant? Don't you really think she knew her own mind, and just—"

Mrs. Winton: "How should a girl know her own mind?"

Camp: "That's true!"

Mrs. Winton: "They're brought up not to know their own minds. It is supposed to be pretty, and refined, and delicate. Tell me, now; should you respect Philippa so much if you thought she had known her own mind when you asked her to marry you?"

Camp: "I don't know— "

Mrs. Winton: "There, you see!"

Camp: "But Philippa being what she is, what should you do if you were in my place? What should you do now?"

Mrs. Winton: "I shouldn't let her wave her handkerchief a great while unseen."

Camp: "Oh, do you think—" He rushes frantically to the window, and peers out. After a moment, with a deep sigh: "No; it's still the four-masted schooner."

Mrs. Winton: "Nothing else in sight?"

Camp: "Nothing but Winton. He's coming up the road towards the gate."

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, that's nice. He'll be so glad to see you."

Camp: "Will he? It's awfully good of him. Still—do you know, Mrs. Winton?—I don't feel exactly like meeting company."

Mrs. Winton: "So glad you don't make a stranger of *me*, Mr. Camp."

Camp: "Oh, you're different. Winton's a man, don't you know. I can't help feeling that I'm in a very tender and precarious condition, till this affair is decided, and Winton might jar upon me. You understand?"

Mrs. Winton: "I've no doubt Mr. Winton will, when I tell him. I'm not a man, myself."

Camp: "You're better."

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, I know *that!*"

Camp: "And if you don't mind, I'll just slip out of the side door on to the veranda, here, and fetch a compass round about your shrubbery, and get away without meeting Winton, just now."

Mrs. Winton: "How delightful! Why, it's quite like something improper!"

Camp: "Yes, isn't it? And it's so perfectly innocent, too. If Winton asks after me, you might say I've just gone down towards the beach to look at the shipping. I want to keep an eye on that four-masted schooner, you know."

Mrs. Winton: "Yes, there's no telling what moment it may turn into a handkerchief on a parasol."

Camp: "That is my idea. And you really think there's a chance?"

Mrs. Winton: "A fighting chance."

Camp: "Oh, bless you, bless you!" He slips out through the sliding-doors, kissing his hand to her. "One gets into the habit of these things, really. But it's only my *hand*, Mrs. Winton." He pulls the doors to while Mrs. Winton sinks back into her chair in another fit of laughter. While she still has her handkerchief to her eyes, Winton enters in jacket and knickerbockers, with the dust of a long ramble upon him. He stands looking at her a moment before he speaks.

IV.

MRS. WINTON, MR. WINTON.

Winton: "Wasn't that Camp I saw going out of the side gate?"

Mrs. Winton: "Yes, poor fellow; he was in hopes you wouldn't see him."

Winton: "Poor fellow? Isn't Philippa going to have him?"

Mrs. Winton: "She's gone down to the beach to find out."

Winton: "And he's going to help her look?"

Mrs. Winton: "Not unless he sees her wave her handkerchief on the point of her parasol."

Winton: "Oh, that's the arrangement, is it?" He sits down in the chair that Camp has lately occupied, and stretches his legs out with a groan of fatigue, pushing his hands into his pockets.

Mrs. Winton: "Philippa was sure to have some arrangement, and that's the one in the present case."

Winton: "Well, I suppose she has a right to think it over, and to think it over more than once, if she chooses. I've often felt that if I were to receive an offer of marriage, even after a woman had been courting me the better part of a summer, I should want a good deal of time to think it over. I couldn't decide at once. I should want to view her in the new light of a *fiancée* before I accepted her."

Mrs. Winton: "It seems to be a family trait, the inability to decide upon an offer of marriage."

Winton: "I should be glad to think I took after Philippa in anything. But really, I don't see how you women ever make up your minds. How did you make up *your* mind, Bessie, for example?"

Mrs. Winton: "I shouldn't call it exactly a mental operation, now. Besides, it was too long ago."

Winton: "It was a good while. But it rather freshens up those associations to have something of the kind going on in the house. Is Camp very much annoyed by the suspense?"

Mrs. Winton: "Not annoyed, I should say, so much as awed—he thinks he is

awed. You had better know all about it, Frederick. It's been very peculiar."

Winton: "Ah, Philippa is peculiar. Was that what you had been crying about when I came in?"

Mrs. Winton: "It's what I'd been laughing about." She begins laughing again, and continues to laugh.

Winton: "It seems to have been *very* like Philippa."

Mrs. Winton: "It was more like her than anything that's happened yet. It's Philippa gone farther."

Winton: "I didn't know Philippa could go any farther. But I should like to hear how. Only, if it's practicable, I wish you wouldn't make light of her, or rather of *it*. After all, Philippa is—Philippa."

Mrs. Winton: "I will try to spare you. I didn't understand why she wanted to have him down here, for I thought she could make up her mind about him just as well at a distance; but as soon as he appeared, I found out. She wished to tell him of her former engagement, and then, as nearly as I could make out, let him take her or leave her."

Winton: "Ah, don't put it in that way!"

Mrs. Winton: "That's the way it was, and that's the way I must put it. I pleaded with her not to be so foolish; I told her that it couldn't possibly make any difference to him; that it would be extremely awkward, and might be offensive; that she could tell him after they were engaged; but nothing would do but she must tell him now. She wouldn't even let me tell him, and put it in the right light. The most she would let me do was to go down and prepare him for it, after we had kept him waiting fifteen minutes; and she wouldn't let me say more than that there was something she wished to tell him."

Winton: "That was hard on you, Bessie. Did you keep your word?"

Mrs. Winton: "Of course I kept my word. I am not a man. He entered into the spirit of it at once, and was in the right mood, at least, for her revelation. He wasn't afraid because she was going to tell him something, but he thought she might be going to ask him something."

Winton: "That might have been more embarrassing."

Mrs. Winton: "But I reassured him on that point, and, as a matter of fact, she didn't ask him anything whatever. She simply told him about her engagement, and he told her, of course, that it didn't make the slightest difference. But it seems that didn't satisfy her, and she insisted that she must go away and think it over. He naturally wished to go with her, but she forbade him, and said that if she wanted him she would wave her handkerchief on the point of her p-p-parasol." Mrs. Winton breaks down laughing. "And then—then—when he consented to that, she offered in view of their not—not meeting again, and as a slight token of her regret, to—to—k-k-k-iss him, and she did actually kiss him!" She hides her face in her handkerchief, and bows herself forward in a paroxysm of laughter.

Winton: "Were you by?"

Mrs. Winton: "By? No! Of course not! I was by as far as hearing the kiss was concerned, for I was just coming back to them when it—happened."

Winton, after a moment of frowning silence: "Sometimes I think Philippa is a fool."

Mrs. Winton, recovering herself, with seriousness: "*I* don't think she's a fool. I think she knows very well what she's about."

Winton: "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Winton: "It would be no use to say. You wouldn't understand, and you're so silly about the girl that you would take it the wrong way. You never can understand that women can't go about things as men do, and you think if they use a little finesse with themselves, they are doing something criminal and false."

Winton: "What do you mean by using finesse with themselves?"

Mrs. Winton: "I said you wouldn't understand." She follows him with laughing eyes, still wet with tears, as he rises and walks up and down the room. "Women not only have to hoodwink men; they have to hoodwink themselves too. A girl—such a girl as Philippa—enjoys putting herself through her paces before a man; she likes to exploit her emotions, and see how he takes it; though she may not know it!"

Winton: "I believe women think worse of women than men do."

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, that may be."

Winton: "But in this case your subtlety has deceived you. I would stake my

life that Philippa meant no more by what she did than pity for the man. He happens to be a pretty decent fellow—as men go. If he were like the carrion some men are, I think I should go after him and—bury him." He stops before his wife, and looks down furiously into her face.

Mrs. Winton: "Don't bury *me*, my dear!"

Winton: "Don't laugh, then? It's a shame to laugh."

Mrs. Winton: "At such a fool as Philippa? Really, you're all alike, you men! Mr. Camp wouldn't let me laugh, either, at first. Why shouldn't women be all alike too? At any rate, whatever Philippa fancies, I hope you can see that she's committed."

Winton: "How, committed?"

Mrs. Winton: "Young ladies don't go about kissing young men without giving them a well-founded expectation that they are going to marry them, and if I were Mr. Camp I should not wait for a handkerchief on the point of a parasol. I should go down to the beach, and do a little of the thinking myself."

Winton: "Camp won't."

Mrs. Winton: "No; he is peculiar too. There is a pair of them. I shouldn't have thought it of him. Outside of my own family, no one has made me feel so much like a reprobate. He wasn't so abrupt as you are, my dear, but he was quite as severe in his way. Really, it makes one wish to talk the matter over with a human being or two."

Winton: "Did you ask Camp to stay to dinner?"

Mrs. Winton: "Provisionally, I did. Everything has to be done provisionally in this house, till Philippa has thought it over. If she comes to an unfavorable conclusion, I don't suppose Mr. Camp would wish to stay."

Winton: "I suppose not. I must go up and take a little of the dust off. Why, Philippa!" He starts back from the door, which he was about to lay his hand upon, when it opens, and Philippa enters from the hall.

V.

PHILIPPA, MRS. WINTON, WINTON.

Philippa, to her uncle: "Mr. Camp—where is he?"

Winton: "I haven't seen him, Philippa—"

Mrs. Winton: "How long did you expect him to wait? He's gone—"

Philippa, with a start, turning to her aunt: "Gone?"

Mrs. Winton: "Ah, I see you would have been sorry! He's gone to look after a four-masted schooner that he saw in the offing. He hadn't the courage to look after a handkerchief on the point of a parasol."

Philippa: "I knew you would make him tell you. Well, I don't care!" In proof of her indifference the tears come into her eyes, and her chin trembles. She controls herself in turning again to her uncle. "I don't know whether I have done exactly right, Uncle Fred. Aunt Elizabeth, might I see Uncle Frederick alone? I wish to ask him something."

Mrs. Winton: "By all means! I seem to be turned out of the room on *all* occasions. You won't mind my listening at the key-hole?" She looks back laughing from the door, before she disappears.

VI.

PHILIPPA, WINTON.

Philippa, with the severity of looking at her aunt still in her eyes: "Why does she think it is such a laughing matter?"

Winton: "I rather think she regards *you* as the laughing matter, Philippa."

Philippa: "Do *you?*"

Winton: "No; we're of the same family, Philippa, and that's more than being of the same sex, as far as understanding each other goes."

Philippa: "Ah, if it were only you, Uncle Fred, that I had to talk with!" After a moment's pause: "Uncle Fred, what sort of man is Mr. Camp!"

Winton: "Bless my soul! How should I know? He's what you see, I suppose: he's amiable,—and kind,—and amusing. I think he's an uncommonly clever fellow. He's sure to get on. He works hard at his lawing. Every one likes him, I believe; at any rate, I never heard any one say a word against him."

Philippa: "Yes, but what is he, *really?* What is his life?"

Winton: "His life? Who knows what another man's life is? I shrink from knowing my own!"

Philippa: "And ought a girl to marry a man whose life she doesn't know, and make it *her* life, as she must if she truly loves him?"

Winton: "No, my child, I don't think she ought. But, as a general thing, I should say she had to. She's no worse off than he is, though."

Philippa: "Yes she is, if she has told him everything, and he has told her nothing."

Winton: "Ah, in that case, yes."

Philippa, with tears: "Uncle, why are you so cold, so hard with me? You say you understand me: do you blame me for anything?"

Winton: "Well, no, not blame; that isn't the word. But you're very impulsive, Philippa, and impulse—is always liable to misinterpretation."

Philippa: "I know what you mean; Aunt Bessie has been telling you, and laughing at me. But it was not an impulse; it was a decision."

Winton: "Oh! Now I *don't* understand, I believe."

Philippa: "No, in this case it isn't sufficient to be of the same family. But my mother, if she were alive, would understand, and she wouldn't keep me from opening my heart to her."

Winton: "Open your heart to me, Philippa! I shall listen with all the sympathy in the world. You know that I have always encouraged you to think for yourself, and act for yourself. I don't believe in the Chinese foot-binding of women, physically or psychically. I like your notions, and I will stand by you. Now go on and tell me whatever you wish."

Philippa: "No, I can't, now. The time is past. I shall have to think for myself, and act for myself."

Winton: "And you're sure you're not cold and hard with *me*, now?"

Philippa: "No, no, Uncle Fred. But you understand how a thing can be possible one instant, and impossible the next. You can understand that, can't you?"

Winton: "I can understand how it can be so with you, Philippa. It may be queer, what you do; but it won't be wrong. Act for yourself, and if you need any standing-by, let me do it for you."

Philippa, a little absently, a little ruefully, as she goes out: "Thank you, Uncle Fred." Winton remains looking anxiously after her, and then begins walking meditatively up and down. A tap at the sliding-doors arrests him. They open, and Mrs. Winton peers in.

VII.

MRS. WINTON, WINTON.

Mrs. Winton: "Merely to say that Mr. Camp is coming up the road toward the house. Oh, you're alone!" She comes in, and shuts the doors behind her. "Well?"

Winton, briefly: "She says it was a decision, and not an impulse."

Mrs. Winton: "Her fond farewell?"

Winton: "Yes—or fond *au revoir*. I suppose she meant that. It wasn't put into words."

Mrs. Winton: "I thought so, from the beginning. A girl is always a girl, even when she's a Philippa."

Winton: "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Winton: "You will see. But I'll go on duty now, and relieve you. I'll see Mr. Camp."

Winton: "Not at all. I'm going to see Camp, myself. I want to talk with him."

Mrs. Winton: "Well, you mustn't. He doesn't want to see *you*. He went away to avoid seeing you. He said he was in a very tender condition, and if you jarred upon him, it might be fatal."

Winton: "I guess Camp will have to take the risk. I'm in a very tender condition myself, and I'm in danger too, and I'll have to risk it. But I don't believe we shall hurt each other, and I believe we shall help Philippa."

Mrs. Winton: "Are you going to give her away?"

Winton: "Give her away?"

Mrs. Winton: "Give him a hint—tell him it was a decision?"

Winton: "Certainly not. I'm not sure that it was a decision—in that sense of the term. She meant that it was deliberate."

Mrs. Winton: "Stuff!"

Winton: "As much as you please. But if there's to be any giving away, it's Camp who's got to do it."

Mrs. Winton: "Very well, then, I hope there won't be any throwing away, either. Mr. Camp is one chance in a thousand."

Winton: "So is Philippa—in a million."

Mrs. Winton: "I hope you'll make him think so. But I wash my hands of it." There is a ring at the door, and Mrs. Winton prepares to make her escape; but she launches a Parthian arrow at her husband over her shoulder as she flies: "And

don't flatter yourself that you understand Philippa, or that you are helping her when you are helping her to do what she wants, or that you are even pleasing her. That is all."

VIII.

CAMP, WINTON.

Winton, shaking hands with Camp: "Ah, glad to see you, Camp. I know all about it, and I am not going to jar upon you if I can avoid it."

Camp: "Then Mrs. Winton—"

Winton: "Has told me. So has Philippa, for that matter."

Camp: "And their stories agree?"

Winton: "Wonderfully, as far as the facts are concerned."

Camp: "That's a good deal. I wish you could say as much for their opinions. I didn't find Miss Winton on the beach."

Winton: "No; she had come up here. I fancy, to find you."

Camp: "Do you mean it?"

Winton: "Yes; she wishes to see you again."

Camp: "Oh!" After a moment. "Would you allow yourself to become the sport of reviving hopes for that reason?"

Winton: "Well, I don't know really. It seems to me that the thing depends very much upon yourself—what you are. Camp, what are you? What sort of fellow?"

Camp: "Bless me, how should I know?"

Winton: "Of course. But are you frank? Are you capable of being frank?"

Camp: "It's difficult."

Winton: "But not impossible?"

Camp: "If there were something to be gained by it—"

Winton: "Philippa's to be gained by it. And to tell you the truth, I don't believe she's to be gained by anything else. And it must be the real thing."

Camp: "The real thing? And you don't call that jarring? How far must it go?"

Winton: "All lengths, I should say. If you were not entirely frank, and she found it out afterwards, I should say it might be unpleasant."

Camp: "And if she found everything out at once, that might be unpleasant too!"

Winton: "It's a risk you've got to take, my dear fellow. It's quite worth while, it seems to me. Philippa's worth while."

Camp, thoughtfully: "Ah, there can't be two minds about that—in me, at least. Have you any idea what she is going to want me to be frank about?"

Winton: "I have a general idea, yes."

Camp: "But you don't feel authorized to impart it?"

Winton: "I think she would prefer to impart it—that is, she would think it better. And I wish to stand by Philippa. I know she's queer, but I think she's generally right. She's noble, and she's high-minded. I won't say any more; I'm not sure I ought to have said so much. But we all like you, and I couldn't help wishing you luck. The affair is in your own hands. If you don't feel equal to it, why I really think you had better go away."

Camp: "Go away?"

Winton: "Yes: what is the use of seeing her again? I could make it right with her—that is, I could account for your going away."

Camp: "I don't think I shall go away, Mr. Winton."

Winton: "I hoped you wouldn't; but I thought I would give you the chance. I will send her to you. She wishes to have some serious talk with you."

Camp: "Oh! At once?"

Winton: "Why, hadn't you better have it over?"

Camp: "If it were well over, yes. But if one is dead, it is for such a long time! Well!"

Winton, wringing his hand: "All right, then. Courage—and candor!"

Camp: "I'll try to have the candor, even if I haven't the courage."

Winton: "I'm not sure but Philippa would prefer that." He leaves Camp sunk in a kind of daze, in the chair he has mechanically taken at the corner of the table, his elbow leant upon it, and his head resting on his hand. He starts to his feet at the light approach of Philippa, who glides in at the door which her uncle has left ajar.

IX.

PHILIPPA, CAMP.

Camp: "I—I beg your pardon. I—didn't notice you—at first. Perhaps I oughtn't to be here, but—Mr. Winton said

there was something you wished to say to me—"

Philippa: "Sit down, Mr. Camp. I hoped there was something you wished to say to me." She sits down at the corner of the table farthest from him.

Camp: "About—"

Philippa, gently: "Yourself."

Camp: "Do you think there's anything I could say to my advantage?"

Philippa: "You mustn't joke! I'm very serious."

Camp: "So am I. If I don't seem so, I assure you it isn't because I don't feel so. Seriously, I will tell you anything you ask."

Philippa: "Must I ask? I hoped, down there by the sea, that if we met again you would have thought there was something you would tell me without asking. Why were you so indifferent when I told you that I had been engaged?"

Camp: "Why? I suppose I didn't care."

Philippa: "That is what I understood when you said a man always liked to be the first. And it doesn't all of it suggest anything?"

Camp: "Well, I can't say—"

Philippa: "Then I will ask you something. Were you ever in love, before?" He hesitates. "I told you *I* had been!"

Camp: "Why, of course! One is always more or less in love. That is, not dangerously, but provisionally, potentially. People take one's fancy; and it's over in a day—or a week—or a summer. You can't govern your fancy. But it doesn't really mean anything. I suppose there's a certain amount of flirtation has to go on."

Philippa: "Yes. Should you like to think of my flirting with some one for a day, a week, a summer?"

Camp: "Well, no. And I can't imagine it. But with a man, you know, that sort of thing is different."

Philippa: "You mean that you flirt with other men?"

Camp: "No, I didn't mean that, exactly."

Philippa: "Oh, then you flirt with women. Do you respect the women you flirt with?"

Camp: "It isn't a question of respect. It's— Well, then, no! One doesn't respect them! But still, I can't think there's so great harm in it. That is— Yes, it isn't the thing, quite. No, you can't say you respect the woman you flirt with. But it's even, as far as that goes. She doesn't respect you, either. Why, Philippa—I beg your pardon—"

Philippa: "Oh, call me Philippa. What difference does it make! I can call you Leonard."

Camp: "Will you?"

Philippa: "Since you say you don't respect the women you flirt with, you can't mind what I do."

Camp: "Well, I don't see the relation, exactly."

Philippa: "No, not now. And you say they never came to anything, the flirtations?"

Camp: "No-o-o—except—once. Philippa, I was once engaged before, too. The thing is so perfectly dead and gone, that I can hardly believe in it. She was an abominable flirt."

Philippa: "Is that what she says of you?"

Camp, reproachfully: "Philippa!" After a moment's reflection: "I don't blame her altogether. I was to blame, too. Yes, I think I was quite as much to blame as she was. These things are not done from one side only. But—I was very much in love with her at last. I'll say that for myself. It's about the only thing I can say."

Philippa, closing her eyes to a fine line, as if trying to see the affair critically: "The same kind of love that you feel—that you say you feel—for me?"

Camp: "Well—" He stops, and then with a burst: "I might distinguish, but I was certainly in love with her. It's the only saving grace about it."

Philippa, as before: "But you didn't respect her?"

Camp: "I loved her. There's no question of anything else in it."

Philippa: "There is with a woman. Do you think she would have liked to know that you loved her without respecting her?"

Camp: "I don't believe she would have minded." He takes out his handkerchief and mops his forehead. He rises and looks out of the window. Then he comes back, and faces her standing. She remains seated, playing with the leaves of the book half open on the table. There is a silence.

Philippa: "Is she living?"

Camp: "Yes, she's living."

Philippa: "Where?"

Camp: "In New York." Philippa remains with downcast eyes, turning the leaves of the book with the fingers of one hand. "But she's married, and has two or three children. It's all as if it never had been. You need never know her—you wouldn't be likely to meet her—"

Philippa, opening her eyes and looking up at him: "Had you meant to tell me about your engagement?"

Camp, anxiously: "Yes, certainly—"

Philippa: "When?"

Camp: "I don't know. I wished to tell you at once—"

Philippa: "Before I told you?"

Camp: "I thought it would do any time. I didn't see it very seriously. And then, when I found how seriously you looked at it in your own case, I couldn't —at once." With a deep breath: "I think that's the truth of the matter."

Philippa: "After we were engaged, and I couldn't break with you, or when we were married, and I couldn't help myself, you meant to tell me."

Camp: "Well—" He stops.

Philippa: "And if *I* hadn't told you till then, what would you have thought of me?"

Camp: "Thought of you?"

Philippa: "Shouldn't you have blamed me?"

Camp, after a pause, desperately: "Yes; I should have blamed you. But in my own case, I don't believe, honestly, that I thought so far as that. My hopes were not so confident—"

Philippa, looking down again as before: "When I kissed you, I meant to marry you—"

Camp: "Ah, Philippa!"

Philippa: "I only wanted to go away and think. If you had come after me to the beach—"

Camp: "I didn't dare, after you forbade me. If I could only have imagined—Surely you don't blame me for that!"

Philippa: "Oh, no! I don't blame you for anything." Jumping to her feet, and flinging the book across the room: "That is all, Mr. Camp: you can go, now."

Camp: "No, now I *can't* go, Miss Winton." He has risen, too.

Philippa: "Then, I will go." She dashes out of the room, but almost immediately returns. "May I ask *why* you can't go, when I wish you to?"

Camp: "How can I go when you are feeling that you have been unjust to me?"

Philippa: "*I* unjust? *How* unjust?"

Camp: "I will leave you to say. Or now, if you like, I will go away without troubling you to say, for I see that you *have* the feeling."

Philippa: "This is trifling."

Camp: "Do you think I am trifling with you?"

Philippa: "No." After a moment: "But if you were not trifling, you would tell me how you think I have been unjust to you."

Camp: "No, you know I wouldn't. I couldn't." They stand looking at each other for an appreciable time before Philippa speaks.

Philippa: "The worst thing was your confessing you might not have told me until after we were married."

Camp: "There's something worse than that. I would have very gladly never told you. I'm not proud of it."

Philippa: "Oh, don't think you can move me by owning the truth!"

Camp: "I don't. I saw that the truth didn't move you before. But I'm not anxious to move you. I'm not on trial now."

Philippa: "I am not on trial, either. Your accusation doesn't put me on trial."

Camp: "My accusation?"

Philippa: "I know what you mean. That I had no right to make you speak of yourself. But I had."

Camp: "Yes—in a certain case."

Philippa: "I should despise myself if I pretended not to know what you mean. You mean that if I didn't intend to forgive you, no matter what you said, I had no right to make you speak. Is that what you mean?" Camp makes as if to speak, but does not speak. "I know that you could say I had encouraged you, and that when I began to feel myself caring for you, I ought to have tried to find out what sort of person you were. But how could I do that? Of course you will say that you couldn't tell me at the start—"

Camp: "I don't know that I shall say that—or anything. My trial's over. I've been condemned and executed."

Philippa: "Who condemned you?"

Camp: "You told me I might go."

Philippa: "And you didn't go. So it's the same as if you hadn't been condemned." She waits a moment as if for him to answer. "Then if everything is at an end, and you have no more to say, I don't see why we should continue the

conversation." She goes out, but comes back at once. "I suppose you will think that I got you down here to trap you, and humiliate you, and then cast you off."

Camp: "I might be base enough to think that, but not base enough to think it of you, Philippa."

Philippa: "Oh! And you think that my telling you of my own engagement was simply a ruse to get you to tell me of yours?"

Camp: "I don't think even that."

Philippa: "You know that I never dreamed of asking you anything about yourself; and I went down to the beach admiring your magnanimity, and all at once it occurred to me that you had some good reason for it. I dare say you blame me for suspecting you, although you were guilty."

Camp: "I've told you I don't blame you for anything."

Philippa: "It's all very well to say that." She stops, with a dazed air. "I know what makes you despise me. It was my kissing you."

Camp: "Philippa, will you believe one thing I say? I hold that kiss sacred. It came from your angelic goodness of heart —from your—"

Philippa: "Oh, it's too late, it's too late! I suppose you think I hurried back to make sure of you, because I had kissed you, when—when the sight of you would be a perpetual reminder of it."

Camp: "My imagination doesn't rise to such heights as that."

Philippa: "Then, what is it you accuse me of?"

Camp: "Nothing."

Philippa, after a moment: "You—you are very generous."

Camp: "Ah, even *your* saying that doesn't make me believe it; and I should like very much to go away believing something to my credit. Come, Philippa! I told you the worst I know about my past. I've tried to be honest, and I think I've succeeded pretty well, though it isn't easy for me. I know I've made myself thoroughly detestable in the attempt. I wish you'd say, before I go, that you think I've been honest with you. Will you?"

Philippa: "I think you've been honest."

Camp: "Thank you. Before I go I wish to ask you something else. Do you think *you've* been honest?"

Philippa: "I?"

Camp: "Oh, you've been honest enough with *me*—terribly honest. You've told me, if not just in so many words, that you think I meant to act a base and cowardly part—"

Philippa: "No—"

Camp: "You've made me feel that you do. And you have made me feel that there must be something very squalid in me if I could flirt with a woman and become engaged to her when I didn't respect her; and I haven't even the poor consolation of thinking that I broke with her. She broke with me, or else I should have married her."

Philippa: "I don't think that is bad."

Camp: "Ah, now you are beginning to be honest—honest with yourself; and that's what I wished you to be. *I'm* not worth your honesty, but *you* are. And now, tell me! Don't you think that to insist upon our having lived up to each other's ideals before we knew each other would be something a little unreal, a little factitious, a little affect—"

Philippa: "Mr. Camp!"

Camp: "Oh, I've had glimpses, visions, during this bad quarter of an hour, of possibilities of character—conduct—that I never dreamt of before. I've imagined going through life worthily, because *you* wished it. My ideals have been lower than yours; I'm ashamed of it, I'm glad of it, for I like to look up to you. But don't you think that for you to demand that they should have been the same before I had your example, would be something you fancied you ought to do, rather than *felt* you ought to do—would be a bit of pose?"

Philippa: "Pose! Now, *now* I see that you *do* despise me, and that you have, all along! But you *know* that I abhor pose more than anything, and that rather—rather than have you believe I was capable of it, I would have you think I had never cared at all for your—being engaged before!" Then, with a start, realizing what she has said, "That is, I don't mean—I mean—I mean—"

Camp: "I know what you mean, Philippa; and don't be afraid that I shall presume upon what you've merely said. I'm going, now; I won't trouble you any longer, but I shall always remember just how you looked, standing there by that table, with your head down, and your hand hanging at your side, and I shall

wish—I shall wish—I had asked you to let me take your hand!" Without lifting her head, she puts her hand out to him. "Ah! Thank— Philippa—Philippa, may I kiss—your hand?"

Philippa, faintly: "Yes."

Camp, stooping at her side, and lifting her hand to his lips: "Good-by, Philippa." He offers to release her hand, but she clings mechanically to his.

Philippa: "I have made you say you were ashamed—"

Camp: "You've made me tell the truth."

Philippa: "The worst?"

Camp: "I can't think of anything worse."

Philippa: "Thank you. I only wished to know the worst. And you're not going away hating me?"

Camp: "No; loving you more than ever!"

Philippa, with her face turned to him, and her eyes averted: "Why—what are you--going for?"

Camp: "Philippa!" He throws his arms about her, and clasps her to him. She suddenly frees herself.

Philippa: "I left my parasol! I left it on the beach. And my handkerchief."

Camp: "Was it tied on the point of it?"

Philippa: "I tied it on, going down."

Camp: "Oh!" He offers to seize her in his arms again, but she escapes to the door, which she opens.

Philippa, calling up the stairs: "Aunt Elizabeth! Uncle Fred!" They are heard instantly descending the stairs, and they appear at the door with surprising promptness.

X.

MRS. WINTON, WINTON, PHILIPPA, CAMP.

Mrs. Winton: "Well, Philippa?"

Camp: "Oh, nothing! Philippa left her parasol on the beach, and we are going to look for it."

Philippa: "I thought I would tell you that Mr. Camp—Leonard—will stay to dinner."

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, I'm so glad—"

Camp: "Yes, we'll be back before dinner."

Mrs. Winton: "Don't hurry!"

Winton, to Philippa: "You don't look as if you were very anxious about your parasol, Philippa."

Philippa, dropping her eyes: "Oh no. It's the handkerchief on it."

Mrs. Winton, to Camp: "Then it wasn't the four-masted schooner, after all?"

Camp: "Why, not altogether. But we can't say, you see, till we've found the parasol."

Mrs. Winton: "Oh, you're waiting for that. Well, you can't be too cautious."

Camp: "No, but as soon as we find it, we'll wave it over the top of the bank. That is, Philippa will." He looks round. "But where is Philippa?" She has, in fact, slipped out of the room.

Mrs. Winton, going to the window: "She's running down toward the beach. Hadn't you better follow her this time, Mr. Camp?" She turns to find that Camp has vanished too, and that she is alone with her husband.

XI.

MRS. WINTON, WINTON.

Winton: "Well?"

Mrs. Winton: "Well, *that's* over."

Winton: "Did we find it so?"

Mrs. Winton: "At any rate, you can see that it's a thorough reconciliation."

Winton: "Yes, it's evidently a reconciliation." After a moment: "I'm not sure it's a solution."

Mrs. Winton: "If we can't have solutions, we'd better have reconciliations."



FROM THE HEBRID ISLES.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

THE SMOOTHING OF THE HAND.*



ST. MARTIN'S CROSS.
From a Photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee

GLAD am I that wherever and whenever I listen intently I can hear the looms of Nature weaving Beauty and Music. But some of the most beautiful things are learned otherwise—by hazard, in the Way of Pain, or at the Gate of Sorrow.

I learned two things on the day when I saw Sheumas McIan dead upon the heather. He of whom I speak was the son of Ian McIan Alltnalee, but was known throughout the home straths and the countries beyond as Sheumas Dhu, Black James, or, to render the subtler meaning implied in this instance, James the Dark One. I had wondered occasionally at the designation, because Sheumas, if not exactly fair, was certainly not dark. But the name was given to him, as I learned later, because, as commonly rumored, he knew that which he should not have known.

I had been spending some weeks with Alasdair McIan and his wife Silis (who was my foster-sister), at their farm of Ardoch, high in a remote hill country. One night we were sitting before the peats, listening to the wind crying amid the corries, though, ominously as it seemed to us, there was not a breath in the rowan-tree that grew in the sun's-way by the house. Silis had been singing, but silence had come upon us. In the warm glow from the fire we saw each others' faces. There the silence lay, strangely still and beautiful, as snow in moonlight. Silis's song was one of the *Dana Spioradail*, known in Gaelic as the Rune of the Looms. I cannot recall it, nor have I ever heard or in any way encountered it again.

It had a lovely refrain, I know not whether its own or added by Silis. I have heard her chant it to other runes and songs. Now, when too late, my regret is deep that I did not take from her lips more of those sorrowful strange songs or chants, with their ancient Celtic melodies, so full of haunting sweet melancholy, which she loved so well. It was with this refrain that, after a long stillness, she startled us that October night. I remember the sudden light in the eyes of Alasdair McIan, and the beat at my heart, when, like rain in a wood, her voice fell unawares upon us out of the silence:

Oh! oh! ohrone, arone! Oh! oh! mo ghraidh, mo chridhe!
*Oh! oh! mo ghraidh, mo chridhe!**

The wail, and the sudden break in the second line, had always upon me an effect of inexpressible pathos. Often that sad wind-song has been in my ears, when I have been thinking of many things that are passed and are passing.

I know not what made Silis so abruptly begin to sing, and with that wailing couplet only, or why she lapsed at once into silence again. Indeed, my remembrance of the incident at all is due to the circumstance that shortly after Silis had turned her face to the peats again, a knock came to the door, and then Sheumas Dhu entered.

"Why do you sing that lament, Silis, sister of my father?" he asked, after he had seated himself beside me, and spread his thin hands against the peat glow, so that the flame seemed to enter within the flesh.

Silis turned to her nephew, and looked at him, as I thought, questioningly. But she did not speak. He, too, said nothing more, either forgetful of his question, or content with what he had learned or failed to learn through her silence.

The wind had come down from the corries before Sheumas rose to go. He said he was not returning to Alltnalee,

* The first piece in this selection of short tales and episodes is not Hebridean, but belongs to Argyll. Its localization, however, is accidental and non-essential, and it might as well have been set by the Waters of Uist as by the Hills of Arrochar.

* Pronounce mogh-rāy, mogh-rēe (my heart's delight: *lit.*, my dear one, my heart).

but was going upon the hill, for a big herd of deer had come over the ridge of Mel-Mòr. Sheumas, though skilled in all hill and forest craft, was not a sure shot, as was his kinsman and my host, Alasdair McIan.

"You will need help," I remember Alasdair Ardoch saying, mockingly, adding, "*Co dhiubh is fhearr let mise thoir sealladh na fàileadh dhiubh?*"—that is to say, Whether would you rather me to deprive them of sight or smell?

This is a familiar saying among the old sportsmen in my country, where it is believed that a few favored individuals have the power to deprive deer of either sight or smell, as the occasion suggests.

"*Dhuit ciàr nan carn!*—the gloom of the rocks be upon you!" replied Sheumas, sullenly; "mayhap the hour is come when the red stag will sniff at my nostrils."

With that dark saying he went. None of us saw him again alive.

Was it a prophecy? I have often wondered. Or had he any vague premonition?

It was three days after this, and shortly after sunrise, that, on crossing the south slope of Mel-Mòr with Alasdair Ardoch, we came suddenly upon the body of Sheumas, half submerged in a purple billow of heather. It did not, at the moment, occur to me that he was dead. I had not known that his prolonged absence had been noted, or that he had been searched for. As a matter of fact, he must have died immediately before our approach, for his limbs were still loose, and he lay as a sleeper lies.

Alasdair kneeled and raised his kinsman's head. When it lay upon the purple tussock, the warmth and glow from the sunlit ling gave a fugitive deceptive light to the pale face. I know not whether the sun can have any chemic action upon the dead. But it seemed to me that a dream rose to the face of Sheumas, like one of those submarine flowers that are said to rise at times and be visible for a moment in the hollow of a wave. The dream, the light, waned; and there was a great stillness and white peace where the trouble had been. "It is the Smoothing of the Hand," said Alasdair McIan, in a hushed voice.

Often I had heard this lovely phrase in the Western Isles, but always as applied to sleep. When a fretful child suddenly falls into quietude and deep slumber, an isles-woman will say that it is because of the Smoothing of the Hand. It is always a profound sleep, and there are some who hold it almost as a sacred thing, and never to be disturbed.

So, thinking only of this, I whispered to my friend to come away; that Sheumas was dead weary with hunting upon the hills; that he would awake in due time.

McIan looked at me, hesitated, and said nothing. I saw him glance around. A few yards away, beside a great bowlder in the heather, a small rowan stood, flickering its featherlike shadows across the white wool of a ewe resting underneath. He moved thitherward slowly, plucked a branch heavy with scarlet berries, and then, having returned, laid it across the breast of his kinsman.

I knew now what was that passing of the trouble in the face of Sheumas Dhu, what that sudden light was, that calming of the sea, that ineffable quietude. It was the Smoothing of the Hand.

THE WHITE FEVER.

ONE night, before the peats, I was told this thing by old Cairstine Macdonald, in the isle of Benbecula. It is in her words that I give it:

In the spring of the year that my boy Tormaid died, the moon-daisies were as thick as a woven shroud over the place where Giorsal, the daughter of Ian, the son of Ian MacLeod of Baille 'n Bad-a-sgailich, slept night and day.*

All that March the cormorants screamed, famished. There were few fish in the sea, and no kelp-weed was washed up by the high tides. In the island and in the near isles, ay, and far north through the mainland, the blight lay. Many sickened. I knew young mothers who had no milk. There are green mounds in Carnan kirkyard that will be telling you of what this meant. Here and there are little green mounds, each that soft and round you might cuddle it in your arm under your

* *Baille 'n Bad-a-sgailich*: the Farm of the Shadowy Clump of Trees. *Cairstine*, or *Cairistine*, is the Gaelic for *Christina*, as *Tormaid* is for Norman, and *Giorsal* for Grace. "The quiet havens" is the beautiful island phrase for graves. Here, also, a swift and fatal consumption that falls upon the doomed is called "The White Fever." By "the mainland," Harris and the Lewis are meant.

plaidie. They call these bit graves "the wee lammies."

Tormaid sickened. A bad day was that for him when he came home, weary with the sea, and drenched to the skin, because of a gale that caught him and his mates off Barra Head. When the March winds tore down the Minch, and leaped out from over the Cuchullins, and came west, and lay against our homes, where the peats were sodden and there was little food, the minister told me that my laddie would be in the quiet havens before long. This was because of the white fever. It was of that Giorsal waned, and went out like a thin flame in sunlight.

The son of my man (years ago weary no more) said little ever. He ate nothing almost, even of the next to nothing we had. At nights he couldna sleep because of the cough. The coming of May lifted him awhile. I hoped he would see the autumn; and that if he did, and the herring came, and the harvest was had, and what wi' this and what wi' that, he would forget his Giorsal that lay i' the mools in the quiet place yonder. Maybe then, I thought, the sorrow would go, and take its shadow with it.

One gloaming he came in with all the whiteness of his wasted body in his face. His heart was out of its shell; and mine, too, at the sight of him.*

This was in the season of the hanging of the dog's mouth.

"What is it, Tormaid-a-ghaolach?" I asked, with the sob that was in my throat.

"*Thraisg mo chridhe*," he muttered (my heart is parched). Then, feeling the asking in my eye, he said, "I have seen her."

I knew he meant Giorsal. My heart sank. But I wore my nails into the palms of my hands. Then I said this thing, that is an old saying in the isles: "Those who are in the quiet havens hear neither the wind nor the sea." He was so weak he could not lie down in the bed. He was in the big chair before the peats, with his feet on a *claar*.

When the wind was still I read him the Word. A little warm milk was all he would take. I could hear the blood

* *A cochall a' chridhe*: his heart out of its shell—a phrase often used to express sudden derangement from any shock. The ensuing phrase means the month from the 15th of July to the 15th of August, *Mios crochaidh nan con*, so called as it is supposed to be the hottest if not the most waterless month in the isles. The word *claar*, used below, is the name given a small wooden tub, into which the potatoes are turned when boiled.



BARRA HEAD, OUTER HEBRIDES.
From a photograph by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

in his lungs sobbing like the ebb-tide in the sea-weed. This was the thing that he said to me:

"She came to me, like a gray mist, beyond the dike of the green place, near the road. The face of her was gray as a gray dawn, but the voice was hers, though I heard it under a wave, so dull and far was it. And these are her words to me, and mine to her—and the first speaking was mine, for the silence wore me:

Am bheil thu' falbh,
O mo ghraidh?

B'idh mi falbh,
Mùirnean!

C'uin a thilleas tu,
O mo ghraidh?

Cha till mi an rathad so;
Tha an't ait e cumhann—
O mùirnean, mùirnean!
B'idh mi falbh an drùgh
Am tigh Pharais,
Mùirnean!

Sèol dhomh an rathad,
Mo ghraidh!

Thig an so, Mùirnean-mo,
Thig an so!

Are you going,
My dear one?

Yea, now I am going,
Dearest.

When will you come again,
My dear one?

I will not return this way;
The place is narrow—
O my darling!
I will be going to Paradise,
Dear, my dear one!

Show me the way,
Heart of my heart!

Come hither, dearest, come hither,
Come with me!

And then I saw that it was a mist, and that I was alone. But now this night it is that I feel the breath on the soles of my feet."

And with that I knew there was no hope. "*Ma tha sin an dàn!* . . . . if that be ordained," was all that rose to my lips. It was that night he died. I fell asleep in the second hour. When I woke in the gray dawn, his face was grayer than that and more cold.

FROM IONA.

THE SEA-WITCH OF EARRAID.

ONE day this summer I sailed with Phadruic Macrae and Ivor McLean, boatmen of Iona, along the southwestern reach of the Ross of Mull.

The whole coast of the Ross is indescribably wild and desolate. From Feenafort (Fhionn-phort), opposite Balliemore of Icolmkill, to the hamlet of Earraid Light-house, it were hardly exaggeration to say that the whole tract is uninhabited by man and unenlivened by any green thing. It is the haunt of the cormorant and the seal.

No one who has not visited this region can realize its barrenness. Its one beauty is the faint bloom which lies upon it in the sunlight—a bloom which becomes as the glow of an inner flame when the sun westers without cloud or mist. This is from the ruddy hue of the granite, of which all that wilderness is wrought.

It is a land tortured by the sea, scourged by the sea wind. A myriad lochs, fiords, inlets, passages, serrate its broken frontiers. Innumerable islets and reefs, fanged like ravenous wolves, sentinel every shallow, lurk in every strait. He must be a skilled boatman who would take the Sound of Earraid and penetrate the reaches of the Ross.

There are many days in the months of peace, as the islanders call the period from Easter till the autumnal equinox, when Earraid and the rest of Ross seem under a spell. It is the spell of beauty. Then the yellow light of the sun is upon the tumbled masses and precipitous shelves and ledges, ruddy petals or leaves of that vast Flower of Granite. Across it the cloud shadows trail their purple elongations, their scythe-sweep curves, and abrupt evanishing floodings of warm dusk. From wet bowlder to bowlder, from crag to shelly crag, from fissure to fissure, the sea ceaselessly weaves a girdle of foam. When the wide luminous stretch of waters beyond—green near the land, and further out all of a living blue, interspersed with wide alleys of amethyst—is white with the sea-horses, there is such a laughter of surge and splash all the way from Slugan-dubh to the Rudha-nam-Maol-Mòra, or to the tide-swept promontory of the Sgeireig-a'-Bhochdaidh, that, looking inland, one sees through a rainbow-shimmering veil of ever-flying spray.

But the sun spell is even more fugitive upon the face of this wild land than the spell of beauty upon a woman. So runs one of our proverbs: as the falling of the wave, as the fading of the leaf, so is the beauty of a woman, unless — ah, the *unless*, and the indiscoverable for-



IONA—CATHEDRAL AND ST ORAN'S CHAPEL.
Drawn from a photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

joy that can only be come upon by hazard once in life, and thereafter only in dreams, and the Land of the Rainbow that is never reached, and the green sea-doors of Tir-na-thonn, that open now no more to any wandering wave!

It was from Ivor McLean, on that day, I heard the strange tale of his kinsman Murdoch, the tale of "The Ninth Wave"; and from him also, though at another time, that white-light episode of the Festival of the Birds. It was Phadruic, however, who told me of the Sea-witch of Earraid.

"Yes," he said, "I have heard of the *uisge-each*" (the sea-beast, sea-kelpie, or water-horse), "but I have never seen it with the eyes. My father and my brother knew of it. But this thing I know, and that is what we call *an-cailleach-uisge*" (the siren or water-witch); "the *cailliach*, mind you, not the *mhaighdeann-mhàra*" (the mermaid), "who means no harm. May she hear my saying it! The cailliach is old and clad in weeds, but her voice is young, and she always sits so that the light is in the eyes of the beholder. She seems to him young also, and fair. She has two familiars in the form of seals, one black as the grave, and the other white as the shroud that is in the grave; and these sometimes upset a boat, if the sailor laughs at the uisge-cailliach's song.

"A man netted one of those seals, more than a hundred years ago, with his herring-trawl, and dragged it into the boat; but the other seal tore at the net so savagely, with its head and paws over the bows, that it was clear no net would long avail. The man heard them crying and screaming, and then talking low and muttering, like women in a frenzy. In his fear he cast the nets adrift, all but a small portion that was caught in the thwarts. Afterwards, in this portion, he found a tress of woman's hair. And that is just so: to the stones be it said.

"The grandson of this man, Tòmais McNair, is still living, a shepherd on Eilean-Uamhain, beyond Lunga in the Cairnburg Isles. A few years ago, off

Callachan Point, he saw the two seals, and heard, though he did not see, the cailliach. And that which I tell you, Christ's Cross before me, is a true thing."

THE SIGHT.

The "vision," or second-sight, is commoner in the Western Isles than in the Highlands; now at least, when all things sacred to the Celtic race, from the ancient language to the last lingering Be'althainn (Beltane*) and Samh'in rites, are smiled at by the gentle and mocked by the vulgar. One day will come when men will be sorrier for what is irrevocably lost than ever a nation mourned for a lapsed dominion. It is a bitter cruel thing that strangers must rule the hearts and brains, as well as the poor fortunes, of the mountaineers and islanders. But in doing their best to thrust Celtic life, Celtic speech, Celtic thought, into the sea, they are working a sore hurt for themselves that they shall lament in the day of adversity. For we of the passing race see this thing: that in a day to come the sheep-runs shall not be in the isles and the Highlands only —for we see the forests moving south, and there will be lack, then, not of deer and of sheep, but of hunters and shepherds.

What follows is only a memento of what was told me last summer by a fisherman of Iona. If I were to write all I know on good authority about what is called second-sight, it would be a volume and not a few pages I should want. The "sight" has been a reality to me almost from the cradle, for my Highland nurse had the faculty, and I have the memory of more than one of her trances.



THE HERDSMAN, STAFFA.
From a photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

But now I am writing about Iona, though that is but a "summer isle" for me, who am more long-time familiar with the wilder and remoter Hebrides.

There is an old man on the island named Daibhidh (David) Macarthur.* It was Ivor McLean, my boatman friend, who took me to him. He is a fine old

* *Beltane* is the 1st of May; *Sav'un*, the Fire of Peace, on Halloween (31st October). Thus the phrase: "*o Bhealltainn gu Samhuinn* (from May day to Hallowmas day).

* As there are several Macarthurs on Iona, I may say that the old man I allude to is not so named. Out of courtesy I disguise his name.



COAST OF IONA—THE SIGHT.
From a photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

man, though "heavy" a little; with years, perhaps, for his head is white as the crest of a wave. He is one of the very few Ionians, perhaps of the two or three at most, who do not speak any English.

"No," he told me, "he had never had the sight himself. Ivor was wrong in saying that he had."

This, I imagine, was shyness, or, rather, that innate reticence of the Celt in all profoundly intimate and spiritual matters; for, from what Ivor told me, I am convinced that old Macarthur was intermittently, or at least had more than once proved himself, a seer.

But he admitted that his wife had "it."

We were seated on an old upturned boat on the rocky little promontory, where, in olden days, the innumerable dead who were brought to the sacred soil of Iona were first laid. For a time Macarthur spoke slowly about this and that; then, abruptly and without preamble, he told me this:

The Christmas before last, Mary, his wife, had seen a man who was not on the island. "And that is true, by St. Martin's Cross," he added.

They were sitting before the fire, when, after a long silence, Macarthur looked up to see his wife staring into the shadow in the ingle. He thought she was brooding over the barren womb that had been her life-long sorrow, and now in her old age had become a strange and gnawing grief, and so he turned his gaze upon the red coals again.

But suddenly she exclaimed, "*C'ait am bheil thu dol?*" (Where are you going?).

Her husband looked up, but saw no one in the room beside themselves.

"What has come to you?" he asked. "What do you see?"

But she took no notice.

"*C'uine tha thu' falbh?*" (When are you going?) she asked, with the same strained voice and frozen eyes. And then, once again, "*C'uine thig thu rithisd?*" (When will you come again?). And with that she bowed her head, and the thin backs of the hands upon her knees were wet with falling tears.

And for the fourth of an hour she would say nothing except moan, "*Tha an amhuinn domhain; tha an amhuinn domhain; fuar, fuar; domhain, domhain!*"* (Deep, deep is the river; cold and deep; cold and deep!).

* Pronounce Ha aun ah-ween do'-inn; fēw-ar, fēw-ar; do'inn, do'inn.

And the man she saw, added Macarthur, was her nephew, Luthais, in Cape Breton, of Nova Scotia, who, as they learned before Easter, was drowned that Christmas-tide. He was the last of his mother's race, and had been the foster-child of Mary.

CELTIC RUNES.

THE RUNE OF THE SEVEN WINDS.

It was in the Isle of Skye that I first heard in the Gaelic both of the following runes, though this was years ago. Since then I have heard "The Reading of the Spirit" (with slight variations, twice or thrice, and fragmentarily oftener). So recently as last summer I was told it almost as it stands, so far south and inland—that is, for the West Highlands—as a hill shealing on the north side of Loch Goil, in Argyll. True, the man who told it was an islesman by birth and connections, though I doubt if he had heard it in the west, for certain Gaelic words which he interpolated in his narrative, given as recited to him by an old woman named Macgibbon, now dead, were those not of a "deasach" (West-Highlander), but of a "tuathach" (North-Highlander).

But as, in the first instance, each was linked with a narrative, I give both with the Skye setting.

One of the sea-bends of that island—with Rum, the grandest of the Inner Hebrides—is called Loch Staffin. Often have I lain upon the lofty basaltic cliffs of the Kilt Rock, and on wild days listened to the appalling crash and roar of the seas upon the narrow bowlder-strewn shores beneath, and to the screaming of the wind up the gullies and ravines which slice these precipices. It was on one of these days, but after a great storm, and when the sun was unclouded, though the wind still came with a long swaying rush from the sea, that I heard the Rune of the Seven Winds. As I lay on the thyme and short ling, with a whistle of driven air through the spires of the heather about me, I felt the salt against my face at times, and often the spray from a sheer torrent close by, blown backward by the force of the gale. From the Kilt Rock itself came a strange flutelike, or, rather, oboe-sobbing of the wind as it struck against and raced up and across and in and out the ribbed and serrated cliff.

In the original the lines were occasionally rhymed, and in a longer and more chantlike measure; but I will give the shorter version here, as perhaps more indicative of the impression conveyed to the Gaelic Celt.

The first four winds are the *Gaoth tuath* (the North Wind), *Gaoth 'n ear* (the East Wind), *Gaoth deas* (the South Wind), and *Gaoth 'niar* (the West Wind). The three others are the Breaths of the Grave, of the Depths of the Sea (or Oblivion), and of the Future.

In the first couplet the North Wind is alluded to as the breath of the pole-star. A more literal rendering of the original of the second would be,

By the wild strained voice on the summits,
When the feet of the dead folk are knowing
The sound of its flowing.

This is in allusion to the ancient Celtic custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east. It is believed that the Wind of the Resurrection will come from the east, and so the righteous dead will be awakened by its breath across the world. From this has come the tradition that the dead know whenever the east wind blows, and that in this way tidings reach them of the two worlds, that which they have left and that beyond the grave, or "the sleep." In the Outer Hebrides it is commonly believed that those about to die soon can feel "the breath on the soles of the feet." In the third couplet a little expansion would again be more explicit, *e. g.:*

By the high blithe cry on the rivers,
On the straths and the glens and the máchar,
Where the Heat-star moveth.

The *máchar* is any flat (generally a sandy, or at any rate sea-margining, plain), and the Heat-star is supposed to be the source of the moist south or southwest wind. The West Wind, again, blows from the Land of Rainbows, a poetic isles-idiom for the seaward west.

I.

By the Voice in the corries
When the Pole-star breatheth:

By the Voice on the summits
The dead feet know:

By the soft wet cry
When the Heat-star troubleth:

By the plaining and moaning
Of the Sigh of the Rainbows:



GYLEN CASTLE.
From a photograph by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

By the four white winds of the world,
Whose father the golden Sun is,

Whose mother the wheeling Moon is,
The North and the South and the East and the West:

By the four good winds of the world,
That Man knoweth,
That One dreadeth,
That God blesseth—

Be all well
On mountain and moorland and lea,
On loch-face and lochan and river,
On shore and shallow and sea!

II.

By the Voice of the Hollow
Where the worm dwelleth:

By the Voice of the Hollow
Where the sea-wave stirs not:

By the Voice of the Hollow
That Sun hath not seen yet:
By the three dark winds of the world;
The chill dull breath of the Grave,
The breath from the depths of the Sea,
The breath of To-morrow:

By the white and dark winds of the world,
The four and the three that are seven,
That Man knoweth,
That One dreadeth,
That God blesseth—

Be all well
On mountain and moorland and lea,
On loch-face and lochan and river,
On shore and shallow and sea!

Were this an old rune the tenth line would probably have run, "Whose *mother* the golden Sun is," for with the ancient Celts the sun was feminine. I do not know, but surmise that the line "That One dreadeth" is in allusion to an old Celtic saying that at the last day the Evil One will be scourged out of the world

"By the white and dark winds....
The four and the three that are seven."

THE RUNE OF THE READING OF THE SPIRIT.

There could hardly be any place more romantic than the spot where for the second of three times I heard this rune, or rather a more circumstantial and annotated variant.

In September of last year I was ferried across the Sound of Kerrera by an old boatman who was proud of three things —that he had known old Dr. Norman Macleod, "the Queen's Norman," besides "Dr. Donald, worthy man," and other Macleods known to this unworthy member of Clan Leod; that he had seen and shaken hands with Mr. Gladstone; and that he knew Professor Blackie, and had heard him sing "Fear-a-bhata."

That afternoon I went with my friend, a peasant farmer near the south end of



THE KILT ROCK, LOCH STAFFIN, SKYE.
From a photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

Kerrera, and lay down in the grassy, bowldered wilderness beneath the cliff on which stands the romantic ruin of Gylen Castle. The tide called in a loud insistent whisper, rising to a hoarse gurgle, from the sound. The soft wind that came from the mountains of Mull was honey-sweet with heather smell. The bleating of the ewes and lambs, the screaming of a few gulls, the clear repetitive song of a yellow-hammer—nothing else was audible. At times, it is true, like a deep sigh, the suspiration of the open sea rose and fell among the islands. Faint echoes of that sigh came round Gylen headland and up Kyle-gylen. It was an hour wherein to dream of the Sons of Morven, who had landed here often, long before the ancient stronghold was built; of Fionn and Fianna, the Fingalians; of the coming and going of Ossian in his blind old age; of beautiful Malvina; of the galleys of the Fomorians; of the songs and the singers and all the beautiful things of "the old ancient long ago."

But what I heard was this. My friend told me some other short runes, and sang one or two *orain spioradail*, among them my famous namesake's "Farewell to Fiunary," a song dear to every native of Lorne and Morven, from Oban and the south isles to Arisaig and Ardnamurchan. But this only has remained with me:

"You know that my mother's people are Skye folk. It was from the mother of my mother that I heard what you call the Rune of the Reading of the Spirit, though I never heard it called anything but old Eilidh's *Sian*. She lived near the Hart o' Corry. You know the part? Ay, true, it is wild land—wild even for the wilderness o' Skye. Old mother Eilidh had 'the sight' at times, and whenever she wished she could find out the lines o' life. It was magic, they say. Who am I to know? This is true, she knew much that no one else knew. When my mother's cousin, Fergus MacEwan, who was mate of a sloop that sailed between Stornoway and Ardrossan, came to see her—and that was in the year before my mother was married, and when she was courted by Fergus, though she was never for giving her life to him, for even then she loved my father, poor fisherman of Ulva though he was (though heir, through his father's brother, to this crofter-farm on Kerrera here)—when Fergus came to see her, because of the gloom that was upon his spirit, she foretold all. At first she could 'see' poorly. But one wild afternoon, when the Cuchullins were black with cloud-smoke, she bade him meet her in that lonely savage glen they call the Loat o' Corry. He was loath to go, for he feared the place. But he went. He told

all to my mother before he went away next dawn, with the heart in him broken, and his hope as dead as a herring in a net.

"Mother Eilidh came to him out of the dusk in that wuthering place just like a drifting mist, as he said. She gave him no greeting, but was by his side in silence. Before he knew what she was doing she had the soles of her feet upon his, and her hands folding his, and her eyes burned against his like hot coals against ash. He felt shudders come over him, and a wind blew up and down his back; and he grew giddy, and heard the roaring of the tides in his ears. Then he was quiet. Her voice was very far away when she said this thing, but he remembered every word of it:

"By that which dwells within thee, (the soul)
By the lamps that shine upon me, (the eyes)
By the white light I see litten
From the brain now sleeping stilly, (the light on the brow)
By the silence in the hollows, (the ears)
By the wind that slow subsideth, (the slacking breath)
By the life-tide slowly ebbing,
By the deith-tide slowly rising, (the pulsing blood)
By the slowly waning warmth,
By the chill that slowly groweth,
By the dusk that slowly creepeth,
By the darkness near thee,
By the darkness round thee, (swoon, or trance)
By the darkness o'er thee—
O'er thee, round thee, on thee—
By the one that standeth
At thy side and waiteth (the soul)
Dumb and deaf and blindly,
By the one that moveth,
Bendeth, riseth, watcheth, (the phantom)
By the dim Grave-Spell upon thee,
By the Silence thou hast wedded. . . .
May the way thy feet are treading,
May the tangled lines now crookèd,
Clear as moonlight lie before me!



LOAT O' CORRY, FROM HART O' CORRY.
Drawn from a photograph by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

"Oh! oh! ohrone, ochrone! green the branches bonnie:
Oh! oh! ohrone, ochrone! red the blood-drop berries:
Achrone, arone, arone, arone, I see the green-clad Lady,
She walks the road that's wet with tears, with rustling sorrows shady. . . .
Oh! oh! mo ghraidh.

"Then it was that a great calm came upon Fergus, though he felt like a drowned man, or as one who stood by his own body, but speechless, and feeling no blowing of wind through his shadow-frame.

"For, indeed, though the body lived, he was already of the company of the silent. What was that *caiodh*, that wailing lamentation, sad as the *Cumha fir Arais*, which followed Eilidh's incantation, her spell upon 'the way' before him, that it and all the trailed lines of his life should be clear as moonlight before her? '*Oh! oh! ohrone, ochrone! red the blood-drop berries;*' did not these mean no fruit of the quicken-tree, but the falling drops from the maimed tree that was himself? And was not the green-clad lady, she who comes singing low, the sprouting of the green grass that is the hair of the earth? And was not the road, gleaming wet with ruts and pools all of tears, and overhung by dark rustling plumes of sorrow, the road that the soul traverses in the dark hour? And did not all this mean that the Grave Spell was already upon him, and that the Silence was to be his?*

"But what thing it was she saw, Eilidh would not say. Darkly she dreamed awhile, then leaned forward and kissed his breast. He felt the sob in her heart throb into his.

"Dazed, and knowing that she had seen more than she had dreamed of seeing, and that his hour was striding over the rocky wilderness in that wild Isle of Skye, he did not know she was gone, till a shuddering fear of the silence and the gloom told him he was alone."

* (1) *Caiodh* (a wailing lament) is a difficult word to pronounce. The Irish *keen* will help the foreigner with *Kúë-yh* or *Kúë-yhn*. (2) The *Cumha fir Arais* (pronounce *Kŭv'ah feer Arooss*) means the lament of the Man of Aros, *i. e.*, the chieftain. Aros Castle, on the great island of Mull, overlooking the sound, was one of the strongholds of Macdonald, Lord of the Isles. (3) The quicken (rowan, mountain-ash, and other names) is a sacred tree with the Celtic peoples, and its branches can either waive away or compel supernatural influences. (4) The green-clad Lady is the Cailleach-nam-Sliabhain, the Siren of the Hill-Sides, to see whom portends death or disaster. When she is heard singing, that portends death soon for the hearer. The grass is that which grows quick and green above the dead. The dark hour is the hour of death, *i. e.*, the first hour after death.

Coll MacColl (he that was my Kerrera friend) stopped here, just as a breeze will suddenly stop in a corrie, so that the rowan berries on the side of a quicken will sway this way and that, while the long thin leaves on the other will be as still as the stones underneath, where their shadows sleep.

I asked him at last if Eilidh's second-sight had proved true. He looked at me for a moment, as though vaguely surprised I should ask so foolish a thing.

"No sleep came to Fergus that night," he resumed, quietly, as though no other words were needed, "and at daybreak he rose and left the cot of his kinsman, Andrew MacEwan. In the gray dawn he saw my mother, and told her all. Then she wished him farewell, and bade him come again when next the *Sunbeam* should be coming to Portree, or other port in Skye; for she did not believe that her mother had seen speedy death, or death at all, but perhaps only a time of sorrow, and even that she had done this thing to send Fergus away, for she too had her eyes on Robert MacColl, that was my father.

"'And so you will come again, Fergus my friend,' she said; and added, 'and perhaps then you will be telling me of a Sunbeam ashore, as well as that you sail from Ardrossan to the far-away islands!'

"He stared at her as one who hears ill. Then he took her hand in his, and let it go suddenly again. With one arm he rubbed the rough Uist cap he held in his left hand; then he brushed off the wet mist that was gray on his thick black beard.

"'You are not well, Fearghas-mo-charaid,' my mother said, and gently. When she saw the staring pain in his eyes, she added, with a low sob, 'My heart is sore for you!'

"'It is nothing. *Tha mi dubhachas*' (I have the gloom). And with that he turned away, and she saw him no more, that day or any day of all the days to come."

"And what thing happened, Coll?"

"They kept it from her, and she did not know it for long. It was this: Fer-



THE OLD MAN OF STORR.
From a photograph by G. W Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

gus MacEwan did not sail far that morning. He was ill, he said, and was put ashore. That night Aulay Macaulay saw him moving about in that frightful place of the Storr Rock, moaning and muttering. He would have spoken to him, but he saw him begin to leap about the pinnacled rocks like a goat, and at last run up to The Old Man of Storr and beat it with his clinched fists, blaspheming with wild words; and he feared Fergus was mad, and he slipped from shadow to shadow, till he fled openly. But in the morning Aulay and his brother Finlay went back to look for Fergus. At first they thought he had been drowned, or had fallen into one of the fissures. But from a *balachan*, a 'bit laddie,' as they would call him in the town over the way [Oban], they heard that a man had pushed off that morning in John Macpherson's boat, that lay about a mile and a half from the Storr, and had sailed north along the coast.

"Well, it was three days before he was found—stone-dead. If you know the Quiraing you will know the great Needle Rock. Only a bird can climb it, as the saying goes. Half-way up, Finlay Macaulay and a man of the neighborhood saw his body as though it were glued to the rock. It was windless weather, or he would have been blown away like a drifted leaf. They had to jerk the body down with net-poles. God save us the dark hour of Fergus, that died like a wild beast!"

A LOST RUNE.

There is a strange Shetland rune, or incantation rather, of which I had occasionally heard lines, but only once was favored with orally *in extenso*. Some time ago, however, I came across a practically identical version of it in an interesting volume called *Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland*, by John Sinclair. Though familiar with the Shetland Isles, Mr. Sinclair was unable to obtain this old *sian* from more than one source, and all his inquiries failed to elucidate one or two obscure lines. Since then I have tried to get these dubious lines explained by Shetlanders, not without partial success; indeed, I might have succeeded wholly were I not handicapped by lack of knowledge at first hand of the Shetland dialect.

Now, however, I am able also to reconstruct the fugitive lines of its Celtic equivalent, though unfortunately this is not without its own obscurities. In Shet-

land the lines are uttered as a spell to send "The Guid-folk" about their business; that is, they are pronounced by one who has for the time being no longer need of supernatural aid or advice, and wishes to get quit of his or her uncanny servants.

Here is this old-world Scoto-Scandinavian charm, as given by Mr. Sinclair:

Da twal, da twal aposells,
Da eleven, da eleven evengelists,
Da ten, da ten commanders,
Da nine, da brazen sheeners,
Da eicht, da holy waters,
Da seven starns i' da heavens,
Da six creation mornins,
Da five, da tumblers o' my bools,
Da four, da gospel-makers,
Da tree triddle trivers,
Da twa lily-white boys dat clothe demsells in green, boys,
Da ane, da ane, dat walks alon—
An' now yese a' gang hame, boys.

Here the most obscure lines are the eighth and tenth; though the fourth, fifth, eleventh, and twelfth are as puzzling, if not—to a Southerner—so impossible. In the remote place where I write, I have not Mr. Sinclair's book within reach, and I forget what guesses he made for the fourth and fifth; but my informant corroborated the statement made to Mr. Sinclair that "da tree triddle trivers" (almost pure Norwegian) meant "the three treadle-workers"—that is, "the spinners"; in other words, the three Fates. Again, this is corroborated by the equivalent line in the Celtic variant. In the version given by my informant the fourth line was not "Da nine, da brazen sheeners," but

"*Da nine, da blazing shiners*"—

that is, the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis—a Northern phenomenon which profoundly impressed both the Scandinavian and the Celtic imagination. Again, "Da eicht, da holy waters," was given to me as—

"*Da eicht, da holy writers.*"

The Celtic variant, however, here bears out "waters." In this variant, moreover, the preceding (fourth) line is wholly different from either "blazing shiners" or "brazen sheeners" (lamps, presumably). The mysterious Celtic "By the Five who pass at death" may be as obscure as "Da five, da tumblers o' my bools," but at least does not sound gibberish. Again, the last lines vary materially. The Shetlandic two lily-white boys are probably "sprites." I do not know what meaning Shetlanders may attach to the twelfth line. My informant said "the ane" was Satan.

I will now give the Celtic incantation:

By the twelve white apostles,
By the eleven evangelists,
And by the ten holy commandments,
By the Nine Angels,
By the Flowing of the Eight Rivers,
By the seven stars of the World,
By the six Days of Creation,
By the Five who pass at death,
By the four Gospels,
By the three who weave and sever,
By the two white Beings clad in green,
And by the Lonely Spirit (*Spioraid aonarach*)—
To the mountain hollow!
To the hill hollow!
To the hollow i' the hill!

The allusions in the first, second, third, and seventh lines, to the Pleiades in the sixth line, and to the Fates in the tenth line are plain enough.

"The Five who pass at death" is, I take it, an allusion to a very ancient, obscure, and rare Celtic legend: that an hour before dawn, on the day we die, five shadowy beings come out of the darkness, look at us, beckon, and vanish. These are the Shadows of those of our race who have crossed the frontier of death: the Shadow of our own soul; the Shadow of the grave; the Shadow of what shall be; and the Shadow of the Unmentionable and the Unknown.

I am not sure what the eleventh line means. Possibly the two white beings are the Soul and the Body. Possibly the allusion is to the twin brothers Life and Death. The mention of the color-epithet "green" is congruous, for green is at once the sacred, the mystic, and the demoniac color. The "guid-folk" of the hills are clad in green; the *Bandruidh* or *Cailleach*, that fatal siren of the hill-side, is always seen in a green robe; "Black Donald" himself, when he appears to mortal vision, is always "a tall gaunt stranger clad in green"; the road to Paradise that leads out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death is "an upland way of shining green"; the souls of the blest are visible in raiment a green as pale as the leaves of the lime when the sun shines through them; and the Spirit of God is sometimes revealed as "a green gloom tremulous with golden light."

Nor, again, am I sure as to the meaning of the twelfth line. Possibly the allusion is to the Holy Ghost; though the usual

Spioraid Naomh could have been used more readily and as impressively as *Spioraid Aonanarach*, or *Aonarach*. *Aonanarach* can mean "desolate" or "deserted" as well as "solitary" or "lonely." Probably, therefore, the "Spioraid aonanarach" is the Prince of Darkness. The line was also repeated to me with the terminal *aonaranachd;* and so would run, "The one that goeth in loneliness." This is obviously translatable variously. Were the allusion to God, probably the line would run, "And by Himself that is forever alone" (*i. e.*, above and beyond all). Allusively God is almost invariably spoken of as *E-Fein*, "Himself." To some the Gaelic words would have a sombre significance, as though indicative of the Evil Spirit, who, moreover, is supposed to be liege lord of all human seeming though non-human creatures, such as the guid-folk, the wood-dwellers, the wave-haunters, and the like. It has been suggested to me that "the one that goeth in loneliness," or "the one that walketh alone," is no other than the Wandering Jew. On some of the far Hebrides, "By the lonely one!" (meaning either Judas or the Wandering Jew) is still used exclamatorily. Many of the oaths in use among the isles and Western Highlands are either what the Scots call "papistical" or are distinctly pagan. "By Mary" is common; and (in South Uist and Barra) "By the Rood," "By the Book," "By the Blood," "By the Sun," and "Son of Mary." Here and there in the Outer Hebrides may be heard "By the Great Sabbath"; and "By Those of Old" (the ancient pagan deities; the Tuatha-Da-Danann). Occasionally one hears "By the Hill" (though this may be in allusion to Calvary, and not, as I take it, to the Bheinn-an-Bealthein, the Hill of the Fire-Altar); "By the Voices," *i. e.*, Wind and Sea (or Tide); "By the Wind"; and, quite frequently, "By the Stones." "The Stones" are the Druidical granite or other slabs, remnants of pagan temples, many of which, singly or in groups, are to be found in Scotland; most notably at Stennis in Orkney, in the west of the Isle of Arran, and at Callernish on Loch Roag, on the Atlantic coast of Lewis, of the Outer Hebrides. There are few stranger survivals of pagan days extant than the Gaelic phrase so often heard in the west and northwest: "I am going to the Stones," or "I have been at the Stones," instead of "I am going to—or have been at —Church." Conjecturally, but almost certainly, this is a visible link in the nigh invisible chain connecting us with "our ancestral selves" in the days of Druidic worship, "*ann o shean*" (in the existence of old), as Ossian says somewhere.

As to the "nine angels" of the fourth line, I have not been able to ascertain from any one, or from any book, who the nine angels are, why nine in number, or what their mission is or was. I have myself heard the phrase used once only, and then not as an oath (though "By the Nine Angels" is a Uistean oath), but in some such way as, "No one will know that thing till he sees what the Deep hides, or what lies beyond the stars, or hears what the Nine Angels whisper to each other." Elsewhere* I have quoted a Hebridean rune in which occurs the invocation:

Crois nan naoi aingeal leam
'O mhullach mo chinn
Gu craican mo bhonn!

(The cross of the Nine Angels be about me,
From the top of my head
To the soles of my feet!)

Since I wrote this, it has occurred to me that possibly "the Nine Angels" may be the "nine angelic orders." Or again, it may be a half-pagan, half-Christian confusion with the nine Muses. In this connection, it is strange that the old Greek *Aœde* ("Song"), the third of the three original Muses, so closely resembles the Celtic *Aed* or *Aodh* (also *Aidh;* variant of *Aoidh*).

It is possible that the allusion to the eight rivers, in the fifth line, is purely Celtic. I remember having heard in my childhood that the Fountain of Living Water in the centre of Paradise is fed by eight great rivers. Four of these flow eternally, respectively from the east, the south, the west, and the north. Of the other four, two flow into the Fountain of Living Water from below, namely, the river of human tears and the river of human hopes; and two forever descend in rainbow-dews, the river of Peace, that is the benediction of God, and the river of Beauty, that is the *anail nan speur*, the breath of the skies—the loveliness that is pain, *an acain Pharais*, "the moan of heaven," and the loveliness that is a chant of joy, *Seinn Pharais*.

* In *Pharais: A Romance of the Isles.*

CATHAIR-SITH.*

From green to white, from white to green,
I watch the waves that wash between
The Rainbow-Pillars none hath seen.

God takes a wind from out the sky:
It spreads its cloud-white wings to fly;
Its time has come to it to die.

God takes a wind from out the pines:
It spreads its green-gloom wings, and shines
Gold-green against the Rainbow Signs.

The Weaving of the Sea is made
Green, thus, with sacred pine-tree shade;
White with cloud-feathers overlaid.

Forever thus the green is spun,
The white across the surface run:
This is the rune that I have won.

This is the rune hath come to me
Out of the mystery of the sea;
When dreaming where, far off, may be
The Rainbow-Pillars of Caershee.

* Prónounce *Caer-shēe.* The Gates of Dream: *lit.,* the Gates of Faerie.



DRUIDICAL STONES AT CALLERNISH, STORNOWAY.

From a photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS MARLENSPUYK.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IT was a chill day early in December; and at four in the afternoon a gray sky shut in the city, like the cylindrical background of a cyclorama. Now and then a wreath of steam chalked itself on the slate-colored horizon; and across the river, far over to the westward, there was a splash of pink, sole evidence of the existence of the sun, which no one had seen for twenty-four hours.

As Miss Marlenspuyk turned the corner of the side street she stood still for a moment, looking down on the long Riverside Drive and on the mighty Hudson below, flowing sluggishly beneath its shield of ice. She had long passed the limit of threescore years and ten, and she had been an indefatigable traveller; and as she gazed, absorbing the noble beauty of the splendid scene, unsurpassable in any other city she had ever visited, she was glad that she was a New-Yorker born and bred, and that it was her privilege to dwell where a vision like this was to be had for the asking. But while she looked lovingly up and down the solemn stream the wind sprang up again, and fluttered her gray curls and blew her wrappings about her.

Two doors above the corner where Miss Marlenspuyk was standing a striped awning stretched its convolutions across the sidewalk and up the irregular stone steps, and thrust itself into the doorway at the top of the stoop. A pretty young girl, with a pleasantly plump figure and with a dash of copper in her brown hair, passed through this twisting canvas tunnel just ahead of Miss Marlenspuyk; and when the door of the house was opened to admit them they entered together, the old maid and the young girl.

The house was illuminated as though it were already night; the curtains were drawn, and the lamps, with their fantastically extravagant shades of fringed silk, were all alight. The atmosphere was heavy with the perfume of flowers, which were banked up high on the mantel-pieces and the tables, while thick festoons of smilax were pendent from all the gas-fixtures and over all the mirrors. Palms stood in the corners and in the fireplaces; and at one end of the hall they were massed as a screen, through which glimpses could be caught of the bright uniforms of the Hungarian band.

In the front parlor, before a broad table on which there were a dozen or more beautiful bouquets tied with bows of ribbon, and under a bower of solid ropes of smilax, stood the lady of the house with the daughter she was that afternoon introducing to society. The hostess was a handsome kindly woman, with scarce a gray hair in her thick dark braids. The daughter was like her mother, kindly also, and also handsome; she was better-looking, really, than any of the six or seven pretty girls she had asked to aid her in receiving her mother's friends and acquaintances.

The young woman who had preceded Miss Marlenspuyk into the house happened also to precede her in entering the parlor. The hostess, holding her bunch of orchids in the left hand, greeted the girl pleasantly, but perhaps with a vague hint of condescension.

"Miss Peters, isn't it?" said the lady of the house, pitching her voice low, but with an effort, as though the habit had been acquired late in life. "So good of you to come on such a nasty day. Mildred, you know Miss Peters?"

And the daughter stepped forward and smiled and shook hands with Miss Peters, thus leaving the mother at liberty to greet Miss Marlenspuyk. And this time there was no trace of condescension in her manner, but rather a faint suggestion of satisfaction.

"Oh, Miss Marlenspuyk," she said, cordially, "this is a pleasure. So good of you to come on such a nasty day."

"It did blow as I came to the top of your hill here," Miss Marlenspuyk returned, "and I'm not as strong as I was once upon a time. I suppose that few of us are as frisky at seventy-five as we were at seventeen."

"I protest," said the hostess; "you don't look a day older now than when I first met you."

"That's not so very long ago," the old maid answered. "I don't think I've known you more than five or ten years, have I? And five or ten years are nothing to me now. I don't feel any older than I did half a century ago; but as for

my looks—well, the least said about them is soonest mended. I never was a good-looker, you know."

"How can you say so?" responded the hostess, absently noting a group of new-comers gathering in the doorway. "Mildred, you know Miss Marlenspuyk?"

"Oh yes, indeed I do," the girl said, heartily, shaking hands with the vivacious old maid.

The young woman with the touch of bronze in her brown hair was still standing by Mildred's side. Noting this and seeing the group of new-comers breaking from the doorway and coming toward her, the hostess spoke hastily again.

"Do you know Miss Peters, Miss Marlenspuyk?" she asked. "Well, at all events Miss Peters ought to know you."

Then she had just time to greet the group of new-comers and to lower her voice again, and to tell them it was so good of them to come on such a nasty day.

The daughter was left talking to Miss Marlenspuyk and Miss Peters, but within a minute her mother called her—"Mildred, you know Mrs. Hitchcock?"

As the group of new-comers pressed forward the old maid with the bright blue eyes, and the young woman with the pleasantly plump figure, fell back a little.

"I've heard so much of you, Miss Marlenspuyk, from my grandfather," began the younger woman.

"Your grandfather?" echoed the elder lady. "Then your father must be a son of Bishop Peters?"

Little Miss Peters nodded.

"Then your grandfather was a great friend of my younger brother's," Miss Marlenspuyk continued. "They went to school together. I remember the first time I saw the Bishop—it must be sixty years ago—it was the day he was put into trousers for the first time! And wasn't he proud of them!"

Miss Peters joined Miss Marlenspuyk in laughing at this amusing memory.

Then the old maid asked, "Your father married in the South after the war, didn't he? Wasn't your mother from Atlanta?"

"He lived there till mother died; I was bo'n there," said the girl. "I've been No'th only two years now this Christmas."

"I don't suppose you found many of your grandfather's friends left. Nowadays people die so absurdly young," the old maid remarked. "Is your father here this afternoon?"

"Oh dear no," responded Miss Peters; "he has to live in Southe'n Califo'nia for his health. I'm in New Yo'k all alone."

"I'm sorry for you, my child," said the elder woman, taking the girl's hand. "I've been alone myself a great deal, and I know what it means. But you must do as I did—make friends with yourself, and cultivate a liking for your own society."

The younger woman laughed lightly, and answered, "But I haven't as cha'ming a companion as you had."

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled back. "Yes, you have, my child. I'm not an ill-looking old woman now, I know, but I was a very plain girl; and I know it isn't good for any one's character to be conscious that she's almost ugly. But I set out to make the best of it, and I did. I thought it likely I should have a good deal of my own society, and so I made friends with this forced acquaintance. Now, I'm very good company for myself. I'm rarely dull, for I find myself an amusing companion, and we have lots of interests in common. And if you choose you can also cultivate a friendship for yourself. But it won't be as necessary for you as for me, because you are a pretty girl, you see. That touch of copper in your brown hair is really very fetching. And what are you doing here in New York all alone?"

"I'm writing," Miss Peters replied.

"Writing?" echoed Miss Marlenspuyk.

"My father's in ve'y bad health, as I told you," the younger woman explained; "and I have to suppo't myself. So I write."

"But I don't think I've seen anything signed Peters in the magazines, have I?" asked the old maid.

"Oh, the magazines!" Miss Peters returned—"the magazines! I'm not old enough to have anything in the magazines yet. You have to wait so long for them to publish an article, even if they do accept it. But I get things into the weeklies sometimes. The first time I have a piece printed that I think you'd like, I'll send it to you, if I may."

"I will read it at once and with pleasure," Miss Marlenspuyk declared, cordially.



AN AFTERNOON AT HOME.

"I don't sign my own name yet," continued Miss Peters; "I use a pen-name. So perhaps you have read something of mine without knowing it."

"Perhaps I have, my child," said Miss Marlenspuyk. "I shall be on the lookout for you now. It must be delightful to be able to put your thoughts down in black and white, and send them forth to help make the world brighter and better."

Little Miss Peters laughed again, disclosing a fascinating dimple.

"I don't believe I shall ever write anything that will make the world better," she said; "and if I did, I don't believe the editor would take it. I don't think that is just what editors are after nowadays—do you? They're on the lookout for stuff that'll sell the paper."

"Sad stuff it is, too, most of it," the old maid declared. "When I was a girl the newspapers were violent enough, and the editors abused each other like pickpockets, and sometimes they called each other out, and sometimes somebody else horsewhipped them. But the papers then weren't as silly and as cheap and as trivial as the papers are now. It seems as though the editors to-day had a profound contempt for their readers, and thought anything was good enough for them. Why, I had a letter from a newspaper last week—a printed form it was, too—stating that they were 'desirous of obtaining full and correct information on Society Matters, and would appreciate the kindness if Miss Marlenspuyk would forward to the Society Editor any information regarding entertainments she may purpose giving during the coming winter, and the Society Editor will also be happy to arrange for a full report when desired.' Was there ever such impudence? To ask me to describe my own dinners, and to give a list of my guests! As though any lady would do a thing like that!"

"There are ladies who do," ventured Miss Peters.

"Then they are not what you and I would call ladies, my child," returned Miss Marlenspuyk.

The face of the Southern girl flushed suddenly, and she bit her lip in embarrassment. Then she mustered up courage to ask, "I suppose you do not read the *Daily Dial*, Miss Marlenspuyk?"

"I tried it for a fortnight once," the old maid answered. "They told me it had the most news, and all that. But I had to give it up. Nobody that I knew ever died in the *Dial*. My friends all died in the *Gotham Gazette*."

"The *Gazette* has a larger family circulation," admitted the younger woman.

"Besides," Miss Marlenspuyk continued, "I could not stand the vulgarity of the *Dial*. I'm an old woman now, and I've seen a great deal of the world, but the *Dial* was too much for me. It seemed to be written down to the taste of the half-naked inhabitants of an African kraal."

"Oh," protested the other, "do you really think it is as bad as that?"

"Indeed I do," the old maid affirmed. "It's worse than that, because the poor negroes wouldn't know better. And what is most offensive, perhaps, in the *Dial* was the unwholesome knowingness of it."

"I see what you mean," said Miss Peters, and again the color rose in her cheeks.

"There was that Lightfoot divorce case," Miss Marlenspuyk went on. "The way the *Dial* dwelt on that was unspeakable. I'm willing to allow that Mrs. Lightfoot was not exactly a nice person; I'll admit that she may have been divorced more times than she had been married—"

"That's admitting a good deal!" said the young woman, as the elder paused.

"But it is going altogether too far to say that, like Cleopatra, she had the manners of a kitten and the morals of a cat—isn't it?"

Miss Peters made no response. Her eyes were fixed on the carpet, and her face was redder than ever.

"Of course it isn't likely you saw the article I mean," the old maid continued.

"Yes," the younger responded, "I saw it."

"I'm sorry for that," said Miss Marlenspuyk. "I may be old-fashioned—I suppose I must be at my age—but I don't think that is the kind of thing a nice girl like you should read."

Again Miss Peters made no response.

"I happen to remember that phrase," Miss Marlenspuyk continued, "because the article was signed 'Polly Perkins.' Very likely it was a man who wrote it, after all, but it may have been a woman. And if it was I felt ashamed for her as I read it. How could one woman write of another in that way?"

"Perhaps the writer was very poor," pleaded Miss Peters.

"That would not be a good reason, and it is a bad excuse," the old maid declared. "Of course I don't know what I should do if I were desperately poor—one never knows. But I think I'd live on cold water and a dry crust sooner than earn my bread and butter that way—wouldn't you?"

Miss Peters did not answer this direct question. For a moment she said nothing. Then she raised her head, and there was a hint of high resolve in the emphasis with which she said, "It is a poor way to make a living."

Before Miss Marlenspuyk could continue the conversation she was greeted by two ladies who had just arrived. Miss Peters drew back and stood by herself in a corner for a few minutes as the throng in front of her thickened. She was gazing straight before her, but she was not conscious of the people who encompassed her about. Then she aroused herself, and went into the dining-room and had a cup of tea and a thin slice of buttered bread, rolled up and tied with a tiny ribbon. And perhaps fifteen minutes later she found herself in front of the hostess.

She told the hostess that she had had such a very good time, that she didn't know when she had met such very agreeable people, and that she was specially delighted with an old friend of her grandfather's, Miss Marlenspuyk. "Such a very delightful old maid, with none of the flavor of desiccated spinsterhood. She does her own thinking, too. She gave me some of her ideas about modern journalism."

"She is a brilliant conversationalist," said the hostess. "You might have interviewed her."

"Oh, she talked freely enough," Miss Peters responded. "But I could never write her up properly. Besides, I'm thinking of giving up newspaper work."

Three ladies here came toward the hostess, who stepped forward with extended hand, saying, "So good of you to come on such a nasty day." Miss Peters availed herself of the opportunity, and made her escape.

It might be half an hour afterward when Miss Marlenspuyk, having had her cup of tea and her roll of bread-and-butter, returned to the front parlor in time to overhear a bashful young man take leave of the hostess, and wish the hostess's daughter "many happy returns of the day."

As it happened there was a momentary stagnation of the flood of guests when Miss Marlenspuyk went up to say farewell, and she had a chance to congratulate the daughter of the house on the success of her coming-out tea.

"Then I must tell you, Miss Marlenspuyk," said the hostess, "that you completely fascinated little Miss Peters."

"She's a pretty little thing," the old maid returned, "with excellent manners. That comes with the blood, I suppose; she told me she was a granddaughter of the Bishop, you know. She isn't like so many of the girls here, who take what manners they have out of a book. They get them up overnight, but she was born with them. And she has the final sign of breeding, which is so rare nowadays—she listens when her elders are talking."

"Yes," the hostess replied, "Pauline Peters has pleasant manners, for all she is working on a newspaper now."

"On a newspaper?" repeated Miss Marlenspuyk. "She told me she was writing for her living, but she didn't say she was on a newspaper."

"She said something about giving it up as she went out," the hostess remarked; "but I shouldn't think she would, for she has been doing very well. Some of her articles have made quite a hit. You know she is the 'Polly Perkins' of the *Daily Dial?*"

"No," said Miss Marlenspuyk—"no, I didn't know that."

THE BANQUET.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THOUGH o'er the board the constellations shine,
Austere the feast for Time's retainers spread:—
Laughter, the salt of life, and love, the wine,
Sleep, the sweet herbs, and work, the bitter bread.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XX.

NAPOLEON TAKES REFUGE IN PRUSSIA.

THE French commenced their retreat from Smolensk on November 12th, and it took four days before the rear-guard passed out. Since leaving Moscow on October 19th they had placed themselves about three hundred miles nearer to Paris, but to accomplish this much they had so exhausted themselves that of the hundred thousand which Napoleon marched out of Moscow, not half were able to carry a musket into Smolensk.

Where next? The nearest town in which they might hope for rest was Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, where they had danced with the maidens of Poland not six months ago. But it was to be still another three hundred miles of such misery as made many prefer instant death. Until Smolensk the number of men in the ranks had been slightly larger than the disarmed rabble which marched in the rear, but from now on this mob of stragglers rapidly increased, until very soon the Grand Army of Napoleon came to resemble a vast herd of tramps bound together by nothing but the common danger of being killed by pursuing Cossacks and outraged peasants.

About half-way between Smolensk and Wilna is a little stream less than two hundred yards wide and from four to six feet deep. It is so insignificant that Napoleon did not take the trouble to have it mapped with care as he led his men eastward to Moscow. But the name of this trifle was Beresina, a name that even to-day cannot be seen or heard without a shudder.

To-day the traveller from Moscow to Warsaw crosses the Beresina at a place called Borissov, eastward of Minsk. Where the railway now passes, there Napoleon intended to go with his army in 1812; but there, too, the Russians had assembled in force, and, according to all the rules of war, there Napoleon should have been captured, along with the whole of his army. The Russians were acting upon an excellent grand plan of war, with superior forces well fed and well clothed. One army came from the north, another from the south—these two were to bar Napoleon's passage of the Beresina, while the main force, which hung upon his flanks all the way from Moscow, was to drive the French to their destruction. From the beginning to the end of this strange campaign Russian commanders exhibited plentiful want of common-sense, but nowhere more than here. They posted themselves at the point where they thought Napoleon ought to cross, and of course Napoleon took pains to hold them there while he arranged to cross somewhere else, higher up.

On the night of November 25th work was begun upon two bridges, and on the day following troops began to cross. How many crossed no one knows. These were not times for dress parades and muster-rolls. A comparison of many guesses makes it fair to assume that Napoleon led between 30,000 and 35,000 soldiers across the Beresina, and perhaps as many more stragglers and camp-followers. All day and all night and all the next day and the following night the fugitives passed on, but already on the 27th the Russians showed themselves in force, while part of Napoleon's troops were on one side and part on the other of the stream. With rare courage and coolness did they hold the Russians back, in the hope of saving all those who crowded upon the two bridges. Until the evening of the 28th it was possible, but the order then came that on the 29th of November, at five in the morning, the bridges must be destroyed, whether all had crossed or no. While this disorganized mass of stragglers was desperately struggling to get over, the body of troops that had been defending the eastern or Russian side of the bridge received orders themselves to cross, under shelter of darkness, so as to be safely over when the time came to destroy it. So, when darkness set in, these soldiers retired from before the Russians and claimed right of way across the Beresina. But all the approaches were choked with baggage-wagons, struggling horses, men, women, and children, all blindly bent upon the same object, but each contributing to make the task impossible. There was one bridge for heavy loads, another for foot-passengers; but in that army of Na-



A STRAGGLER.

poleon was no force capable of securing orderly movement over these bridges. The scene could be compared only to a panic in a burning theatre, when people mad with fright trample one another to death in frantic effort to reach a door. The mad mob struggled on the bridge with an energy that would have saved them all had they kept their muskets and remained in the ranks. On this horrible night, however, their energy was that of savages battling for self-preservation. The weak and the wounded, women and children, wherever they stood in the way of the strong, were knocked down, trampled under foot, or kicked away over the bridge side, to fall screaming amidst the cakes of ice that filled the stream. These were the men who six months ago passed for heroes, who marched in the name of a higher civilization.

They fled from Cossacks whom they thought to be savages, yet they perpetrated themselves upon their own comrades such atrocities as only Apaches could surpass.

On came the troops, with orders to cross the bridge, but the bridge was held by a force superior in numbers to that of those claiming right of way. And so it came to a fight. The guns so recently aimed at Russians responded now as rea-

dily when pointed into a solid wall of fellow-creatures, former messmates. A breach was made in this mass of writhing flesh; the rest was done with bayonets. The rear-guard corps marched on, tumbling into the stream everything that stood in the way, for they had but this one night left them, knowing that on the morrow they could no longer hold themselves against the overwhelming force of Russians.

The morrow came, and found the bridges commanded by Russian artillery. All the arms of Napoleon had crossed in safety, but so far as the eye could see were masses of human creatures still left on the other side, all hopelessly seeking escape from the enemy. That Napoleon's army was saved here was due almost wholly to a man of German blood, born near Saarbrücken, the noble General Eblé, who died in a few weeks from the effect of his exposure. He, with a few hundred pioneers, made these bridges in the icy stream, watched them day and night, kept such order as was possible, and destroyed them finally, by order of Napoleon, when to have left them standing would have exposed the whole army to ruin. He delayed as long as he dared, while the Russian artillery was striking in amidst the helpless mass of stragglers still surging across. But at nine the last moment had arrived. Eblé turned away his head, and the match was laid.

The last of Napoleon's rear-guard marched away from the Beresina, leaving behind no one knew how many of their fellow-creatures, who could be seen rushing through the flames, to soon fall screaming into the river of ice.

How many here died piteously is not known. The stream in after-years showed islands below the bridge where none had been before. These were formed by the masses of those who struggled for life in these dreadful days. Ten years after a party of Prussian officers, visiting the battle-field, found it still strewn with innumerable signs of the horrible butchery that took place here; and as though the god of this river desired that all should remember the lesson here inculcated, these islands now blossom in the springtime with a flower called *forget-me-not*.

Of those whose corpses lie beneath these flowers we cannot know the number. Even of those who fell on the banks the numbers can only be guessed. Twenty-four thousand carcasses were here burned by order of the Russian governor, and at least 5000 stragglers were made prisoners. When the Russian advance-guard reached the place, an eye-witness reported that all the peasant huts in the neighborhood were packed with wounded, and that the fields about were littered with carcasses of men and horses frozen stiff as they happened to draw their last suffering breath.

From the Beresina to Wilna the distance in a straight line is about 150 miles, which occupied about ten more days.

On the 5th of December, about thirty miles before reaching Wilna, Napoleon informed his principal commanders of a resolution he had taken some days before, and which produced even more depression amongst them. On that night he abandoned what was left of his army and hurried in secret to Paris, where he arrived on the 18th, occupying thirteen days on the way.

Here ends the history of that army, for Napoleon's flight took away the last hope it had entertained of once more pulling itself together into fighting form.

At Wilna was a brilliant gathering of soldiers and diplomatists assembled about the headquarters. On the 2d of December all the world of France and her allies celebrated the day when Napoleon was crowned. Champagne was abundant, and so was everything else in Wilna. The news that arrived spoke only of victories, and all the bells rang joyfully in honor of the man who was then supposed to be leading home thousands of Russian prisoners, a mass of booty, and an army crowned with new laurels.

At last, however, his ragged remnant of an army made its appearance at the gates of Wilna, and now the truth had to be acknowledged.

Napoleon might here have made a stand; there were supplies of every kind, re-enforcements marching from the west, and every prospect of soon being more than a match for the numbers under Russian command. But the moment it was known that he had run away from them, all idea of order ceased, even amongst the few who still carried a musket. Wilna was plundered; the military stores were recklessly destroyed, through the short-sighted behavior of the famished men; and to make matters worse, wine and spirits were found in abundance.



NAPOLEON CROSSING THE BERESINA.

From the 6th to the 10th of December, while Napoleon was hurrying to Paris, the last of his army was drinking itself into madness at the point he had designated as their winter resting-place. And once more came the alarm of the Cossacks.

From Wilna this hysterical retreat went on to Kovno. There were here ten millions of francs in the military chest which could not be dragged along, and so it was tossed over to the soldiers, who filled their pockets, and kept filling them, until the Cossacks came up and captured soldiers and booty as well. Some lucky ones managed to conceal treasures in the ground before the Cossacks came, and marked the place for future identification, but there were very few so fortunate.

Napoleon's grand cross from the Kremlin was lost, and also the crown and sceptre he had intended using in Moscow to crown himself Emperor of the Western World. All these and many another emblem of human vanity were sunk in the Beresina or spirited away by Cossacks. The chief treasure carried back by the Russians to St. Petersburg from the Beresina was the original grand map of Europe, from which I have prepared the maps accompanying this work.

At Wilna, no sooner had the troops commenced their retreat than the Jews fell upon the wounded, pillaged them, and tossed them out into the streets, where they lay in lofty piles to wait the Russians, who were not long in arriving. Kovno was reached on December 12th—the same Kovno that had waved them warm kisses in June of the same year. The Niemen (or Memel) flows from here down to Tilsit, where six years before a famous treaty had been signed, and where Alexander and Napoleon had sworn everlasting friendship. Now this river was frozen tight, and Cossacks could gallop across it as freely as though it were the open plain. Obviously this was no place to defend, for the Russians would soon surround it and cut off its garrison from any communication with the French base on the Baltic. So off once more, after plundering and destroying as much as possible—off to seek safety, warmth, and creature comforts on the soil of Prussia, and amongst the people whom Napoleon had for six years treated with contempt and cruelty. It was not until the 19th of December that the French found shelter under the walls of Königsberg, the venerable capital of East Prussia. Just two months had they been coming from Moscow. They had started as men; they entered Prussia like famished and hunted beasts. The good peasantry of Germany looked upon them as strange monsters from another world, things sent by God as a warning.

XXI.

GENERAL YORK, THE GLORIOUS TRAITOR.

When Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812 there marched with him in close diplomatic alliance 20,000 Prussian troops, under command of General York. This Prussian soldier of English ancestry was placed under the orders of a Frenchman of Scotch ancestry, Macdonald, who commanded the extreme left wing of the Grand Army of invasion.

This corps did not penetrate more than 150 miles from the Prussian frontier, and operated in the neighborhood of Riga, where the population is largely German and mostly Lutheran. In vain did they attempt to capture this ancient Baltic town.

England had command of the seas; Russia kept the place well supplied with men and munitions; and the winter arrived while York and Macdonald were still westward of the river Düna.

But strange things were taking place among these allies. There were many Germans who had taken service in the Russian army for the sake of fighting against Napoleon, and in the lulls of battle Germans chatted amicably who a few moments before had been seeking to make corpses one of the other. On July 29th General York sent to the Russian commander an agent to arrange for an exchange of prisoners; but what was his surprise to learn that these fellow-countrymen, instead of pining to return to their regiments, had joyfully taken service with their Cossack captors! York showed great indignation, denounced these Germans as traitors, and issued an order to have them brought before court martial and promptly shot should they ever fall into Prussian hands. This order was communicated to the Prussian King, and received his hearty approval. York little thought that he would soon himself set an example destined to draw upon his head the same royal displeasure he had just invoked in the case of less-conspicuous offenders.

York was in a false position from the start. He hated Napoleon; he hated the French. He prayed his King to allow him to resign, but Frederick William III. insisted, and York yielded.

As the weeks passed, and then the months, York heard through Russian sources that Napoleon found Moscow in flames, and that his Grand Army was re-

At length arrived the frozen remnants of the "Grande Armée" in Wilna, on the 5th of December, and on the 8th York knew by a trusted messenger that the Russians had placed themselves already between the Prussian corps and the Prussian frontier. York again begged definite instructions from his King, and called upon Macdonald to make good his



REMNANTS OF THE GRAND ARMY.

treating. He was torn by conflicting duties. What if the French proved unable to withstand the Russian advance, even on arriving upon Prussian soil? From the Russian headquarters came insidious proposals that York should surrender rather than fight against overwhelming odds. In the event of surrender, York was to be allowed to march his whole corps back into Prussia, there to await events. He sent couriers to the King in Berlin, asking for instructions, but got only ambiguous answers. Napoleon was always referred to as the Prussian ally, yet York was at the same time told that his conduct must be determined by circumstances.

retreat before it was too late. But the French marshal had as little news from Napoleon as York had from Berlin. The army of fugitives moved onward over the Memel at Kovno, with Cossacks on either side of them, yet Macdonald remained at his post, like the honest soldier that he was, while the Russians gradually formed a circle in his rear. Since November 30th he had had no orders, and not until December 18th did he receive any. His couriers had been all captured by Cossacks, and his situation was growing hourly more critical.

Although the King in Berlin knew that Napoleon's army was destroyed, he

closed a letter to York on December 12th with these words: "To my brave soldiers it will be an additional incentive to earn as before my confidence and that of *the Emperor, my ally.*"

The post-horses were ready to carry this message back to York before Riga, when, to the surprise of the King, there arrived from "the Emperor, my ally," a message dated Dresden, December 12th.

The Berlin court was amazed that Napoleon should be in Dresden while his army was needing him so sorely on the Memel, but such was the fear his name inspired that the King never for a moment wavered in regard to his duty as a subordinate ally. Napoleon flying for his life represented to Frederick William more power than his own nation in arms. The same note that announced Napoleon's loss of his army brought orders that Prussia should increase her contingent of soldiers to 30,000 men. And the King accepted this order as cheerfully as he had obeyed the one to furnish 20,000 at the beginning of the campaign.

On the 17th of December, 1812, York's messenger at last posted away from Berlin to Riga with the King's answer. But when the answer was read it proved to be nothing but vague statements, with this only clear, that the King remained the ally of Napoleon, and that York must act according to circumstances. The Chancellor Hardenberg gave no hint that he or the King was disposed to encourage Russia. York's officer who bore the message in vain sought to draw from Frederick William III. some statement that might justify York in treating with Russia. Nothing could be extracted from him save the opinion that Napoleon was a genius, and would soon find new armies.

On Christmas eve York found himself on the retreat from Riga to Tilsit, in bitterly cold weather, separated from his French commander, Macdonald, and surrounded by Russians, amongst whom were many Prussian officers. He was in a situation from which he might have extricated himself by hard fighting, but, in view of the state of the armies in the field, he had a passable excuse for preferring to spare his men.

The Russians begged to parley, and York then and there accepted the responsibility of a step which made him the most respectable traitor in the military history of his country.

York was ready to abandon Macdonald, but he begged that the Russians would allow him to do so under circumstances which might satisfy the demands of "honor"—this word which has so many meanings!

On December 26th arrived from the Czar Alexander a message which made York still more ready to leave the French. It was a formal promise to make peace only when Prussia should have regained all that she lost in 1806 at the battle of Jena. To be sure, Alexander had promised this sort of thing six years before, and had forgotten all about it when signing the Peace of Tilsit; but still, York felt that he was receiving as good guarantees as he could at that time reasonably expect. So again he begged the Russians to prepare all the circumstances so that he might with decency capitulate, and he would do so.

In the evening of December 29th York received orders from Macdonald to join him in Tilsit, and at the same time from the Russian headquarters a despatch stating that further fighting was useless, that York was cut off, and the French flying before 50,000 Russians.

Scarcely had York finished this last letter than his friend Clausewitz, the same who subsequently wrote the great Book on War, entered the room. Clausewitz had left the Prussian army along with a hundred other officers who were eager to fight Napoleon, even if they had to become Russian to do so. York turned savagely on Clausewitz and refused to see any more despatches, which he said only confused him. He abused the Cossacks for letting Macdonald's messenger slip through the lines with the order for joining him. "Now," said he, "I have received orders, and I must march; and I forbid any further discussion, which may cost me my head!"

But Clausewitz begged that he might at least read a despatch to him, and not be sent back in disgrace. So York, grumbling still, called for a candle, and Clausewitz read a letter from the Russian headquarters, indicating such a disposition of the Czar's troops as made fighting foolhardy. The letter closed with a strong hint that the Russians were tired of parley, and that if York did not at once capitulate, they would treat him as an enemy, and make an end of his corps.

York had eyes like those of a hawk.

Fastening those eyes on Clausewitz, he said, "Clausewitz, you are a Prussian—do you believe this letter to be genuine?"

Clausewitz gave his word of honor that it was. York then turned to another Prussian in the Russian service, Colonel Röder, and asked that officer's opinion.

"So far as the King and the country and the army are concerned, this step would be of great service; but so far as your own person is concerned, there would be very great danger—"

Here York interrupted in a loud voice: "What! my person! I shall go cheerfully to the scaffold for my King! Let me sign the capitulation!" Then stalked the peppery old Prussian across the room to Clausewitz, seized his hand, and exclaimed: "You have me now! I have made up my mind to separate myself from the Frenchmen and their cause."



THE GREAT BARON STEIN.

He called the officers of his corps together that night. They knew by his features that he had something of importance to say. There was such a hush upon that body of men that hearts could be heard to beat. For a time York kept his eyes in silence fixed upon the men who had shared his honorable career. It was hard for him to tell them that he now invited them to insubordination.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the French army has been destroyed by the hand of an avenging God. The time has come for us to regain our independence by uniting with the army of Russia. Whoever thinks as I do in this matter, and is ready to give his life for his country and liberty, let him join me. Others need not do so. Whatever may be the issue of this affair, I shall continue to honor such as differ from me and stay behind. If our enterprise succeed, the King may perhaps forgive me this step. If I fail, I lose my head. In that case I beg my friends to look after my wife and children."

Every sword flew from its scabbard, and all greeted with enthusiasm their general's short but meaning speech. The troops were soon informed of the change in the general's plan, and that night there was genuine German song in the camp of York; for there was hope of liberty and a liberated father-land.

York wrote immediately to the King, explaining, on the one hand, that he had acted from necessity, on the other, that this necessity should be regarded as a subject for rejoicing. "I cheerfully lay my head at your Majesty's feet should this step prove to have been wrong. I should die, however, in the belief that I had done my duty as a faithful subject and true Prussian."

On the first day of the glorious 1813, York, with his merry men, entered Tilsit, welcomed by all as the man who had taken the first step for German liberty. He was in command of a splendid corps of Germans, seasoned to war and devoted to their leader. It was in this Tilsit that his King and Queen had in 1807 been treated with cruel insolence; here that Napoleon had cut Prussia in two, and made the remainder little more than a French camp. The honest people of East Prussia burned with eagerness to follow the lead of York, to cut off the French before they could recross the Rhine, and thus take summary vengeance for the hundreds of outrages perpetrated on German soil.

But York was not an ambitious politician, much less an adventurer; he stood in Prussia as the type of an uncompromising soldier, whose single creed was duty to his King. From Tilsit he reported

to Frederick William that his corps remained neutral for the present, awaiting the royal pleasure. He admitted again that the step he had taken was without orders, but he begged his King to seize this favorable opportunity: "Now or never is the moment for recovering once more Liberty, Independence, and Greatness.... The fate of the world hangs upon your Majesty's decision."

York's despatch reached the King on January 5th, and on the same day Frederick William sent his answer, which was to order York's arrest, to place another general in his stead, and to assure the French representative that the King's troops were entirely at the service of Napoleon.

The messenger reached Königsberg on the 10th, and York then learned that in the eyes of his King he was guilty of high treason. But meanwhile York had become even more of a traitor than before. Not merely had he deserted Macdonald, but he had accepted a gift of half a million rubles for his corps from Alexander, and had actively arranged to join in fighting the French, should they advance upon him from the west, where they already found strong re-enforcements. He had now no legal status as a Prussian. The Russian troops had invaded Germany, and York was their ally against his own King, who remained the firm ally of France. His only hope lay in so rapid a movement of the Russians as should demonstrate to the King and his cabinet that Prussia must either join with Russia against Napoleon or be crushed by advancing hordes from beyond the Memel and the Dnieper.

And so, with a halter about his neck, York addressed himself to the officials of East Prussia, begging them to call out recruits and to fill his military chest with money. On January 6th the Russian advance-guard made a triumphal entry into Königsberg, and were received in this ancient seaport as angels of deliverance. The Russian commander sat in the royal lodge at the theatre, and the people greeted him with mad delight. He answered their cries by calling for cheers for his Majesty the Prussian King. Two days later York was welcomed with the same demonstrations, and two days after that a message came from Berlin ordering his arrest for high treason.

But the people of East Prussia were too far from Berlin to believe that their King could be serious in desiring to remain subject to Napoleon. Even when the newspapers on January 19th published the news of York's disgrace, the people persisted in thinking that this was done only to deceive Napoleon while Prussia gained time. But serious business it was for York. Several officials refused to obey his orders when he called upon them for help, and each day made his position more critical. To a fellow-general he wrote: "With bleeding heart I sever all bonds of obedience and declare war on my own account. The army demands to be led against France; the people clamor for it; the King desires it, but the King is not a free agent. The army must restore him his freedom of will. I shall shortly approach the Elbe and Berlin with 50,000 men. On the Elbe I shall say to the King, 'Here, sire, is your army, and here is my old head.'"

There is something quaintly comical in this picture of the stern monarchist grimly disobeying the King, raising troops in that King's name, and proposing to march against that very same King for the purpose of giving him a liberty he distinctly did not desire. It was a practical joke on a stage of grand tragedy. The farce was sustained by York's publishing on January 27th, in the Königsberg newspaper, that he should continue to govern in the King's name, because the news of his arrest had not reached him through official channels. In fact, the King's messenger had been obligingly detained by the Cossacks, so that York should not receive the formal order of his deposition and arrest.

So here was the King of Prussia arming one-half of his army to fight for Napoleon, and York arming the other half to fight against Napoleon. Is it strange that the German citizens marvelled, and began to think that, since national honor was so variously understood by kings and courtiers, it might be as well to call in the opinion of the plain people?

XXII.

THE PRUSSIAN CONGRESS OF ROYAL REBELS.

In the first month of the great German year 1813 Napoleon was savagely calling for more recruits and more money; the remnants of his starved and frozen armies wandered like ghosts across the

snow-fields of Germany, looking for rest and shelter; the Prussian corps under General York rested in the northeast corner of Prussia, not knowing whether they were to be French, Russian, or German. Frederick William III. still protested affection for Napoleon, while the Czar Alexander gave the world to understand that if Prussia remained a French ally she must expect to be invaded by a Russian army, and lose still more of her territory.

So far as the King in Berlin was concerned, nothing good could be expected save through physical pressure of a very decided nature. Napoleon was preparing pressure from one side, but Alexander had in those days the largest army in the field, and was prepared to exert his pressure most directly. Alexander made York feel this, but York was too loyal a monarchist to go beyond the rôle of a neutral. Had York acted with spirit in January, 1813, he would have sounded the alarm in every village of East Prussia; have called out the militia at once, and have made it impossible for a single Frenchman to have recrossed the Rhine. This would have been of the utmost importance, for the French who escaped from Russia were, for the most part, experienced officers, without whom Napoleon would have found it impossible to put a new army rapidly in the field.

It is one of the strangest things in history, and one which reflects honor upon the character of the Germans, that during this disorderly retreat of their helpless enemies the people of East Prussia not only did not rise in mobs and destroy them with pitchforks, but we have startling evidence that evil was rewarded with good, and that German peasants shared their bread with French refugees who six months before had invaded their land like robbers.

But the people at large were thinking for themselves, though they had no free press, no free parliament, and could not meet together for discussion without fear of police interference. Trusty messengers travelled Germany systematically preaching the gospel of liberty; bearing news of the outside world; exposing the falsehood in Napoleon's bulletins; scattering leaflets and patriotic songs; encouraging trust in God and confidence in a new Germany, free and united.

But, strange to relate, this new spirit in Germany was called into life from out the land known best by symbols of despotism—the land of the knout and the secret police, the censor and Siberia.

Four weeks after Napoleon left his gallant generals in Russia and fled in disguise to Paris, another little sleigh hurried toward the Russian frontier, bearing infinite comfort to the German patriots.

This sleigh bore the man we learned to know in 1807 and 1808, the father of constitutional liberty in Germany, Baron Stein. With him sat the poet Arndt, whose songs to-day make the youth of Germany thrill with the love of country.

Stein and Arndt were not Prussians, but they labored for Prussia because they believed in her power to lead the rest of Germany. The poet and the statesman talked much of the future, which just then looked very rosy. Stein carried in his pocket full powers from the Czar to rouse and organize the German movement against Napoleon, and Arndt was there with the ready pen of Benjamin Franklin, prepared to make popular in the cabin of the peasant what Stein might determine at the green table.

Stein once remained long buried in thought. Then, rousing himself, he said these words, with particular emphasis: "It shall be so; it cannot be otherwise. The Prussian Congress must be convened; the volunteers must be called out. York must march on to Berlin; Prussia must march ahead; Austria, Saxony, Westphalia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Tyrol, and so the rest of Germany, must follow in her wake."

"Yes, it must be the whole of Germany," shouted Arndt in response, with so much enthusiastic energy that the man on the box was roused from a comfortable nap. "*Das Ganze Deutschland soll es sein!*"

"Now then," said he to Stein, "you have with you the constitution for a German Empire, but I have the song of German liberty," and with that the poet burst forth with the magnificent song which was destined in a few days to take its place amongst the most active agents for German liberation. That song was sung first in 1813, but in 1870 it had lost none of its power to kindle patriotic feeling, as many can well attest.

"What is the German father-land?" is the leading line of each verse. Is it



GENERAL YORK ENTERS KÖNIGSBERG.

Prussia? is it Saxony? is it Bavaria? and so on, to which each verse answers, "*No, No, No. My* father-land must be a broader one." And so, following the logic of Stein, Arndt, on that frosty sleigh-ride, amidst the wreck of Napoleonic armies, ends his song by the immortal words, *Das Ganze Deutschland soll es sein*—"My country must be all Germany."

Stein made no concealment of his views regarding the petty princes of Germany. On one occasion, when the news of fresh Napoleonic disasters reached St. Petersburg, the Dowager Empress, a Würtemberg princess, used these words:

"If, now, a single French soldier slips through Germany, I shall blush to call myself a German."

At this our Stein, who was present, commenced to grow red in the face, and his nose became white, as was its wont when its owner was bursting with righteous anger. He rose, made a bow, and said: "Your Majesty does very wrong to use such language here in regard to a people so great, so brave, and so faithful, to which you are so fortunate as to belong. You should have said, I am ashamed, not of the German people, but of my brothers, cousins, and consorts, the German princes.... Had the kings and princes of Germany done their duty, no Frenchman would ever have crossed the Elbe, the Oder, or the Vistula, to say nothing of the Dniester."

Ordinarily such a speech would have been answered by an order to disappear under police protection, but Stein was no ordinary man. The Empress received his rebuke with outward composure, and said to him:

"Perhaps you are right. I thank you for the lesson you have given."

On the 22d of January, 1813, Stein arrived, with Arndt, in Königsberg, the capital of East Prussia. The people of this province hailed him with enthusiasm as the man to organize victory; but the people of Germany are docile beyond anything known in England or America, and they rarely move until their officials show them the way. Stein was not received very cordially by the officials of Frederick William III. York personally hated Stein, as he hated all reformers; to the narrow-minded soldier Stein was a demagogue who would end by upsetting the monarchy. And yet York acknowledged Stein's power in arousing the nation to arms. The other officials of the province gave Stein fair words, but declined to move without orders from his Prussian Majesty. It was to Stein a sad blow to find at the very beginning an opposition to him emanating wholly from the very government he had come to support. True he was in the service of Russia; but Russia was then moving to liberate Germany. True that the King was nominally at war with Russia; but Stein brushed such arguments away as trivial in view of the national hatred to France.

However, finding that as mere German and patriot he could make no impression upon a class of officials trained to obey only the letter of the law, he finally drew out of his pocket his full powers, and in the name of the Russian Emperor ordered a congress convened for the 5th of February, 1813. This congress consisted of representatives elected from the nobles, the peasants, and the towns, and was convened for the expressed purpose of devising the best means for putting an army into the field.

But official Prussia took counsel of its fears, and two days after sending the original call for the congress, the Governor sent a second note, explaining to the members that they were called to attend not a real congress in the legal sense, but merely a gathering of Prussian representatives who wished to hear what the ambassador of the Russian Czar might have to communicate. Stein made up his mind that he could expect little assistance from official quarters.

On January 26th he once more waved the magic wand of his Russian power of attorney, and, to the great delight of the world in general, and England in particular, opened the port of Königsberg once more to commerce. As we know, the French had closed all the ports of Europe since 1806.

Thus not only did Prussia owe the calling of a representative popular congress to a Russian autocrat, but she owed him also an edict of free trade. This edict worked so successfully that Stein was able to raise half a million thalers amongst the merchants of the province by merely pledging the custom-house receipts. And this money Stein devoted to the support of York's troops, the wounded French and Russians in the hospitals, and other necessary objects.

But the 5th of February rapidly drew

near, and delegates commenced to arrive from all over the province. The congress had been called, the members responded, but no one would accept the responsibility of presiding. The Governor declined, and so did York. Stein had governed here in the name of the Czar, but had carefully protected German interests. He had done nothing but what was absolutely needful to support the army of occupation, until the Prussian King should be once more a free agent and claim his own.

So far the King had neither recognized Stein, nor revoked the order to arrest York and try him by court martial. The people, it is true, were heart and soul for liberty and Stein, but the high officials could see in this congress little more than a rebellious gathering. Stein called upon General York to open the assembly on February 5th, and explain the purpose for which it was summoned.

"It is your duty, and you must," said Stein.

"You cannot compel me, and I shall not," answered the equally hot-tempered York. "This assembly is your work, and now do what you can with it!"

"You must, I repeat," said Stein; "otherwise you will have to confess that you decline to accept the consequences of your capitulation with the Russians."

York sprang to his feet. "If you drive me to it, I shall use violence," said Stein.

The General by this time had reached the door. "Go ahead," he shouted, in anger. "Then I shall sound the alarm too, and we shall see what becomes of you and your Russians."

The two men separated in anger, and mutual friends labored to bring them together. York talked of escaping to England as an end to his embarrassment. Stein struggled long with his boiling passions, and finally decided upon a step which could have been dictated only by the purest love of his country.

He determined to leave Königsberg, and in that way remove from that congress all appearances of its having been influenced by a foreign power. At the moment it seemed as though with Stein there went away every hope of national regeneration; but Stein had builded better than he knew, and all officialdom could not smother the patriotism that lay smouldering beneath the sluggish skins of East Prussian farmers.

East Prussia is full of vast forests and swamps—a flat country along the Baltic, where men have to work hard for the means of existing through the severe winters. It is the New England of Prussia, a people of strong characters and religious convictions. It was a land of refuge for many Protestants who were persecuted out of Austria, as the first New-Englanders were driven from the shores of Old England. The province had, in 1813, less than half a million souls, and had been pillaged by successive armies of French and Russians for the past five years. Contributions had already been levied upon this province amounting to 77,000,000 thalers (thaler=75 cents) since the battle of Jena, or about 164 thalers per capita. Her commerce had been destroyed by Napoleon's cruel system, and her population was in an economic state verging upon misery.

It was from out of this people that a Congress assembled for the definite purpose of spending more of their own money in the creation of a national army. Of the delegates twenty-three were noble landlords, eighteen were burghers, and thirteen farmers. This time, however, they came not to quarrel about privileges. They were united in one all-absorbing sentiment—the love of country.

At nine o'clock in the morning these patriots gathered together in the grand old city of Königsberg, on February 5th, a date which should be as highly honored in Germany as is July 4th in America, for Königsberg became on that day the cradle of German liberty.

Queen Luise had fled from here in the horrible January of 1807; here she had lived in the two succeeding years, cheering the patriots in secret, laying the foundations of the present common schools, keeping her husband from losing heart entirely. Could she have lived to this day, surely some good word would have reached York and Stein; they would not have been treated as rebels and outcasts for a crime whose motive was intense devotion to the cause of their King.

At the opening of this congress a communication from Stein was read, calling upon the members to take steps "for the general defence of the common country."

It was not said whether the country was to be defended against Russia or against France, nor was it necessary. Of course the first step after this was to gain knowledge as to the military situation from some one capable of instructing them.

So a select committee called upon York, with an invitation to appear before this congress and give them the required information. York promptly buckled on his sword and stalked over to the chamber, the members rising as he entered.

"Honorable Members and Representatives of the Nation," commenced York, "as Governor-General of East Prussia, and as a most loyal subject of his Majesty the King, I enter your midst in order to claim your loyal allegiance to King and country; to call upon you to support vigorously my propositions for arming the people and strengthening the army."

York continued, professing the utmost devotion to his King, and reminding his hearers that at present communication with the King's government was severed, but that he should do nothing save in the name of that King. Perhaps his hearers laughed in their sleeves at these professions; for were they not all rebels alike, saving a King who most distinctly had expressed a preference for not being saved?

York closed his patriotic harangue with a promise to whip the Frenchman wherever he could find him, and the meeting adjourned amidst the wildest demonstration of patriotic enthusiasm.

That same evening a committee of the congress convened at York's house, and determined to arm the whole of the male population between eighteen and forty-five years of age, and send them to fight the French: this was the *Landwehr*, the realization at last of what the Prussian King had so long discussed—and adjourned. This was the dream of Scharnhorst and Blücher, of Gneisenau and Clausewitz, and here it was at last called into life by Stein, who seemed by a special providence to appear on the scene exactly in time to do great things, and then strangely to disappear.

The great reforms that are associated with the name of Stein—the emancipation of the serfs; the liberty of trading; the self-government of towns—were all carried out, blow upon blow, in the short months of 1807 and 1808, between the disgrace of Tilsit and Napoleon's order to seize "that person named Stein."

And here in Königsberg in fourteen days Stein reorganized the whole province, restored public credit, revived commerce, called together a congress, and at the same time embodied the military principle which has guided Germany ever since, and to which she owes her position as a great nation.

So much for this famous popular assembly, made up of men in open rebellion against their King, who knew they were rebels, and who rebelled against that King by acts done in his name alone and for his particular benefit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRISEIS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

AT SANCHORY ON DEE.

AWAY up on the heights of Scoulter Hill, overlooking the wide and wooded valley of the Dee, a tall and slim young woman lay at full length on the heather, her interclasped hands beneath her head, her large, dark, foreign-looking eyes fixed lazily and dreamily on the slow-moving heavens. And she was singing to herself—in a kind of absent undertone: probably she was quite unconscious that she was following these idle words—which as likely as not were of her own haphazard composition:

"O Love went sailing along the sky,
On the soft white clouds, so far and high;
'O yonder's the world for which I'm fain—
The wild gray waves and the driving main.'
'O dear little Love, much better you'd be,
If you'd clip your wings and come down to me!'

"Poor boy, he was beaten and battered sore—
Tossed by the surf and flung on the shore:
'I told you, you wretch, 'twould happen; but now
Here are handkerchiefs cool to bind your brow;
And you'll fold your wings and creep close to me,
And I'll hide you safe from the angry sea.'"

She turned her head a little. And if she had chosen, she might have gazed abroad on a sufficiently spacious and varied panorama — the fertile pastures of Glen Dye — the outskirts of Glen Tana Forest—the vast, undulating billows of the Grampians, shining here and darkened there with sunlight and velvet shadow; while on the remote horizon-line rose the

peaks of Loch-Na-Gar, the snow on them of a dim and burnished gold through the distant haze. But perhaps before her mental vision there was a very different scene. Perhaps she had transported herself back to her island home in the Saronic Gulf; perhaps she found herself once more under the cool shade of the olives, looking across the great plain of waters—the blazing blue of the summer sea all twinkling with innumerable little flashes of white foam; on her right the lonely shores and precipitous cliffs stretching away down to Cape Colonna; far in front of her the bold cimeter-sweep of the Bay of Salamis; beyond that again the palely violet shoulders of Corydallus, and these but the beginning of a mountainous semicircle coming round to the scarred and gray-green slopes of Hymettus; then in the midst of the extended plain a mass of rugged rock rising faint and visionary into the vibrating air, and, higher still, on the summit of the plateau, certain lofty and saffron-tinted pillars telling of a ruined temple—the famous temple once the home and shrine of the Maiden Goddess, Pallas Athene. It is a spectacle that the merest stranger cannot contemplate without profound emotion; but in the case of this Greek girl—this Briseis Valieri—now lying supine and abstracted on an Aberdeenshire hill—there were many added and personal associations and affections and memories; for she also—for a time, at least, during her days of schooling and school friendships—she also had been a Maid of Athens.

Of a sudden she was brought back to herself and her actual surroundings.

"Briseis! Bry! Bry! Where are you?"—she heard the remote call for her.

And then she rose quickly to her feet—her slender, tall, symmetrical figure showing dark against the sky—and looked all around. On this solitary open space of silver-lichened rock and herbage no one was to be seen; but presently, beyond the adjacent larch wood, and not far from the base of an ancient tower, she had found the object of her quest—the figure of a little, elderly man, who appeared to be frantically gesticulating. At once she set off to rejoin her companion, her long limbs and her free and agile step taking her over the heather as if she had been a young fawn. And even before she drew near him her eyes were full of a smiling and kindly interest; for those dark and lustrous eyes of hers had this unusual faculty, that even while the rest of her features were apparently quiescent, they of themselves could express pleasure, and good-will, and gratitude—and even on occasion mirth and mockery, for she was by nature a daughter of the laughter-loving Aphrodite. But now, as she rapidly approached, this smiling curiosity gave way to a vague concern and wonder; because she could see that her uncle was strangely agitated. He held up his hand.

"Not too near—not too near!" exclaimed this small, nervous-looking man, who nevertheless had apple-tinted cheeks and bright gray eyes. "Briseis, I tell you this is a day of days for me—a day of days, indeed!—you will remember it all your life when you come to understand. Do you know what that is?"

She followed the direction of his finger, and saw on the ground in front of him some scattered patches of a white, waxen-looking flower, which she thought might be one of the stitchworts or some such thing—for notwithstanding her long spring and summer and autumn rambles with this devoted enthusiast she had not picked up much botanical lore.

"It's the *Silene alpestris!*" he said, excitedly. "Don't you understand? That is one of Don's 'reputed discoveries'!—but perhaps Sir Joseph Hooker, in the next edition of his *Flora*, will be so exceedingly kind as to transfer it from the Appendix and place it in the body of the book! Yes, yes; it's all very well for the younger men to make fun of me, and call me the Marquis of Clova, and say I shall never die happy till I rehabilitate the whole Don family. But what is that before you? I ask you, what is that? There it is!—staring you in the face—the *Silene alpestris*—one of Don's 'reputed discoveries'! There it is before you—growing wild on an Aberdeenshire hill—and not so far away from Clova either. I tell you this will make some of them open their eyes—"

Naturally enough the young Greek girl stooped to secure for herself one of those starlike blossoms—if only for the purpose of closer scrutiny—but instantly he gripped her by the arm and checked her.

"No," said he, peremptorily, "they are too precious. Perhaps to-morrow or next day, when I have everything ready, I

may take one or two specimens to forward to the Linnæan Society, and the Royal Botanic Society, and the Andersonian at Glasgow; but otherwise they must be left to spread and flourish as much as ever is possible. I tell you, if I were that young Sir Francis Gordon, I would fence them round, so that not a single tourist should get near them. But in the mean time, Briseis—in the mean time, come away down—I must send some telegrams off—come away down to the inn, and I will dictate them to you. Don't you think Professor —— at Oxford will stare — don't you think so? — ah, don't you think so?—but come away, Bry—I shouldn't wonder if I could show you the plant figured in Loudon or Robinson, and then you will be convinced—"

"Oh, but I am delighted, uncle!" said the young girl—and now all the beautiful, pale olive face was aglow with sympathetic pleasure. "I am delighted! And is it so great a discovery? And will they give you more honor?—and print your name in more Transactions?—and make you a Fellow of more Societies? Oh, but indeed I am delighted! I must write and tell my cousin Calliope—"

He laughed aloud, in a half-hysterical fashion—he seemed hardly to know what he was doing or saying.

"And sooner or later, Bry, you will discover that in this country we say Callĭŏpe, not Callĭōpe—"

"In Athens we used mostly to call her Opë," said the young girl, without taking any offence, and still regarding the waxen-white flowers with the greatest interest.

"But come away—come away now," he said, hurriedly. "I must send off the telegrams at once." Then he paused. "No. Stay a moment. Kneel down."

She was a biddable creature, and her dress was of a rough and simple material: she did as she was told.

"Is it some form of worship, uncle?" said she, with the soft dark eyes smiling.

"Examine now," he said. "Examine closely; and when we go down to the inn, if I can find for you a figure of the plant, you will see how they correspond. Observe now—the flowers panicled, rather large, and of a glossy whiteness — each petal with four notches—the calyx erect, with blunt teeth as long as the petals—stem simple, few-leaved, about six inches high—"

She had risen to her feet again.

"But I do not need to be convinced, uncle!" she exclaimed. "When you tell me, that is enough. Surely there can be no better authority than yourself, after you have given your whole life to the study?—"

He slung his vasculum over his shoulder; he put his hand in affectionate fashion within her arm; and together they proceeded to descend the hill — down through the larches that were all moving and whispering in the light and varying breeze.

"You see, Bry," he continued, in a grave and matter-of-fact manner (for he would not betray too much exultation), "this Scoulter Hill is very well known as the habitat of many rare or at least uncommon plants; and among them is the *Linnæa borealis*. Not that the *Linnæa* itself is so very rare, but the fruit of it is—very rare indeed: Hooker says he had to take the description of it from Wahlenberg. Well, you understand, I have never given up the hope of some day stumbling on a branch of the *Linnæa* bearing fruit—even in the spring or early summer — for it is an evergreen shrub and tolerably hardy—and in a sheltered place in the woods there might always be a chance of the fruit hanging on through the winter. And I was pottering about"—here he began to talk a little more quickly—"I was pottering about. I had no thought of Don, or of the Don family, or of the scepticism that has rejected so many of their discoveries. I was not thinking of any *Silene*, or any of the disputed Saxifrages, or anything of the kind; it was the dark green leaves of the *Linnæa* I was looking for; and not very anxiously either. Then of a sudden"—and now he was speaking in an eager, half-breathless way—"of a sudden I saw something: it was like a slap in the face: for a second my eyes seemed quite bewildered. For I knew—oh yes, I knew instantly what it was!—I knew the gap that the stranger filled; and the oddest thing happened—all in the flash of a moment it appeared to me as if I were answering back to this authority and that authority—this one in Edinburgh and that one at Kew—as if I were saying to them: 'Ah, perhaps you will now be a little less ready to add "not confirmed" when any one sends you the report of a discovery from Clova or from Dee-side; and perhaps you will be less

distrustful about Don's contributions to the British *flora;* and perhaps, considering the height and the whereabouts of Scoulter Hill, you won't find the phrase "a garden escape" sufficient to account for everything.' Briseis, I think they will open their eyes a little!" he went on—and he laughed in his nervous, excited way. "They will begin to doubt their doubts—and that's the fact. They will begin to think that a thorough search of the whole of the Clova mountains might be more serviceable than dismissing every unconfirmed discovery with contempt. The rehabilitation of the Don family? Well, I never thought that necessary—and I never proposed it to myself as an object—never—but still—but still—"

And so he continued talking, garrulous and restless beyond his wont, while they held on their way down into the valley, and crossed the Dee by the gray stone bridge, and went along and into the village of Sanchory. It is a quiet and still little hamlet, with one large and wide main thoroughfare, a straggling row of houses on each side of the spacious street, an inn, a church, and a number of small villas scattered about among gardens. But it is these gardens, especially in early summer, that redeem Sanchory from what otherwise would be its commonplaceness of look; for wherever one turns—glancing down a lane or over a wall—there is a profusion of vivid, luminous, trembling leaves and branches; and always through the young translucent green of this immediate foliage there is visible here and there the deep, soft rose-purple of the distant hills. As old John Elliott and his niece Briseis now walked up to the Gordon Arms, there was a hot glare of sunlight abroad, and the wide thoroughfare was quite empty.

That was a busy afternoon for both of them. For what with his anxious temperament and the greatness of the occasion, the old botanist's hand was rather shaky, so that it fell to his niece's lot to take down from his dictation the telegrams to one or two learned professors and the letters to certain familiar friends which he composed as he paced up and down the small room. And then again at dinner—these preliminary announcements having been got rid of—he was still unusually talkative, and apparently he was very happy; he said some pretty things about the young lady's looks and the neatness of her dress; and he was generously insistent that she should share with him the small bottle of claret which was his modest daily allowance. She only shook her head, however. She was ready enough to fill his glass for him—but her own remained empty: she was like Fair Annie in the old ballad—

> "O, she has served the lang tables,
> Wi' the white bread and the wine;
> But aye she drank the wan water,
> To keep her color fine."

Nay, rambling on from mood to mood, he at length grew remorseful.

"Briseis," he said, "I do think you are the most admirable companion that God ever created. Nothing comes amiss to you; whatever happens, it is always for the best; I never saw such content, such good-will, such a kindly disposition. But all the same—all the same I am convinced I ought not to allow you to sacrifice yourself in this way. It is pure selfishness on my part. You should be living in Edinburgh or London, seeing young people of your own age, mixing in society, going to theatres and concerts and dances. You should not have elected to join my wandering life; you should have gone to your aunt Clara—"

Her eyes—those lustrous, dark, expressive eyes—looked amused.

"Uncle, uncle," she said, "you are not going to forsake me, are you? I know well enough what every one else would say of me. They would say that I was useless and lazy and idle, and that I had no right to shirk my part of the work of the world, and go away and lie on a hillside, doing nothing but drink in the sweet air. And all that would be quite true. But then, it is for you to defend me. You are my ally. You should tell them that I am not entirely useless; for if I were to let you go away into these lonely places all by yourself, some day or other the Elfin Queen would be carrying you off into captivity and keeping you hidden for twenty long years—"

"There is another thing too," he proceeded, still harping on these hesitations. "There is your music. They tell me that your natural gift is quite wonderful—your facility and touch on the piano quite wonderful; and that you ought to go into training at the Royal Academy of Music, to perfect your technique—"

"*Eucharisto!*" she exclaimed, laughing, yet not at all scornfully. "For what

would the next step be? Why, if I succeeded, I should have to play in large concert-rooms, and earn much money. Many thanks, yes!—but the little money I have is sufficient for my wants, and I do not even have to trouble with a banker, since you are so kind as to look after it for me. And as for the concert-rooms, and meeting people, and making acquaintances, well, I do not like town life at all. It does not interest me. The air stifles me. It is different when I am wandering among the valleys and the mountains with you, uncle — ah, and such splendid wanderings! — from Clova up to Atholl, from Atholl to Braemar, from Braemar all along Dee-side. *Sas huper-eucharisto!* —but I have no ambition to appear at St. James's Hall!"

"As you please, Briseis, as you please," he replied, thoughtfully; and seeing that he had finished dinner, she now went to the mantel-shelf and filled his wooden pipe, and brought it over to him, along with the matches. And then she turned the conversation back to the great discovery of the morning—so that he had soon dismissed these passing clouds. Nay, he grew garrulous and exultant again; and would have her fetch this or that botanical cyclopædia, to convince her who was already convinced. There could be little doubt but that the plant they had found on the summit of Scoulter Hill was in reality the *Silene alpestris*, the Alpine catchfly.

Nevertheless, that same night, when all the little village had sunk into slumber—Briseis too, most likely, for she had for some time been gone to her room—the outer door of the Gordon Arms was stealthily opened, and a small, dark figure stole out. It was late; but there was still a pale and steely glow up in the northwestern heavens; and this half-light produced a kind of wan grayness on the wide thoroughfare and on the fronts of the houses: the trees alone were black. The profoundest silence reigned; not a horse whinnied in its stall; not a dog barked a false alarm. And through the sleeping hamlet this small dark figure—which was that of the old botanist—pursued its noiseless way, eventually passing into the road that leads down to the bridge over the Dee. Then, as he went on, there came a murmur into the stillness of the night—an eerie sound—the sound of some unseen thing in this world of all-pervading death—the low-murmuring voice of the river. He crossed the bridge; but he could only listen—there was no glint of water underneath. Then on again into the strange peace and hush of the country: it seemed to him as though he could have heard the faintest click for miles away, the silence was so absolute. Nor was there any sign or symptom of life; not even a rabbit scurried away from beneath the hedge-rows; he was the sole occupant of this mute and inanimate universe, in its dusk of metallic gray.

But when he entered the woods, and proceeded to follow as best he might the ever-ascending path through the trees, even that faint guidance from the western skies was denied him, so that he had to remove the cap from the dark-lantern that he carried, letting the ball of orange fire glare out on the phantasmal stems of Scotch fir and larch and spruce. Slow progress, perhaps, as he toiled up the winding track, with the spectral limbs and branches starting out here and there from the surrounding gloom; but there was something in his heart and brain that had to be satisfied; there could have been no sleep for him that night while any nervous and torturing dread might keep suggesting that he had been the victim of an extraordinary hallucination. And at last he emerged from the black obscurity of the trees; there was a colder breath of air stirring; he found himself on the open plateau of heather and rock; and if the lingering twilight in the northwest was fading down into the transient darkness of the short summer night, at least he had with him this blazing will-o'-the-wisp that swung in his hand as he warily went forward.

Warily indeed he went; for though the bull's-eye of the lantern glared fiercely enough, the light that it shed on the herbage was pale and ineffectual, and revealed almost nothing of color. But at length, after much searching, he came upon patches of small white dots. He knelt down — as Briseis had done. He brought the lantern close—and peered—and examined — just touching here and there with a finger-nail. And finally he rose to his feet again, with a sigh of immeasurable relief and satisfaction.

"There is not a shadow of a doubt!" he said to himself. "And to-morrow—or the day after to-morrow some folk in the south will be opening their eyes!"

CHAPTER II.

THE GORDONS OF GRANTLY.

On the following morning old John Elliott conveyed to his niece, with his usual shy and sensitive roundaboutness, that he would rather be left alone. He had to prepare the more formal communications respecting his discovery to be sent to certain learned Societies — especially with the view of showing that, from the position of Scoulter Hill, the *Silene alpestris* he had found there could not possibly have been a garden escape. But, he added, when these memoranda had been roughly drawn out, perhaps Briseis would be so kind as to copy them for him in her neat and accurate handwriting? And in the mean time she might go and amuse herself in exploring the surrounding neighborhood.

Well, she was nothing loath; for in truth she was an idle wretch, as she herself had admitted; always glad to get into the open air; content to have nothing to do but gaze abroad upon wild flowers, and clouds, and hills; and more than content when she chanced to have a box of chocolate creams in her pocket. So she put on her black straw hat with its spray of crimson blossom; and she took her crimson sunshade with her, lest the direct rays in the valley should prove too oppressive; and a few seconds thereafter she was marching along the wide, empty thoroughfare, leisurely enough, yet with the bold freedom of step that her long legs gave her. And she was repeating to herself:

"Down Dee-side rode Inverey, whistling and playing,
He rapped loud at Brackley gate, ere the day's dawning:
'O Gordon of Brackley, proud Gordon, come down;
There's a sword at your threshold mair sharp than your own.'"

For this was a country-side haunted everywhere with historical and legendary associations; and while her uncle was entirely engrossed with his botanical pursuits she had had plenty of time for the reading up of the old ballads; and it was with the intensest interest that she had come upon or hunted up this or that place mentioned in those wild tales of love and sorrow and tragic farewell, of war and hatred and passionate revenge. The two of them, uncle and niece, had been down in Glen Prosen and Glen Shee, where "the gallant Grahams" assembled:

"In Glen Prosen we rendezvoused,
Marched to Glen Shee by night and day,
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array."

They had come round by Atholl:

"As I went in by the Duke of Atholl's yett,
I heard a fair maid singing;
Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete,
And the bells o' the court were ringing."

She had seen the ruined castle of Inverey, and the remaining stones of Brackley; she had crossed the fatal burn of Corrichie:

"Mourn ye Hielands, and mourn ye Lowlands,
I trow ye hae mickle need;
For the bonnie burn o' Corrichie
Has run this day wi' bleid."

But perhaps it was the pathetic story of the two Gordons that kept most frequently recurring to her brain, now as she got away from the village, her tall, slim figure erect, her light and easy and graceful step taking her quite rapidly enough out into the open country:

"'Arise now, gay Gordon!' his lady 'gan cry;
'For there is fierce Inverey driving your kye.'
'How can I go, lady, and win them again,
When I have but ae sword where he has got ten?'

"'Arise, now, my maidens, leave rock and leave fan;
How blest had I been had I married a man!—
Arise, now, my maidens, take lance and take sword:
Go, milk the ewes, Gordon, for I will be lord!'

"Up sprang the brave Gordon, put his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword, and his thigh o'er his steed;
But he stooped low and said, as he kissed his proud dame—
'There's a Gordon rides out that will never ride hame.'

"There rode wi' fierce Inverey thirty and three,
And nane wi' the Gordon save his brother and he;
Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw,
But against three-and-thirty, woe's me! what were twa?"

But here she stopped, in her idle and absent repetition. For she had arrived at a field of young corn, and somewhere over her head there was a lark pouring forth his melodious silvery trills, and she wanted to discover where he was. Yet in vain did she endeavor to pierce the blinding white spaces of the sky; he was nowhere visible, though all the listening air was filled with those pulsating floods of song. So she carelessly wandered on



"SHE WENT FORWARD WITHOUT THE LEAST TRACE OF SHYNESS."

again, not heeding much whither she went; keeping by the outer edge of the corn-fields, now and again skirting some strip of copse or spinney, and gazing with delight into the dim recesses, for all around the foot of the trees were masses of a heavenly blue—not the purple-blue of the wild hyacinth, but the clear, intense, pellucid blue of the germander speedwell. And then, as she still held onward, it seemed to her as though another sound were invading—or increasing—the silence of the summer morn: a sound hushed and remote—a murmur constant and unvarying—and more voluminous than the soft stirring of the leaves around her. Had she then, in this fortuitous fashion, drawn near the river? But why not? On Deeside all roads, paths, and byways eventually lead to the Dee.

Of a sudden she came upon the verge of a steep bank, which was crowned by scattered clumps of Scotch firs; and there before her, stretching away over to the high and wooded slopes on the other side, was the broad bosom of the stream, the swaying and hurrying current sweeping round the dark brown pools with an easy oily swing, and then breaking away again into the open shallows, racing and chasing, sharp-glinting and shimmering in the glare of the morning light, while a great breadth and blaze of quivering diamonds lay immediately under the sun. Then, after some little survey, she pitched upon a sheltered nook for herself; and it was through a perfect paradise of wild flowers that she descended to the river—through masses of gorse and broom, with heart's-ease, dog-violets, yellow bedstraw, speedwells of various kinds and hues, and glossy and golden celandine all basking in the heat. It was a gracious bower she had chosen for herself, by the side of an alder-bush, and overlooking a rather deepish bit of the water; and here with much complacency she sat herself down to listen to that monotonous, dreamy, drowsy sound, and also to the music of a thrush that was carolling clear and high from among the neighboring leaves. This was a beautiful world she found herself in; and she had it all to herself.

The river glanced, and chased, and swung along; the gorse burned in the sunshine; the pervading stillness seemed only to be intensified by that universal murmur and whispering. And it was in a kind of half-somnolent mood that her purposeless brain went back to the story of the two Gordons who were so foully done to death by Inverey and his three-and-thirty men:

"'O came ye by Brackley, and what saw ye there?
Was the young widow weeping and tearing her hair?'
'I came down by Brackley; I looked in, and, oh!
There was mirth, there was feasting, but nae-thing o' woe.

"'Like a rose bloomed the lady and blithe as a bride,
A bridegroom young Inverey stood by her side;
She feasted him there as she ne'er feasted lord,
Though the bluid o' her husband was red on his sword.'

"O there's dule in the cottage, but there's mirth in the ha',
For the twa bonnie Gordons that are deid and awa';
To the bush comes the bud, and the flower to the plain,
But the twa gallant Gordons come never again."

And she was thinking that when next her uncle and herself were anywhere near Glen Muick she would like to go and see Auchoilzie, where the two brave Gordons were slain: she was thinking of that, or perhaps of something else, or perhaps of nothing at all—when—

When suddenly a silver-white object leapt into the air away on the other side of the river, falling again with a startling splash on to the surface of the oily, smooth, brown pool, and instantly disappeared. She stared in astonishment. What was the unknown creature that had so marvellously shown itself in this solitary world that she had thought was tenanted by herself alone? Then she reflected: the Dee was a noted salmon river—that must have been a salmon! And then again, as she regarded with the most eager interest that smooth stretch of the stream, she perceived something—she perceived some faint semblance of a thread—a gray gossamer line only just visible against the herbage of the opposite shore. Instinctively her eyes followed upwards: the next moment she became aware that this long line ended in a fishing-rod, and that the fishing-rod was in the hands of some one—gentleman or gamekeeper—who was coming rapidly along her side of the river, reeling in as he advanced. Very well. She would sit still and see the novel sport. For there is not much doing with rod and reel in the arid channels of the Cephissus, nor yet where the washerwomen of the

Ilissus ply their calling in the turbid pond once the Fountain of Callirrhoë; nor were the fishermen of her island-home of Ægina likely to find a salmon in their nets. She would wait and look on. Here was a tale to carry back to her uncle.

But her equanimity was of short duration. For, to her dismay, she observed, by the manner in which that gray thread was cutting the surface of the stream, that the fish must be making straight in her direction; and presently, as the tightened and straining line was actually forcing its way in among the branches of the alder-bush, she beheld beneath her feet an olive-green creature that had come sailing into the pool, and was now hanging there almost motionless, its tail alone slightly moving, its head boring down. What to do she knew not. She had a terrified sense of being in the wrong somehow—she ought not to be there—her intrusion could but make mischief—and was there not enough peril brewing with that taut line working in among the alder leaves? Breathless, bewildered, she regarded that creature in the deeps below her, not with a pleased interest, but with a shrinking alarm; and at length, overcome with this nervous apprehension, she could sit still no longer; she swiftly and stealthily struggled to her feet, and retreated up the bank, glad to find a place of shelter behind a clump of Scotch firs. When she ventured to peep forth to see what was going on, she perceived that the fish had headed out again into midstream, while the fisherman seemed to be doing all he could to pull him away from the proximity of that dangerous bush.

Now when the fascinated eyes of Briseis Valieri had been fixed on the mysterious object that lay suspended in the pool, she had assumed that it was a large salmon; but it was nothing of the sort; it was a small grilse of about six or seven pounds; and when a grilse of that size is inclined to be lively, it forms an excellent imitation of an electrical battery, that keeps sending continuous shocks not to the wrists only, but to the very innermost soul of the angler. Of course Briseis, from behind the firs, could only in part make out what the beast was after. First he held steadily over to the other side, until the weight of the long and bellying line gave him pause. Then he appeared on the surface, lashing and splashing with head and tail, and churning the water all around him; and in these fitful glimpses he was no longer of a dull olive-green but of a brilliant silver and purple. Then he disappeared; and the attaching gray thread remained motionless. Then with an appalling rapidity he shot right in the direction of his captor, who was seen to go backward along the bank as best he might, while he frantically reeled in until the top of the rod had resumed its curve. Then the indomitable small creature made over to the other side again, and for a few seconds he lay there and sulked. Then he began to move—slowly—slowly—until there was a sudden slackening of the line, and a sinuous flash of splendor sprang into the air, coming down again with a crash. All this was very well, and very heroic; but these successive discharges from the electrical battery were diminishing its power. After that last flourish the gallant little grilse grew more and more amenable; he suffered himself to be towed nearer and nearer; the angler took from his pocket a bright metal instrument and adjusted it; he shifted his rod to his left hand, holding it high; he watched his chance—then there was a cautious stoop—a quick gleam of the gaff—and the next moment the flapping and struggling fish was on the bank. The absorbed spectator behind the trees imagined that this vicissitudinous fight must have lasted an hour: in reality it had occupied precisely eight minutes.

And now that she could breathe a little more freely she thought she would step forth from her hiding-place, and walk along the bank, and apologize to the angler for her untoward presence. Whether he were gentleman or gillie she could not make out as yet; for he wore the ordinary costume—knickerbockers, shooting-jacket, and stalker's cap; and he was stooping to fix a bit of string to the grilse, for the easier carrying of it home. But the moment he became aware that she was coming his way, and evidently with the intention of speaking to him, he dropped the fish, he most respectfully raised his cap, and even made some show of advancing to meet her, to await her commands. He was a tall and firmly-built young fellow of about five-and-twenty, well-featured and pleasant of look, with clear gray-blue eyes that seemed all

the clearer because of the light yellow sun-tan of his complexion. He appeared a little surprised—and no wonder: for apparitions such as he now saw before him are not common on Dee-side.

As for her, she went forward without the least trace of shyness; no touch of added color was visible in the pure, pale, transparent olive of cheek or forehead. It is true, her eyes seemed to bespeak a little favoring consideration; but that was only natural—as she was a culprit.

"I wish to ask your pardon," she said, with great sweetness—and surely since ever the world began no more musically-toned voice had ever reached a young man's ears—"I wish to ask your pardon, sir, if I have done any harm. I had no idea you were fishing—"

"Oh, but it's quite the other way round!" said he, promptly, and even anxiously. "Quite the other way round, I assure you! You did me a very good turn indeed; I am exceedingly obliged to you. Your getting up on the bank frightened the fish out into the stream when he was very nearly breaking me in that alder-bush. I am extremely obliged to you—"

The Greek girl's dark and lustrous eyes, with their highly curved, wondering, attentive eyebrows, looked pleased.

"That is fortunate—very fortunate indeed," said she, with a smile of thanks. "But I will not run any such risk again. I will keep away from the river—"

"Oh, I hope not!" he protested. "Why should you? What possible harm can you do? For one thing, this isn't fishing weather at all. I was not even trying the ordinary pools; I was merely putting a fly over one or two of the runs; as you see, I did not think it worth while to bring a gillie with me. You must not dream of keeping away from the river!—"

Shyness and embarrassment?—they were certainly not on her side. It was he who was disconcerted and bewildered; the splendor of her eyes abashed him; this slim slip of a girl, in the sweet graciousness of her self-possession, was stronger than he; he hardly knew what to say next. And yet he had to make some desperate effort, or in another moment she would be away—vanishing out of his life as though she had never existed.

"I hope you won't think me rude," said he, "but—but there are few visitors coming about these parts at this time of the year; and I wonder whether it could have been you that I saw yesterday, from a distance, going into the Gordon Arms, along with an elderly gentleman. For the day before I had a note, dated from the inn, from a Mr. Elliott—"

"That is my uncle," said she, simply.

"And I was very glad to give him any permission he may have thought necessary—" he was continuing, when she interrupted him.

"Then you are Sir Francis Gordon?" she said, her face lighting up with interest.

"Yes—"

"Oh, but I must thank you ever so much for the very kind and friendly note you sent to my uncle. He would have written to you himself, but he has been so busy yesterday and this morning—"

"I'm sure there is no occasion," said he—and perhaps the subtle freemasonry of youth was already establishing itself between these two; perhaps for the moment they had forgotten town proprieties; surely, it seemed natural enough and right enough, strangers as they were, for these two young folk to be tarrying and interchanging a few half-hesitating words here on the banks of the cool, murmuring stream, in the blaze of sunlight, among the wild flowers of the early summer. "Nor was there much need," he went on, "that your uncle should ask permission to go through the Grantly woods. One thing is very certain: it is the people who have the courtesy to ask permission who can be trusted everywhere not to do any injury—".

"Oh, I assure you," said Briseis, "that my uncle is most scrupulous—most scrupulous, to the smallest particulars. If we are away for the whole day, and have our scrap of luncheon on some hill-side or on the bank of a burn, he has every little bit of wrapping-paper and every little bit of string carefully buried, so that not the least trace shall remain."

"If they were all like that!" said he, ruefully. "I wonder if the tourists and excursionists know how many private parks and grounds are closed against them that might otherwise be open to them but for their thoughtless behavior? Why, later on in the year, when a band of excursionists comes out from Aberdeen to this neighborhood, what do they im-

mediately set about?—putting their dogs to hunt the rabbits, breaking off branches from the flowering shrubs, and strewing the place all over with empty lemonade-bottles, and paper bags stained with strawberries. It is ignorance, of course. They don't know any better. But it is distressing to go about the next morning and see the litter they have left behind them—even on the lawn seats and the terraces—everywhere about. Naturally the gardeners complain; it is all added work to them; and they would have me adopt a policy of rigorous exclusion. I don't like to do that either. I don't want to play dog in the manger. I'm sure those people would be heartily welcome if they'd only be a little more considerate—if they could be got to understand how unfair it is—" Then all at once he jammed down his helm and was off on another tack: this was not the way to entertain a young lady. "It has just occurred to me, Miss Elliott," said he—and she did not care to correct the little mistake—"that I could get much more extended permission for you and your uncle if you were remaining in this country-side. I could get you letters that would make you free of the forests, and would secure for you help rather than hindrance from the keepers—"

"Indeed, we have always found them most civil," she answered him; "though sometimes they have seemed anxious that we should go away down to the valleys again—"

"That may have been when you were getting too near the sanctuary," said he. "But if I get you those letters, you would find both keepers and watchers only too ready to be your guide. Will you allow me? If I can get one or two for you by to-morrow afternoon, may I call with them?"

"Oh, thank you, it is so very kind of you—my uncle will be so much obliged to you!" said she. And then she gave him one of her sweetest smiles—with her eyes; and a little bow as well; and turned away and was gone: leaving him standing there as if he had been in dreamland, and vaguely wondering why he had been such an immeasurable fool as not to have offered to shake hands with her on parting.

When Briseis returned to the inn, she told her uncle of her having met Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly, and of the young man having promised to bring along one or two letters which might be of use to them when they happened to be in the neighborhood of the deer forests.

"Civility," said the old botanist, "is the best passport everywhere. I have never found it fail. In all my years of wandering in Scotland I have never had to bandy a word with any one, when once I had explained my errand, and asked for information as to where I should be doing no harm."

Nevertheless, when on the following afternoon young Gordon drove up to the inn, and alighted from the dog-cart, and was shown into the room where uncle and niece had been respectively writing and reading, Mr. Elliott was profuse of thanks for those talismanic missives that had been procured in so remarkably short a space of time.

"Oh, that is nothing—that is but a trifling courtesy to one of your name and lineage," said this young Frank Gordon, who had a most pleasant and modest manner. "No doubt they were very glad to be of the slightest service to you; there are few families in Scotland better known or more respected than the Elliotts of the Lea."

At this the old botanist blushed slightly, and glanced furtively towards his niece; for the fact is he had not told Briseis that in writing to Sir Francis Gordon for permission to explore the Grantly woods he had contrived to mention his kinsmanship with that famous house, as some kind of voucher for his position. But Briseis did not notice; she had turned to this young stranger, who seemed so kindly intentioned, and so anxious to win favor.

"Oh, and I am very proud of the name too," said she, smiling, "though I myself have no right to it."

Frank Gordon looked perplexed, and even a little embarrassed; but of course he could not put a question. It was old John Elliott who interposed.

"My niece," said he, "is an Elliott only by her mother's side — my sister, poor thing."

And as these tentative explanations appeared to involve some trifle of constraint—pointing to the absence of any formal introduction, and so forth—Briseis herself resolved the situation by asking their guest whether he would not have some tea. He thankfully accepted; and for the moment the difficulty was got over; though he was all the time con-

scious that he did not even yet know her name.

He staid an indefensible length of time; for they were practically strangers to this district; and he had plenty to tell them about where they ought to go and what they ought to see. And for the most part he addressed himself to the old botanist; when in the course of talk he had to turn to this beautiful Greek creature, it was in a diffident sort of way; he seemed afraid of the glow of those splendid black eyes. And yet, afraid or not afraid, nothing would satisfy him but that uncle and niece should come out the very next day to have a look over Grantly Castle.

"It isn't much of a show-place," said he, "though the excursionists from Aberdeen appear to think it is. And if we cannot let you see a Fairy Flag, such as they have at Dunvegan, or a Brooch of Lorn, such as they have at Dunollie, still there are a few things might interest you; and besides that, the Castle itself is a very good specimen of the Scotch baronial style of architecture. You might pass an hour or two—"

Old John Elliott looked timidly and inquiringly towards his niece; and she responded frankly enough—

"Oh, thank you very much; we shall be delighted: my uncle deserves a rest after his labors of the last two days. And what hour will be most convenient for you?"

"No, no; what hour will be most convenient for you? The gardens are freshest in the morning, of course. But perhaps it will be better to leave it this way: 'Come as soon as you can, and stay as long as you can.'—And that's a Dee-side welcome."

Thereupon young Gordon got up to say good-by; and this time he did not forget to shake hands with the Greek girl; while she did not hesitate to bestow on him a look of great sweetness, as if to thank him again for his kindness to two strangers. There was some final understanding that they were to go out to Grantly Castle on the following morning.

He drove rapidly home, paused for a second to let the groom get to the cob's head, then he descended, and walked into the big stone-paved hall. On the table there were a number of letters lying; and these he carelessly took up, to look at the envelopes. But one of them appeared to arrest his attention; the address was in a foreign hand:

À Son Altesse Royale, le prince de Monteveltro:
Chez Monsieur,
M. sir Francis Gordon,
Grantly Castle,
Aberdeenshire,
Ecosse.

He turned from the table, and sent his voice echoing through the hollow-sounding hall:

"Aunt Jean!—are you anywhere about?—Aunt Jean—are you there?"

"Here I am, laddie: what is't you want?" a voice answered him; and presently, at the top of the wide oaken staircase, there appeared Miss Jean Gordon. She was a tall and fair-complexioned woman, rather elderly and rather plain, but with cheerful and good-humored eyes.

"Didn't you see this?" he said to her, holding out the letter. "Does it mean that the Mater is coming on here at once, just as I had got everything ready to go up to London?"

He advanced to the foot of the staircase; she came down the steps, and took the envelope from him, and regarded it.

"No, no," said she; "there must be some mistake. Your mother's last letter to me was from Nice; and she said they meant to go straight through to London, to Thomas's Hotel, and would be there for a considerable time. This must be the blundering of some courier or valet—"

He received the letter back and looked at it thoughtfully.

"I never know what that excellent step-papa of mine may be up to," he observed. "He may be wanting to escape out of the hands of the diplomats and seek sanctuary here—for himself and his two black poodles." Then of a sudden he changed his tone. "Aunt Jean," said he, "we are going to have two visitors here to-morrow—two strangers to the neighborhood, who would like to look over the Castle and about the grounds. And I didn't ask them formally to lunch; but to-morrow, when they are here anyway, and when it's about lunch-time, I mean to propose it promiscuous-like; and of course they will stay. And I wish you would see that McKillop sends in plenty of flowers for the table—and for decoration all about—plenty of them—plenty—Confound him, he's nothing but an old miser—"

"Is she so very pretty, Frank?" Aunt Jean inquired, with a demure smile.

"Who told you there was a 'she' in the case?" he demanded, loftily.

"There usually is," said Miss Jean Gordon. "Especially when a young gentleman is so particular about flowers for the luncheon table."

"Very well, then, Aunt Jean, I will tell you honestly: she is just about the most beautiful creature you ever beheld; and I don't see why you shouldn't be as much interested in her as I am; I don't see why you should think there's nothing in the world worth admiring except old china and old lace. You know, Aunt Jean, I'm not much given to rave about young women; but you should see this one; why, she bewilders you—"

"She won't bewilder me," said Aunt Jean, shrewdly.

"She is a Greek girl," he continued—and it seemed to afford him much pleasure to stand there and talk eagerly about the marvellous stranger. "I gathered as much from her Christian name—which isn't Christian, by-the-way, but pagan. A Greek goddess she is!—in figure, and height, and symmetry; but not of the severe type either—oh, no!—most womanly and winning in expression. Beautiful?—but wait till you see! What I can't understand is why she should have remained unmarried! She must have seen lots of men—in her own country—in England—even wandering about on those botanizing excursions with her uncle—men presumably with eyes in their head—"

"She may not wish to be married," retorted Miss Jean, rather tartly. "Why should she? They say that a woman ought to marry in order to have an object. Well, when she does, she generally gets one!"

Jean Gordon—Jean Gordon! But now she was moving off—for the dressing-bell was beginning to sound; and she was as particular about the punctuality of dinner as though there had been twenty guests staying in the house.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT CLARA.

But next morning found old John Elliott in an apprehensive, restless, fidgety mood; nay, he was inclined to be peevish and fretful.

"I'm not used to going among strangers, Briseis," he said. "I don't like it—it worries me—"

"Why, uncle," she remonstrated, "didn't you hear Sir Francis say there was no one staying at the Castle—no one except his aunt, who always lives there—"

"And it is too far for you to walk, along a dusty road," he continued, plaintively. "Even if they have a dog-cart at the inn here, there would be the cost of it—for what?—the expense of a dog-cart—for what?—"

Now part of this conversation had been overheard by the servant-lass who was bringing in breakfast; and she, with the friendly familiarity of the Scotch domestic, made no scruple about intervening.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said she, "but there's a wagonette and pair come in from Grantly, sir, and they're in the stable-yard, and the coachman says Sir Francis ordered him jist to wait for your convenience, sir."

"Oh, well, I suppose we must go," the old botanist said to his niece, though with evident reluctance. "I suppose there will be no further letters until the afternoon post—"

"Uncle," she answered him, coaxingly, "you must give those people in the south a little time. In the case of the Societies you could not expect an answer until after their next meeting, when the various Secretaries will be asked to acknowledge your communication—"

"But there were the telegrams to my personal friends—"

"And what could they reply?" she went on, in her persuasive and musical tones. "No doubt they were very glad to learn of the discovery; and no doubt they thought you were very lucky. Of course you will hear from them sooner or later, when they have leisure to write; but in the mean time you must have a day or two of idleness; and then we will set to work again—that is, you will set to work, and make more wonderful discoveries, and I will tramp over the hills with you, and wish I could be of some help."

It was difficult to withstand the subtle and singular charm of her voice; he usually yielded; and yield he did on this occasion; so that about eleven o'clock the wagonette was brought round to the front of the inn, and uncle and niece went out and took their places. Then ensued a most blithe and inspiriting drive along the valley of the Dee, the winding road giving them occasional glimpses of the broad-sweeping and glancing stream, or again plunging them into scattered woods

of larch and birch and pine. Then they came to a lodge gate and entered; the wagonette rolled smoothly along the wide carriageway; until of a sudden Briseis grasped the arm of her companion, who had at the moment been plunged in profound meditation:

"Look, uncle, look!—isn't it noble!—isn't it splendid!"

And yet this tall and gaunt keep was not imposing by reason of its spacious dimensions, though otherwise it was picturesque enough. The structure was lofty in proportion to its restricted base; the windows were for the most part narrow, deeply recessed, scattered unevenly here and there; the surmounting angle turrets had conical roofs suggestive of French Gothic; the gables showed "corbie-steps"; and crowning all, up against the blue and white, a weather-cock was perched airily on a tiny golden ball. A building of solid and severe aspect, perhaps; but the surrounding grounds were more modern and more cheerful—the trim terraces, the grassy slopes velvet-smooth, the long range of greenhouses, the blazing masses of color in flower beds and plots, the partition-walls smothered in the dark green foliage of apricot and fig, the sunlit woods trending down to the river. From this high plateau, indeed, there was a wide-stretching view, not the least conspicuous feature being Scoulter Hill with its ruined tower, far away in the silvery west.

And here was the young laird coming bareheaded down the steps to receive his guests; and up there at the hall door was Miss Jean Gordon, her shrewd eyes not too evidently scanning. The welcome that the visitors now received was of the most friendly kind—in its Scotch fashion almost too insistent—for who wanted cake and wine and fruit at this time of the day?—and who needed rest after so pleasant a drive?—in truth, Briseis, who was ever hungry and athirst for sweet air, and sunshine, and open landscape—Briseis so avowedly lingered without—gazing abroad on the variegated garden, and the glimpses of the river through the trees, and the rising and swelling uplands beyond—that young Gordon was forced to alter the form of his invitation.

"Perhaps you would rather stroll about for a bit," he suggested, "and have a look at the greenhouses?"

"Oh, yes; wouldn't you, uncle?" she made answer, promptly. "They are such beautiful gardens! I have not seen any gardens like these since we were at Drummond Castle, in Perthshire."—And if the young laird was in any way proud of his paternal inheritance, that was a compliment surely!

So the four of them set forth on a sauntering perambulation, walking two and two for convenience' sake; they passed under the canopied vines, house after house; then out again, and through part of the "policies" skirting the woods; then back into the basking and brilliant garden. And while the old botanist was descanting to Miss Jean on the origin of this or that cultivated plant or shrub, young Frank Gordon, with a shy ingenuity, was putting questions to his companion, about herself, her knowledge of Scotland, her pursuits, while also he was incidentally telling her a great deal about his own occupations and plans. Briseis listened with a smiling acquiescence; she did not say much, but her eyes were amiable; and whether she spoke or was silent, she seemed to be drinking in the beauty of the things around her with a constant and perhaps half-unconscious delight. The fragrance wafted hither and thither, the warm sweet air, the sunshine and azure sky, the radiant glow of color in the garden, the stir and silver-glancing of glossy leaves: these were happy surroundings—for a gracelessly idle creature, whose chief and distinguishing faculty appeared to be that of enjoying every minute and second of her life.

Then, as they chanced to be walking along one of the upper terraces, Frank Gordon pulled out his watch.

"Just luncheon-time!" he cried. "Come away in—Aunt Jean will tell you that starvation and fainting fits are not allowed at Grantly."

It was not a very sumptuous banqueting-hall they were ushered into—this long, low apartment, with its wainscot of panelled oak and its five or six plain windows; but it had some interesting family portraits—the men of them appearing by their uniform to have been mostly admirals and generals; and it had several fiery and fuliginous battle-pieces, chiefly of naval engagements; while the luncheon table was set forth in quite a bright modern way, with an abundance of flowers.

And perhaps Jean Gordon, who sat at the head of the board, was listening to the old botanist's tale of his many experiences in the wilder parts of Scotland, or perhaps she was only perfunctorily heeding him; at all events, she beheld what she had never beheld before, and that was the assiduous and diffident and respectful court that her nephew was paying to this Greek girl with the gracious ways and the resplendent eyes. Well did the amused Miss Jean know that this was not at all the young man's ordinary habit. She was acquainted with him. She had studied him — in no unfriendly fashion either. And she had heard tell of him at Oxford too: how that even during Commemoration week those pretty pieces of feminity who come fluttering from college to college like so many butterflies appeared to have no attraction for him whatever. Nor could it be said that this was owing to cruel neglect on the side of those young persons; they seemed willing to accord him a fair share of notice; for he was exceedingly good-looking, and he was merry and pleasant-humored and ever ready for a frolic; but somehow his soul was rather set on sports and athletics; and when these happened to fail him, a pipe and a meditative stroll along the tow-path appeared better to suit his fancy than consorting with muslin. But now—but now! Jean Gordon's demure eyes saw a good deal more than they seemed to see. Not that there was any intentional sentimentalizing on the lad's part; no trace of such a thing was in his nature; the frank and open good-comradeship he was ready to offer to any one whom he chanced to meet and like was not of a kind to lead to the little appeals and secret understandings of sham love-making. Indeed, what Miss Jean chiefly remarked on this occasion was that the young laird was clearly so well pleased by his companion of the moment that he was rather tempted to let his boyish gayety get the better of him; and that again and again he had to recall himself, resuming that attitude of shy deference that became him very well in the presence of this beautiful stranger. Good-comradeship was all very excellent in its way; but this Greek girl was too august somehow—too serene and remote—in spite of the sweetness and charm of her manner and the unmistakable friendliness of her regard. So, notwithstanding that he was by birth and lineage and personal temperament one of "the gay Gordons," he subdued himself and kept himself humbly respectful; he was like a school-boy waiting upon a great lady; and when she turned her glorious eyes upon him, his own rather shrank away from that overpowering bewilderment. Jean Gordon thought that the young laird of Grantly had met with his match —and more than his match—this time.

And then he would have his guests go for a stroll round the hall, to look at the old armor and the stags' heads; and many a tale he had to tell of both; with now and again an anecdote of this or that one among the more noted of his forebears. Perhaps he did not treat those ancestors of his with the reverence which their deeds of love and valor and their territorial designations demanded; but it is the way of youth — especially of a modest youth—to make light of such things; and there was not much boasting or showing off about this young man. He pretended not to remember whether it was a head of seventeen or of eighteen points that caused the Duke of Gordon, when he discovered what a magnificent stag he had shot, to exclaim, in despair, "And now there is nothing left for me to live for." He did not know where Glenlogie was, or even whether there was such a place, though Briseis herself could quote for him a couplet out of the old ballad:

"He turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a';
'I thank you, Lady Jean; my love's promised awa'."

"And are all the Gordons as light of heart as that?" asked this tall young Greek creature, with her inscrutable, enchanting smile.

"Oh no," he made answer, almost bashfully. "It is impossible to say how those epithets got attached to the different families in the north—I suppose through the chance of alliteration mostly — the gallant Grahams, the gay Gordons, the fighting Frasers, and so on. And if you know that very ballad, Miss Valieri, you will remember that Glenlogie was not so hard of heart after all; for he married 'bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce sixteen years old.'"

And so they wandered about the dim, stone-paved, hollow-sounding hall, examining claymores, dirks, targes, and old powder-horns, trying to make out the phantom figures in the breadths of faded tapestry, and telling or hearing about all

kinds of people and places and things—about the Queen's coming to Balmoral on the following week; about the Farquharsons of Dee-side, and the Lindsays, and the Irvines of Drum; about Lord Lewis Gordon and the '45—

"O send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name!"

But in course of time the old botanist grew more and more abstracted; it was clear to Briseis that he was thinking of the afternoon post, and of the expected communications from the south; besides, both of them knew that young Gordon was going up to London by that night's mail-train. And so, in spite of many protests, and with many thanks and good wishes, the visit came to an end; the wagonette was brought round; and Frank Gordon and his aunt Jean stood at the top of the steps watching their departing guests until a curve in the drive hid them from sight. And then it was that the young man turned to his companion.

"What now, Aunt Jean? What do you say now?" he demanded, with something of triumph in his tone.

But Aunt Jean did not answer him at once. She regarded him for a second, curiously.

"I have often wondered, Frank," said she, "what kind of woman would prove attractive to you. And—and I'm glad it's that kind."

There was a flash of boyish delight in his eyes; but at the same time he said, reproachfully:

"Why, you talk as if there were whole heaps of them! You talk as if there were a whole race of such women. Come, now, Aunt Jean—honestly, now—honestly—did you ever in all your life come across any girl or woman half as fine and wonderful as that one—so perfect in her manner—so winning in her disposition—and so extraordinarily beautiful too?—"

Aunt Jean smiled.

"Lad, laddie," she exclaimed, "I am saying nothing against her! Nothing of the kind! I would rather be on her side. If it comes to that, I will say this for her, that she has the most bewitchingly musical voice I ever heard in my born days. And when she was going along the terrace I thought she walked just as a swan swims—breasting the air, as it were—as graceful a thing as ever I saw—"

"Didn't I tell you! didn't I tell you!" he cried, eagerly.

"A strange girl, too," said Aunt Jean, thinking back, "with her modest little apologies for being at once useless and perfectly happy. Well, I could not say it to her face, but indeed I was thinking it all the time, that there were plenty of women useless enough who could not make you pleased and satisfied-like with just looking at them. A rare, fine creature that, or my name's not Jean Gordon." Aunt Jean was silent for another second or so. "And there's one thing I would say to yourself, Frank, my man: If you have a thought of bringing some one home to this old house, you'll not find me in the way, nor will she; neither the one nor the other of ye; I'll just pack up my bits of things and be off to Edinburgh—there's the Carmichaels—the Ramsays—there will always be a corner for me somewhere—"

But at this a prodigious blush overspread his handsome, boyish face; and in his embarrassment he could hardly win to articulate utterance.

"Aunt Jean!—why—what—what are you thinking of? Do you imagine—I could have any such fancies in my head?—a mere stranger—a perfect stranger like that—though I thought you would be interested in her—yes, I certainly thought that—and I wanted to be civil to the old gentleman—. But how can you imagine I had any fancies of that kind?—"

"I don't know—I don't know," Miss Jean answered, cautiously. "She is just winsome enough to turn any lad's head, and that's the truth; and there would be no great madness about it, either, as far as I can make out; for you don't need to marry for money, Frank; and the Elliotts of the Lea are as old a family as the Gordons of Grantly. So give me notice when ye please—"

"Oh yes," said he, and he put his hand within her arm to lead her into the house again. "Precisely. Just so. And what would Grantly be without Aunt Jean?"

Well, she patted the hand that lay on her arm; for she was very fond of this lad—and very proud of him too, though he hadn't done much to speak of, as yet.

"It is very generous of my young lord," said Aunt Jean, half laughing, "to talk like that to his humble dependent. But she knows her place; and when the bride comes home, all she'll want will be

just to get a kiss from her—and then off by train to Edinburgh town." And then Aunt Jean, who was not an effusive sort of person, abruptly said: "Frank, laddie, mind you see that Wentworth puts your Tam o' Shanter in your travelling-bag, for there's nothing so soft to the head when you're in a railway carriage."

Meanwhile old John Elliott and his niece had been driven rapidly away towards Sanchory; and when they at length arrived there, and entered the inn, and opened the door of the parlor, his first and eager glance was directed to the sideboard, where a number of letters and newspapers lay extended in a row. And he would have gone quickly forward to examine these and seize his own, but that at the same moment he became aware of the presence of a stranger in the room—some one seated in the dusk between the two windows—and to his amazement he found Briseis exclaiming:

"Why, Aunt Clara! And you did not let us know you were coming!"

And in his inordinate surprise he even forgot the coveted letters.

"I hope there's no ill news, Clara," he said, with sudden and nervous apprehension.

This Mrs. Alexander Elliott who had now risen to receive their greeting was a middle-aged woman, rather short and stout of figure, but with a pinched and careworn face, her hair gray or yellowish-gray, her eyes somewhat sad and tired, and yet shrewd enough, her mouth thin-lipped and resolute. She gave one the impression of an indomitable, unjoyous kind of little woman, who had come through many trials, and was not even yet likely to give up in despair.

"No, there's no ill news, Uncle John," said she; "at least I hope you'll not regard it that way. And you'll have to forgive me for appearing intrusive and importunate. I know how difficult it is to write and explain; and when you have written and tried to explain, it's so easy for the answer to be put off and put off, or forgotten altogether. So I thought I would come right through and see yourself, as soon as I could find out where you were—"

"Is it about money, Clara?" John Elliott said, timorously.

"It's about Edward," she replied. And then she went on quickly and anxiously: "You know how I have slaved and toiled, on poor enough means, to give those three boys a fair start in the world—perhaps even to the neglecting of the girls. Have I not done everything for them? Did ever any mother do more? I led or followed them into every one of their studies, keeping pace with them, and night after night, when all the house was asleep, sitting up hour after hour, just to get a bit ahead of them, and be able to coach them for their examinations. And I'm sure the girls have helped too—making their own dresses as well as they could—and scrimping themselves of their pocket-money. Not but that we've had our reward in one way. Look at the result—though perhaps it is not for me to boast. There's John at Sandhurst, doing splendidly; there's Alexander on the *Warspite;* and now there's Edward, who has a grand prospect before him, if ever there was one. For he has just passed his University Certificate Examination, and that would enable him to enter at Caius College, Cambridge—it's Caius most of the medical students make for, I believe—and he would have no bother about matriculation; then if he did anything near as well at Caius as he has done at King's College—followed by some practical work at the hospitals—he would make just an invaluable junior partner for some well-known doctor; indeed I may say he is universally popular, owing to his pleasant manners and his cleverness. But then, Uncle John, three years at Cambridge—"

Uncle John had been growing more and more uneasy; he knew what was coming. And yet he could not but listen with respect to this piteous appeal from the poor mother.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds a year at least," she continued; "perhaps two hundred and eighty—though he is a most considerate and economical boy; and how am I to provide that without the help of one or two relatives? And I know I ought not to come to you; you have been so generous to me so many times before; but here is a very special juncture—it will be the making of Edward's career—if you can find it in your heart to help us—"

"But, Clara," said old John Elliott, nervously and hurriedly, "it is impossible!—quite impossible—I'm very sorry—you know I should be only too glad to do anything for you and yours—but there

are circumstances—the plain truth is, I have not the means. But—but why don't you go to Sir Patrick?—he is the head of the family—"

"Sir Patrick Elliott?" said she, with a touch of scorn even amidst her plaintive suspense. "I know him. I know what I should get from him. I should get a grandiloquent lecture, and a civil good-day—"

And now it was that Briseis Valieri interposed.

"You won't think me too bold, Aunt Clara, will you?" she said, in her soft and persuasive tones. "But I often reproach myself with being so idle and useless; and now you might give me the opportunity of being of a little help. Shall I show you how simply it could be done? The money that my father left me was put into the India Three-per-Cents; then my uncle here heard of some American railway bonds, quite safe, that were paying six per cent.; and after he had consulted with one or two people—to make sure, you know—we changed the money over to the American bonds, so that my income was actually doubled. Now, Aunt Clara, if you were to take the half of the capital—if that would be of use to you in my cousin's education—don't you see that I should have exactly the same income that I had before the change was made? Is not that quite clear? I should be none the worse—you would be all the better—"

So far John Elliott had listened, with symptoms of an ever-increasing distress become visible; but now he could bear the situation no longer.

"Briseis," said he, in the strangest way, "you don't understand about such things. You can't understand about them at all. There are some circumstances that I must explain to your aunt. Would you mind—would you mind leaving us alone together for a few moments?—"

She looked from one to the other in mute astonishment. But she said, as she moved to the door—and her parting look was surely one of exceeding kindliness and good-will:

"At least you will remember, Aunt Clara, that the half of what I have is yours, if you will take it: the rest is quite sufficient for me."

The moment she was gone John Elliott rose from his seat and began pacing up and down, in great agitation.

"That is a noble-hearted creature, John," his sister-in-law began to say, "though of course one hesitates about accepting such an offer from a mere girl—"

"Clara, she has not a penny!" he broke in, excitedly. "Not a penny! And it's all my doing. I advised her. I heard of these railway bonds through Philip Murray—you remember Philip Murray in Edinburgh; and he had made ample inquiries—a First Mortgage it was—the Denville Valley First Mortgage Guaranteed—and he was so convinced of its safety that he put £8000 of his own money into it. Well, I laid the matter before Briseis; I thought it was a good chance for her; and she assented only too readily; the fact is, I don't suppose she cared one way or the other; she has no thought for money matters—her wants are so simple—"

"And do you mean to say that her little fortune is entirely gone?" his sister-in-law demanded of him, staring at him in a blank kind of way.

"Clara, it's a terrible thing even to speak of!—terrible!—I that should have been the first to protect her, since she chose to join my wandering life. The bonds are still quoted—yes—but they are valueless: no one would touch them. They were 108 when we bought them; now they are down at 17 or something of the kind; but they are quite unsaleable; nothing has ever been paid on them after the first six months, and nothing ever will be paid on them, so it is said. Of course Briseis does not know. She thinks the six per cent. interest is still being paid; and probably imagines that a considerable portion of it is being stored up for her; hence her offer to you—which was generous all the same. And she must not know, Clara!—she must not know!—"

"Then she is dependent on you for her support!" exclaimed Aunt Clara, her eyes still staring.

"I give her what money she needs—it isn't much," he said, in a more resigned way. "And I may explain to you that my own means are still further crippled; for I put a small sum into the Denville Valley Mortgage along with hers; and that's gone too. So you see, Aunt Clara, it is impossible for me to do what you ask. I'm very sorry. I've always heard that the boy was clever and brilliant, and

likely to do well. But, after all, the three years at Cambridge are not an absolute necessity—"

The startled and expectant look had faded out of Aunt Clara's eyes; there reigned there a sort of hopeless rumination; and she was silent. But at length she said:

"You may as well call Briseis in again, John. She shall hear no word of all this from me."

When the young girl returned to them she was much astonished to learn that Aunt Clara was on the immediate point of departure. No, Aunt Clara could not remain a day or two with them, nor would she even stay to dinner; her time, she said, was at the moment extremely precious; she must make haste back again to the south. And what surprised Briseis still more was that no reference of any kind was made to her offer. Even if a refusal had been decided on, she might fairly have expected a word of thanks? On the contrary, a complete and incomprehensible silence prevailed with regard to the business that had brought Aunt Clara all the way to Sanchory; and in a few moments further she was in the fly that was to take her to the station, on her way to Aberdeen and London.

CHAPTER IV.

WIDER WANDERINGS.

Now Briseis was well aware that, the moment this poor, distracted Aunt Clara had gone, her uncle would plunge into the correspondence awaiting him on the side table; accordingly she turned to the window; and there as it chanced she encountered a spectacle that entirely suited her humor, the idle wretch that she was. For just beyond the pavement, in the wide, empty, sunlit thoroughfare, two small boys were playing marbles; and though of course she knew nothing of the mysterious fascination of commies, jarries, whinnies, and chenies (if these be the terms fashionable among the Aberdeenshire youth), she could at least guess at the fluctuations of the game, and she could watch the eagerness of the urchins with a vaguely sympathetic interest and with a serene good-nature in her smiling eyes. She was thus employed—and it was an employment completely in accord with her indefensible disposition—when her uncle mentioned her name.

"Briseis," said he "—Briseis—I have something to tell you—that—that may surprise you a little—"

She turned quickly; she found that he had drawn in a chair to the central table, and was seated there with one arm hanging down, an open letter in his hand; and then she noticed that the usual fresh tints of his complexion had given place to a curious ashen-gray hue. It was wonder rather than fear that possessed her: what further astonishments had this day in store for them?

"And yet it is not of much importance—perhaps—perhaps not of much importance," he went on, in an absent kind of way, as if he were thinking of a hundred different and distinct things. "A good deal of trouble, of course—but with a little patience it can be set right—in time everything will be set right again, and no harm done—"

"But what is it, uncle?" she demanded.

Then he looked up, in his anxious, apprehensive way.

"Now you must not be angry, Briseis," said he. "You must not make too much of it. Only a bit of a practical joke, after all. There's no harm done—not much harm done—a little trouble, and it will be all set right—"

"But I don't understand, uncle—"

"The *Silene alpestris*," he said—and he seemed to talk as if there were some kind of weight on his chest. "You know the *Silene alpestris*, Briseis—well, it appears that two or three of the young fellows in Edinburgh had got to hear that I was likely to be round by Dee-side this summer—and—and of course they made sure I would be up Scoulter Hill—and so they got some seed of the *Silene alpestris*—sent to Austria, perhaps, for it—or perhaps got it from some garden—and they sowed the seed on the top of Scoulter Hill. Nothing more than a kind of joke, you know—nothing more—nothing more. No doubt it will be a little awkward—a little humiliating—to take back my imagined discovery—"

And then she understood—and her face grew quite white.

"The hounds!—the scoundrel hounds!" she said—and her voice was vibrating with passion. "If I were a man, I would lash them! I would take a horsewhip and lash them!—"

And then in the blindness and bewilderment of her indignation she seemed

to look all around for help. To whom could she appeal? Who would come forward to take her part? Who, for her sake, would exact vengeance for this cruel trick that had been played on an unoffending old man—an old man of exceeding sensitiveness of mind? Oddly enough, at this moment, and if only for a moment, her thoughts involuntarily turned to Frank Gordon of Grantly. But of course that was out of the question. Young Gordon was almost a stranger, notwithstanding the marked friendliness he had shown them; besides, he was probably by this time on his way to London. And meanwhile old John Elliott had risen from his chair and was walking up and down the room, showing a good deal more of perturbation in his manner than he allowed to appear in his pacific words.

"No, no, Briseis," he was saying—while he nervously clutched the letter that had brought the news, "you must not be angry. You must not make overmuch of it. You see, I was too certain. I had convinced myself that no garden escape could have found its way to the top of Scoulter Hill; and I carelessly imagined that that was enough. The possibility of a trick did not occur to me. But where is the harm done? Of course I shall have to write to the various Societies, and explain. I dare say most of the people know that I have never been in the habit of proclaiming false discoveries, or jumping to rash conclusions. I have never laid myself open to suspicion before; and this time it is hardly my fault—it is hardly my fault, Bry, is it?"

"Your fault, uncle?" She burst out crying; and turned away to the window again. "If—if I were a man—if I were a man—I'd let them know whose fault it was! The hounds—the cowardly hounds!—"

He went after her and took her gently by the arm—his own fingers trembling a little.

"Come, come, now, Bry," he said, "you must not make too much of it. It was only a kind of joke, you know, among two or three of those young fellows in Edinburgh. And there can be no permanent harm done. The Linnæan and the Andersonian and the rest of them are well aware that I have never tried to push myself forward; I think they would give me credit for that; they will not accuse me of having claimed the discovery with any intention of deceiving. I think they would tell you that what little work I have done has been done in a quiet way; I have never pushed myself forward; I don't think they will suspect me of having tried to snatch false honors. Come, Bry, you must not pay too much attention to a mere trick of this kind—"

She pulled herself together—and dried her eyes.

"Quite right, uncle," she said, firmly. "It is too contemptible a thing to be thought twice of." And then she added, cheerfully: "Why, what a long time we have been in-doors, on such a beautiful afternoon! Let us get out—let us go for a stroll somewhere: uncle, you can attend to the rest of your correspondence and papers when we come in again."

For it was she who would play the part of comforter—perceiving clearly enough how deeply he had been struck; she was talking blithely to him as she fetched him his hat and cane; she opened the door for him, and together they passed out. And yet amidst all her forced vivacity they had not left the inn a dozen yards before she became conscious that a change had come over Sanchory on Dee. It was not the same place, somehow, that it had been an hour before. There were the familiar features, to be sure—the sunlight of the wide, open, empty street, the dark blue-gray stone of the old-fashioned houses, the glancing and shimmering of the yellow-green foliage, with now and again a glimpse of the soft, ethereal rose-purple of the western hills. Yet this was not at all the same Sanchory through which they had driven on their return from Grantly Castle—her heart full of gratitude because of the kindness shown them by the young laird and the gentle-mannered Miss Jean. And perhaps Briseis too had been looking forward with quiet satisfaction to this anticipated correspondence. She liked to see her uncle's name in printed Transactions; she liked to see his contributions to botanical lore suitably acknowledged; these were modest honors and dignities in a harmlessly simple life. But now—well, the little hamlet of Sanchory seemed all different now: something had changed its aspect.

As for old John Elliott, he walked on as one in a dream, apparently paying no heed whither they went. But of a sudden he stopped. Right in front of them was the stone bridge spanning the Dee;

and beyond that was the road leading to Scoulter Hill.

"Not that way—not that way, Briseis—some other way—let us take some other way."

She guessed what this shrinking reluctance meant, and immediately she turned. But when they had retraced their steps towards the village, he said:

"I think I would rather go into the inn, Briseis. You see, I must begin and write out those explanations—"

"Oh no, uncle, no, no," she pleaded. "Leave that till to-morrow. What is the hurry?"

"I would rather go in, anyhow," he said, in a tired fashion.

Indeed, he seemed all broken down and disheartened; and sometimes he sighed heavily, as though the mere act of breathing gave him pain. And yet when they had returned to the little room, he did not resume his seat; he kept restlessly moving hither and thither, staring absently into the grate, or out of the window, or at the sideboard with its unopened newspapers; and hardly listening to the attempts that Briseis made from time to time to break in upon his reverie. Then dinner was served; and he took his place at the table; but she could not induce him to touch anything, though he made a pretence.

"Uncle," she remonstrated, "you must really eat something, or you will be ill."

"Oh, I am doing very well, my dear—I'm doing very well," he said; and then: "Briseis, you don't think they will suspect me of having intended to deceive them? They wouldn't think that, would they?"

"How can you imagine such a thing, uncle!" she exclaimed. "And why should you worry about a mere trifle? The explanation will clear it all away."

"I should have been more careful," he said, breathing heavily. "I should have doubted. Hooker is very explicit about the *alpestris*—'One of Don's reputed discoveries; never confirmed.' I was too eager. And now some of them may be thinking that I was trying to palm off a sham discovery on the Societies, and that I have been found out—"

"And those that are so base as to think that, what is their opinion worth?" she demanded, scornfully. But he paid no heed to her: he was absorbed in his own self-torturing thoughts.

Erelong he complained of being tired. It had been a fatiguing kind of day, he said; he thought he would get off to bed at once; and so he bade her good-night, and left. Then, that she might not disturb him, she also stole up stairs to her room, which was next his, and in silence made ready for the still hours of sleep. But very soon she discovered that he had not gone to bed at all. As she lay and listened, she could hear him walking to and fro—perhaps framing the apology that he would have to send to the various Societies, perhaps merely brooding over the underhand blow that had been dealt him. Her heart was full of grief, and sympathy, and burning indignation; but what could she do? And in time the healthy constitution of youth claimed its rights; her eyelids closed; and her spirit was free to wander away into the poppy-land of dreams.

Next morning, when John Elliott came down, there was a worn and shrunken look about his features, and his eyes were wearied. He took his accustomed place at the breakfast table; but in spite of all her entreaties he could not be persuaded to eat anything—he had half a cup of tea, that was all. Yet he declared there was nothing the matter with him; only, he had not slept very well. Then he regarded her in a curiously timid and furtive manner.

"Briseis," he said, hesitatingly, "I—I would not like to cause you any inconvenience. Perhaps I have not always been considerate; perhaps I have been so engrossed in my own pursuits—selfishly engrossed—that I have forgotten to try to keep you interested as well. And Deeside is a picturesque neighborhood—oh, yes—there are many places you could visit yet—and Loch-Na-Gar always looks fine when you climb up one of the other hills. I—I would not like to inconvenience you, Briseis—if you would rather stay and see something more of this country-side—"

"What do you mean, uncle?" said she, promptly. "Do you want to leave Sanchory? For I can be ready in ten minutes."

Then he confessed that the district had grown distasteful to him somehow; he had lost interest in it; would she go with him in to Aberdeen, where they could mature their future plans? And this Greek girl, idle and easily good-humored and pleasure-loving as she might be, had nev-

ertheless her wits about her; she divined readily enough why he wished to get away from this neighborhood, so she said at once, and with much cheerfulness:

"Uncle, I will make a bargain with you. If you will remain here and try to eat at least that one piece of toast, I will undertake to have my small belongings packed in less than a quarter of an hour." And therewithal she went off to her own room.

And thus it was that by the very next train they left Sanchory and made their way in to the Granite City, where, for the sake of economy, they took lodgings instead of going to a hotel. Their rooms were over an old curiosity shop—a storehouse of all sorts of miscellaneous oddities—dirks, claymores, cutlasses, ostrich eggs, stuffed birds, Delft-ware, eighteenth-century tea-caddies, and the like; and among these Briseis would sometimes linger, examining; but generally she was more intent on taking her uncle for circuitous walks in the environs of the town, chatting to him the while, and trying to rouse him from the fits of brooding into which he had fallen. Frequently they went out by St. Machar's Cathedral, and over the Old Brig of Balgownie, and then back by the seaward road, with its glimpses of the blue-green water and the white line of foam curling up on the sand. But very soon he began to restrict these excursions. They grew shorter and shorter, until at length he would rather sit in-doors, in an arm-chair, silent, his head downcast—and well she knew what was gnawing at his heart. Then one evening he said to her:

"Briseis, surely it's very cold—very cold. I'm all shivering. I don't understand it."

Indeed, he was visibly trembling with this attack of chills, though there was an unusual flush of color in his face. Well, she was not much used to dealing with illness of any kind; but she did what she thought best; she got him to bed at once, and sent for a doctor. The doctor's report was reassuring. There was some degree of fever, no doubt, and an abnormally quick pulse; but there was little immediate cause for alarm; perhaps she had better get in a trained nurse; and with proper care and precautions all would come right.

The following day there was a different story to tell. Old John Elliott lay breathing laboriously, utterly exhausted, dozing sometimes, yet restless and nervously sensitive to the slightest noise, and muttering to himself on occasion, whether incoherently or not she could hardly make out.

"Has he been in any trouble of late? Has he had any mental worry?" the doctor asked.

"Oh yes—yes, indeed," she said; and her hands were clinched behind her back—as if that could prevent the tears welling into her eyes.

"This nervous fever is sometimes serious," said the doctor, guardedly. "And you are young to have so much responsibility thrown on you alone. Has he any other relatives about here?"

"You do not think there is any danger?" she exclaimed, in a low voice—with a quick look of unimaginable dread.

"Not yet—not yet," said he. "I will tell you before you need send for any one."

And so a day or two passed, without apparent change, the fever running its usual course. But one afternoon, while Briseis was seated by the bedside, patiently watching, the old botanist suddenly flung himself out of his comatose trance, his eyes all burning and brilliant with excitement.

"Briseis, Briseis," he said, or gasped rather, in an eager, breathless way, "haste, now—haste, haste!—telegraph—telegraph to them to keep back the papers—they must not be read—keep them back from the meetings—there will be time yet if you telegraph at once—keep them back—tell them—explain—it was all a mistake—I never tried to cheat any one—I never made false claims to discoveries—never—never—"

She laid her cool hand lightly on his hot forehead.

"That is all right, uncle—the explanation has been made—they understand perfectly—"

"I never thought of imposing on them," he panted. "But—but if they wish to remove my name from the lists of membership—well, I cannot object—that is quite just—though I did not wish to deceive any one—"

"No, no, uncle—they understand perfectly—they understand you were not in the least to blame," she said, softly and smoothly—and if ever there was persuasive charm in the music of a human voice,

it was in hers. So that in a little while the hectic fire appeared to fade out of those restless and eager eyes, and he had relapsed into a kind of dozing state, while the fell disease continued its work.

But later on in the evening he began to talk again, in a less excited mood.

"Briseis, I want to tell you something. Your aunt Clara seemed to reproach me --and quite fairly, too—yes, yes, quite fairly. I should have put the little money I inherited into some business, or tried some profession. But, you see, it was this way. When I was a lad I was allowed to do pretty much as I liked; and what I liked most of all was to go wandering away among the hills, with a vasculum slung over my shoulder. The hill-side was my love. The other young fellows, they would talk about girls; but I never had any thought that way; and the young women seemed to have some sense of it; they had never a word or a look for me. Well—I was content—when I was away by myself—in Glen Rosa or Glen Sannox. Briseis," he continued, in this hard-breathing, rambling, confused fashion, "before I was out of my teens I had some fairly good things in my herbarium—the *Drosera*—I mean the *anglica*—and--and the *Hypericum dubium* —and the *Saxifraga stellaris*—the *Pinguicula alpina*--and many another--I cannot remember at the moment—"

"Of course not, uncle," she said, her voice tranquil and soothing. "Why should you trouble yourself? I know how valuable your collection is."

"But this is what I meant to tell you—Briseis; it is a kind of explanation—and —and perhaps an excuse," he went on. "When I was quite a lad, I discovered among the slopes above Gourock a little dell in which the *Osmunda regalis* was growing in great luxuriance. The *Osmunda* is rare on that coast—and—and I was proud of my discovery—and kept the secret to myself; and many a time I used to go and sit in the little hollow, under the birch-trees, and listen to the trickling of the burn. And then—well, you see, I was foolish and romantic—and my only love in those days was the hill-side—I took it into my head that I would spend a night in that dell, with the *Osmundas* as my only companions. It was not a cold night either; but I found the ground very hard and damp before I could get to sleep. I remember the stars through the birch-trees overhead. I thought I could hear the sea, too, along the shore—though I was some distance up the hill-side, and in a hollow, too. I remember the stars well—I lay and looked up at them—twinkling white and clear through the branches of the trees. And there was the sound of the burn close by—not two yards away from me. I had no wrap of any kind—a boy is careless of such things, you know—but anyhow in time I got to sleep. Well, the weather must have changed during the night; for when I woke, just about daybreak, there was a fine, thin rain falling, and I was wet through to the skin, and shivering with cold. And I was miles and miles away from home. You may guess what followed—rheumatic fever—and all its worst consequences; so that from that hour my life was broken."

He tried to raise himself a little, so as to address her more directly; but he fell back, through sheer weakness.

"Do you understand now, Briseis?—do you understand why I have kept out of the struggle, and been like an Ishmaelite wandering in the desert? It is only within the last few years that I have had anything like health, and that with constant watching. But, all the same—your aunt Clara was quite right in accusing me—"

"Uncle, I do not accuse you!" she said, passionately. "Not I!—and I wonder who knows you better than I do? If every one were living as blameless a life as you have lived, I think it would be a considerably different kind of world!"

"Ah, but your aunt Clara was right," he insisted, in this painful fashion. "I should have given a better account of my stewardship—I have been selfish—and absorbed in my own pursuits—" But at this point he seemed inclined to turn away his head; and instantly she was silent—scarcely daring to breathe, indeed; all the desire of her being was that beneficent sleep should descend upon him, to still that troubled brain.

Another day or two passed; the fever showed no signs of abatement; but now, strangely enough, his confused mutterings had no reference to his concern about the Societies and what they might think of his alleged discovery: mostly they were about the botanical wanderings of his youth — Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox in Arran, the hills above Lochgoil, Ben-Lomond and Ben-Voirlich, the wind-

ing shores of Loch Achray, the "banks of Allan Water," the far Braes of Balquhidder. Sometimes he knew that Briseis was by his side; sometimes he did not; he would frequently talk as it were to one of his boyish companions — talk of his tramping through a rainy day towards Aberfoyle, or his waiting for the steamer at the breezy quay of Greenock.

wan face; he regarded these two with a calm recognition.

"You will look after Briseis, Aunt Clara," he said, in a voice that was just audible and no more. "She will be grateful to you for your kindness—she has a heart of gold. And Briseis—my dearest—oh, indeed, my dearest—remember this—you must not think too hardly



"SHE FOLLOWED THE DIRECTION OF HIS FINGER."

And pervading these reminiscences and rambling confessions there was the greatest self-depreciation and gentleness; he seemed to have treasured no recollection of any harm done to him by any one; there was no aggression or resentment; rather a kind of gratitude towards all the people whom he had encountered in his journey through the world.

Then there came one evening — Mrs. Alexander Elliott, who had been urgently telegraphed for, was in the room, and so also was Briseis, stricken faint and numb with long tendance—on this evening he appeared to waken out of the profound coma that had followed upon the violence of the fever. And now there was no unnatural glitter in the eyes; no hectic color in the pinched and

—of the young fellows—who played that trick on me. They—meant no harm—meant no harm—only a frolic of youth—I am sure they meant no harm."

He relapsed into silence. But a second or two thereafter there came a sudden change—and Aunt Clara sprang to the bell.

"Send for the doctor! — send for the doctor at once!" she cried in her frantic alarm.

But there was no need to send for any doctor. Old John Elliott had quietly passed away, and was now free from all earthly cares and wrongs. And perhaps —who knows?—there may be rare plants to be sought for among the lonelier of the high hills of heaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE PARIS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

SHOVED off by itself in a corner of Central Park on the top of a wooded hill, where only the people who live in the high apartment-houses at Eighty-first Street can see it, is an equestrian statue. It is odd, bizarre, and inartistic, and suggests in size and pose that equestrian statue to General Jackson which mounts guard before the White House in Washington. It shows a chocolate-cream soldier mastering with one hand a rearing rocking-horse, and with the other pointing his sword towards an imaginary enemy.

Sometimes a "sparrow" policeman saunters up the hill and looks at the statue with unenlightened eyes, and sometimes a nurse-maid seeks its secluded site, and sits on the pedestal below it while the children of this free republic play unconcernedly in its shadow. On the base of this big statue is carved the name of Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of Venezuela.

Down on the northeastern coast of South America, in Caracas, the capital of the United States of Venezuela, there is a pretty little plaza, called the Plaza Washington. It is not at all an important plaza; it is not floored for hundreds of yards with rare mosaics like the Plaza de Bolivar, nor lit by swinging electric lights, and the President's band never plays there. But it has a fresh prettiness and restfulness all its own, and the narrow gravel paths are clean and trim, and the grass grows rich and high, and the branches of the trees touch and interlace and form a green roof over all, except in the very centre, where there stands open to the blue sky a statue of Washington, calm, dignified, beneficent, and paternal. It is Washington the statesman, not the soldier. The sun of the tropics beats down upon his shoulders; the palms rustle and whisper pleasantly above his head. From the barred windows of the yellow and blue and pink houses that line the little plaza dark-eyed, dark-skinned women look out sleepily, but understandingly, at the grave face of the North American Bolivar; and even the policeman, with his red blanket and Winchester carbine, comprehends when the gringos stop and

take off their hats and make a low bow to the father of their country in his pleasant place of exile.

Other governments than those of the United States of America and the United States of Venezuela have put up statues to their great men in foreign capitals, but the careers of Washington and Bolivar bear so striking a resemblance, and the histories of the two countries of which they are the respective fathers are so much alike, that they might be written in parallel columns. And so it seems especially appropriate that these monuments to these patriots should stand in each of the two continents on either side of the dividing states of Central America.

It will offend no true Venezuelan today if it be said of his country that the most interesting man in it is a dead one, for he will allow no one to go farther than himself in his admiration for Bolivar; and he has done so much to keep his memory fresh by circulating portraits of him on every coin and stamp of the country, by placing his statue at every corner, and by hanging his picture in every house, that he cannot blame the visitor if his strongest impression of Venezuela is of the young man who began at thirty-three to liberate five republics, and who conquered a territory more than one-third as great as the whole of Europe.

In 1811 Venezuela declared her independence of the mother-country of Spain, and her great men put this declaration in writing and signed it, and the room in which it was signed is still kept sacred, as is the room where our declaration was signed in Independence Hall. But the two men who were to make these declarations worth something more than the parchment upon which they were written were not among the signers. Their work was still to come, and it was much the same kind of work, and carried on in much the same spirit of indomitable energy under the most cruel difficulties, and with a few undrilled troops against an army of veterans. It was marked by brilliant and sudden marches and glorious victories; and where Washington suffered in the snows of Valley Forge, or pushed his way



THE RAILROAD UP THE MOUNTAIN.

through the floating ice of the Delaware, young Bolivar marched under fierce tropical suns, and cut his path through jungle and swamp-lands, and over the almost impenetrable fastnesses of the Andes.

Their difficulties were the same and their aim was the same, but the character of the two men was absolutely and entirely different, for Bolivar was reckless, impatient of advice, and even foolhardy. What Washington was we know.

The South American came of a distinguished Spanish family, and had been



PRESIDENT CRESPO OF VENEZUELA.

educated as a courtier and as a soldier in the mother-country, though his heart remained always with his own people, and he was among the first to take up arms to set them free. Unless you have seen the country through which he led his men, and have measured the mountains he climbed with his few followers, it is quite impossible to understand the immensity of the task he accomplished. Even today a fast steamer cannot reach Callao from Panama under seven days, and yet Bolivar made the same distance and on foot, starting from the South Atlantic, and continuing on across the continent to the Pacific side, and then on down the coast into Peru, living on his way upon roots and berries, sleeping on the ground wrapped in a blanket, riding on muleback or climbing the steep trail on foot, and freeing on his way Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, and finally Peru, the home of the Incas.

The history of this campaign is one too glorious and rich in incident and color to be crowded into the pages of a magazine, and the character of its chief actor too varied, and his rise and fall too dramatic, to be dismissed, as it must be here, in a few paragraphs. But every American who loves a hero and who loves a lover, and Bolivar was very much of both, and perhaps too much of the latter, should read the life of this young man who freed a country rich in brave men, who made some of these who were much his senior in years his lieutenants, and who, after risking his life upon many battle-fields and escaping several attempts at assassination, died at last deserted except by a few friends, and with a heart broken by the ingratitude of the people he had led out of captivity.

It is difficult to find out, even in his own country, why the Venezuelans, after heaping Bolivar with honors and elevating him to the place of a god, should have turned against him, and driven him into exile at Santa Marta. Some will tell you that he tried to make himself dictator over the countries which he had freed; others say that it was because he had refused to be a dictator that the popular feeling went against him, and that when the people in the madness of their new-found freedom cried, "Thou hast rid us of kings; be thou



THE PRESIDENT'S BODY-GUARD OF COWBOYS.

our King," he showed them their folly, and sought his old home, and died there before the reaction came, which was to sweep him back once more and forever into the place of the popular hero of South America.

It was sixteen years after his death that a hero-worshipping friend was brave enough to commission an artist to design a statue to his memory. On the neck of this statue the artist hung the representation of a miniature in the shape of a medallion, which had been given to Bolivar by the family of Washington. On the reverse was a lock of Washington's hair and the inscription, "This portrait of the founder of liberty in North America is presented by his adopted son to him who has acquired equal glory in South America."

Some one asked why the artist had stripped from the breast of Bolivar all of the other medals and stars that had been given him by different countries in the hour of his triumph, and the artist answered that he had done as his patron and the friend of Bolivar thought would best please his hero. And ever after that it was decreed that every bust or statue or engraving of the Liberator should show him with this portrait of Washington hanging by a ribbon about his neck; and so you will see in the National Portrait Gallery that while the coats of his lieutenants glitter with orders and crosses, Bolivar's bears this medal only. It was his greatest pride, and he considered it his chief glory. And the manner of its bestowal was curiously appropriate. In 1824 General Lafayette returned to this country as the guest of the nation, and a banquet was given to him by Congress, at which the memory of Washington and the deeds of his French lieutenant were honored again and again. It was while the enthusiasm and rejoicings of this celebration were at their height that Henry Clay rose in his place and asked the six hundred Americans before him to remember that while they were enjoying the benefits of free institu-



LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, CARACAS.

tions founded by the bravery and patriotism of their forefathers, their cousins and neighbors in the southern continent were struggling to obtain that same independence.

"No nation, no generous Lafayette," he cried, "has come to their aid; alone and without help they have sustained their glorious cause, trusting to its justice, and with the assistance only of their bravery, their deserts, and their Andes—and one man, Simon Bolivar, the Washington of South America."

And you can imagine the six hundred Americans jumping to their feet and cheering the name of the young soldier, and the French marquis eagerly asking that he might be the one to send him some token of their sympathy and admiration. Lafayette forwarded the portrait of Washington to Bolivar, who valued it so highly that the people who loved him valued the man he worshipped; and to-day you will see in Caracas streets and squares and houses named after Washington, and portraits of Washington crossing the Delaware, and Washington on horseback, and Washington at Mount Vernon, hanging in almost every shop and café in the capital. And the next time you ride in Central Park you might turn your bicycle, or tell the man on the box to turn the horses, into that little curtain of trees, and around the hill where the odd-looking statue stands, and see if you cannot feel some sort of sympathy and pay some tribute to this young man who loved like a hero, and who fought like a hero, with the fierceness of the tropical sun above him, and whose inspiration was the calm grave parent of your own country.

Bolivar's country is the republic of South America that stands nearest to New York, and when people come to know more concerning it, I am sure they will take to visiting it and its capital, the "Paris of South America," in the winter months, as they now go to southern Europe or to the Mediterranean. There are many reasons for their doing so. In the first place, it can be reached in less than six days, and it is the only part of South America to which one can go without first crossing the Isthmus of Panama and then taking a long trip down the western coast, or sailing for nearly a month along the eastern coast; and it is a wonderfully beautiful country, and its cities of Caracas and Valencia are typical of the best South American cities. When you have seen them you have an intelligent idea of what the others are like; and when you read about revolutions in Rio Janeiro, or Valparaiso, or Buenos Ayres, you will have in your mind's eye the background for all of these dramatic uprisings, and you will feel superior to other people who do not know that the republic of Venezuela is larger than France, Spain, and Portugal together, and that the inhabitants of this great territory are less in number than those of New York city.

La Guayra is the chief seaport of Venezuela. It lies at the edge of a chain of great mountains, where they come down to wet their feet in the ocean, and Caracas, the capital, is stowed away four thousand feet higher up behind these mountains, and could only be bombarded in time of war by shells that would rise like rockets and drop on the other side of the mountains, and so cover a distance quite nine miles away from the vessel that fired them. Above La Guayra, on the hill, is a little fortress which was once the resi-

dence of the Spanish Governor when Venezuela was a colony of Spain. It is of interest now chiefly because Charles Kingsley describes it in *Westward Ho* as the fortress in which the Rose of Devon was imprisoned. Past this fortress, and up over the mountains to the capital, are a mule trail and an ancient wagon road and a modern railway.

It is a very remarkable railroad ; its tracks cling to the perpendicular surface of the mountain like the tiny tendrils of a vine on a stone wall, and the trains creep and crawl along the edge of its precipices, or twist themselves into the shape of a horseshoe magnet, so that the engineer on the locomotive can look directly across a bottomless chasm into the windows of the last car. The view from this train, while it pants and puffs on its way to the capital, is the most beautiful combination of sea and plain and mountain that I have ever seen. There are higher mountains and more beautiful, perhaps, but they run into a brown prairie or into a green plain; and there are as beautiful views of the ocean, only you have to see them from the level of the ocean itself, or from a chalk cliff with the downs behind you and the white sand at your feet. But nowhere else in the world have I seen such magnificent and noble mountains running into so beautiful and green a plain, and beyond that the great blue stretches of the sea. When you look down from the car platform you see first, stretching three thousand feet below you, the great green ribs of the mountain and its valleys and waterways leading into a plain covered with thousands and thousands of royal palms, set so far apart that you can distinguish every broad leaf and the full length of the white trunk. Among these are the red-roofed and yellow villages, and beyond them again the white line of breakers disappearing and reappearing against the blue as though some one were wiping out a chalk line and drawing it in again, and then the great ocean weltering in the heat and stretching as far as the eye can see, and touching a sky so like it in color that the two are joined in a curtain of blue on which the ships seem to lie flat, like painted pictures on a wall. You pass through clouds on your way up that leave the trees and rocks along the track damp and shining as after a heavy dew, and at some places you can peer through them from the steps of the car down a straight fall of four thousand feet. When you have climbed to the top of the mountain, you see below you on the other side the beautiful valley in which lies the city of Caracas, cut up evenly by well-kept streets, and diversified by the towers of churches and public buildings and open plazas, with the white houses and gardens of the coffee-planters lying beyond the city at the base of the mountains.

Venezuela, after our experiences of Central America, was like a return to civilization after months on the alkali plains of



STATUE OF SIMON BOLIVAR, CARACAS.



THE MARKET OF CARACAS.

Texas. We found Caracas to be a Spanish-American city of the first class, with a suggestion of the boulevards, and Venezuela a country that possessed a history of her own, and an Academy of wise men and artists, and a Pantheon for her heroes. I suppose we should have known that this was so before we visited Venezuela; but as we did not, we felt as though we were discovering a new country for ourselves. It was interesting to find statues of men of whom none of us had ever heard, and who were distinguished for something else than military successes, men who had made discoveries in science and medicine, and who had written learned books; to find the latest devices for comfort of a civilized community, and with them the records of a fierce struggle for independence, a long period of disorganization, where the Church had the master-hand, and then a rapid advance in the habits and customs of enlightened nations. There are the most curious combinations and contrasts, showing on one side a pride of country and an eagerness to emulate the customs of stable governments, and on the other evidences of the southern hot-blooded temperament and dislike of restraint.

On the corner of the principal plaza stands the cathedral, with a tower. Ten soldiers took refuge in this tower four years ago, during the last revolution, and they made so determined a fight from that point of vantage that in order to dislodge them it was found necessary to build a fire in the tower and smoke them out with the fumes of sulphur. These ten soldiers were the last to make a stand within the city, and when they fell, from the top of the tower, smothered to death, the revolution was at an end. This incident of warfare is of value when you contrast the thing done with its environment, and know that next to the cathedral tower are confectionery shops such as you find on Regent Street or upper Broadway, that electric lights surround the cathedral, and that tram-cars run past it on

rails sunk below the surface of the roadway and over a better street than any to be found in New York city.

Even without acquaintances among the people of the capital there are enough public show-places in Caracas to entertain a stranger for a fortnight. It is pleasure enough to walk the long narrow streets under brilliantly colored awnings, between high one and two story houses, painted in blues and pinks and greens, and with overhanging red-tiled roofs and projecting iron balconies and open iron-barred windows, through which you gain glimpses beyond of cool interiors and beautiful courts and gardens filled with odd-looking plants around a splashing fountain.

The ladies of Caracas seem to spend much of their time sitting at these windows, and are always there in the late afternoons, when they dress themselves and arrange their hair for the evening, and put a little powder on their faces, and take their places in the cushioned window seats as though they were in their box at the opera. And though they are within a few inches of the passers-by on the pavement they can look through them and past them, and are as oblivious of their presence as though they were invisible. In the streets are strings of mules carrying bags of coffee or buried beneath bales of fodder, and jostled by open fiacres, with magnificent coachmen on the box-seat in top-boots and gold trimmings to their hats and coats, and many soldiers, on foot and mounted, hurrying along at a quick step in companies, or strolling leisurely alone. They wear blue uniforms with scarlet trousers and facings, and the President's body-guard are in white duck and high black boots, and are mounted on magnificent horses.

There are three great buildings in Caracas — the Federal Palace, the Opera-house, and the Pantheon, which was formerly a church, and which has been changed into a receiving-vault and a memorial for the great men of the country, and where, after three journeys, the bones of Bolivar now rest. The most interesting of these is the Federal Palace. It is built around a great square filled with flowers and fountains, and lit with swinging electric lights. It is the handsomest building in Caracas, and within the building which forms its four sides are the chambers of the upper and lower branches of the legislature, the offices of the different departments of state, and the reception hall of the President, in which is the National Portrait Gallery. The palace is light and unsubstantial looking, like a canvas palace in a theatre, and suggests the casino at a French watering-place. It is painted in imitation of stone, and the statues are either of plaster of Paris or of wood, painted white to represent marble. But the theatrical effect is in keeping with the colored walls and open fronts of the other buildings of the city, and is not out of place in this city of such dramatic incidents.

The portraits in the state-room of the palace immortalize the features of fierce-looking, dark-faced generals, with old-fashioned high standing collars of gold braid, and green uniforms. Strange and unfamiliar names are printed beneath these portraits, and appear again painted in gold letters on a roll of honor which hangs from the ceiling, and which faces a list of the famous battles for independence. High on this roll of honor are the names "General O'Leary" and "Colonel Fergurson," and among the portraits are the faces of two blue-eyed, red-haired young men, with fair skin and broad chests and shoulders, one wearing the close-clipped whiskers of the last of the Georges, and the other the long Dundreary whiskers of the Crimean wars. Whether the Irish general and the English colonel gave their swords for the sake of the cause of independence or fought for the love of fighting, I do not know, but they won the love of the Spanish Americans by the service they rendered, no matter what their motives may have been for serving. Many people tell you proudly that they are descended from "O'Leari," and the names of the two foreigners are as conspicuous on pedestals and tablets of honor as their smiling blue eyes and red cheeks are conspicuous among the thin-visaged, dark-skinned faces of their brothers in arms.

At one end of the room is an immense painting of a battle, and the other is blocked by as large a picture showing Bolivar dictating to members of Congress, who have apparently ridden out into the field to meet him, and who are holding an impromptu session beneath the palm leaves of an Indian hut. The dome of the chamber, which latter is two hundred feet in length, is covered with an immense

panorama, excellently well done, showing the last of the battles of the Venezuelans against the Spaniards, in which the figures are life size and the action most spirited, and the effect of color distinctly decorative. These paintings in the National Gallery would lead you to suppose that there was nothing but battles in the history of Venezuela, and that her great men were all soldiers, but the talent of the artists who have painted these scenes and the actors in them corrects that idea. Among these artists are Arturo Michelena, who has exhibited at the World's Fair, and frequently at the French Salon, from which institution he has received a prize, M. Tovar y Tovar, A. Herrea Toro, and Cristobal Rojas.

It was that "illustrious American, Guzman Blanco," one of the numerous Presidents of Venezuela, and probably the best known, who was responsible for most of the public buildings of the capital. These were originally either convents or monasteries, which he converted, after his war with the Church, into the Federal Palace, the Opera-house, and a university. Each of these structures covers so much valuable ground, and is situated so advantageously in the very heart of the city, that one gets a very good idea of how powerful the Church element must have been before Guzman overthrew it.

He was a peculiar man, apparently, and possessed of much force and of a progressive spirit, combined with an overmastering vanity. The city was at its gayest under his régime, and he encouraged as well the arts and sciences by creating various bodies of learned men, and furnished the nucleus for a national museum, by subsidizing the Opera-house, and granting concessions to foreign companies which were of quite too generous a nature to hold good, and which encumber and embarrass his successors greatly. But while he was President, and before he went to live in luxurious exile on the Avenue Kléber, which seems to be the resting-place of all South American Presidents, he did much to make the country prosperous and its capital attractive, and he was determined that the people should know that he was the individual who accomplished these things. With this object he had fifteen statues erected to himself in different parts of the city, and more tablets than one can count. Each statue bore an inscription telling that it was erected to that "Illustrious American, Guzman Blanco," and every new bridge and road and public building bore a label to say that it was Guzman Blanco who was responsible for its existence. The idea of a man erecting statues to himself struck the South American mind as extremely humorous, and one night all the statues were sawed off at the ankles, and to-day there is not one to be seen, and only raw places in the walls to show where the memorial tablets hung. But you cannot wipe out history by pulling down columns or effacing inscriptions, and Guzman Blanco undoubtedly did do much for his country, even though at the same time he was doing a great deal for Guzman Blanco.

Guzman was followed in rapid succession by three or four other Presidents and Dictators, who filled their pockets with millions and then fled the country, only waiting until their money was safely out of it first. Then General Crespo, who had started his revolution with seven men, finally overthrew the government's forces, and was elected President, and has remained in office ever since. To set forth with seven followers to make yourself President of a country as large as France, Portugal, and Spain together requires a great deal of confidence and courage. General Crespo is a fighter, and possesses both. It was either he or one of his generals — the story is told of both — who, when he wanted arms for his cowboys, bade them take off their shirts and grease their bodies and rush through the camp of the enemy in search of them. He told them to hold the left hand out as they ran, and whenever their fingers slipped on a greased body they were to pass it by, but when they touched a man wearing a shirt they were to cut him down with their machetes. In this fashion three hundred of his plainsmen routed two thousand of the regular troops, and captured all of their rifles and ammunition. The idea that when you want arms the enemy is the best person from whom to take them is excellent logic, and that charge of the half-naked men, armed only with their knives, through the sleeping camp is Homeric in its magnificence.

Crespo is more at home when fighting in the field than in the council-chamber of the Yellow House, which is the White House of the republic; but that

may be because he prefers fighting to governing, and a man generally does best what he likes best to do. He is as simple in his habits to-day as when he was on the march with his seven revolutionists, and goes to bed at eight in the evening, and is deep in public business by four the next morning, and many an unhappy minister has been called to an audience at sunrise. The President neither smokes nor drinks; he is grave and dignified, with that dignity that enormous size gives, and his greatest pleasure is to take a holiday and visit his ranch, where he watches the round-up of his cattle and gallops over his thousands of acres. He is the idol of the cowboys, and has a body-guard composed of some of the men of this class. I suppose they are very much like our own cowboys, but the citizens of the capital look upon them as the Parisians regarded Napoleon's Mamelukes, and tell you in perfect sincerity that when they charge at night their eyes flash fire in a truly terrifying manner.

I saw the President but once, and then but for a few moments. He was at the Yellow House and holding a public reception, to which every one was admitted with a freedom that betokened absolute democracy. When my turn came he talked awhile through Colonel Bird, our consul, but there was no chance for me to gain any idea of him except that he was very polite, as are all Venezuelans, and very large. They tell a story of him which illustrates his character. He was riding past the university when a group of students hooted and jeered at him, not because of his politics, but because of his origin. A policeman standing by, aroused to indignation by this insult to the President, fired his revolver into the crowd. Crespo at once ordered the man's arrest for shooting at a citizen with no sufficient provocation, and rode on his way without even giving a glance at his tormentors. The incident seemed to show that he was too big a man to allow the law to be broken even in his own defense, or, at least, big enough not to mind the taunts of ill-bred children.

The boys of the university are taken very seriously by the people of Caracas, as are all boys in that country, where a child is listened to, if he be a male child, with as much grave politeness as though it were a veteran who was speaking. The effect is not good, and the boys, especially of the university, grow to believe that they are very important factors in the affairs of the state, when, as a matter of fact, they are only the cat's-paws of clever politicians, who use them whenever they want a demonstration and do not wish to appear in it themselves. So these boys are sent forth shouting into the streets, and half the people cheer them on, and the children themselves think they are patriots or liberators, or something equally important.

I obtained a rather low opinion of them because they stoned an unfortunate American photographer who was taking pictures in the quadrangles, and because I was so far interested in them as to make a friend of mine translate for me the sentences and verses they had written over the walls of their college. The verses were of a political character, but so indecent that the interpreter was much embarrassed; the single sentences were attacks, anonymous, of course, on fellow-students. As the students of the University of Venezuela step directly from college life into public life, their training is of some interest and importance. And I am sure that the Venezuelan fathers would do much better by their sons if they would cease to speak of the university in awe-stricken tones as "the hot-bed of liberty," but would rather take away their sons' revolvers and teach them football, and spank them soundly whenever they caught them soiling the walls of their alma mater with nasty verses.

There are some beautiful drives around Caracas, out in the country among the coffee plantations, and one to a public garden that overlooks the city, upon which President Crespo has spent much thought and money. But the most beautiful feature of Caracas, and one that no person who has visited that place will ever forget, is the range of mountains above it, which no President can improve upon. They are smooth and bare of trees and of a light green color, except in the waterways, where there are lines of darker green, and the clouds change their aspect continually, covering them with shadows or floating over them from valley to valley, and hovering above a high peak like the white smoke of a volcano. I do not know of a place that will so well repay a visit as Caracas, or a country that is so well worth exploring as Venezuela. To

a sportsman it is a paradise. You can shoot deer within six miles of the Opera-house, and in six hours beyond Macuto you can kill panther, and as many wild boars as you wish. No country in South America is richer in such natural products as cocoa, coffee, and sugar-cane. And in the interior there is a vast undiscovered and untouched territory waiting for the mining engineer, the professional hunter, and the breeder of cattle.

The government of Venezuela at the time of our visit to Caracas was greatly troubled on account of her boundary dispute with Great Britain, and her own somewhat hasty action in sending three foreign ministers out of the country for daring to criticise her tardiness in paying foreign debts and her neglect in not holding to the terms of concessions. These difficulties, the latter of which were entirely of her own making, were interesting to us as Americans, because the talk on all sides showed that in the event of a serious trouble with any foreign power Venezuela looks confidently to the United States for aid. In expectation of receiving this aid she is liable to go much further than she would dare go if she did not think the United States was back of her. Her belief in the sympathy of our government is based on many friendly acts in the past: on the facts that General Miranda, the soldier who preceded Bolivar, and who was a friend of Hamilton, Fox, and Lafayette, first learned to hope for the independence of South America during the battle for independence in our own country; that when the revolution began, in 1810, it was from the United States that Venezuela received her first war material; that two years later, when the earthquake of 1812 destroyed twenty thousand people, the United States Congress sent many ship-loads of flour to the survivors of the disaster; and that as late as 1888 our Congress again showed its good feeling by authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to return to Venezuela on a ship of war the body of General Paez, who died in exile in New York city, and by appointing a committee of Congressmen and Senators to represent the government at his public funeral.

All of these expressions of good-will in the past count for something as signs that the United States may be relied upon in the future, but it is a question if she is willing to go as far as Venezuela expects her to go. Venezuela's hope of aid, and her conviction, which is shared by all the Central American republics, that the United States is going to help her and them in the hour of need, is based upon what they believe to be the Monroe doctrine. The Monroe doctrine as we understand it is a very different thing from the Monroe doctrine as they understand it; and while their reading of it is not so important as long as we know what it means and look up to it and enforce it, there is danger nevertheless in their way of looking at it, for, according to their point of view, the Monroe doctrine is expected to cover a multitude of their sins. President Monroe said that we should "consider any attempt on the part of foreign powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety, and that we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing those governments that had declared their independence, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition to the United States."

He did not say that if a Central American republic banished a British consul, or if Venezuela told the foreign ministers to leave the country on the next steamer, that the United States would back them up with force of arms.

Admiral Meade's squadron touched at La Guayra while we were at the capital. The squadron visited the port at that time in obedience to the schedule already laid out for it in Washington some months previous, just as a theatrical company plays a week's stand at the time and at the place arranged for it in advance by its agent, but the Venezuelans did not consider this, and believed that the squadron had been sent there to intimidate the British and to frighten the French and German men-of-war which were then expected in port to convey their dismissed ministers back to their own countries. One of the most intelligent men that I met in Caracas, and one closely connected with the foreign office, told me he had been to La Guayra to see our squadron, and that the admiral had placed his ships of war in the harbor in such a position that at a word he could blow the French and German boats out of the water. I suggested to one Venezuelan that

there were other ways of dismissing foreign ministers than that of telling them to pack up and get out of the country in a week, and that I did not think the Monroe doctrine meant that South American republics could affront foreign nations with impunity. He answered me by saying that the United States had aided Mexico when Maximilian tried to found an empire in that country, and he could not see that the cases were not exactly similar.

They will, however, probably understand better what the Monroe doctrine really is before they are through with their boundary dispute with Great Britain, and Great Britain will probably know more about it also, for it is possible that there never was a case when the United States needed to watch her English cousins more closely and to announce her Monroe doctrine more vigorously than in this international dispute over the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. If England succeeds it means a loss to Venezuela of a territory as large as the State of New York, and of gold deposits which are believed to be the richest in South America, and, what is more important, it means the entire control by the English of the mouth and four hundred miles of the Orinoco River. The question is one of historical records and maps, and nothing else. Great Britain fell heir to the rights formerly possessed by Holland. Venezuela obtained by conquest the lands formerly owned by Spain. The problem to be solved is to find what were the possessions of Holland and Spain, and so settle what is to-day the territory of England and Venezuela. Year after year Great Britain has pushed her way westward, until she has advanced her claims over a territory of forty thousand square miles, and has included Barima Point at the entrance to the Orinoco. She has refused to recede or to arbitrate, and she should be made either to submit to the latter method of settling the dispute or be sent back to the Pomeroon River, where she was content to rest her claims in 1840. If the Monroe doctrine does not apply in this case, it has never meant anything in the past, and will not mean much in the future.

Caracas was the last city we visited on our tour, and perhaps it is just as well that this was so, for had we gone there in the first place we might have been in Caracas still. It is easy to understand why it is attractive, when you remember that last winter while you were slipping on icy pavements and drinking in pneumonia and the grippe, and while the air was filled with flying particles of ice and snow, and the fog-bound tugs on the East River were shrieking and screeching to each other all through the night, we were sitting out-of-doors in the Plaza de Bolivar, looking up at the big statue on its black marble pedestal, under the shade of green palms and in the moonlight, with a band of fifty pieces playing Spanish music, and hundreds of officers in gold uniforms, and pretty women with no covering to their heads but a lace mantilla, circling past in an endless chain of color and laughter and movement. Back of us beyond the trees the cafés sent out through their open fronts the noise of tinkling glasses and the click of the billiard-balls and a flood of colored light, and beyond us on the other side rose the towers and broad façade of the cathedral, white and ghostly in the moonlight, and with a single light swinging in the darkness through the open door.

In the opinion of three foreigners, Caracas deserves her title of the Paris of South America; and there was only one other title that appealed to us more as we saw the shores of La Guayra sink into the ocean behind us and her cloud-wrapped mountains disappear, and that, it is not necessary to explain, was "the Paris of North America," which stretches from Bowling Green to High Bridge.

HULDAH THE PROPHETESS.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

"And they went unto Huldah the Prophetess and communed with her."

HULDAH RUMFORD came down the attic stairs two steps at a time. Huldah was seventeen, which is a good thing; she was bewitchingly pretty, which is a better thing; and she was in love, which is probably the best thing of all, making due allowance, of course, for the occasions in which it is the very worst thing that can happen to anybody.

Mrs. Rumford was frying doughnuts

for breakfast. She was a comfortable figure as she stood over the brimming "spider" with her three-pronged fork poised in the air. She turned the yellow rings in the hissing fat until they were nut-brown, then dropped them into a bowl of sugar, from which they issued the most delicious conspirators against the human stomach that can be found in the catalogue of New England cookery.

The table was neatly laid near the screen door that opened from the kitchen into the apple orchard. A pan of buttermilk biscuits as large as saucers was sitting on the back of the stove, and half a custard pie, left from the previous night's supper, occupied the position of honor in front of Mrs. Rumford's seat. If the pie had been beefsteak, the doughnuts potatoes, and the saleratus biscuits leavened bread, the plot and the course of this tale might have been different; but that is neither here nor there.

"Did you hear the rooster crowing on the door-step, mother?" asked Huldah.

"Yes; I wondered if you heard him, and would look out o' your window to see where he was; and I can't seem to keep my dishcloth in my hand this morning; if I've dropped it once I've dropped it a dozen times: there's company coming, sure."

"That rooster was crowin' on the fence last time I seen him, and he's up there agin now," said little Jimmy Rumford, with the most offensive scepticism.

"What if he is?" asked Huldah, sharply. "That means fair weather, and don't interfere with the sign of company coming; it makes it all the more certain."

"I bet he ain't crowin' about Pitt Packard," retorted Jimmy, with a large joy illuminating his sunburnt face. "He ain't comin' home from Moderation this week; he's gone to work on the covered bridge there."

Huldah's face fell. "I'd ought to have known better than to turn my white skirt yesterday," she sighed. "I never knew it to fail bringing bad luck. I can't bear to have my clothes twisted all day, but every time I do get on a thing wrong side out and then turn it I vow I'll never do it again."

"That's one o' the signs I haven't got so much confidence in," said Mrs. Rumford, skimming the cream from a pan of milk into the churn and putting the skimmed milk on the table. "It don't come true with me more'n three times out o' five, but there's others that never fails. You jest hold on, Huldy; the dish cloth and the rooster knows as much 'bout what's goin' to happen as your white petticoat doos."

"Jest about as much," interpolated Jimmy, with his utterance somewhat choked by hot doughnut.

Huldah sat down at the table and made a pretence of eating something, but her heart was heavy within her. "What are you churning for on Friday, mother?" she asked.

"Why, I told you I was looking for strangers. It ain't Pitt Packard only that I expect; I believe the house is going to be chock-full o' company, and I'm gettin' ready for it. Yesterday mornin' I swept a black mark on the floor; in the afternoon I found two o' the settin'-room chairs standin' back to back, and my right hand kep' itchin' all day, so't I knew I was goin' to shake hands with somebody."

"You told me 'twas the left hand," said Jimmy.

"I never told you no such thing, Jimmy Rumford. Eat your breakfast, and don't contradict your mother, or I'll send you to bed quick's you finish eatin'. Don't you tell me what I said nor what I didn't say, for I won't have it. Do you hear me?"

"You did!" responded Jimmy, obstinately, preparing to dodge under the table in case of sudden necessity. "You said your left hand itched, and it meant money comin', and you hoped Rube Hobson was goin' to pay you for the turkey he bought a year ago last Thanksgivin'-time, so there!"

"So I did," said the widow, reflectively. "Come to think of it, so I did; it must 'a' been a Wednesday my right hand kep' itchin' so."

"And comp'ny didn't come a Wednesday neither," persevered Jimmy.

"Jimmy Rumford, if you don't behave yourself and speak when you're spoken to, and not before, you'll git a trouncin' that you'll remember consid'able of a spell afterwards."

"I'm ready for it!" replied the youngster, darting into the shed and peeping back into the kitchen with a malignant smile. "I dreamt o' Baldwin apples last night.

'Dream fruit out o' season,
That's anger without reason.'

"I knew when I got up you'd get mad with me the first thing this morning, and I'm all prepared—when you ketch me!"

Both women gave a sigh of relief when the boy's flying figure disappeared around the corner of the barn. He was morally certain to be in mischief wherever he was, but if he was out of sight there was one point gained at least.

"Why do you care so dreadfully whether Pitt comes or not?" asked Mrs. Rumford, now that quiet was restored. "If he don't come to-day, then he'll come a Sunday; and if he don't come this Sunday, then he'll come the next one, so what's the odds? You and him didn't have a fallin' out last time he was home, did you?"

"Yes, if you must know it, we did."

"Haven't you got any common-sense, Huldy? Sakes alive! I thought when I married Daniel Rumford, if I could stand his temper it was nobody's business but my own. I didn't foresee that he had so much he could keep plenty for his own use and then have a lot left to hand down to his children, so 't I should have to live in the house with it to the day of my death! Seems to me if I was a girl and lived in a village where men folks is as scarce as they be here, I'd be turrible careful to keep holt of a beau after I'd got him. What in the name o' goodness did you quarrel about?"

Huldah got up from the table and carried her plate and cup to the sink. She looked out of the window to conceal her embarrassment, and busied herself with preparations for the dish-washing, so that she could talk with greater freedom.

"We've had words before this, plenty of times, but they didn't amount to anything. Pitt's good, and he's handsome, and he's smart; but he's awful dictatorial and fault-finding, and I just ain't going to eat too much humble-pie before I'm married, for fear I won't have anything else to eat afterwards, and it ain't very fattening for a steady diet. And if there ever was a hateful old woman in the world it's his step-mother. I've heard of her saying mean things about our family every once in a while, but I wouldn't tell you for fear you'd flare up and say Pitt couldn't come to see me. She's tried to set him against me ever since we began to keep company together. She's never quite managed to do it, but she's succeeded well enough to keep me in continual trouble."

"What's she got to say?" inquired Mrs. Rumford, hotly. "She never had a silk dress in the world till Eben Packard married her, and everybody knows her father was a horse-doctor and mine was a reg'lar one!"

"She didn't say anything about fathers, but she did tell Almira Berry that no member of the church in good standing could believe in signs as you did and have hope of salvation. She said I was a chip of the old block, and had been raised like a heathen. It seems when I was over there on Sunday I refused to stand up and have my height measured against the wall, and I told 'em if you measured heights on Sunday you'd like as not die before the year was out. I didn't know then she had such a prejudice against signs, but since that time I've dragged 'em in every chance I got, just to spite her."

"More fool you!" said her mother, beginning to move the dasher of the churn up and down with a steady motion. "You might have waited until she was your mother-in-law before you began to spite her. The first thing you know you won't get any mother-in-law."

"That's the only thing that would console me for losing Pitt!" exclaimed Huldah. "If I can't marry him I don't have to live with her, that's one comfort! The last thing she did was to tell Aunt Hitty Tarbox she'd as lief have Pitt bring one of the original Salem witches into the house as one of the Daniel Rumford tribe."

"The land sakes!" ejaculated the widow, giving a desperate and impassioned plunge to the churn-dasher. "Now I know why I dreamt of snakes and muddy water the night before she come here to the Ladies' Aid Club. Well, she's seventy, and she can't live forever; she can't take Eben Packard's money into the next world with her either, and I guess if she could 'twould melt as soon as it got there."

Huldah persevered with her confession, dropping an occasional tear in the dish-water.

"Last time Pitt came here he said he should have three or four days vacation the 12th of August, and he thought we'd better get married then. I was kind of shy, and the almanac was hanging along-

side of the table, so I took it up and looked to see what day of the week the 12th fell on. 'Oh, Pitt,' I said, 'we can't be married on a Friday, it's dreadful unlucky.' He began to scold then, and said I didn't care anything about him if I wouldn't marry him when it was most convenient; and I said I would if 'twas any day but Friday; and he said that was all moonshine, and nobody but foolish old women believed in such nonsense; and I said there wasn't a girl in town that would marry him on a Friday; and he said there was; and I asked him to come right out and tell who he meant; and he said he didn't mean anybody in particular; and I said he did; and he said, well, Jennie Perkins would, on Friday or Sunday or wash-day or any other day; and I said if I was a man I vow I wouldn't take a girl that was so anxious as all that; and he said he'd rather take one that was a little too anxious than one that wasn't anxious enough; and so we had it, back and forth, till I got so mad I couldn't see the almanac. Then, just to show him I had more good reasons than one, I said, 'Besides, if we should be married on a Friday we'd have to go away on a Saturday, and ten to one 'twould rain on our wedding-trip.' 'Why would it rain Saturday more than any other day?' said he; and then I mistrusted I was getting into more trouble, but I was too mad to back out, and said I, 'It rains more Saturdays in the year than any other day'; and he said, 'Where'd you get that silly notion?' Then I said it wasn't any silly notion, it was gospel truth, and anybody that took notice of anything knew it was so; and he said he never heard of it in his life; and I said there was considerable many things that he'd never heard of that he'd be all the better for knowing; and he said he was like Josh Billings, he'd rather know a few things well than know so many things that wa'n't so."

"You might have told him how we compared notes about rainy days at the Aid Club," said her mother. "You remember Hannah Sophia Palmer hadn't noticed it, but the minute you mentioned it she remembered how, when she was a child, she was always worryin' for fear she couldn't wear her new hat a Sunday, and it must have been because it was threatening weather a Saturday, and she was afraid it would keep up for Sunday. And the widow Buzzell said she always picked up her apples for pie-baking on Friday, it was so apt to be dull or wet on a Saturday."

"I told him all of that," continued Huldah, "and how old Mrs. Bascom said they had a literary society over to Edgewood that used to meet twice a month on Saturday afternoons, and it rained or snowed so often they had to change their meetings to a Wednesday. Then the first thing I knew Pitt stood up so straight he looked more than ten feet tall, and says he, 'If you don't marry me a Friday, Huldah Rumford, you don't marry me at all. You're nothing but a mass of superstition, and if you're so scared for fear it will rain on your wedding-bonnet a Saturday, you can stay home under cover the rest of your life, for all I care. I'll wash the top buggy, put the umbrella under the seat, and take Jennie Perkins; she won't be afraid of a wetting so long as she gets it in good company.' 'You're right,' I said, 'she won't, especially if the company's a man, for she'll be so dumfounded at getting one of 'em to sit beside her she won't notice if it rains pitchforks, and so far as I'm concerned she's welcome to my leavings!' Then he went out and slammed the kitchen door after him, but not so quick that I didn't get a good slam on the sitting-room door first."

"He'll come back," churned Mrs. Rumford, philosophically. "Jennie Perkins has got a pug nose, and a good-sized mole on one side of it. A mole on the nose is a sure sign of bad luck in love-affairs, particularly if it's well to one side. He'll come back."

But, as a matter of fact, the days went by, the maple-trees turned red, and Pitt Packard did not come back to the Rumford farm. His comings and his goings were all known to Huldah. She knew that he took Jennie Perkins to the Sunday-school picnic, and escorted her home from evening meetings. She knew that old Mrs. Packard had given her a garnet pin, a glass handkerchief-box, and a wreath of hair flowers made from the intertwined tresses of the Packards and the Doolittles. If these symptoms could by any possibility be misinterpreted, there were various other details of an alarmingly corroborative character, culminating in the marriage of Pitt to Jennie on a certain Friday evening at eight o'clock. He not only married her on a Friday, but

he drove her to Portland on a Saturday morning; and the Fates, who are never above taking a little extra trouble when they are dealing out misery, decreed that it should be one of the freshest, brightest, most golden mornings of the early autumn.

Pitt thought Portland preferable to Biddeford or Saco as a place to pass the brief honeymoon, if for no other reason than because the road thither lay past the Rumford house. But the Rumfords' blinds were tightly closed on the eventful Saturday, and an unnecessarily large placard hung ostentatiously on the front gate, announcing to passers-by that the family had gone to Old Orchard Beach, and would be home at sundown. This was a bitter blow to the bridegroom, for he had put down the back of the buggy with the intention of kissing the bride within full view of the Rumford windows. When he found it was of no use he abandoned the idea, as the operation never afforded him any especial pleasure. He asked Mrs. Pitt if she preferred to go to the beach for her trip, but she decidedly favored the gayeties of a metropolis. The excitement of passing the Rumford house having faded, Jennie's nose became so oppressive to Pitt that he finally changed places with her, explaining that he generally drove on the left side. He was more tranquil then, for her left profile was more pleasing, though for the life of him he could not help remembering Huldah's sweet outlines, the dimple in her chin, her kissable mouth, her delicate ear. Why, oh, why, had she inherited her father's temper and her mother's gift of prophecy, to say nothing of her grandfather's obstinacy and her grandmother's nimble tongue! All at once it dawned upon him that he might have jilted Huldah without marrying Jennie. It would, it is true, have been only a half-revenge; but his appetite for revenge was so dulled by satisfaction he thought he could have been perfectly comfortable with half the quantity,



HULDAH.

even if Huldah were not quite so uncomfortable as he wished her to be. He dismissed these base and disloyal sentiments, however, as bravely as he could, and kissed Jennie twice, in a little stretch of wood road that fell in opportunely with his mood of silent penitence.

About two o'clock clouds began to gather in the sky, and there was a muttering of thunder. Pitt endured all the signs of a shower with such fortitude as he could command, and did not put up the buggy-top or unstrap the boot until the rain came down in good earnest.

"Who'd have suspicioned this kind of weather?" he growled, as he got the last strap into place and shook the water from his new straw hat.

"I was afraid of it, but I didn't like to speak out," said Jennie, primly; "they say it gen'ally doos rain Saturdays."

Meanwhile Huldah lay in the spare room at the back of the house and sobbed quietly. Mrs. Rumford and the sceptical Jimmy had gone to Old Orchard, and Huldah had slipped out of the front door, tacked the obtrusive placard on the gate-post, and closed all the blinds in honor of the buried hopes that lay like a dead weight at the bottom of her heart.

She was a silly little thing, a vain little thing, and a spitfire to boot, but that did not prevent her suffering an appreciable amount, all that her nature would allow; and if it was not as much as a larger nature would have suffered, neither had she much philosophy or strength to bear it. The burden is fitted to the back as often as the back to the burden.

She frequently declared to herself afterwards that she should have had "a fit of sickness" if it had not been for the thunder-storm that came up on that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday afternoon. She had waked that morning with a dull pain in her heart—a dull pain that had grown keener when she looked from her attic window and saw the sun shining clear in the sky. Not a cloud sullied the surface of that fair blue canopy on this day of the faithless Pitt's wedding journey. A sweet wind blew the tall feathers of the golden cock on the squire's barn till he stared the west directly in the eye. What a day to drive to Portland! She would have worn tan-colored low shoes and brown open-work stockings (what ugly feet Jennie Perkins had!), a buff challis dress with little brown autumn leaves on it, a belt and sash of brown watered ribbon (Jennie had a waist like a flour-barrel!), and a sailor hat with a bunch of yellow roses on one side—or would two brown quills, standing up coquettishly, have been more attractive? Then she would have taken a brown cloth shoulder-cape, trimmed with rows upon rows of cream-colored lace, and a brown parasol with an acorn of polished wood on the handle. Oh, what was the use of living when she could wear none of this bridal apparel, but must put on her old pink calico and go down to meet Jimmy's brotherly sneers? Was there ever such a cruelly sunshiny morning? A spot of flickering light danced and quivered on her blue wall-paper until she could bear it no longer, and pinned a towel over it. She sat down by the open window and leaned dejectedly on the sill, the prettiest picture of spiteful, unnecessary misery that the eye of mortal man ever rested upon, with her bright hair tumbling over her unbleached night-gown, and her little bare feet curled about the chair rounds like those of a disconsolate child. Nobody could have approved of or even sympathized with so trivial a creature, but plenty of people would have been so sorry for her they would have taken sensible, conscientious, unattractive Jennie Perkins out of Pitt Packard's buggy and substituted the heedless little Huldah, just for the pleasure of seeing her smile and blush. There was, however, no guardian imp to look after her ruined fortunes, and she went down stairs as usual to help about the breakfast, wondering to herself if there were any tragedies in life too terrible to be coexistent with three meals a day and the dishes washed after each one of them.

An infant hope stirred in her heart when she saw a red sparkle here and there on the sooty bottom of the tea-kettle, and it grew a little when her mother remarked that the dish-water boiled away so fast and the cows lay down so much that she believed it would rain the next day. When, that same afternoon, the welcome shower came with scarce ten minutes' warning, Huldah could hardly believe her eyes and ears. She jumped from her couch of anguish and remorse like an excited kitten, darted out of the house unmindful of the lightning, drove the Jersey calf under cover, got the chickens into the coop, bolstered up the tomatoes so that the wind and rain would not blow the fruit from the heavily laden plants, opened the blinds, and closed the windows.

"It comes from the east," she cried, dancing up and down in a glow of childish glee—"it comes from the east, and it's blowing in on Jennie's side of the buggy!" She did not know that Pitt had changed places with his bride, and that his broad shoulder was shielding her from the "angry airt."

Then she flew into the kitchen and pinned up her blown hair in front of the cracked looking-glass, thinking with sympathetic tenderness how pretty she looked with her crown of chestnut tendrils

tightened by the dampness, her round young cheeks crimsoned by the wind, and her still tearful eyes brightened by unchristian joy. She remembered with naughty satisfaction how rain invariably straightened Jennie Perkins's frizzes, and was glad, *glad* that it did. Her angry passions were so beautifying that the radiant vision in the glass almost dazzled her. It made her very sorry for Pitt too. She hated to think that his ill temper and stubborn pride and obstinacy had lost him such a lovely creature as herself, and had forced him to waste his charms on so unappreciative and plain a person as Jennie Perkins. She remembered that Pitt had asked her to marry him coming home from the fair in a rain-storm. If he meant anything he said on that occasion he must be suffering pangs of regret today. Oh, how good, how sweet, how kind of it to rain and support her in what she had prophesied of Saturday weather!

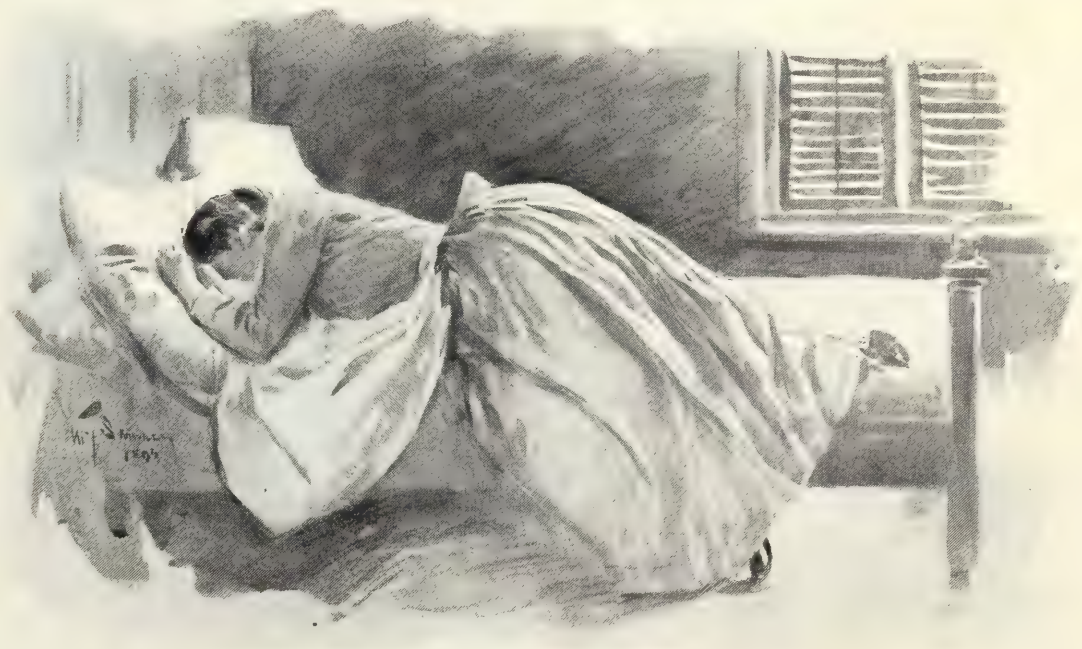
All at once a healing thought popped into her head. "I shall not live many years," she reflected; "not after losing Pitt, and having his mother crow over me, and that hateful Jennie Perkins, with the family hair wreath hanging over her sofa, and my wedding-ring on her hand; but so long as I do live I will keep account of rainy Saturdays, and find a way to send the record to Pitt every New-Year's day just to prove that I was right. Then I shall die young, and perhaps he will plant something on my grave, and water it with his tears; and perhaps he will put up a marble gravestone over me, unbeknownst to Jennie, and have an appropriate verse of Scripture carved on it, something like—

SHE OPENETH HER MOUTH WITH WISDOM; AND IN HER TONGUE IS THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

I can see it as plain as if it was written. I hope they will make it come out even on the edges, and that he will think to have a white marble dove perched on the top, unless it costs too much."

The years went on. Huldah surprised everybody by going away from home to get an education. She would have preferred marriage at that stage of her development, but to her mind there was no one worth marrying in Pleasant River save Pitt Packard, and, failing him, study would fill up the time as well as anything else.

The education forced a good many helpful ideas into pretty Huldah's somewhat empty pate, though it by no means cured her of all her superstitions. She continued to keep a record of Saturday



"HULDAH LAY IN THE SPARE ROOM AND SOBBED."

weather, and it proved as interesting and harmless a hobby as the collecting of china or postage-stamps.

In course of time Pitt Packard moved to Goshen, Indiana, where he made a comfortable fortune by the invention of an estimable pump, after which he was known by his full name of W. Pitt Fessenden Packard. In course of time the impish and incredulous Jimmy Rumford became James, and espoused the daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant. His social advancement was no surprise to Huldah and her mother, for, from the moment he had left home, they never dreamed of him save in conjunction with horned cattle, which is well known to signify unexampled prosperity.

In course of time, too, old Mrs. Rumford was gathered to her fathers after a long illness, in which Huldah nursed her dutifully and well. Her death was not entirely unexpected, for Hannah Sophia Palmer observed spots like iron rust on her fingers, a dog howled every night under Almira Berry's window, and Huldah broke the kitchen looking-glass. No invalid could hope for recovery under these sinister circumstances, and Mrs. Rumford would have been the last woman in the world to fly in the face of such unmistakable signs of death. It is even rumored that when she heard the crash of the glass in the kitchen she murmured, piously, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," and expired within the hour.

Nineteen summers and winters had passed since Pitt Packard drove "her that was Jennie Perkins" to Portland on her wedding-trip. He had been a good and loyal husband; she had been a good and faithful wife; and never once in the nineteen years had they so much as touched the hem of the garment of happiness.

Huldah the Prophetess lived on in the old house alone. Time would have gone slowly and drearily enough had it not been for her ruling passion. If the first part of the week were fair, she was hopeful that there was greater chance of rain or snow by Saturday; if it were rainy, she hoped there would be a long storm. She kept an elaborate table showing the weather on every day of the year. Fair Saturdays were printed in red ink, foul Saturdays in jet-black. The last days of December were generally spent in preparing a succinct statement from these daily entries. Then in the month of January a neat document, presenting facts and figures, but no word of personal comment or communication, was addressed at first to Mr. W. P. Packard, and of late years to W. Pitt Fessenden Packard, and sent to Goshen, Indiana.

Mr. Packard was a good and loyal husband, as I have said, but there was certainly no disloyalty in the annual perusal of statistical weather tables. That these tables, though made out by one of the weaker sex, were accurate and authentic, he had reason to believe, because he kept a rigid account of the weather himself, and compared Huldah's yearly record with his own. The weather in Pleasant River did not, it is true, agree absolutely with the weather in Goshen, but the similarity between Maine and Indiana Saturdays was remarkable. The first five years of Pitt's married life Huldah had the advantage, and the perusal of her tables afforded Pitt little satisfaction, since it proved that her superstitions had some apparent basis of reason. The next five years his turn came, and the fair Saturdays predominated. He was not any happier, however, on the whole, because, although he had the pleasure of being right himself, he lost the pleasure of believing Huldah right. So time went on, until Mrs. Pitt died, and was buried under the handsomest granite monument that could be purchased by the sale of pumps. For two years after this bereavement Huldah omitted sending her weather statistics to Mr. Packard, thinking, with some truth, that it might seem too marked an attention from an attractive Maine spinster to a "likely" Indiana widower.

Matters were in this state when Mr. Packard alighted at the Edgewood station one bright day in August. He declined the offer of a drive, and soon found himself on the well-remembered road to Pleasant River. He had not trodden that dusty thoroughfare for many a year, and every tree and shrub and rock had a message for him, though he was a plain matter-of-fact maker of pumps. There was no old home to revisit, for his stepmother had died long ago, and Jennie had conscientiously removed the fam-

ily wreath from the glass case and woven some of the departed lady's hair into the funereal garland. He walked with the brisk step of a man who knew what he wanted, but there was a kind of breathless suspense in his manner which showed that he was uncertain of getting it. He passed the Whippoorwill Mill, the bubbling spring, the old moss-covered watering-trough, and then cut across the widow Buzzell's field straight to the Rumford farm. He kept rehearsing the subject-matter of a certain speech he intended to make. He knew it by heart, having repeated it once a day for several months, but nobody realized better than he that he would forget every word of it the moment he saw Huldah—at least if the Huldah of to-day was anything like the Huldah of the olden time.



AT THE OPEN WINDOW.

The house came in sight. It used to be painted white; it was drab now, and there was a bay-window in the sitting-room. There was a new pump in the old place, and, happy omen, he discovered it was one of his own manufacture. He made his way by sheer force of habit past the kitchen windows to the side door. That was where they had quarrelled mostly. He had a kind of sentiment about that side door. He paused a moment to hide his travelling-bag under the grapevine that shaded the porch, and as he raised his hand to grasp the knocker the blood rushed to his face and his heart leaped into his throat. Huldah stood near the window winding the old clock. In her right hand was a Farmer's Almanac. How well he knew the yellow cover! and how like to the Huldah of seventeen was the Huldah of thirty-six! It was incredible that the pangs of disappointed love could make so little inroad on a woman's charms. Rosy cheeks, plump figure, clear eyes, with a little more snap in them than was necessary for comfort, but not a whit too much for beauty; brown hair curling round her ears and temples—what an ornament to a certain house he knew in Goshen, Indiana!

She closed the wooden door of the clock, and turning, took a generous bite from the side of a mellow August Sweeting that lay on the table. At this rather inau-

spicious moment her eye caught Pitt's. The sight of her old lover drove all prudence and reserve from her mind, and she came to the door with such an intoxicating smile and such welcoming hands that he would have kissed her then and there even if he had not come to Pleasant River for that especial purpose. Of course he forgot the speech, but his gestures were convincing, and he mumbled a sufficient number of extracts from it to convince Huldah that he was in a proper frame of mind—this phrase meaning, to a woman, the one in which she can do anything she likes with a man.

They were too old, doubtless, to cry and laugh in each other's arms, and ask forgiveness for past follies, and regret the wasted years, and be thankful for present hope and life and love; but that is what they did, old as they were.

"I wouldn't have any business to ask you to marry such a dictatorial fool as I used to be, Huldah," said Pitt, "but I've got over considerable of my foolishness, and do say you will; say, too, you won't make me wait any longer, but marry me Sunday or Monday. This is Thursday, and I must be back in Goshen next week at this time. Will you, Huldah?"

Huldah blushed, but shook her head. She looked lovely when she blushed, and she hadn't lost the trick of it even at thirty-six.

"I know it's soon, but never mind getting ready. If you won't say Monday, make it Tuesday—do."

She shook her head again.

"Wednesday, then? *Do* say Wednesday, Huldy dear!"

The same smile of gentle negation.

He dropped her hand disconsolately. "Then I'll have to come back at Christmas-time, I s'pose. It's just my busy season now or I would stay right here on this door-step till you was ready, for it seems to me as if I'd been waiting for you ever since I was born, and couldn't get you too soon."

"Do you really want me to marry you so much, Pitt?"

"Never wanted anything so bad in my life."

"Didn't you wonder I wasn't more surprised to see you to-day?"

"Nothing surprises me in women folks."

"Well, it was because I've dreamed of a funeral three nights running. Do you know what that's a sign of?"

Pitt never winked an eyelash; he had learned his lesson. With a sigh of relief that his respected step-mother was out of hearing, he responded, easily, "I s'pose it's a sign somebody's dead or going to die."

"No, it isn't; dreams go by contraries. It's a sign there's going to be a wedding."

"I'm glad to know that much, but I wish while you was about it you'd have dreamed a little more and found out when the wedding was going to be."

"I did; and if you weren't the stupidest man alive you could guess."

"I know I'm slow-witted," said Pitt, meekly, for he was in a mood to endure anything, "but I've asked you to have me on every day there is except the one I'm afraid to name."

"You know I've had plenty of offers."

"Unless all the men folks are blind you must have had a thousand, Huldah."

Huldah was distinctly pleased. As a matter of fact she had had only five; but five offers in the State of Maine implies a superhuman power of attraction not to be measured by the casual reader.

"Are you sorry you called me a mass of superstition?"

"I wish I'd been horsewhipped where I stood."

"Very well, then. The first time you wouldn't marry me at all unless you could have me Friday, and of course I wouldn't take you Friday under those circumstances. Now you say you're glad and willing to marry me any day in the week, and so I'll choose Friday of my own accord. I'll marry you to-morrow, Pitt; and," here she darted a roguishly sibylline glance at the clouds, "I have a water-proof. Have you an umbrella for Saturday?"

Pitt took her at her word, you may be sure, and married her the next day, but I wish you could have seen it rain on Saturday! There never was such a storm in Pleasant River. The road to the Edgewood station was a raging flood; but though the bride and groom were drenched to the skin they didn't take cold; they were too happy. Love within is a beautiful counter-irritant.

Huldah didn't mind waiting a little matter of nineteen years so long as her maiden flag sank in a sea of triumph at the end; and it is but simple justice to an erring but attractive woman to remark that she never said "I told you so" to her husband.



"HULDAH BLUSHED, BUT SHOOK HER HEAD."

THE LAST SONNET OF PRINZIVALLE DI CEMBINO.

BY THOMAS WHARTON.

IT was in the year of the great Pazzi plot that Prinzivalle di Cembino, whom his fellow-Florentines called "the bird-lover," wrote his last sonnet to Madonna Ghita, the wife of Ugo degli Carrecci; and before the Pazzi rose against the Medici no man expected those sonnets to come to an end less than did the ardent soldier, lover, and poet who wrote them. Whether, if the Pazzi had not risen, the sonnets would never have been interrupted is, of course, impossible to say. But they did rise; and immediately thereafter, if not, indeed, in direct consequence thereof, Prinzivalle became the hero of one of the most characteristic episodes in all the annals of love—the episode of the little fig-peckers. There was once a great connoisseur who declared that the classic examples of wit were those which could only be said in a certain century, of a certain thing, to a certain man. Obviously this is only a partial application of a principle, and it may be easily maintained that these may be—I do not say they are—the touchstones of all classic episodes. But whether they are or not I have always considered the episode of the little fig-peckers worthy to be considered a classic, because it could only have happened about the little fig-peckers to Prinzivalle di Cembino in the Quattrocento.

And first the sonnet. Prinzivalle called it—

ON THE SUMMIT.

When over us the awful peaks arose
  I faltered, and upon me fell Love's eyes,
  Divine and calm, and my soul's cowardice
Then did his deep sad look to me disclose.
He spoke not, nor reminded me of those
  Vows wherewith I had made my lady glad,
  To follow him, in pilgrim habit clad,
But onward went alone among the snows.
And bound there in the spell laid by my sin,
Long straining after him my tearful sight,
  I watched him pass the glacier's distant crown
And slowly to the very summit win.
But as he stood upon the silent height
  I saw him at his bleeding feet look down.

The story of the growth of Prinzivalle's love for his mistress is easily told: it was in its essence that of any Italian of the time for the lady on whom fell the desire of heart and soul at one in a mystic ecstasy over beauty, and a miraculous power of expressing surely the vividest type in which passionate humanity has ever seen itself struggling, battling, loving, and conspiring. And yet among all the lovers with whom those mediæval centuries burn, none ever compared with Prinzivalle for the devotion with which, while his passion lasted—and it was no fault of his that it ended—he bound himself to his ideal of love, and lived in it and through it and for its sake alone. He was the type; he was the perfect lover. He was the man who was in deed, not in word, all adoration, all hope, all constancy; who gave everything, asked nothing, submitted always; whose love was as ready as his submission, and whom neither disappointment nor possession could in any manner change. After all is said and done, this last is the test infallible. What will not a woman do for a man who, after six long years, still sues for what she gives him?

True enough, Prinzivalle's mistress was one of those women who keep alive the fable of fays and witches, and for whom modern science itself finds no words that are not just as superstitious. Prinzivalle saw her first at a company to which he had accompanied his wife, Francesca, in the garden of Pico della Fernandina, and there they fell in love ardently and unresistingly at first sight. Perhaps the fact that she was the wife of an enemy of the Medici heightened the attraction; but that stimulus, at most a minor impulse, could only have been felt for a moment. The effect on Prinzivalle was instant and complete. Before they parted he was changed. He had been a silent man, a dweller among state polities and party secrets, with no inner life of his own; she opened the door of his soul for him, and he stood and gazed at this new possession as if he had been the first man to receive a soul. He understood what it meant, and what he might make of it, and therefore he determined to make of it an offering to Madonna Ghita.

Accordingly he began his love-making directly, which was all a man thought of in those days; their morals were not different from ours, morals being the same in all ages, but their observance of them was quite different. And Prinzi-



THE FIRST MEETING.

valle being already hostile to the Carrecci, it was only a matter of swords, which he did not fear at all. Indeed, if he had a preference, it was that Ugo should belie men's sneers and defend his home. But Ugo did not. He was a conspirator, to whom home and honor and love were counters in a gaming bank, high counters, only to be played when ill luck began to spread its black wings and menace, like the devil that it is, and not till then. Why, he had married Ghita di Montefeltro in order to have just such counters in his bank—and now throw them away before his time? Not Ugo! When he met Prinzivalle in the world he could easily look at him with that hollowness behind the eyes that you see in all gamblers and political traffickers; and he was never in the way of meeting Prinzivalle when his wife's lover came riding to the Villa Carrecci. It was very simple for Ugo.

But it was not simple for Prinzivalle. He was one of those men to whom the ethics of emotion are everything, and when with these temperaments emotion does not declare itself strongly until manhood, the course and conduct of love become of a passionate importance, to which everything else in life is not only subordinate, but subject, slavish; and that love should be blurred by the intrusion of the world's infamies was as incomprehensible to him as it was poignant. And probably if his own self-control had not been so strong and so practised, this very same dark, treacherous complaisance of Ugo's would have chafed and wrung him so that his passion could not have endured. But he could control himself; and he presently began to love Ghita so much that he did.

He loved her very much. He loved her as all women long to be loved—blindly, silently, unquestioningly, with that way of containing a wild tumultuous strength for her sake, which somehow seems to woman man's supreme demonstration of passion. This sort of man, though he asks nothing, often takes all; yet Prinzivalle neither asked nor took aught, but waited, waited for everything she gave him. They used to meet in a garden of the Villa Carrecci, which lies along the river below the orchards, and is enclosed on its three land sides by a cypress hedge with clipped archways, and statues gleaming in among the green. Oh, they were the scenes for passion, those Italian gardens, for the infinite yearning and straining of hearts whose fibres were struck and thrilled and racked by vibrations so exquisite that we strive for the perception of them now in vain—they were the distant land of magic trans-

planted to lie underfoot in beauty that dazed, it was so commanding and so ethereal, so lovely and so quivering with the pain of enchantment. Even to-day the heart is troubled among their alleys, their fountains, and their cedars, troubled indescribably—and how much more in the day of Ghita and of Prinzivalle! In his sonnets Prinzivalle came back to the garden again and again, describing it with that tense simplicity which means so infinitely much more than all our raptures; and no wonder he dwelt on the garden, for here Madonna Ghita taught him to be a poet, and taught him what she meant by love.

What did she mean by it? Answer, all who have been under the spell that Prinzivalle suffered; all who have listened to that conjuration and felt the spirit disengage itself from earthly covenants and rise into a rarer, diviner ether, into a place of neither pleasure nor pain; all who for one hour have known a woman who could give substance to woman's eternal promise of earthly paradise, and make man seem actually to inhabit therein. Answer! and remember that in those days an old belief, to whose fragments women cling to-day, could still hold sway in women's minds—the belief the troubadours learned from them and taught them in return—the belief that love is an existence of its own. Whence Madonna Ghita derived the strange other doctrines she mingled in with this I cannot tell, nor does it matter. Such mystic beliefs do not need a source beside the agitation of the soul which life itself imparts; nor do they need a soil beside the credulous, aspiring spirit that receives them. Little by little, as Madonna Ghita slowly let her love pass into Prinzivalle's keeping, did she expound to him that ecstatic dream of perfection in love which never wholly dies even in the most material ages; and then, later still, added the counsels of discipline of spirit which made of him heaven knows what!—an adept, we should call him, maybe, in our divinely assorted categories.

At least he believed that she inspired him, and made him impervious to cold and heat, oblivious of danger, strong of counsel, patient of every disappointment, almost a disembodied force. And he delighted to ask difficult and hazardous assignments of the Medici, which he discharged secretly to their utter gratitude and admiration; and then, returning from his nunciatures, the flush of success burning on his brow, he would go to Madonna Ghita, who sat waiting for him, her chin in her hand. And when he had told her what he had done for her she would lift the other hand, which had been hanging by her side the while, and stroke his cheek; and as her look was speech in silence, so her touch was fire in snow. These were traits which might well set a man so sensitive tingling with transcendental resolves; and the way she spoke, as if a spirit were dictating to her, and walked without her feet being seen to move, and looked long at him until her face grew pale and seemed to fade away, and only her eyes were left, which shone like fires of illimitable depth—it would be no wonder if these things touched a yet more primitive and superstitious chord in him. And indeed, as Prinzivalle meditated upon her day after day, pondering upon his love as he rode out of the city with his troop, or went guardedly about his mysterious missions, discoursing upon it under subtle coverings with Lorenzo's court of poets and rhetoricians, he began to think she was truly a white spirit. She never seemed to err; she did not waver or change; her beauty never faded; grief, care, sickness, fatigue, made no impress upon her; she might be mortal, but she showed no trace of mortality. Was not this a eudæmonia?

But what may possibly have had most effect in convincing Prinzivalle of Madonna Ghita's unearthliness was that through all those years of passion she still withheld something of her love, remained in part inaccessible. No matter how he strove, no matter what he effected in her name, there was still a spiritual communion to be conquered. And she withheld it in terms; telling him she did so, promising that this communion should be his when his lesson was at last learned and he had finally accomplished his triple aim of love, loyalty, and self-relinquishment. No doubt during the period of his long spiritual probation he often expected the guerdon to be his, and found himself doomed to disappointment; but he endured with patience, and perhaps it will be thought not the least proof of his endurance that he did so, seeing that he perceived how profoundly Madonna Ghita had read him and counted on his obedience.

Thus month succeeded to month and year to year, and the great fact of their love moved on with time, all other things being either tributary to it or non-existent. And Prinzivalle's devotion grew every day more and more implicit; he went on aspiring, burning, asking nothing, striking a still higher note in his sonnets, reaching still higher and more transcendent regions of spiritual love, and longing still more ardently for his promised reward. And when six years had thus been passed, the conspiracy of the Pazzi broke out.

Such a dire event as this, with the memorable and awful murder of Giuliano de' Medici in the cathedral, and the narrow escape of Lorenzo from the same dreadful fate, would naturally stir Prinzivalle's energies to the utmost. After the blow had been struck it fell to his share to direct certain of the measures of vengeance, and it coming to his official knowledge (as any one could have guessed) that Ugo degli Carrecci was one of the conspirators, he sent to seize him. However, Ugo had fled, to take refuge, it was thought, in Constantinople. This Prinzivalle reported to Lorenzo among other news of the conspiracy. On which Lorenzo ordered that Ugo's estates should be sequestrated, and that an intendant should be placed over them; but he desired Prinzivalle to direct the intendant, privately, that the revenues should be paid to Madonna Ghita, and that she should not be disturbed in her possession. And as he was now growing stronger, he bade Prinzivalle, with a smile, convey this assurance to Madonna Ghita—"since," said he, "she was born of a family friendly to the Medici." Which was true enough, for she was sister to the noble Giano di Montefeltro, of Pisa.

Prinzivalle accordingly mounted and rode by the circuitous route he had been accustomed to take to come to the river garden, because this was the open route, and Ugo could always have seen him had he wished it. And it was on that memorable day that, after hearing his news, Madonna Ghita at last declared herself convinced of his absolute self-surrender to the highest ideal of love; and satisfied of his worthiness, told him freely that she was his, singly and blessedly, to the end of life.

She bade him esteem himself, not the most faithful of men, indeed, for that might lead to destructive pride, but a man to whom patience and effort had taught a true constancy. "The last letter of your name," she said, "is to-day finally graven on my heart, and any one who saw therein could read it complete, like an inscription on a statue, which remains unchanged through many centuries." And as she spoke there broke into Prinzivalle's soul something like a light, but so violent that it seemed a new element. His chest labored, he breathed with difficulty, his lips parted, and a divine joy struggled silently upon them. He fell on his knees and embraced the hem of her dress; and Ghita laid her hand upon his head, and he received, as never before, a comprehension of the power of love. "You have performed my bidding unquestioningly," she said, "and I wish to tell you this, that whatever you ask, I will in turn perform."

And now for the episode of the little fig-peckers.

We had better pause to imagine the scene — the garden silent in the warm, tender May air, the young leaves and vines glistening in the sun, the cedars purple-green and tall, the statues half hidden in the untrimmed spring cypress —Madonna Ghita, dark-haired and dark-eyed, with her divine inscrutable look, her arms that lay close to her side like a bird's wings, and her slight, slow, infinitely graceful motions—and Prinzivalle, swarthy, deep-cloaked, and fiery. It was a long time before he so much as spoke, so great was the tranquillity that had fallen upon him; he only gazed into her eyes as they sat side by side upon the stone bench about the dial. At last, as if a girlish timidity had been renewed in her by the ardor of his gaze, she who had so long imposed her commands upon him trembled, and her eyes fell. Oh, delicious unspeakable moment, when creation seems wholly subject to man! No doubt it was requital to Prinzivalle for all—requital, and something more. So much more that he determined he would ask a favor of her at last—the first after all his servitude. And as in asking some favor he should not only requite her confidence, but have the dear long-attended joy of a pledge from her of his own devising, what should it be?

What first came into his mind was characteristic enough of him.

It was in that particular spring the cus-

tom for the Florentine ladies to wear their dresses trimmed about the neck with beccaficos' feathers, and to see Madonna Ghita sharing in this custom was, heaven knows, repellent to Prinzivalle. Not only were the cruelty and the wantonness of it unsuited to her, but it was the first note that had ever jarred him in their intercourse. So he spoke, glad of the confidence that granted his petition before it was framed.

"Madonna Ghita," said he, "it will seem but a slight thing that I have to ask you, and perhaps only a longing of the fancy. Yet it is of the heart; for my heart is always most tender toward the birds, to whom God permits what he does not permit to us, namely, to wear wings, as the angels do. The favor I ask you is that for my sake you will cease wearing the feathers of the little beccafico."

"The feathers of the little beccafico?" said Madonna Ghita.

"Yes," said Prinzivalle.

At this she looked at him as if she did not understand, and she said, softly and curiously, "Why do you ask this, Messer Prinzivalle?"

Then Prinzivalle explained to her how the custom was one unsuited to fair ladies, causing wanton slaughter among the song birds still feeding their young, and not needed for imparting elegance or grace to lovely women.

"Are you sure," she said, gently—"are you sure that these birds are slain wantonly? For this was not my supposition, Messer Prinzivalle."

Grateful for the assurance, he cried, "Yet it is true."

"May it not rather be," she returned, "that they are killed for food and their feathers sold, or that they are killed by the farmers whose figs they peck?"

So then Prinzivalle told Madonna Ghita how the case stood in fact, that killing the birds was a danger to the figs, which would thus be left a prey to the worms which were the beccaficos' food.

"For observe," he said, "that the universe, with the firmament, being in form, as it were, a quadrate, wherein all things uphold and support each other, there can be nothing superfluous therein. And there results a certain definite and providential proportion, which when we disturb, the harmony of the universe is lost. Man's dominion, therefore, over the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, as over the rest of terrestrial things, is not given to him that he may destroy them, but that he may make them perform their appointed functions. And if he do not, he will suffer, through the disturbance of the natural harmony. Thus, when for the sake of fashion the beccaficos are killed, man is punished by the destruction of his gardens through worms."

Madonna Ghita was silent for a while, and then, looking on him with sorrowful steadfastness, exclaimed, "How have I been deceived!"

It seemed to Prinzivalle as though he had been struck a blow. And he cried out to her to know what was the matter.

"Is this really the request that you make of me," she asked, "that I cease wearing beccaficos' feathers?"

"Surely," said he.

"Then it is true," she said, "since you affirm it. And I have given my love, not to the cavalier and poet, Messer Prinzivalle di Cembino, but to a rustic—a boor—who cannot climb with me the heights of love, but remains on the earth, intent on the yield of his fig-trees."

"Virgin Mary!" he cried, aghast, "what can you mean?"

"To-day," said Madonna Ghita, "at the very flowering of my love after these years of your service, what, oh heaven, must I hear? Not of me—not of me has your heart been glad, but of the price to be gained by selling the fruits of your gardens."

"I have no gardens of my own," quoth he, trembling. "It is but the common concern of which I speak."

"The common concern," she said, with a dejection of her body, yet her eyes fixed on him. "The common concern," she repeated, in a lingering, wistful voice. And she turned her eyes away.

Well, all that she said seemed unjust and terrifying enough, yet her fixed look and that low voice of sorrow of hers had so long seemed to give him an insight into a higher reason than that on which our justice rests, that he contained himself as best he might, and in a moment found voice to ask her wherein lay his fault.

"Nay, I perceive no fault," she murmured, but ever with the same sad look.

He adjured her to answer him, of her pity.

After a pause she said: "Is it for me to say? Yet what of your constancy?"

"I inconstant!" was all he could gasp.

"Are you not? For instead of devising some task which should do honor to us both," she said, "you have preferred ignoble concerns of daily life, impertinent to such an occasion and to such a love as mine. Thus what should have been transcendent has been degraded." Here she broke off again, and turned her face from him.

Alarmed, he bade her reflect that his request was but born of the moment.

"Do you not give love the moments?" she asked.

"It was an impulse!" he cried.

"An impulse to forget me?" said Madonna Ghita.

Hereupon he bent his head and pondered, and after pondering lifted his head again and told her he desired she would not think that what he had done was unpardonable, for the request was not in itself unmeet, only inopportune.

"And therefore," she said, gravely, "worse than unmeet."

With a sinking heart he perceived that this left him without reply, and could only answer, expressing himself in fit terms, that he hoped she would not withdraw the high confidence with which she had honored him. She responded, looking at him now with sad kindness, that it was not a matter of her own control, but that if he had in any way disturbed that confidence it was her desire and hope that he would restore himself without delay. And she gave him her hand.



IN THE GARDEN.

"And could you think," she said, "that I would wear the feathers of the beccafico, knowing that they were procured by wanton cruelty?"

"No—believe me," he answered, warmly. "Never, dear lady!"

"I will no longer wear them," she said, and looked at him with peculiar sweetness.

He fell at her feet.

Presently she continued: "Yet, Prinzivalle, I must in candor tell you this, that if I yield to your request herein, the recollection of your inconstancy will be ever present, and will delay, I cannot tell for how long, the return of the supreme communion of our spirits."

"Then," he cried, "if that be so, Madonna Ghita, wear the beccafico feathers, I pray you, and wear them always; and not only for that reason, but in reminder to me of the heights which my spirit must have ever in view."

And to this she consented; unless, she stipulated, other ladies of Florence should cease the custom, when to uphold it alone might render her conspicuous. Thus were her divine favor and her sustaining aid renewed to him.

And as Prinzivalle knelt once again before her, professing his devotion as of old, Ugo degli Carrecci came swiftly through one of the arches of the hedge, and men-at-arms behind him, and from the two other sides of the hedge came other armed men. They ran in and closed upon Prinzivalle before he could escape to the river. Madonna Ghita gave a loud cry, and he sprang to his feet and struck out with his dagger, wounding one man and inflicting a more deadly thrust upon another; but his assailants quickly bore him to the ground and bound him. When he was secured he was carried to the house and locked in an inner room—practically in a dungeon.

It was time for Ugo to play his high stakes, and this was how he was playing them. The flight to Constantinople was a blind, of course; he thought it much safer to ambush at home and entrap a hostage. As the practice of those times went, it was no uncommon or impertinent policy—always saving that one point of honor by which Ugo set so little store. Having taken and bound his enemy, Ugo wrote to Pico della Fernandina.

But Pico sent a messenger accepting the terms, and then followed with a considerable troop to receive the hostage. And great formalities were observed; and Prinzivalle was brought out from his dungeon, pale, haughty, and darkly silent; and he and Pico embraced.

And Ugo thought his game was won. But he was doomed to disappointment, and that on that one point on which he made so little account. For in a few words, smooth, courteous in their phrasing, but deadly in their significance, Pico made it clear what men expected of him—he must defend his honor.

And Ugo saw that he had trapped himself.

He tried a last card; tried to provoke Prinzivalle then and there, while his eyes were still dim and his nerves unstrung from his dungeon. Pico interposed, but Prinzivalle, on fire with irresistible contempt and wrath, caught a sword, set on Ugo, disarmed him with a pass, and then slew him like a traitor.

They say that Madonna Ghita watched the fight from a window, and when Ugo fell, only said, "The world is rid of a villain!"

After this Fernandina confirmed to the intendant, who rode with him, the orders Prinzivalle had received from Lorenzo concerning Madonna Ghita, and leaving the intendant in charge, they came away.

And as Prinzivalle rode homeward his mind was full of his wife Francesca, and it seemed to him now that the darkness of Ugo's dungeon, and the sharp touch of Ugo's sword upon his own, had taught him the worth of a love that had never failed him, no matter how long was his absence or how cruel his neglect. Prompt as Fernandina was to act, it was still several days before Prinzivalle's release came; he may have lain a prisoner in Ugo's house a week; and during that weary se'nnight, laid up in a dark room with a wounded and aching head, and doubting whether any attempt to rescue might not result in his murder, he had plenty of time for nervous reaction. And, indeed, as he meditated on that scene in the garden, he could hardly help perceiving that, after all, Ghita's offer to him had been voluntary and unconditional, and that no refinement upon the interdependence of spiritual aspirations could conceal the plain every-day fact that as soon as he took her at her word she withdrew it. Whether or no her pride was properly hurt might be a question; but he had a right to hurt her pride, if he did it in good faith. Look at it how he might he saw his idol totter, and thought with bitterness of the way he had been treated. And when he began to draw contrasts, what did he see? On the one hand his idol, Ghita; on the other, his wife, Francesca; on the one, danger, self-abasement, neglect of home; on the other, quiet, ease, repose; on the one, passion, heart-burn-



"SLEW HIM LIKE A TRAITOR."

ing, servitude, and disappointment; on the other, affection, duty, and obedience; on the one, sonnets; on the other, the domestic hearth. A few hours' solitary meditation upon the difference between the two pictures must have brought him very easily to the resolution which was throbbing in his head by the time Fernandina's coming relieved him, and in which his dramatic, fatal, and inevitable meeting with Ugo only strengthened him.

For home he went at once to Francesca. And she flew into his arms, of course, and pressed him to her heart, and laughed and wept over him, and parted his hair with anxious fingers to assure herself that his wound was healed, and felt his cloak to see if his dungeon had done it harm, and tried to tell him in a breath how she hated Ugo, and how nearly she had died with fear that her husband would never be returned to her alive, and how dreadful had been her anxiety during that terrible week of suspense, when nothing, not even the pettiest concerns of the household, would go right, and when she must have utterly broken down but for the kindness of the Fernandinas, and how little Beatrice had learnt to clap hands for Uncle Pico, and how the reports from the vineyards were already better, and how she had such a good dinner for him. Ah, did not Prinzivalle feel repentant then, and choke, and catch her to his heart once more, and call her his own true, loving, long-suffering wife, from whom nothing should ever part him again? I warrant you!

After dinner, when they were sitting in the twilight hand in hand, her head on his shoulder and his arm about her waist, and something of a silence had fallen between them—they had talked it over now, and we may be sure that without exactly naming Ghita, Prinzivalle had given his wife to understand that he was cured for good and all of his poetic follies, and was heartily glad that he had returned to his senses—all at once he said,

"Oh, by-the-way, darling, I wish you would do me a favor."

"Anything, dearest; what is it?"

"I see you are wearing those dreadful feather trimmings. Soul of mine, won't you please leave them off, for my sake?"

"Prinzivalle!"

"Oh yes, I am quite in earnest, cara. Of course I know you are but following the fashion, thoughtlessly, as all you women do. But it is such a cruel fashion, and so bootless. If you will but stop to think, you will see that in ten years' time we shall not have a song bird left in all Italy."

His wife tore her hands away from his and sat upright and aloof from him, her cheeks burning. "Shame on you!" she cried. "What have I done to deserve this, Messer Prinzivalle di Cembino?"

"Good heavens!" said Prinzivalle. "My dear—"

"Do not speak to me!" she exclaimed, her breast heaving and her voice quivering with an unborn sob.

"But, Francesca!"

"Have I not been a fond wife to you? Oh, pitying saints, what have I not endured? And I have been patient—and loving—and forbearing—and kind—and I have only thought of what would please you—as a wife ought—and I have never once complained—and now—now—when I have been nearly dead with fear—and you have been wounded and in prison—and Ugo might have killed you just as easily as not—and I thought you had come back to me and that I was to have you always to myself, Prinzivalle—the first thing you do is to scold me when I try to make myself p-p-p-pretty for you!" And the poor child broke down and cried.

Prinzivalle essayed to console her. She struggled mutely with him for a moment; then, freeing herself with a sudden wrench, she rose.

"Go!" she cried. "Go bid Ghita degli Carrecci plume or unplume herself for you! She knows better than I what will please you." And she rushed from the room.

After this Prinzivalle wrote his sonnet.



"AND THE POOR CHILD BROKE DOWN AND CRIED."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

IT was vexatious to see what a to-do the whole town, and next the whole country, made over the news. Joan of Arc ennobled by the King! People went dizzy with wonder and delight over it. You cannot imagine how she was gaped at, stared at, envied. Why, one would have supposed that some great and fortunate thing had happened to her. But *we* did not think any great things of it. To our minds no mere human hand could add a glory to Joan of Arc. To us she was the sun soaring in the heavens, and her new nobility a candle atop of it; to us it was swallowed up and lost in her own light. And she was as indifferent to it and as unconscious of it as the other sun would have been.

But it was different with her brothers. They were proud and happy in their new dignity, which was quite natural. And Joan was glad it had been conferred, when she saw how pleased they were. It was a clever thought in the King to outflank her scruples by marching on them under shelter of her love for her family and her kin.

Jean and Pierre sported their coat of arms right away; and their society was courted by everybody, the nobles and commons alike. The Standard-bearer said, with some touch of bitterness, that he could see that they just felt good to be alive, they were so soaked with the comfort of their glory; and didn't like to sleep at all, because when they were asleep they didn't know they were noble, and so sleep was a clean loss of time. And then he said—

"They can't take precedence of me in military functions and state ceremonies, but when it comes to civil ones and society affairs I judge they'll cuddle coolly in behind you and the knights, and Noël and I will have to walk behind *them*—hey?"

"Yes," I said, "I think you are right."

"I was just afraid of it—just afraid of it," said the Standard-bearer, with a sigh. "Afraid of it? I'm talking like a fool: of course I *knew* it. Yes, I was talking like a fool."

Noël Rainguesson said, musingly—

"Yes, I noticed something natural about the tone of it."

We others laughed.

"Oh, you did, did you? You think you are very clever, don't you? I'll take and wring your neck for you one of these days, Noël Rainguesson."

The Sieur de Metz said—

"Paladin, your fears haven't reached the top notch. They are away below the grand possibilities. Didn't it occur to you that in civil and society functions they will take precedence of *all* the rest of the personal staff—every individual of us?"

"Oh, come!"

"You'll find it's so. Look at their escutcheon. Its chiefest feature is the lilies of France. It's royal, man, royal—do you understand the size of that? The lilies are there by authority of the King—do you understand the size of *that?* Though not in detail and in entirety, they do nevertheless substantially *quarter the arms of France* in their coat. Imagine it! consider it! measure the magnitude of it! *We* walk in front of those boys? Bless you, we've done that for the last time. In my opinion there isn't a lay lord in this whole region that can walk in front of them, except the Duke d'Alençon, prince of the blood."

You could have knocked the Paladin down with a feather. He seemed to actually turn pale. He worked his lips a moment without getting anything out; then it came:

"*I* didn't know that, nor the half of it; how *could* I? I've been an idiot. I see it now—I've been an idiot. I met them this morning, and sung out *hello* to them just as I would to anybody. *I* didn't mean to be ill-mannered, but I didn't know the half of this that you've been telling. I've been an ass. Yes, that is all there is to it—I've been an ass."

Noël Rainguesson said, in a kind of weary way:

* Begun in April number, 1895.

"Yes, that is likely enough; but I don't see why you should seem surprised at it."

"You don't, don't you? Well, *why* don't you?"

"Because I don't see any novelty about it. With some people it is a condition which is present all the time. Now you take a condition which is present all the time, and the results of that condition will be uniform; this uniformity of result will in time become monotonous; monotonousness, by the law of its being, is fatiguing. If you had manifested *fatigue* upon noticing that you had been an ass, that would have been logical, that would have been rational; whereas it seems to me that to manifest surprise was to be *again* an ass, because the condition of intellect that can enable a person to be surprised and stirred by inert monotonousness is a—"

"Now that is enough, Noël Rainguesson; stop where you are, before you get yourself into trouble. And don't bother me any more for some days or a week, an it please you, for I cannot abide your clack."

"Come, I like that! *I* didn't want to talk. I tried to get out of talking. If you didn't want to hear my clack, what did you keep intruding your conversation on me for?"

"I? I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, you did it, anyway. And I have a right to feel hurt, and I do feel hurt, to have you treat me so. It seems to me that when a person goads, and crowds, and in a manner forces another person to talk, it is neither very fair nor very good-mannered to call what he says *clack*."

"Oh, snuffle—do! and break your heart, you poor thing. Somebody fetch this sick doll a sugar-rag. Look you, Sir Jean de Metz, do you feel absolutely certain about that thing?"

"What thing?"

"Why that Jean and Pierre are going to take precedence of all the lay noblesse hereabouts except the Duke d'Alençon?"

"I think there is not a doubt of it."

The Standard-bearer was deep in thoughts and dreams a few moments, then the silk and velvet expanse of his vast breast rose and fell with a sigh, and he said—

"Dear, dear, what a lift it is! It just shows what luck can do. Well, I don't care. I shouldn't care to be a painted accident—I shouldn't value it. I am prouder to have climbed up to where I am just by sheer natural merit than I should be to ride the very sun in the zenith and have to reflect that I was nothing but a poor little accident, and got shot up there out of somebody else's catapult. To me, merit is everything—in fact the only thing. All else is dross."

Just then the bugles blew the assembly, and that cut our talk short.

CHAPTER II.

THE days began to waste away—and nothing decided, nothing done. The army was full of zeal, but it was also hungry. It got no pay, the treasury was getting empty, it was becoming impossible to feed it; under pressure of privation it began to fall apart and disperse—which pleased the trifling court exceedingly. Joan's distress was pitiful to see. She was obliged to stand helpless while her victorious army dissolved away until hardly the skeleton of it was left.

At last one day she went to the Castle of Loches, where the King was idling. She found him consulting with three of his councillors, Robert le Maçon, a former Chancellor of France, Christophe d'Harcourt, and Gerard Machet. The Bastard of Orleans was present also, and it is through him that we know what happened. Joan threw herself at the King's feet and embraced his knees, saying:

"Noble Dauphin, prithee hold no more of these long and numerous councils, but come, and come quickly, to Rheims and receive your crown."

Christophe d'Harcourt asked—

"Is it your Voices that command you to say that to the King?"

"Yes, and urgently."

"Then will you not tell us in the King's presence in what way the Voices communicate with you?"

It was another sly attempt to trap Joan into indiscreet admissions and dangerous pretensions. But nothing came of it. Joan's answer was simple and straightforward, and the smooth Bishop was not able to find any fault with it. She said that when she met with people who doubted the truth of her mission she went aside and prayed, complaining of the distrust of these, and then the comforting Voices were heard at her ear saying, soft and low, "Go forward, Daughter of God, and

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A deal of the month of May had been wasted; and yet by the 6th of June Joan had swept together a new army and was ready to march. She had eight thousand men. Think of that. Think of gathering together such a body as that in that little region. And these were veteran soldiers, too. In fact most of the men in France were soldiers, when you come to that; for the wars had lasted generations now. Yes, most Frenchmen were soldiers; and admirable runners, too, both by practice and inheritance; they had done next to nothing but run for near a century. But that was not their fault. They had had no fair and proper leadership—at least leaders with a fair and proper chance. Away back, King and court got the habit of being treacherous to the leaders; then the leaders easily got the habit of disobeying the King and going their own way, each for himself and nobody for the lot. Nobody could win victories that way. Hence, running became the habit of the French troops, and no wonder. Yet all that those troops needed in order to be good fighters was a leader who would attend strictly to business—a leader with *all* authority in his hands in place of a tenth of it along with nine other generals equipped with an equal tenth apiece. They had a leader rightly clothed with authority now, and with a head and heart bent on war of the most intensely businesslike and earnest sort—and there would be *results*. No doubt of that. They had Joan of Arc; and under that leadership their legs would lose the art and mystery of running.

Yes, Joan was in great spirits. She was here and there and everywhere, all over the camp, by day and by night, pushing things. And wherever she came charging down the lines, reviewing the troops, it was good to hear them break out and cheer. And nobody could help cheering, she was such a vision of young bloom and beauty and grace, and such an incarnation of pluck and life and go! She was growing more and more ideally beautiful every day, as was plain to be seen—and these were days of development; for she was well past seventeen, now—in fact she was getting close upon seventeen and a half—indeed, just a little woman, as you may say.

The two young Counts de Laval arrived one day—fine young fellows allied to the greatest and most illustrious houses of France; and they could not rest till they had seen Joan of Arc. So the King sent for them and presented them to her, and you may believe she filled the bill of their expectations. When they heard that rich voice of hers they must have thought it was a flute; and when they saw her deep eyes and her face, and the soul that looked out of that face, you could see that the sight of her stirred them like a poem, like lofty eloquence, like martial music. One of them wrote home to his people, and in his letter he said, "It seemed something divine to see her and hear her." Ah, yes, and it was

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"She was clothed all in white armor save her head, and in her hand she carried a little battle-axe; and when she was ready to mount her great black horse he reared and plunged and would not let her. Then she said, 'Lead him to the cross.' This cross was in front of the church close by. So they led him there. Then she mounted, and he never budged, any more than if he had been tied. Then she turned toward the door of the church and said, in her soft womanly voice, 'You, priests and people of the Church, make processions and pray to God for us!' Then she spurred away, under her standard, with her little axe in her hand, crying, 'Forward — march!' One of her brothers, who came eight days ago, departed with her; and he also was clad all in white armor."

I was there, and I saw it too; saw it all, just as he pictures it. And I see it yet — the little battle-axe, the dainty plumed cap, the white armor—all in the soft June afternoon; I see it just as if it were yesterday. And I rode with the staff —the personal staff—the staff of Joan of Arc.

That young Count was dying to go too, but the King held him back for the present. But Joan had made him a promise. In his letter he said:

"She told me that when the King starts for Rheims I shall go with him. But God grant I may not have to wait till then, but may have a part in the battles!"

She made him that promise when she was taking leave of my lady the Duchess d'Alençon. The Duchess was exacting a promise, so it seemed a proper time for others to do the like. The Duchess was troubled for her husband, for she foresaw desperate fighting; and she held Joan to her breast, and stroked her hair lovingly, and said:

"You must watch over him, dear, and take care of him, and send him back to me safe. I require it of you; I will not let you go till you promise."

Joan said:

"I give you the promise with all my heart; and it is not just words, it *is* a promise: you shall have him back without a hurt. Do you believe? And are you satisfied with me now?"

The Duchess could not speak, but she kissed Joan on the forehead; and so they parted.

We left on the 6th and stopped over at Romorantin; then on the 9th Joan entered Orleans in state, under triumphal arches, with the welcoming cannon thundering and seas of welcoming flags fluttering in the breeze. The Grand Staff rode with her, clothed in shining splendors of costume and decorations: the Duke D'Alençon; the Bastard of Orleans; the Sire de Boussac, Marshal of France; the Lord de Graville, Master of the Crossbowmen; the Sire de Culan, Admiral of France; Ambroise de Loré; Étienne de Vignoles, called La Hire; Gautier de Brusac, and other illustrious captains.

It was grand times: the usual shoutings, and packed multitudes, the usual crush to get sight of Joan; but at last we crowded through to our old lodgings, and I saw old Boucher and the wife and that dear Catherine gather Joan to their hearts and smother her with kisses—and my heart ached so! for I could have kissed Catherine better than anybody, and more and longer; yet was not thought of for that office, and I so famished for it. Ah, she was so beautiful, and oh, so sweet! I had loved her the first day I ever saw her, and from that day forth she was sacred to me. I have carried her image in my heart for sixty-three years—all lonely there, yes, solitary, for it never has had company—and I am grown so old, so old: but it, oh, it is as fresh and young and merry and mischievous and lovely and sweet and pure and witching and divine as it was when it crept in there, bringing benediction and peace to its habitation so long ago, so long ago—for it has not aged a day!

CHAPTER III.

THIS time, as before, the King's last command to the generals was this: "*See to it that you do nothing without the sanction of the Maid.*" And this time the command was obeyed; and would continue to be obeyed all through the coming great days of the Loire campaign.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

IT was vexatious to see what a to-do the whole town, and next the whole country, made over the news. Joan of Arc ennobled by the King! People went dizzy with wonder and delight over it. You cannot imagine how she was gaped at, stared at, envied. Why, one would have supposed that some great and fortunate thing had happened to her. But *we* did not think any great things of it. To our minds no mere human hand could add a glory to Joan of Arc. To us she was the sun soaring in the heavens, and her new nobility a candle atop of it; to us it was swallowed up and lost in her own light. And she was as indifferent to it and as unconscious of it as the other sun would have been.

But it was different with her brothers. They were proud and happy in their new dignity, which was quite natural. And Joan was glad it had been conferred, when she saw how pleased they were. It was a clever thought in the King to outflank her scruples by marching on them under shelter of her love for her family and her kin.

Jean and Pierre sported their coat of arms right away; and their society was courted by everybody, the nobles and commons alike. The Standard-bearer said, with some touch of bitterness, that he could see that they just felt good to be alive, they were so soaked with the comfort of their glory; and didn't like to sleep at all, because when they were asleep they didn't know they were noble, and so sleep was a clean loss of time. And then he said—

"They can't take precedence of me in military functions and state ceremonies, but when it comes to civil ones and society affairs I judge they'll cuddle coolly in behind you and the knights, and Noël and I will have to walk behind *them*—hey?"

"Yes," I said, "I think you are right."

"I was just afraid of it—just afraid of it," said the Standard-bearer, with a sigh.

"Afraid of it? I'm talking like a fool: of course I *knew* it. Yes, I was talking like a fool."

Noël Rainguesson said, musingly—

"Yes, I noticed something natural about the tone of it."

We others laughed.

"Oh, you did, did you? You think you are very clever, don't you? I'll take and wring your neck for you one of these days, Noël Rainguesson."

The Sieur de Metz said—

"Paladin, your fears haven't reached the top notch. They are away below the grand possibilities. Didn't it occur to you that in civil and society functions they will take precedence of *all* the rest of the personal staff—every individual of us?"

"Oh, come!"

"You'll find it's so. Look at their escutcheon. Its chiefest feature is the lilies of France. It's royal, man, royal—do you understand the size of that? The lilies are there by authority of the King—do you understand the size of *that*? Though not in detail and in entirety, they do nevertheless substantially *quarter the arms of France* in their coat. Imagine it! consider it! measure the magnitude of it! *We* walk in front of those boys? Bless you, we've done that for the last time. In my opinion there isn't a lay lord in this whole region that can walk in front of them, except the Duke d'Alençon, prince of the blood."

You could have knocked the Paladin down with a feather. He seemed to actually turn pale. He worked his lips a moment without getting anything out; then it came:

"*I* didn't know that, nor the half of it; how *could* I? I've been an idiot. I see it now—I've been an idiot. I met them this morning, and sung out *hello* to them just as I would to anybody. *I* didn't mean to be ill-mannered, but I didn't know the half of this that you've been telling. I've been an ass. Yes, that is all there is to it—I've been an ass."

Noël Rainguesson said, in a kind of weary way:

* Begun in April number, 1895.

"Yes, that is likely enough; but I don't see why you should seem surprised at it."

"You don't, don't you? Well, *why* don't you?"

"Because I don't see any novelty about it. With some people it is a condition which is present all the time. Now you take a condition which is present all the time, and the results of that condition will be uniform; this uniformity of result will in time become monotonous; monotonousness, by the law of its being, is fatiguing. If you had manifested *fatigue* upon noticing that you had been an ass, that would have been logical, that would have been rational; whereas it seems to me that to manifest surprise was to be *again* an ass, because the condition of intellect that can enable a person to be surprised and stirred by inert monotonousness is a—"

"Now that is enough, Noël Rainguesson; stop where you are, before you get yourself into trouble. And don't bother me any more for some days or a week, an it please you, for I cannot abide your clack."

"Come, I like that! *I* didn't want to talk. I tried to get out of talking. If you didn't want to hear my clack, what did you keep intruding your conversation on me for?"

"I? I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, you did it, anyway. And I have a right to feel hurt, and I do feel hurt, to have you treat me so. It seems to me that when a person goads, and crowds, and in a manner forces another person to talk, it is neither very fair nor very good-mannered to call what he says *clack*."

"Oh, snuffle—do! and break your heart, you poor thing. Somebody fetch this sick doll a sugar-rag. Look you, Sir Jean de Metz, do you feel absolutely certain about that thing?"

"What thing?"

"Why that Jean and Pierre are going to take precedence of all the lay noblesse hereabouts except the Duke d'Alençon?"

"I think there is not a doubt of it."

The Standard-bearer was deep in thoughts and dreams a few moments, then the silk and velvet expanse of his vast breast rose and fell with a sigh, and he said—

"Dear, dear, what a lift it is! It just shows what luck can do. Well, I don't care. I shouldn't care to be a painted accident—I shouldn't value it. I am prouder to have climbed up to where I am just by sheer natural merit than I should be to ride the very sun in the zenith and have to reflect that I was nothing but a poor little accident, and got shot up there out of somebody else's catapult. To me, merit is everything—in fact the only thing. All else is dross."

Just then the bugles blew the assembly, and that cut our talk short.

CHAPTER II.

THE days began to waste away—and nothing decided, nothing done. The army was full of zeal, but it was also hungry. It got no pay, the treasury was getting empty, it was becoming impossible to feed it; under pressure of privation it began to fall apart and disperse—which pleased the trifling court exceedingly. Joan's distress was pitiful to see. She was obliged to stand helpless while her victorious army dissolved away until hardly the skeleton of it was left.

At last one day she went to the Castle of Loches, where the King was idling. She found him consulting with three of his councillors, Robert le Maçon, a former Chancellor of France, Christophe d'Harcourt, and Gerard Machet. The Bastard of Orleans was present also, and it is through him that we know what happened. Joan threw herself at the King's feet and embraced his knees, saying:

"Noble Dauphin, prithee hold no more of these long and numerous councils, but come, and come quickly, to Rheims and receive your crown."

Christophe d'Harcourt asked—

"Is it your Voices that command you to say that to the King?"

"Yes, and urgently."

"Then will you not tell us in the King's presence in what way the Voices communicate with you?"

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"THE DUCHESS KISSED JOAN, AND SO THEY PARTED."

in-chief the child had made for herself in ten days in the field. It was a conquering of men's doubts and suspicions and a capturing and solidifying of men's belief and confidence such as the grayest veteran on the Grand Staff had not been able to achieve in thirty years. Don't you remember that when at sixteen Joan conducted her own case in a grim court of law and won it, the old judge spoke of her as "this marvellous child"? It was the right name, you see.

These veterans were not going to branch out and do things without the sanction of the Maid—that is true; and it was a great gain. But at the same time there were some among them who still trembled at her new and dashing war tactics and earnestly desired to modify them. And so, during the 10th, while Joan was slaving away at her plans and issuing order after order with tireless industry, the old-time consultations and arguings and speechifyings were going on among certain of the generals.

In the afternoon of that day they came in a body to hold one of these councils of war; and while they waited for Joan to join them they discussed the situation. Now this discussion is not set down in the histories; but I was there, and I will speak of it, as knowing you will trust me, I not being given to beguiling you with lies.

Gautier de Brusac was spokesman for the timid ones; Joan's side was resolutely upheld by D'Alençon, the Bastard, La Hire, the Admiral of France, the Marshal de Boussac, and all the other really important chiefs.

De Brusac argued that the situation was very grave; that Jargeau, the first point of attack, was formidably strong; its imposing walls bristling with artillery; with 7000 picked English veterans behind them, and at their head the great Earl of Suffolk and his two redoubtable brothers the De la Poles. It seemed to him that the proposal of Joan of Arc to try to take such a place by storm was a most rash and over-daring idea, and she ought to be persuaded to relinquish it in favor of the soberer and safer procedure of investment by regular siege. It seemed to him that this fiery and furious new fashion of hurling masses of men against impregnable walls of stone, in defiance of the established laws and usages of war, was—

But he got no further. La Hire gave his plumed helm an impatient toss and burst out with—

"By God she knows her trade, and none can teach it her!"

And before he could get out anything more, D'Alençon was on his feet, and the Bastard of Orleans, and half a dozen others, all thundering at once, and pouring out their indignant displeasure upon any and all that might hold, secretly or publicly, distrust of the wisdom of the Commander-in-Chief. And when they had said their say, La Hire took a chance again, and said:

"There are some that never know how to change. Circumstances may change, but those people are never able to see that *they* have got to change too, to meet those circumstances. All that they know is the one beaten track that their fathers and grandfathers have followed and that they themselves have followed in their turn. If an earthquake come and rip the land to chaos, and that beaten track now lead over precipices and into morasses, those people *can't* learn that they must strike out a new road—no; they will march stupidly along and follow the old one to death and perdition. Men, there's a new state of things; and a surpassing military genius has perceived it with her clear eye. And a new road is required, and that same clear eye has noted where it must go, and has marked it out for us. The man does not live, never has lived, never *will* live, that can improve upon it! The old state of things was defeat, defeat, defeat—and by consequence we had troops with no dash, no heart, no hope. Would you assault stone walls with such? No—there was but one way, with that kind: sit down before a place and wait, wait—starve it out, if you could. The new case is the very opposite; it is this: men all on fire with pluck and dash and vim and fury and energy—a restrained conflagration! What would you do with it? Hold it down and let it smoulder and perish and go out? What would Joan of Arc do with it? Turn it *loose*, by the Lord God of heaven and earth, and let it swallow up the foe in the whirlwind of its fires! Nothing shows the splendor and wisdom of her military genius like her instant comprehension of the size of the change which has come about, and her instant perception of the right and only right way to take advantage of it. With her is no sitting down and starving out; no dilly-

dallying and fooling around; no lazying, loafing, and going to sleep; no, it is storm! storm! storm! and still storm! storm! storm! and forever storm! storm! storm! hunt the enemy to his hole, then turn her French hurricanes loose and carry him by storm! And that is *my* sort! Jargeau? What of Jargeau, with its battlements and towers, its devastating artillery, its seven thousand picked veterans? Joan of Arc is to the fore, and by the splendor of God its fate is sealed!"

Oh, he carried them. There was not another word said about persuading Joan to change her tactics. They sat talking comfortably enough after that.

By-and-by Joan entered, and they rose and saluted with their swords, and she asked what their pleasure might be. La Hire said:

"It is settled, my General. The matter concerned Jargeau. There were some who thought we could not take the place."

Joan laughed her pleasant laugh; her merry, care-free laugh; the laugh that rippled so buoyantly from her lips and made old people feel young again to hear it; and she said to the company—

"Have no fears—indeed there is no need nor any occasion for them. We will strike the English boldly by assault, and you will see." Then a far-away look came into her eyes, and I think that a picture of her home drifted across the vision of her mind; for she said very gently, and as one who muses, "But that I know God guides us and will give us success, I had liefer keep sheep than endure these perils."

We had a homelike farewell supper that evening—just the personal staff and the family. Joan had to miss it; for the city had given a banquet in her honor, and she had gone there in state with the Grand Staff, through a riot of joy-bells and a sparkling Milky Way of illuminations.

After supper some lively young folk whom we knew came in, and we presently forgot that we were soldiers, and only remembered that we were boys and girls and full of animal spirits and long-pent fun; and so there was dancing, and games, and romps, and screams of laughter—just as extravagant and innocent and noisy a good time as ever I had in my life. Dear, dear, how long ago it was!—and I was young then. And outside, all the while, was the measured tramp of marching battalions, belated odds and ends of the French power gathering for the morrow's tragedy on the grim stage of war. Yes, in those days we had those contrasts side by side. And as I passed along to bed there was another one: the big Dwarf, in brave new armor, sat sentry at Joan's door—the stern Spirit of War made flesh, as it were—and on his ample shoulder was curled a kitten asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

WE made a gallant show next day when we filed out through the frowning gates of Orleans, with banners flying and Joan and the Grand Staff in the van of the long column. Those two young De Lavals were come, now, and were joined to the Grand Staff. Which was well; war being their proper trade, for they were grandsons of that illustrious fighter Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France in earlier days. Louis de Bourbon, the Marshal de Rais, and the Vidame de Chartres were added also. We had a right to feel a little uneasy, for we knew that a force of five thousand men was on its way under Sir John Fastolfe to re-enforce Jargeau, but I think we were not uneasy, nevertheless. In truth that force was not yet in our neighborhood. Sir John was loitering; for some reason or other he was not hurrying. He was losing precious time—four days at Étampes, and four more at Janville.

We reached Jargeau and began business at once. Joan sent forward a heavy force which hurled itself against the outworks in handsome style, and gained a footing and fought hard to keep it; but it presently began to fall back before a sortie from the city. Seeing this, Joan raised her battle-cry and led a new assault herself under a furious artillery fire. The Paladin was struck down at her side, wounded, but she snatched her standard from his failing hand and plunged on through the ruck of flying missiles, cheering her men with encouraging cries, and then for a good time one had turmoil, and clash of steel, and collision and confusion of struggling multitudes, and the hoarse bellowing of the guns; and then the hiding of it all under a rolling firmament of smoke; a firmament through which veiled vacancies appeared for a moment now and then, giving fitful dim glimpses of the wild tragedy enacting beyond; and always at these times one

caught sight of that slight figure in white mail which was the centre and soul of our hope and trust, and whenever we saw that, with its back to us and its face to the fight, we knew that all was well. At last a great shout went up—a joyous roar of shoutings, in fact—and that was sign sufficient that the faubourgs were ours.

Yes, they were ours; the enemy had been driven back within the walls. On the ground which Joan had won, we camped; for night was coming on.

Joan sent a summons to the English, promising that if they surrendered she would allow them to go in peace and take their horses with them. Nobody knew that she could take that strong place, but she knew it—knew it well; yet she offered that grace — offered it in a time when such a thing was unknown in war; in a time when it was custom and usage to massacre the garrison and the inhabitants of captured cities without pity or compunction—yes, even to the harmless women and children sometimes. There are neighbors all about you who well remember the unspeakable atrocities which Charles the Bold inflicted upon the men and women and children of Dinant when he took that place some years ago. It was a unique and kindly grace which Joan offered that garrison; but that was her way, that was her loving and merciful nature—she always did her best to save her enemy's life and his soldierly pride when she had the mastery of him.

The English asked fifteen days' armistice to consider the proposal in. And Fastolfe coming with five thousand men! Joan said no. But she offered another grace: they might take both their horses and their side-arms — but they must go within the hour.

Well, those bronzed English veterans were pretty hard-headed folk. They declined again. Then Joan gave command that her army be made ready to move to the assault at nine in the morning. Considering the deal of marching and fighting which the men had done that day, D'Alençon thought the hour rather early; but Joan said it was best so, and so must be obeyed. Then she burst out with one of those enthusiasms which were always burning in her when battle was imminent, and said:

"Work! work! and God will work with us!"

Yes, one might say that her motto was "Work! stick to it; keep on working!" for in war she never knew what indolence was. And whoever will take that motto and live by it will be likely to succeed. There's many a way to win, in this world, but none of them is worth much without good hard work back of it.

I think we should have lost our big Standard-Bearer that day, if our bigger Dwarf had not been at hand to bring him out of the mêlée when he was wounded. He was unconscious, and would have been trampled to death by our own horse, if the Dwarf had not promptly rescued him and haled him to the rear and safety. He recovered, and was himself again after two or three hours; and then he was happy and proud, and made the most of his wound, and went swaggering around in his bandages showing off like an innocent big child — which was just what he was. He was prouder of being wounded than a really modest person would be of being killed. But there was no harm in his vanity, and nobody minded it. He said he was hit by a stone from a catapult—a stone the size of a man's head. But the stone grew, of course. Before he got through with it he was claiming that the enemy had flung a building at him.

"Let him alone," said Noël Rainguesson. "Don't interrupt his processes. To-morrow it will be a cathedral."

He said that privately. And, sure enough, to-morrow it *was* a cathedral. I never saw anybody with such an abandoned imagination.

Joan was abroad at the crack of dawn, galloping here and there and yonder, examining the situation minutely, and choosing what she considered the most effective positions for her artillery; and with such accurate judgment did she place her guns that her Lieutenant-General's admiration of it still survived in his memory when his testimony was taken at the Rehabilitation, a quarter of a century later.

In this testimony the Duke d'Alençon said that at Jargeau that morning of the 12th of June she made her dispositions not like a novice, but "with the sure and clear judgment of a trained general of twenty or thirty years' experience."

The veteran captains of the armies of France said she was great in war in all ways, but greatest of all in her genius for posting and handling artillery.



Who taught the shepherd girl to do these marvels—she who could not read, and had had no opportunity to study the complex arts of war? I do not know any way to solve such a baffling riddle as that, there being no precedent for it, nothing in history to compare it with and examine it by. For in history there is no great general, however gifted, who arrived at success otherwise than through able teaching and hard study and some experience. It is a riddle which will never be guessed. *I* think these vast powers and capacities were born in her, and that she applied them by an intuition which could not err.

At eight o'clock all movement ceased, and with it all sounds, all noise. A mute expectancy reigned. The stillness was something awful—because it meant so much. There was no air stirring. The flags on the towers and ramparts hung straight down like tassels. Wherever one saw a person, that person had stopped what he was doing, and was in a waiting attitude, a listening attitude. We were on a commanding spot, clustered around Joan. Not far from us, on every hand, were the lanes and humble dwellings of these outlying suburbs. Many people were visible—all were listening, not one was moving. A man had placed a nail; he was about to fasten something with it to the door-post of his shop—but he had stopped. There was his hand reaching up holding the nail; and there was his other hand in the act of striking with the hammer; but he had forgotten everything—his head was turned aside, listening. Even children unconsciously stopped in their play; I saw a little boy with his hoop-stick pointed slanting toward the ground in the act of steering the hoop around the corner; and so he had stopped

and was listening—the hoop was rolling away, doing its own steering. I saw a young girl prettily framed in an open window, a watering-pot in her hand and window-boxes of red flowers under its spout—but the water had ceased to flow; the girl was listening. Everywhere were these impressive petrified forms; and everywhere was suspended movement and that awful stillness.

Joan of Arc raised her sword in the air. At the signal, the silence was torn to rags: cannon after cannon vomited flames and smoke and delivered its quaking thunders; and we saw answering tongues of fire dart from the towers and walls of the city, accompanied by answering deep thunders, and in a minute the walls and the towers disappeared, and in their place stood vast banks and pyramids of snowy smoke, motionless in the dead air. The startled girl dropped her watering-pot and clasped her hands together, and at that moment a stone cannon-ball crashed through her fair body.

The great artillery duel went on, each side hammering away with all its might; and it was splendid for smoke and noise, and most exalting to one's spirits. The poor little town around about us suffered cruelly. The cannon-balls tore through its slight buildings, wrecking them as if they had been built of cards; and every moment or two one would see a huge rock come curving through the upper air above the smoke clouds and go plunging down through the roofs. Fire broke out, and columns of flame and smoke rose toward the sky.

Presently the artillery concussions changed the weather. The sky became overcast, and a strong wind rose and blew away the smoke that hid the English fortresses.

Then the spectacle was fine: turreted gray walls and towers, and streaming bright flags, and jets of red fire and gushes of white smoke in long rows, all standing out with sharp vividness against the deep leaden background of the sky; and then the whizzing missiles began to knock up the dirt all around us, and I felt no more interest in the scenery. There was one English gun that was getting our position down finer and finer all the time. Presently Joan pointed to it and said:

"Fair Duke, step out of your tracks, or that machine will kill you."

The Duke d'Alençon did as he was bid; but Monsieur du Lude rashly took his place, and that cannon tore his head off in a moment.

Joan was watching all along for the right time to order the assault. At last, about nine o'clock, she cried out—

"Now—to the assault!" and the bugles blew the charge.

Instantly we saw the body of men that had been appointed to this service move forward toward a point where the concentrated fire of our guns had crumbled the upper half of a broad stretch of wall to ruins; we saw this force descend into the ditch and begin to plant the scaling-ladders. We were soon with them. The Lieutenant-General thought the assault premature. But Joan said:

"Ah, gentle Duke, are you afraid? Do you not know that I have promised to send you home safe?"

It was warm work in the ditches. The walls were crowded with men, and they poured avalanches of stones down upon us. There was one gigantic Englishman who did us more hurt than any dozen of his brethren. He always dominated the places easiest of assault, and flung down exceedingly troublesome big stones which smashed men and ladders both—then he would near burst himself with laughing over what he had done. But the Duke settled accounts with him. He went and found the famous cannoneer Jean le Lorrain, and said—

"Train your gun—kill me this demon."

He did it with the first shot. He hit the Englishman fair in the breast and knocked him backwards into the city.

The enemy's resistance was so effective and so stubborn that our people began to show signs of doubt and dismay. Seeing this, Joan raised her inspiring battle-cry and descended into the fosse herself, the Dwarf helping her and the Paladin sticking bravely at her side with the standard. She started up a scaling-ladder, but a great stone flung from above came crashing down upon her helmet and stretched her, wounded and stunned, upon the ground. But only for a moment. The Dwarf stood her upon her feet, and straightway she started up the ladder again, crying—

"To the assault, friends, to the assault—the English are ours! It is the appointed hour!"

There was a grand rush, and a fierce roar of war-cries, and we swarmed over the ramparts like ants. The garrison fled, we pursued; Jargeau was ours!

The Earl of Suffolk was hemmed in and surrounded, and the Duke d'Alençon and the Bastard of Orleans demanded that he surrender himself. But he was a proud nobleman and came of a proud race. He refused to yield his sword to subordinates, saying—

"I will die rather. I will surrender to the Maid of Orleans alone, and to no other."

And so he did; and was courteously and honorably used by her.

His two brothers retreated, fighting step by step, toward the bridge, we pressing their despairing forces and cutting them down by scores. Arrived on the bridge, the slaughter still continued. Alexander de la Pole was pushed overboard or fell over, and was drowned. Eleven hundred men had fallen; John de la Pole decided to give up the struggle. But he was nearly as proud and particular as his brother of Suffolk as to whom he would surrender to. The French officer nearest at hand was Guillaume Renault, who was pressing him closely. Sir John said to him—

"Are you a gentleman?"

"Yes."

"And a knight?"

"No."

Then Sir John knighted him himself, there on the bridge; giving him the accolade with English coolness and tranquillity in the midst of that storm of slaughter and mutilation; and then bowing with high courtesy took the sword by the blade and laid the hilt of it in the man's hand in token of surrender. Ah, yes, a proud tribe, those De la Poles.

It was a grand day, a memorable day, a most splendid victory. We had a crowd of prisoners, but Joan would not allow them to be hurt. We took them with us and marched into Orleans next day through the usual tempest of welcome and joy.

And this time there was a new tribute to our leader. From everywhere in the packed streets the new recruits squeezed their way to her side to touch the sword of Joan of Arc and draw from it somewhat of that mysterious quality which made it invincible.

CHAPTER V.

THE troops must have a rest. Two days would be allowed for this.

The morning of the 14th I was writing from Joan's dictation in a small room which she sometimes used as a private office when she wanted to get away from officials and their interruptions. Catherine Boucher came in and sat down and said—

"Joan, dear, I want you to talk to me."

"Indeed I am not sorry for that, but glad. What is in your mind?"

"This. I scarcely slept, last night, for thinking of the dangers you are running. The Paladin told me how you made the Duke stand out of the way when the cannon-balls were flying all about, and so saved his life."

"Well, that was right, wasn't it?"

"Right? Yes; but you staid there yourself. Why will you do like that? It seems such a wanton risk."

"Oh, no, it was not so. I was not in any danger."

"How can you say that, Joan, with those deadly things flying all about you?"

Joan laughed, and tried to turn the subject, but Catherine persisted. She said—

"It was horribly dangerous, and it could not be necessary to stay in such a place. And you led an assault again. Joan, it is tempting Providence. I want you to make me a promise. I want you to promise me that you will let others lead the assaults, if there *must* be assaults, and that you will take better care of yourself in those dreadful battles. Will you?"

But Joan fought away from the promise and did not give it. Catherine sat troubled and discontented awhile, then she said—

"Joan, are you going to be a soldier always? These wars are so long—so long. They last for ever and ever and ever."

There was a glad flash in Joan's eye as she cried—

"This campaign will do all the really hard work that is in front of it in the next four days. The rest of it will be gentler—oh, far less bloody. Yes, in four days France will gather another trophy like the redemption of Orleans, and make her second long step toward freedom!"



"I SPRANG FORWARD WITH A WARNING HAND UP."

Catherine started (and so did I); then she gazed long at Joan like one in a trance, murmuring "four days — four days," as if to herself and unconsciously. Finally she asked, in a low voice that had something of awe in it:

"Joan, tell me—how is it that you know that? For you do know it, I think."

"Yes," said Joan, dreamily, "I know —I know. I shall strike — and strike again. And before the fourth day is finished I shall strike yet again." She became silent. We sat wondering and still. This was for a whole minute, she looking at the floor and her lips moving but uttering nothing. Then came these words, but hardly audible: "And in a thousand years the English power in France will not rise up from that blow."

It made my flesh creep. It was uncanny. She was in a trance again—I could see it—just as she was that day in the pastures of Domremy when she prophesied about us boys in the war and afterward did not know that she had done it. She was not conscious now; but Catherine did not know that, and so she said, in a happy voice—

"Oh, I believe it, I believe it, and I am so glad! Then you will come back and bide with us all your life long, and we will love you so, and so honor you!"

A scarcely perceptible spasm flitted across Joan's face, and the dreamy voice muttered—

"Before two years are sped I shall die a cruel death!"

I sprang forward with a warning hand up. That is why Catherine did not scream. She was going to do that—I saw it plainly. Then I whispered her to

slip out of the place, and say nothing of what had happened. I said Joan was asleep—asleep and dreaming. Catherine whispered back, and said—

"Oh, I am so grateful that it is only a dream! It sounded like prophecy." And she was gone.

Like prophecy! I knew it *was* prophecy; and I sat down crying, as knowing we should lose her. Soon she started, shivering slightly, and came to herself, and looked around and saw me crying there, and jumped out of her chair and ran to me all in a whirl of sympathy and compassion, and put her hand on my head, and said—

"My poor boy! What is it? Look up, and tell me."

I had to tell her a lie; I grieved to do it, but there was no other way. I picked up an old letter from my table, written by Heaven knows who, about some matter Heaven knows what, and told her I had just gotten it from Père Fronte, and that in it it said the children's Fairy Tree had been chopped down by some miscreant or other, and—

I got no further. She snatched the letter from my hand and searched it up and down and all over, turning it this way and that, and sobbing great sobs, and the tears flowing down her cheeks, and ejaculating all the time, "Oh, cruel, cruel! how could any be so heartless? Ah, poor Arbre Fée de Bourlemont gone—and we children loved it so! Show me the place where it says it!"

And I, still lying, showed her the pretended fatal words on the pretended fatal page, and she gazed at them through her tears, and said she could see, herself, that they were hateful, ugly words—they "had the very look of it."

Then we heard a strong voice down the corridor announcing—

"His Majesty's messenger—with despatches for her Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of France!"

CHAPTER VI.

I knew she had seen the vision of the Tree. But when? I could not know. Doubtless before she had lately told the King to use her, for that she had but one year left to work in. It had not occurred to me at the time, but the conviction came upon me now that at that time she had already seen the Tree. It had brought her a welcome message; that was plain, otherwise she could not have been so joyous and light-hearted as she had been these latter days. The death-warning had nothing dismal about it for her; no, it was remission of exile, it was leave to come home.

Yes, she had seen the Tree. No one had taken the prophecy to heart which she made to the King; and for a good reason, no doubt: no one *wanted* to take it to heart; all wanted to banish it away and forget it. And all had succeeded, and would go on to the end placid and comfortable. All but me alone. I must carry my awful secret without any to help me. A heavy load, a bitter burden; and would cost me a daily heart-break. She was to die; and so soon. I had never dreamed of that. How could I, and she so strong and fresh and young, and every day earning a new right to a peaceful and honored old age? For at that time I thought old age valuable. I do not know why, but I thought so. All young people think it, I believe, they being ignorant and full of superstitions. She had seen the Tree. All that miserable night those ancient verses went floating back and forth through my brain:

> "And when in exile wand'ring we
> Shall fainting yearn for glimpse of thee,
> O rise upon our sight!"

But at dawn the bugles and the drums burst through the dreamy hush of the morning, and it was turn out all! mount and ride. For there was red work to be done.

We marched to Meung without halting. There we carried the bridge by assault, and left a force to hold it, the rest of the army marching away next morning toward Beaugency, where the lion Talbot, the terror of the French, was in command. When we arrived at that place, the English retired into the castle and we sat down in the abandoned town.

Talbot was not at the moment present in person, for he had gone away to watch for and welcome Fastolfe and his re-enforcement of five thousand men.

Joan placed her batteries and bombarded the castle till night. Then some news came: Richemont, Constable of France, this long time in disgrace with the King, largely because of the evil machinations of La Tremouille and his party, was approaching with a large body of men to offer his services to Joan—and very much she needed them, now that Fastolfe was

so close by. Richemont had wanted to join us before, when we first marched on Orleans; but the foolish King, slave of those paltry advisers of his, warned him to keep his distance and refused all reconciliation with him.

I go into these details because they are important. Important because they lead up to the exhibition of a new gift in Joan's extraordinary mental make-up—statesmanship. It is a sufficiently strange thing to find that great quality in an ignorant country girl of seventeen and a half, but she had it.

Joan was for receiving Richemont cordially, and so was La Hire and the two young Lavals and other chiefs, but the Lieutenant-General, D'Alençon, strenuously and stubbornly opposed it. He said he had absolute orders from the King to deny and defy Richemont, and that if they were overridden he would leave the army. This would have been a heavy disaster indeed. But Joan set herself the task of persuading him that the salvation of France took precedence of all minor things—even the commands of a sceptred ass; and she accomplished it. She persuaded him to disobey the King in the interest of the nation, and to be reconciled to Count Richemont and welcome him. That was statesmanship; and of the highest and soundest sort. Whatever thing men call great, look for it in Joan of Arc, and there you will find it.

In the early morning, June 17th, the scouts reported the approach of Talbot and Fastolfe with Fastolfe's succoring force. Then the drums beat to arms; and we set forth to meet the English, leaving Richemont and his troops behind to watch the castle of Beaugency and keep its garrison at home. By-and-by we came in sight of the enemy. Fastolfe had tried to convince Talbot that it would be wisest to retreat and not risk a battle with Joan at this time, but distribute the new levies among the English strongholds of the Loire, thus securing them against capture; then be patient and wait—wait for more levies from Paris; let Joan exhaust her army with fruitless daily skirmishing; then at the right time fall upon her in resistless mass and annihilate her. He was a wise old experienced general, was Fastolfe. But that fierce Talbot would hear of no delay. He was in a rage over the punishment which the Maid had inflicted upon him at Orleans and since, and he swore by God and Saint George that he would have it out with her if he had to fight her all alone. So Fastolfe yielded, though he said they were now risking the loss of everything which the English had gained by so many years' work and so many hard knocks.

The enemy had taken up a strong position, and were waiting, in order of battle, with their archers to the front and a stockade before them.

Night was coming on. A messenger came from the English with a rude defiance and an offer of battle. But Joan's dignity was not ruffled, her bearing was not discomposed. She said to the herald—

"Go back and say it is too late to meet to-night; but to-morrow, please God and our Lady, we will come to close quarters."

The night fell dark and rainy. It was that sort of light steady rain which falls so softly and brings to one's spirit such serenity and peace. About ten o'clock D'Alençon, the Bastard of Orleans, La Hire, Poton de Xaintrailles and two or three other generals came to our headquarters tent, and sat down to discuss matters with Joan. Some thought it was a pity that Joan had declined battle, some thought not. Then Poton asked her why she had declined it. She said—

"There was more than one reason. These English are ours—they cannot get away from us. Wherefore there is no need to take risks, as at other times. The day was far spent. It is good to have much time and the fair light of day when one's force is in a weakened state—nine hundred of us yonder keeping the bridge of Meung under the Marshal de Rais, fifteen hundred with the Constable of France keeping the bridge and watching the castle of Beaugency."

Dunois said—

"I grieve for this depletion, Excellency, but it cannot be helped. And the case will be the same the morrow, as to that."

Joan was walking up and down, just then. She laughed her affectionate, comrady laugh, and stopping before that old war-tiger she put her small hand above his head and touched one of his plumes, saying—

"Now tell me, wise man, which feather is it that I touch?"

"In sooth, Excellency, that I cannot."

"Name of God, Bastard, Bastard! you cannot tell me this small thing, yet are bold to name a large one—telling us what is in the stomach of the unborn morrow: that we shall not have those men. Now it is my thought that they will be with us."

That made a stir. All wanted to know why she thought that. But La Hire took the word and said—

"Let be. If she thinks it, that is enough. It will happen."

Then Poton de Xaintrailles said—

"There were other reasons for declining battle, according to the saying of your Excellency?"

"Yes. One was that we being weak and the day far gone, the battle might not be decisive. When it is fought it *must* be decisive. And shall be."

"God grant it, and amen! There were still other reasons?"

"One other—yes." She hesitated a moment, then said: "This was not the day. To-morrow is the day. It is so written."

They were going to assail her with eager questionings, but she put up her hand and prevented them. Then she said—

"It will be the most noble and beneficent victory that God has vouchsafed to France at any time. I pray you question me not as to whence or how I know this thing, but be content that it is so."

There was pleasure in every face, and conviction and high confidence. A murmur of conversation broke out, but was interrupted by a messenger from the outposts who brought news. Namely, that for an hour there had been stir and movement in the English camp of a sort unusual at such a time and with a resting army, he said. Spies had been sent under cover of the rain and darkness to inquire into it. They had just come back and reported that large bodies of men had been dimly made out who were slipping stealthily away in the direction of Meung.

The generals were very much surprised, as any might tell from their faces.

"It is a retreat," said Joan.

"It has that look," said D'Alençon.

"It certainly has," observed the Bastard and La Hire.

"It was not to be expected," said Louis de Bourbon, "but one can divine the purpose of it."

"Yes," responded Joan. "Talbot has reflected. His rash brain has cooled. He thinks to take the bridge of Meung and escape to the other side of the river. He knows that this leaves his garrison of Beaugency at the mercy of fortune, to escape our hands if it can; but there is no other course if he would avoid this battle, and that he also knows. But he shall not get the bridge. We will see to that."

"Yes," said D'Alençon, "we must follow him, and take care of that matter. What of Beaugency?"

"Leave Beaugency to me, gentle Duke; I will have it in two hours, and at no cost of blood."

"It is true, Excellency. You will but need to deliver this news there and receive the surrender."

"Yes. And I will be with you at Meung with the dawn, fetching the Constable and his fifteen hundred; and when Talbot knows that Beaugency has fallen it will have an effect upon him."

"By the mass, yes!" cried La Hire. "He will join his Meung garrison to his army and break for Paris. Then we shall have our bridge force with us again, along with our Beaugency watchers, and be stronger for our great day's work by four-and-twenty hundred able soldiers, as was here promised within the hour. Verily this Englishman is doing our errands for us and saving us much blood and trouble. Orders, Excellency—give us our orders!"

"They are simple. Let the men rest three hours longer. At one o'clock the advance-guard will march, under your command, with Poton de Xaintrailles as second; the second division will follow at two under the Lieutenant-General. Keep well in the rear of the enemy, and see to it that you avoid an engagement. I will ride under guard to Beaugency and make so quick work there that I and the Constable of France will join you before dawn with his men."

She kept her word. Her guard mounted and we rode off through the puttering rain, taking with us a captured English officer to confirm Joan's news. We soon covered the journey and summoned the castle. Richard Guétin, Talbot's lieutenant, being convinced that he and his five hundred men were left helpless, conceded that it would be useless to try to hold out. He could not expect easy terms, yet Joan granted them nevertheless. His garrison could keep their horses and arms, and carry away property to the

value of a silver mark per man. They could go whither they pleased, but must not take arms against France again under ten days.

Before dawn we were with our army again, and with us the Constable and nearly all his men, for we left only a small garrison in Beaugency castle. We heard the dull booming of cannon to the front, and knew that Talbot was beginning his attack on the bridge. But some time before it was yet light the sound ceased and we heard it no more.

Guétin had sent a messenger through our lines under a safe-conduct given by Joan, to tell Talbot of the surrender. Of course this poursuivant had arrived ahead of us. Talbot had held it wisdom to turn, now, and retreat upon Paris. When daylight came he had disappeared; and with him Lord Scales and the garrison of Meung.

What a harvest of English strongholds we had reaped in those three days! strongholds which had defied France with quite cool confidence and plenty of it until we came.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHOEMAKER OF FOUGÈRES.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

MONS. GARNIER was bored. The state of mind had been chronic with him for two months past, ever since he had been told by his doctor that for at least a year he must give up any kind of brain-work.

The advice of the Tours doctor being confirmed by the celebrated physician to consult whom Monsieur Garnier had visited Paris, there was nothing for it but to submit, and to seek out some peaceful means of distraction. Monsieur Garnier was a distinguished judge; he had also been the chief advocate of Tours; he was now absolutely forbidden to look at a law paper. It was summer-time, so he was advised not to go to Italy, and for the present he decided to travel in France. He began his wanderings by visiting some of the great French cathedrals.

By natural taste Monsieur Garnier was an archæologist, but he soon found that little mental refreshment was to be gleaned by gazing at old gray stones. It one day occurred to him that what he wanted was a fresh sensation, some place he had never seen or heard of, though where to find this without a long and fatiguing journey puzzled him.

He looked at the map of Europe in the hall of his hotel; he had staid in Rouen while in pursuit of the antiquities that had wearied his tired brain.

"I will not leave France." As he said the words, his eyes fell on that queer little corner of land which looks like a bit of ragged fringe, so many tongues does it project into the Atlantic.

"Why not go to Brittany?" he asked himself. "In Paris they call it 'le dernier trou du monde,' and for that very reason, because it is abhorred by Parisians, it must be refreshingly unsophisticated."

It was in this way that Monsieur Garnier had come to Fougères, a frontier and therefore a French-speaking town, but for all that Breton. Monsieur Garnier had expected to find roughness and picturesque disorder; he was surprised at the commonplace comfort of the hotel—which, it must be owned, stood in the upper and more modern part of Fougères. He sighed, and felt bored.

"It is as sophisticated as any other part of France," he thought, when, after his early cup of coffee, he strolled down a steep descent, getting views of a grand old castle far below, with numerous ruined towers.

He reached the edge of the steep valley, and felt a sudden sensation of delight. There was a scene of busy and picturesque industry round and about the little river, which worked hard to pay its passage through the smiling green valley dotted with ancient gabled houses, grayly nestling among their apple orchards. The river seemed to murmur loudly at finding itself dammed up, here to do the work of a fulling-mill with a ponderous wheel, and over there penned into a washing-place, where under a quaint penthouse shelter at least a dozen merry, light-hearted laundresses washed and soaped and beat and rinsed, and, above all, gossiped,

screened from the bright sunshine, which promised to become too fierce by mid-day for comfort. From the red cliffs rising behind the gray houses and their orchards came the dull resounding pick strokes of quarrymen.

Monsieur Garnier quickened his pace, and soon found himself in a little street of detached old houses. He noticed at least one bird-cage outside each of the cottages, and in some cases he saw four and five. Except for the singing-birds, which kept up a perpetual concert, the place struck him as being singularly silent, coming as he did from the murmur of the river, with its whirring water-wheel, and the buzz of chatter and merry laughter of the washer-women. He put on his spectacles and looked about him. He saw at most of the windows a man or a woman, and sometimes both together, seated at work, with bent heads and grave sad faces; then he remembered to have heard that the chief industry of Fougères was the manufacture of felt boots and shoes; but he had expected to find this work carried on in a factory, not by workers in their own homes.

He became still more interested, and he looked about for some one of whom he could ask questions. He was so well accustomed to the observing curiosity of his own countrymen that it seemed to him strange, when he passed a window beside which a gray-headed couple sat bending over their stitching, that neither man nor wife looked up on hearing his footsteps. In the cottage opposite, a woman sat half hidden by the folds of a red stuff curtain; she looked up, gave him a rapid glance, and then bent her eyes again on the black stuff on her table.

Monsieur Garnier at once crossed the road, and went up to the woman's window. "Good-morning, madame:" his observing eyes were noting the traces of better days in the large dark room, only lighted by the one small window at which the worker sat. A mahogany bedstead with carved foot-board stood in one corner, and opposite was an old cabinet with bits of Rouen faience and Sèvres china; on the chimney-piece was a Louis Quinze clock and candlesticks, and near it a quaint armoire with remarkable mounts. Monsieur Garnier felt inclined to make a bid for that armoire.

The worker had looked up at him, and she bent her head in answer to his greeting; she had a long thoughtful face, with dark heavy-lidded eyes; she looked pale and tired, and she did not wear a cap on her rough gray hair. She could never have been beautiful, but her face arrested attention; there was in it so strange a mingling of pathos and singular alertness. She gave him a sad smile as she said:

"Good-morning, monsieur! Monsieur is probably a stranger here; we seldom see a stranger in Fougères."

"Yes," he answered, "I am a stranger, and I wonder at seeing so industrious a community, and also at the multitude of singing-birds."

She smiled; his remark amused her.

"One is perhaps the cause of the other, monsieur. We have to work so hard that on week-days we have no time to go out to the woods, as the little ones do, so we keep our birds beside us, monsieur sees."

"Why do you work so hard? Do your employers pay you so badly?"

"Pardon me, monsieur, I do not complain; it is because of the machines, which work so much more quickly than we can; there used not to be machines, and then we earned double. I can only finish two of these," she touched her work, "in a day, and to do that I must work without stopping till seven, for the days have already begun to shorten."

She gave quite a pathetic sigh.

"You surely do not finish two boots in one day?"

"Pardon me, monsieur, that would be only possible to a machine, and one machine could not do all the different parts of one boot. It is this way, monsieur, that we do our work: my neighbor over there," she nodded towards the gray-haired couple—"monsieur will permit me to continue to sew—my neighbor there has the tops, like this one, sent to him when they are ready to fasten to the soles; when they are fastened, his wife paints the middle of the sole black. This top," she held it out a moment for his inspection, "is sent to me tacked roughly together, and I finish it so." She pointed to a complete boot-top on the table.

"And for two of these you are paid—?"

"One franc a day, monsieur."

She looked as if she was proud of earning so large a sum.

"And that is how you live?" said Monsieur Garnier.

"Pardon me, monsieur; I should not need to work so hard if it were only to live. No, monsieur, I work for something else." She gave him a scrutinizing look, and seemingly satisfied with what she saw, "I work," she went on, "for the sake of my son, monsieur, my Marcel, who is in Algeria."

"Is your son a soldier?" Monsieur Garnier asked.

A faint tinge of color spread over the woman's pale face, and her long dark eyes glowed.

"Yes, monsieur, Marcel is corporal in the 74th of the line; he was wounded in a skirmish in spring-time, and he is too weak to come to me; so monsieur sees—" She hesitated, and looked up at Monsieur Garnier.

"You are, then, saving money to go to him—is that so?" he said, kindly.

She smiled. "Monsieur has guessed it, and if he will excuse me I will go on stitching."

A tread of heavy footsteps came hurrying down the street, and the blue-frocked postman, with his brass-bound cap and his greasy leather wallet, was soon across the road and at the open window.

"Good-day, Marie-Jeanne. A letter for you." He put a letter on the window-ledge as he passed on.

A flush rose on the woman's pale face; she looked timidly at the letter, but she did not touch it.

"Stay, Mathieu," she called after the postman; "how is Yvonne? Did you give her the herb drink I told you about?"

The postman shook his head, and his chin sank on his chest as he mounted the street.

"It is sad," the woman said, while she went on stitching. "The poor man's wife is sorely ill, and she will die, just because she has no one to be with her to make her a cup of broth or a tisane. She lives two kilometres away from Fougères, and monsieur knows that is a great distance."

Monsieur looked amused. "You think two kilometres a great distance, and yet you propose to travel to Algeria!" he said.

"Eh, then, will monsieur please excuse me, but that is different, is it not? I shall not have to go on my feet in this journey. I could not, for I am lame. There will be first the railway, and then the steamboat, and then I shall be there."

Monsieur Garnier was perplexed; but Marie-Jeanne looked so bright and full of hope that he could hardly bring himself to disturb her confidence.

"I am afraid the journey may not be quite so easy as you think," he said. "Do you know exactly where to find your son?"

She gave him a bright trustful smile. "I shall know, monsieur, by the time I am able to start." She gave him a little affirmative nod. "Monsieur le Curé has written for me a letter to Marcel, and when the answer comes I shall know exactly where I am to go and what I have to do. I grieved to give the good father this trouble, but he seemed to think Algeria was quite a big place, and that I might lose my way when I got there."

"He was right." Monsieur Garnier glanced at the letter, which still lay where the postman had placed it, and he saw Algeria on the post-mark. He saw that the woman's eyes had followed his, and that she was looking questioningly at him. "Will you not read your letter, my friend?"

"I thank you, monsieur, but it is not in my power to do that; I must wait till my friend Jules Bosson leaves work; he will surely come over to me, for he must have seen the postman stop at my window. Yes, monsieur, he will surely come and read my letter to me."

While she spoke her eyes glowed, till they seemed to burn with suppressed impatience.

"The letter is from Algeria," Monsieur Garnier said. His orderly ideas were disturbed by this unnecessary delay. "This is possibly the letter you said you were expecting."

"Pardon me, monsieur, there has not yet been time for the answer; I fear—" She checked herself with an effort, as though she thought it wrong to utter her anxiety; but he saw that her hands left her work, and that the thin dark fingers were twisting nervously together.

"Will you trust me to read your letter to you, madame?" he said, kindly. He was secretly amused at his own good-nature.

"Eh, then, monsieur"—she gave him a grateful glance—"but it is not possible that I could venture to trouble monsieur with my poor affairs. I thank monsieur over and over again; but if I have a little

patience, instead of letting myself be silly, Bosson will come over when he has finished work; he does not like to be interrupted, monsieur."

"I should think it a pleasure if you will allow me, madame." He held out his hand for the letter, and he saw the spring of joy in her eyes. "I think you ought not to delay; there may be news in this letter which should reach you at once. If you will open it I will read."

She opened the envelope slowly and cautiously, and then, as she flattened out the letter, she gave a little happy cry.

"It is all right, monsieur. It must be; it is the writing of my boy; I know the look of it." She kissed the letter, and then looked sheepish as she handed it to Monsieur Garnier. "At your service, monsieur." She leaned back with a sigh of relief, and folded her thin brown hands.

The writing was clear and bold like that of a school-boy; at the top were the words:

"Good news! Good news! Good news!"

These lines came below:

"I am cured, dearest little mother; I am very happy, and on my way home; I shall reach you nearly as soon as my letter does. MARCEL DUPUIS."

A smothered "Ah!"

Monsieur Garnier turned to look at his companion. She lay leaning back in her chair—pale, and her eyes closed; he fancied she had lost consciousness.

"Bah! joy does not kill." But he hesitated what to do; he did not know how to treat a fainting woman, and yet he could not leave the poor creature to recover by herself. He looked across the broad road; Jules Bosson and his wife were still absorbed in their work, and unconscious of what had happened to their friend.

Monsieur Garnier heard footsteps from the direction the postman had taken—a yellow road curving upward on the left below the line of massive curtain wall that connected the old towers of the château.

A slim young woman was coming down this road; her head, covered with a gay silk handkerchief, was bent forward, she wore a pale blue skirt, and round her neck hung a long string of red beads. She raised her head when she reached the bottom of the descent, and Monsieur Garnier saw that she had a pretty oval face and sweet dark eyes; he thought she gave a frightened look round her, and he went towards her smiling, for her appearance was a welcome relief to his perplexity.

"I want your help, if you please, mademoiselle." He raised his hat. "A woman has fainted in that cottage, and she lives alone."

The girl looked on, following his glance, and he thought she seemed confused.

"I beg monsieur's pardon," in a sort of patois, "but does he mean that house, and does he speak of Madame Dupuis?"

The girl seemed to shiver with fear as she spoke, and the color deepened on her pretty sunburnt face.

"Yes," he answered; "her name is Dupuis; look at her, she greatly needs your help."

They had now reached the window, and looking in, the girl saw the pale stricken figure lying back in her chair. She hurried forward, and Monsieur Garnier marvelled at her rapidity. She seemed to know by instinct where to find a jug and water; she flicked this on Marie-Jeanne's face.

The woman shuddered at the touch of cold water, and then opened her eyes.

When those sad dark eyes rested on the girl, she drew back, and stood cowering in a corner of the dark room. There was such real terror in her sweet young face that Monsieur Garnier, who stood partly hidden outside the curtained window, felt that he was assisting at the unfolding of some tragedy. What could there be in common, he asked himself, between the shoemaker and this young stranger, whose costume told that she came from the South?

Madame Dupuis stared hard at the cowering figure.

"What brings you here?" she asked, in a hard, suspicious tone. "Where do you come from?"

The girl seemed to recollect herself; she came forward and knelt beside the woman.

"I am from the South, madame, but I come now from Algeria." She had spoken with hesitation; now she went on rapidly: "Your son Marcel has sent me to you—mother."

There was silence. Monsieur Garnier saw from his post of observation that the

woman's cheeks flamed with a sudden glow, and then as quickly paled. The girl could not see this—her head was bent; she only heard the stern question,

"Are you my son's wife?"

The intruder hid her face in her hands, while a faint "Yes" came from her lips.

"How long have you known him?"

Garnier thought the mother's voice was cruelly hard.

The girl had recovered courage; her voice was firm as she began to speak:

"I have known him, madame, since the night of the battle, when he was shot. The seekers did not find Marcel when they carried away the others; but I was there, madame, and I found him in the ditch. I had gone to the field with my cousin to look for her son, and I heard a groan. Then I looked about, till I saw a soldier lying as if he were dead. I went and got water, and after a bit he opened his eyes. And then I heard a horse-tread passing by. It was an officer and some soldiers, and they were looking for Marcel, but they went by us in the gloom. I cried out very loud, and they came back, and they lifted him and took him to the hospital. My cousin knew the doctor, madame, and when I begged for it, they let me in to help nurse him, for they wanted help. Then, madame, then—" Her eyes were full of happy tears, and she looked beseechingly at Madame Dupuis. "Mon Dieu! you are Marcel's mother; you know one cannot help loving him!"

Marie-Jeanne looked hard at her.

"Marcel should have told me. I had a right to know." But her voice had lost some of its harshness.

The girl took the thin brown hand between hers and pressed it.

"Mother, our marriage had to be secret. Even now Marcel dares not openly claim me till he gets his discharge, so he could not travel with me as my husband, or bring me to you. He is on his way; he will soon be here. Won't you forgive us? Won't you let me stay with you and be your daughter?" She said this timidly, yet so lovingly that Monsieur Garnier abruptly turned away and blew his nose.

Madame Dupuis had drawn her hand from the girl's clasping fingers; she was still dazed with the suddenness with which all this had come upon her. She felt bitter, too, against her darling son—the son who had never since his birth been wanting in devoted love to his mother. It was true that Marcel was past the age at which a parent's consent was legally necessary to his marriage; but, for all that, she sat counting up the weeks during which she had been straining her utmost powers to get through the daily task she had set herself, so that she might earn sufficient to take that journey to join her boy; and meantime he had forgotten her; he had been completely taken up with this stranger, and had made her his wife! Then in a flash came the memory of the fight which had cost the lives of many French soldiers; and when no news had come of Marcel, she had given him up for dead, and her sorrow had been more than she could bear. Then, all at once, this sorrow had been changed to joy by the doctor's letter, telling her that her son was doing well, though he was among the wounded.

A slight movement disturbed her, and she looked round. The girl had risen, and with bent head was moving towards the door of the cottage. Strong resentment against herself came to Madame Dupuis. But for this girl, in whom she took so little interest that she had not even asked her name, Marcel might have died before help reached him, and she had not even thanked her! She rose and held out her hand.

"Tell me your name, my child."

The girl turned; she looked mortified and shy.

"I am called Aline, madame."

Marie-Jeanne went to her, put her arm round her, and kissed her forehead. "Aline, you are my child, my own dear daughter," the self-contained Breton woman said; but the girl broke down in a passion of tears, and sobbed out her thankfulness on her mother-in-law's shoulder.

"Hush, child!" Marie-Jeanne said. "You have earned your place: if I gave birth to Marcel, you have given him life." Then, in a cheerful tone, "Now we must both set to work, so as to buy Marcel's discharge."

Monsieur Garnier turned away. He had not felt so much interested since the beginning of his illness; he began to think he too might help in purchasing the release of Marcel.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

REFERENCE has been made in these pages to the check interposed by Japan to the carrying of Christmas round the world. The rise of Japan into the rank of powerful civilized nations, perhaps to be followed in a quarter of a century by the advent of China, certainly introduces another element into what we have been calling Christian civilization. It is possible that these Orientals might accept the ceremonies and the symbols that were borrowed and adapted from paganism, Roman and German, and enter with some zest into the holiday by which we mark the end of the natural and the beginning of the Christian year. But it would not be any more Christmas. No doubt the Japanese and the Chinese could be brought to load down the mails with seasonable cards and to exchange "presents," and even extend the Oriental notion of backsheesh; but the central idea of the brotherhood of man, which we have been trying to express by our holiday of charity and good-will, we can scarcely expect to be taken in by them. And this disturbance to the spread of our Occidental civilization makes the Christmas of 1895 different from any that has preceded it since the Reformation, and, indeed, since the English and Spanish and Portuguese and Dutch captains and sea-rovers started out to subdue outlying nations, and bring them into subjection to the conquering cross and the habits of trade. They thought they had a mission to force their ideas upon the poor souls of the earth and make them happy—lawfully if might be, but unlawfully if it must be; and for centuries, say at least since the ravaging Turk was turned back at Vienna, they have had no doubt of the authenticity of their mission. But here now are coming other nations, also with big guns and armored ships, more civilized than the Turks, and by millions more numerous, who are proposing to take a strong hand in the game, and with ideas of life as different from ours as ours are from those of the ancient Egyptians. The old contest is to be renewed. Is it to be carried on by force of arms? Are the heaviest guns to decide which is the better civilization? The nations of the so-called Christian world are still arming themselves—building stouter and swifter ships of war, and inventing new missiles and machines of destruction to be used to harry and pauperize each other, and to fight for the possession of the bits of earth still unappropriated by the civilized. This is the report on the latest Christmas day. Will the Christian civilization still go on in this way, the way of Cortez and Drake, or will it turn its united guns to uphold and defend the Occidental Christian idea, or, better still, will it have a little faith in itself, and expect by the arts of peace and the spirit of good-will to win the world to the better way? These are, no doubt, idle speculations—were always idle in this fighting world—and especially profitless now in this period of the rise and consolidation of nationalities. Only it is perhaps not idle, upon the day of the advent upon the field of contest of two such capable nations as Japan and China, to take a little thought upon the true spirit of Christmas, and to reflect whether the sun of charity is not stronger to win the world to concord than the hurricane of war. The things which non-Christian nations are most likely to imitate are our vices and our violences. The Japanese may well say that we should never have respected their gentle civilization if they had not borrowed from us the most unlovely features of ours. Now, taking a lesson from the fighting Christian world, both China and Japan are preparing to push their own civilization to the front; and so our Christmas, which felt itself pretty well established on the earth, is to enter from this year upon a new series of struggles for the honor of its banner and the spirit it professes.

II.

The pessimists have so long had it their own way, and have been able to justify their lamentations so well by pointing to the divorce courts and the scandal of modern fiction, that the easily led world was beginning to believe not only that marriage is a failure, but that the whole social state is deliquescent. It has oc-

curred to some one to challenge this conclusion by an appeal to the sound part of society, and get the testimony of wives on this subject. The result, appearing from time to time in an English periodical, promises to be overwhelming in favor of happy marriages. We know that the great mass of society is always sound, or it could not hold together. It is the exceptionally discontented who are oftenest heard, and it is the exceptionally unfortunate or vicious who attract most attention. The complaints of the one and the visible and flaunted misery of the other furnish us a sufficient spectacle of a world gone wrong, and sufficient illustrations for those who adopt depressing theories, and apparently enjoy the prospect of pretty nearly universal unhappiness. The wise know, indeed, that no one is happy at all times, and that no one escapes suffering, and that the experiment of two lives lived as one, though of nature's own devising, is not always successful. Yet in the great mass it is reasonably successful, and is, at any rate, a condition better for humanity than any other that has been tried. Writers are apt to judge both the morals and the contentment of men by the congested cities, just as our travellers used to represent the empires of China and Japan as utterly immoral from their experience of the seaboard cities. But even in the cities it is a fractional view of life upon which the pessimists base their theories of the misery of life and the misfortune of marriage. The fairly contented and the reasonably happy are silent: the mass of domestic life is unreported. And this is why the modern newspaper, which reports day by day the accidents and the unusual in life as news, is such an untrue reporter of the actual state of society, and will be such a poor guide to the historian who refers to it alone for his estimate of the social life of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is more misleading than the satires of Juvenal. But when we go out of the cities and large towns into the country and among the small villages, either in England or America, where there is less rivalry in ostentation, and less strife for luxury, and less congestion of ill living and poverty, the civilization of these latter days makes a very good show. Considering the actual frailties of human nature, and the natural hardships of any state of development, growth, and decay, it is really wonderful to see how happy and cheerful the world is, how much kindness there is, and helpfulness and contentment. It cannot be that the fundamental conditions of life are all wrong, and that the conjugal and family relations are makeshifts, or in a moribund state. I lately made a little tour in the west and south of England, as a mere spectator of the ordinary popular life. I doubt if there have ever been in the world communities happier, better ordered and cared for, than there. I will not say there are not too many public-houses; that there is a great chance for youthful ambition or change of condition; and I could no doubt have brought away stories of individual discontent and misery enough to make a disagreeable volume. But I am sure that life in the main there is wholesome and prosperous, or at least enjoyable, and as free as humanity can be, in our present state of ignorance, from great evils. I did not see Sir Richard Granville at Stow, nor did I meet Charles Kingsley at Bideford or Clovelly Court, but I am sure that there remains in this region a majority of people who think as they did about religion and honor and the domestic virtues; that there are enough, at any rate, of such to keep up the old English traditions of sturdy manhood and pure womanhood.

As to the testimony of happy marriages, I should like to see a *plébiscite* of wives generally. If women wish to vote, here is something on which they could vote understandingly, which is much more than men usually do when they vote, and the verdict we would get would help to quiet, I am sure, the infinite babble about unhappiness in marriage, or we should have statistics as to the facts upon which to base an agitation for reform. The ballot, "happy" or "unhappy," might have appended succinctly the cause. In case of unhappiness, we might know whether it was from the intemperance or the cruelty of the man, or his shiftlessness, or, if the answers were candid, how often it arose from the ill temper or ignorance of domestic economy on the part of the wife; whether, in fact, it was ineradicable in the instability of human nature, or whether it arose from some social conditions which wise legislation or better knowledge of how to live could mitigate. When the vote is taken, it will be well also to let those who are

unhappy in marriage say whether they would like to change. Notwithstanding all the disagreeabilities, incompatibilities, and petty irritations and daily worries, how many would like to change? It having been discovered that life is not altogether, at the best, a picnic, or even a ball or a church fair, or exactly to be described as a pleasure excursion, how many would like to break up the order to which they are more or less wonted and try something else? How many couples, having become used to each other's ways, would like to make new contact with other faults unknown? I fancy that, in view of being called to make a total change, to the vast majority the annoyances they suffer from would seem trifling in comparison. But whether women are wishing to vote on this subject or not, the voluntary testimony to which I alluded is of considerable interest in these days, and may turn the minds of many who are drifting into mournful and pessimistic thinking to make a little investigation on the bright side of life. It has been a sort of fashion to inspect the slums—a dire necessity, to be sure—but an equally faithful inspection of the decent side of life may bring us some comfort.

III.

We continually hear it said that social life is in a revolutionary state. Evolutionary is a word much better descriptive of it; for the process is continuous, and is not difficult to understand, though the proximate causes are not always seen. The *fin de siècle* view is already discredited as a mere phase, attaching a fictitious importance to these passing years because they close a century. The changes in the nineteenth century have no doubt been more radical than those of the eighteenth were, and they go on at an accelerated pace, but they have their root in two forces long maturing. One is popular education, and the other is what is called the emancipation of woman. This latter is viewed by some as her escape from a state of dependence, and by others as her loss of the sort of chivalric devotion that was once paid to her, and which she took as due to her sex. A change of this sort in progress necessarily produces confusion. For the fact is that women have not yet fully realized the meaning of the position they desired. They wanted equality with men in regard to property, occupations, and the choice of making what they could of their lives, but they have been at the same time unwilling to surrender the privileges of their sex. This is as much as saying that few of them, as yet, are willing to assume the full responsibility of the struggle for life. This, of course, is not their fault. The instincts and the various organizations of centuries are not to be escaped in one hour of freedom. Man has been knocked about and has had to fight for his own so long that he expects nothing that he does not win on its merits; or rather he does not reckon on any leniency of judgment on his work because he is a man. The work must speak for itself. In time woman will also learn, if she will be independent up to the limits of her full physical and mental power, that she can ask no allowance for work of any sort because it is the production of a woman. But it is perfectly natural in the present state of development that she should expect protection, while she demands almost absolute freedom and equality in all opportunities. And I believe that when the social state is settled in the new order (let us call it the order of education and of justice), the relation of the sexes, so far as dependence and mutual help go, will be not very different from what it is now. Women, having ventured as far as they can in assuming the work of the world hitherto done by men, will find that nature, after all, is governed by laws that cannot be set aside, and that woman has duties, impossible for men to perform, which cannot be neglected. And men will learn that there is much in the activities of life which women can perform as well and perhaps better than they, and this they will cheerfully accord, while treating them still as women. In that way concord of view and of purpose will come again. But it may be safely predicted that it will not come until some further experiments have been tried, until the complete education of women puts them in possession of the full exercise of their natural powers and capacities, and teaches them their limitations, and the peculiar duties that belong to the human family by reason of the difference of sex. No one any longer disputes the right of woman to the fullest development of her powers by the education to be got from books and from life. Just now it seems to be assumed that this education should be exactly the same as that given

to men. This experiment is bound to be tried to the end. While it is in progress there will be extravagances of conduct. There will be women aping men in manners and in dress, and losing the qualities that make women most lovely and agreeable to their own sex as well as to men; and there will be men who will declare that the education of women is a total mistake, because it is destructive of those feminine qualities and charms which make the world interesting and endurable. We have faith, however, that nature's laws are uniform, and that trees will continue to bear fruit of their kind. We have no fear that the educated woman will become only a man. She herself will be as fully conscious where her strength lies, and in the end will take the kind of education best fitted to develop her feminine powers, and best fitted to the duties that nature has imposed upon her. We have not got very far with general education yet, but no one doubts that the salvation of society depends upon it, or that in a well-balanced world the education of the one sex is as desirable as that of the other. To educate both alike might produce monotony, and sacrifice some of the best qualities in each. A man, for instance, would be of small account if he owed his whole training to an old-fashioned female seminary, and it is quite believable that the higher education of women must include graces and accomplishments not suited to men, and not in the curriculum now being tried for them.

Popular education is the other disturbing influence in our evolutionary period. It is disturbing at present because it has gone far enough to produce discontent, to create ambitions that cannot be gratified, and to shake the old foundations, but not far enough to settle into any order or to inculcate the great lesson of natural limitations. Of necessity it is superficial, because it has attempted too much. We hear great complaint of the want of public taste and discrimination. There is no doubt more power of discrimination in literature, for instance, than there was a hundred years ago; that is, there are more discerning people; but a hundred years ago only a few affected to be judges, and now a little learning has fitted everybody to be a judge, and the expression of crude opinion now, where formerly there was no expression, gives the impression that public taste has degenerated. And education, or, to speak properly, the diffusion of information, is going on with a rush that overburdens the untrained faculties and overwhelms the judgment. The idea is that if knowledge can be chopped up fine enough and scattered broadcast, the mass of the people must become intelligent. Private enterprise also finds its profit in this work, and the printing-press literally snows under whole communities, and the railways are highways of distribution of this so-called information. It is amazing, if one looks at this product. We know what this is in America, but I think that compactly settled England exceeds us in the production of this exceedingly flimsy and ephemeral printed matter. The variety of "chopped stuff," gossip, pictures, and sentimental twaddle that is not seen in the great dailies goes into a thousand small periodicals, of all degrees of badness and of weakness, to suit the people who wish to spend only a penny for enlightenment, and who devour this frothy and unsatisfying sort of food. Here is a direct cause of the degeneration of public discrimination, when the intelligence a little awakened by the Board Schools is met by a kind of reading, thrust upon it cheap, that vitiates the taste and destroys discrimination. I suppose this also is all in the process of evolution to something better, but I doubt the necessity of meeting awakening mental consciousness in this way, and am not at all convinced that this sort of reading is better than none.

Scepticism, and the decay of religious faith, and the unrestful questioning of the mysteries of life, did not begin in this century, but all these have been accentuated and disseminated by the press, and might naturally be expected to be more marked in the great educational movement, and in the culmination of the struggle of woman to change her position radically. There are other small currents and affectations, like those in art and in æsthetics, affecting small sections of society; there are fads and fashions and reactions; but the two movements of diffused education and of emancipation seem to me the special characteristics of our period, and sufficient to account for what is novel in it. And they seem certain to work themselves out to their end, which may not be what conservatives predict or radicals expect, but which must profoundly alter our whole social structure.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

GOLDSTEIN'S EQUESTRIAN JOKE.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

ISAAC GOLDSTEIN is a citizen of this republic, long engaged in merchandising. He has not been a fixed dealer, glorying in gorgeous window displays and bellowing advertisements in the Sunday papers; but, instead, he has been a peripatetic trader, going to the customer rather than waiting for the customer to come to him. And in this there are not wanting those ready to maintain that he has shown the part of wisdom, since, these logicians contend, it is as absurd for a merchant to wait for customers as it would be for a hunter to wait at home for game to bound across his hearth-stone or alight upon his sideboard. But these speculations need not detain us; rather let us follow Goldstein afield as he pursues the sometimes uneven tenor of his way.

As has been in a manner hinted at, Isaac Goldstein is a pack-peddler. For twenty years he has gone up and down the more sequestered rural regions of the land, carrying an immense load of miscellaneous merchandise, which he has offered at a profit so small that he has twenty times a day stood aghast at his own hardihood. It would have been easier to work, but he has preferred to peddle. Dogs have bitten him—yea, more, dogs have gnawed him, dogs have partaken of him, dogs have whetted their fangs upon him, dogs have all but buried him in the back yard in the guise of a bone; but not once has the base thought of deserting proud Trade for paltry Labor crossed the Goldstein mind. And not dogs alone. The rains have descended and wet him, the snows have come down and covered him, the mud has oozed about his feet, the dust has swirled around his head, small boys have pelted him with promiscuous missiles, and occasionally a bucolic bull has tossed him on his horns and bellowed as vaingloriously as if he had despatched a matador.

But Goldstein has not complained, and he has stuck to trade. Personally he is a man who would attract attention anywhere, solely for the reason that he would not deserve it. He is somewhat below the average height, with stooped shoulders, rather more than his share of nose, and with a black, bushy, tangled beard, a woven-wire beard, or, to enlarge the figure, a junglelike beard, a trackless, unexplored, unknown beard, which even the dogs, despite all their efforts, have never penetrated. But though this description does not set Goldstein forth in glowing colors, it must not be thought that there is anything repulsive about him. Far from it; he has an insinuating way and much personal magnetism. Nor is he any fool; but, on the contrary, he hath a pretty wit, though one tinctured a little by his trade instincts, as shall appear.

For years Goldstein handled miscellaneous goods, done up in a great square canvas-covered pack, ranging from needles in assorted sizes to table-cloths, and from husking-gloves to sleigh-bells, and including writing-ink, chromoes, dry yeast, plated jewelry, cough medicine, accordions, rubber dolls, dress patterns, playing-cards, Methodist hymnals, Episcopal prayer-books, and Catholic rosaries—the beads of the last-named whittled out of wood of the true cross, obtained by Goldstein from an uncle in the Holy Land at considerable expense. But the rage for specialization reached Goldstein at last, and he gradually began to reduce his stock, and finally he gave his whole attention to some one thing. For a while he handled an improved carpet-stretcher, of the kind used in the White House and by the Crowned Heads of Europe. Then he took up an improved wire rat-trap, a very Lorelei of a rat-trap, a siren rat-trap, a rat-trap warranted to lure rats as sin lureth mankind, and to catch and hold and destroy the same. Other household specialties followed, till at last he struck upon a certain style of clothes-horse, an ingenious contrivance for the proper drying and airing of clothes and household linen after being ironed. It was called the Chicago Imperator Adjustable Clothes-Horse, and was an apparatus which stood on the floor and spread out like a banyan-tree when in use, but closed up like a Lombardy poplar after it had served its purpose. It was the same as used with great success by the President and members of the cabinet, as supplied to them a year before by the present dealer, a man not given to small deceit or any sinful games. He sold the clothes-horse for one dollar, affording a profit so small and abjectly insignificant that should his brother, the manufacturer, come to know of it, he (the present speaker) should fear for his life at the avenging hands of the outraged relative.

It happened, a few months ago, that Goldstein one day found himself in a settlement of Norwegians in a central Minnesota county. Business was poor. Spring was creeping up that way, and the mud was deep. The dogs were unusually vicious, and he was averaging a bite a mile. Goldstein was as near being discouraged as was possible for him. His troubles even roused his fancy (a member of the Goldstein make-up of no great size or activity), and for a moment the thought crossed his mind how pleasant it would be could he mount one

of the clothes-horses which he carried on his back and gallop away from the forbidding country. This idea so pleased him that he chuckled to himself, and came up quite briskly to the next house, where, after the dog had bitten him to his (the animal's) satisfaction, he entered and began a vigorous and voluble enlargement on the worth of his clothes-horses, ending with his invariable joke that "she doan keeck, an' you doan neffer haf to feed her no oats."

But eloquence and humor alike failed to move the economical-minded Scandinavian, and Goldstein was just departing, when the man happened casually to mention that a great wedding was to take place in the neighborhood soon, the son of one Ole Olson, a prominent farmer, marrying the daughter of a certain Knut Knutson, an equally important resident of that picturesque and interesting section.

Goldstein paused with his hand on the latch. The information opened up a vast vista of profit to his mind's eye.

"Vedding, eh?" he said. "Vell, I tells you vhat you vants to do. Shust you geet von of dem hosses for a bresent for de pride. Eh?"

"You tank he do?" inquired the son of the fjords, doubtfully.

"Do? Do? you ask. Vhy, she vas *made* for eet!" He wrenched one of the clothes-horses from the bundle and stood it before the halting Viking. "Vill she do!" he cried, patting the article as if it had been a living horse. "Vhy, great shimminy, dose Wanderbilts couldn't geet noddings more better for a vedding bresent dan she is! Vhat you tink you geef de pride—a di'mont neglace, a beelyard table, a tame bear? Doan you do eet! You puy *her*, an' gif her to de pride, an' she be most tickled to det'."

The Norwegian looked at his wife and then back at Goldstein, and said,

"Vell, aye tank aye take heem." And he handed out his dollar and closed the bargain.

Goldstein put the dollar in his pocket and went out. The dog bit him again, but he felt it not. Great thoughts were racing through his mind. He felt as if he was riding his clothes-horses at last—four of them abreast, with another quartet driven ahead with red ribbons, like the man in the circus. He plunged away through the mud, while the dog went back to the house with a lame jaw.

The day which was to make the fair Lena Knutson and the brave Lars Olson one had arrived. Weddings in that neighborhood began early and lasted late. It was not past ten o'clock in the forenoon when the first team drove up to the door of the bride's parents. Mr. Peter Bjorkson and family tumbled out and came into the house. Mr. Peter Bjorkson carried an immense package done up in heavy paper. He unrolled it, and to the bride, in melodious Norse, said words which we may freely translate after this manner:

"We bring thee, Lena, with our best wishes, a poor offering, but it comes from our hearts —a clothes-horse. It won't kick, and doesn't need any oats."

The big blue eyes of the bride beamed with joy as she took it and thanked the givers. It was, in fact, precisely what she wanted. But time presses, and we must hurry on.

Which is why the exact words of presentation of Mr. Tosten Estenson and family, who arrived ten minutes later, and brought a clothes-horse, need not detain us. The next to come was Swan Swanson and wife. They brought a clothes-horse for the bride. They were followed by another neighbor, Erick Bogstieson and family. Nor did the Bogstiesons forget that the bride was soon to begin housekeeping; so they brought to her, with all good wishes, a clothes-horse, as, indeed, did also Neighbor Ophdahl. Space is short; the historian may barely say that Axel Ottoson, Thor Nordgaard, Hans Sjorring, and Ole Iverson brought to the bride clothes-horses. At one o'clock, P.M., there was a stud of nineteen clothes-horses in the house, and more, so to say, neighing outside. At 1.30 the bride looked out of the window.

"Father," she said, controlling herself with an effort, "there are twenty-three here now, and there comes Mr. Mikkleson up the walk with another."

The voice of a man was heard at the back door. "We have brought Lena a clothes-horse," the voice said. The bride burst into tears and sank to the floor. But this matter must detain us no longer. It is almost too painful to dwell upon.

Up rose the bridegroom, like Thor of old, and swore by Odin and Valhalla and the Valkyries and *their* horses, and called for volunteers to go with him and help him to catch that peddler. Twenty strong men responded. As they went out they encountered a couple of neighbors with clothes-horses for the bride. They leaped into their wagons and drove away toward the railroad station. On the road they met several other neighbors carrying large mysterious packages, the contents of which they but too well guessed. At the station the ticket-agent told them that a man answering the peddler's description had boarded the train the night before with a ticket for Des Moines, Iowa. They returned, passing a few scattering neighbors bearing a serviceable article of clothes-horse.

At that moment two hundred miles away plodded Isaac Goldstein, with a pack of Chicago Imperator Adjustable Clothes-Horses on his back, which he was offering to the people of Iowa at the ridiculous price of one dollar, with the warrantee that they would not kick and required no fodder. Guardedly, too, he occasionally inquired for weddings.



READY FOR BUSINESS.

THE S CLAUS COMPANY (UNLIMITED).

A SUGGESTION.

These days of corporations it would truly seem to be
A splendid plan if Santa Claus would look about and see
If he could not incorporate himself, and so expand
His usefulness to cover every corner of the land.

I've noticed, as I've looked about on Christmas days gone by,
A lot of little children who have failed to catch his eye,
Who when the Yule was at its height had not a single toy
Or bit of peppermint to fill their little souls with joy.

And there have been some persons who have ventured to remark
Of credence in his being they had not the slightest spark,
For had there been a person of his kind 'twas very sure,
There'd be some signs of presents in the hovels of the poor.

Which is a point he'll have to meet, with many of that sort
If ever he shall find himself haled up before the court.
But I, who've always found him most attentive unto me,
Am certain that he does exist and works most faithfully.

But certain too am I that in these Christmases of late
He's found his work, unaided, for his strength by far too great;
And hence I think that he'd do well to form a company,
And everywhere throughout the land to place an agency.

And all who love him for his labors in the days now past
Can put their names down in his books—the stock should go right fast.
It doesn't seem that it could meet with failure, just because
They must be few who would not take stock in old Santa Claus.

CARLYLE SMITH.

WANTED MORE OF IT.

It was a dark, depressing afternoon. The heavens were full of clouds, and the air was sultry. Suddenly the storm burst upon the little house in all its fury.

Within, fearful lest the flashing of the lightning and the ominous rolling of the thunder should disturb his little son's sense of security, was Robbie's father, playing horse, and choo-choo car, and various other games that might possibly prove distracting to the infant's mind.

Suddenly all grew dark, the floodgates opened, the rain poured down in a mighty torrent, and with a blinding flash the lightning struck the house, demolishing the chimney and destroying a greater part of the roof; and then, as his father, momentarily shocked, fell over backwards, and the glass coverings of the nursery pictures were shattered into a thousand pieces, the child looked up gleefully,

"Do it aden!" he cried, clapping his hands.

A STRONG FAITH.

A GERMAN witness in a court at Louisville, presided over by an irascible judge, persisted, while testifying, in relating what his wife had told him. He was warned time and again to relate only what he saw, and not what he had heard, but persisted in violating the orders of the court. Finally the judge lost his patience, and thundered out:

"Do not tell me what your wife said, sir! Suppose you were to go home to-night and your wife were to tell you that the moon is made of green cheese—what then?"

A look of pride and conscious faith came into that homely, honest German's face to beautify it as he replied,

"Then, shudge, I should pelieve mine wife."

THE RULING PASSION.

AN East Side New York tenement-house had collapsed, and the reporters had the names of three killed and four injured. Another, an unknown man, was missing. As the firemen and laborers dug into the ruins they heard groans, which indicated the location of the victim they were searching for. A knot of timbers was lifted away, and the head of a man, whose body was fast in the wreck, was uncovered. Instantly a reporter of enterprise leaped into the hole, and stooping down, pencil and note-book in hand, asked, in a cheerful, businesslike tone,

"Say, old man, what's your name, age, and occupation?"

A GREAT SURPRISE.

HE had been saving up his pennies for a long time, and he had discovered that by showing his store of wealth to visitors at his father's house he was apt to receive additions to his fund.

On Sunday afternoon a caller, after counting the coppers and nickels, asked:

"Well, Jack, what are you going to do with all this money? Buy a railroad, or a steam-yacht?"

"No, siree!" cried Jack. "It's all going into Christmas presents. I'm going to make five Christmas presents this year."

"Indeed!" said the caller. "Who are the fortunate persons to be? There are your mother and father, Tom and Mabel—who is the fifth?"

"Me," said Jack. "You see, I thought I'd give myself something this year *just for a surprise*."



A BRIGHT BIRD.

"Oh, sing to me," the Tree-Frog said,
"A song I've never heard!"
"I never sing—I only hum."
Replied the Humming-Bird.



SOMEWHAT NERVOUS.

"What is the trouble, Henery,
That you are acting so?"
"Oh, grandpapa, my pin-feathers
Are pricking me, you know!"



A RABBIT TAIL.

Thus spake a Raccoon to a Rabbit:
"Your chrysanthemum, I note,
If you will pardon the suggestion,
Is misplaced, sir, on your coat."



A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

Said a youthful Alligator,
"It is very plain to me,
From its likeness to my person,
This must be our family tree."

SANTA CLAUS'S ASSISTANT.

It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering a profuse array of toys, stood an unexpected guest. He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark-lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag, and he had entered by the window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired, and for the most part were asleep. That is why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

Stealthily he crossed the room, and drawing the portières silently to across the broad doorway that opened into the hall, he slid back the front of his lantern, and lighting a match in its flame, he turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine lay-out. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much on candy balls and tuppenny dolls, but these silver-plated engines and purses with ten-dollar bills in 'em come in handy. Gold sleeve-buttons, too," he added, as his eyes took in a few further details of the scene before him, "an' a gold watch as well. This *is* luck."

And then, as he bent over the groups of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eye glittering with joy at the prospective value of his haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling sound behind him.

With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark-lantern to, by mere force of habit; but it was unavailing: the room was still lighted, though dimly.

"Curse the gas!" he muttered as he turned.

"Hullo!" said a soft little voice from behind the portières, and at the same moment the curtains were parted, and there stood Bobbie, clad in his night-gown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest.

The man gave a short laugh.

"That's the first time I've been taken for any one that's half decent," he said to himself; and then he answered, in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear:

"Well, not exactly, sonny. I'm only his assistant."

"His what?" said Bobbie.

"'Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that, I'd just vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus's assistant. You see, my lad, there's so many more children nowadays than there used to be that the boss had to get outside help Christmas eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me an' a few others like me—Heaven help us!—and we do his distributing for him. I'd just laid these things out here when you surprised me."

Bobbie approached the tree.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch, too—just the very thing I wanted."

The man drew back as the boy spoke, and, with a queer light in his eyes, sat down in one of the chairs suddenly.

"Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus's assistant.

"Yes," said the man. "Very."

"I'm sorry," said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it.

"Don't—don't do that," said the man, huskily. "It's not—not clean."

"I shouldn't think it would be," laughed Bobbie; "climbing in by sooty chimneys can't be very clean work. Do you know, I always wonder why there's never any soot left on the toys."

"Oh, we take care of that," said the assistant. "You see, this bag keeps the soot off. But I didn't come by the chimney this time," he added, hastily, observing that there was no soot on the bag either. "I thought the window was easier."

"You're all through, aren't you?" said Bobbie, looking at the bag.

"How do you know that?" asked the man.

"Your bag is empty. Isn't there any one else for you to take a toy to?"

The unexpected guest buried his face in his grimy hands, and a great lump rose up in his throat.

"There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him—and—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

"And won't he get anything?" asked Bobbie.

"No," said the assistant, roughly, rising, and taking a step toward the tree.

"He can have one of mine," cried Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got plenty, thanks to you." He handed him one of the treasures beneath the tree.

The unexpected guest looked at the boy for a minute, and then he slowly reached out his hand and took the proffered toy.

"I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and God bless you for it! Good-by, little one. I must be off, or he'll wake up and be disappointed."

He moved toward the door, when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face, said, "Won't you take a kiss for Santa Claus for me?"

"That I will," said the other, and he bent over, and kissing the child, fled precipitately out through the window, and disappeared in the darkness of the street.

"Well," said the unexpected guest the fol-



A LOVELORN GOAT.

"Phat's the matter with Billy, Mrs. Brannigan, thot he acks so sintimintil?"

"Och, the baste got upon the cintre table in the parrlor, an' masthicated the shprig of mistletoe Rosy suspindid from the candle-eer."

lowing morning, as he watched his own pallid-faced little youngster playing with the first Christmas present he'd ever known, "that was the rummiest thing. I went out to steal, and the only thing I bagged that wasn't really given to me was a kiss, and I'll see Santa Claus in Hades before I give him that. It was a rich haul, but I think I'll get a decenter job—at New-Year's."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

UNEQUAL CHANCE.

OLD Major Blank of the Second Artillery, now retired, had as his body-servant or "striker" a coal-black negro, Castor. The Major was a typical "officer and gentleman," with all the before and after the war traits fully developed. Sometimes, or as Castor said, "mos' genully always," he was not sober.

Now Castor had also learned to imbibe, though he was not as frequently overcome as his master. Several times, however, the Major's boots had suffered from lack of polish, and the numberless little things he could do so well had been left undone. One day, after the latest of these delinquencies on Castor's part, the Major and he held a council of war.

"See here, Castor," said the Major, "you and I must make a bargain with each other. When I get drunk, you're to keep sober; and when you get drunk, I'll see that I'm all right."

Old Castor looked at the Major a moment, then slowly scratching his crinkly wool, he said, "W'y, look yere, massa, dat don' give me no chance 'tall!"

A THEORY.

IT was in the Louvre. She had been gazing at and enthusing over the pictures for hours, and finally, with a gasp of envy, she cried:

"Oh dear! Why is it that we have so few old masters and so many old maids in America?"

"I guess it's because the old maids spend all their time painting themselves," said her companion, ungallantly.



FATE'S REMEDY.

THE Hours in concert sing; and languors cold
Breed mists within my heart, and slay its blooms,
And whirl in metric orbits through the tombs
Of all that Was and Shall Be, as of old.
Shall Be? Ah, yes, the Past shall smite mine eye
Through dumb jocundity, yea, dazzling dread!
Shall Be! Most surely! Love has not unsaid
That nothing is less vain than vanity.
In that dear pledge I bathe my flint-bruised feet;
In that rich hope must I dank laurels wear;
And (as in awful stress, great Artius bare
His talismanic beaker Dis to greet)
So, friend, be constant—and take off your bonnet,
And line by line explain what means this sonnet.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

WILL H. BRADLEY

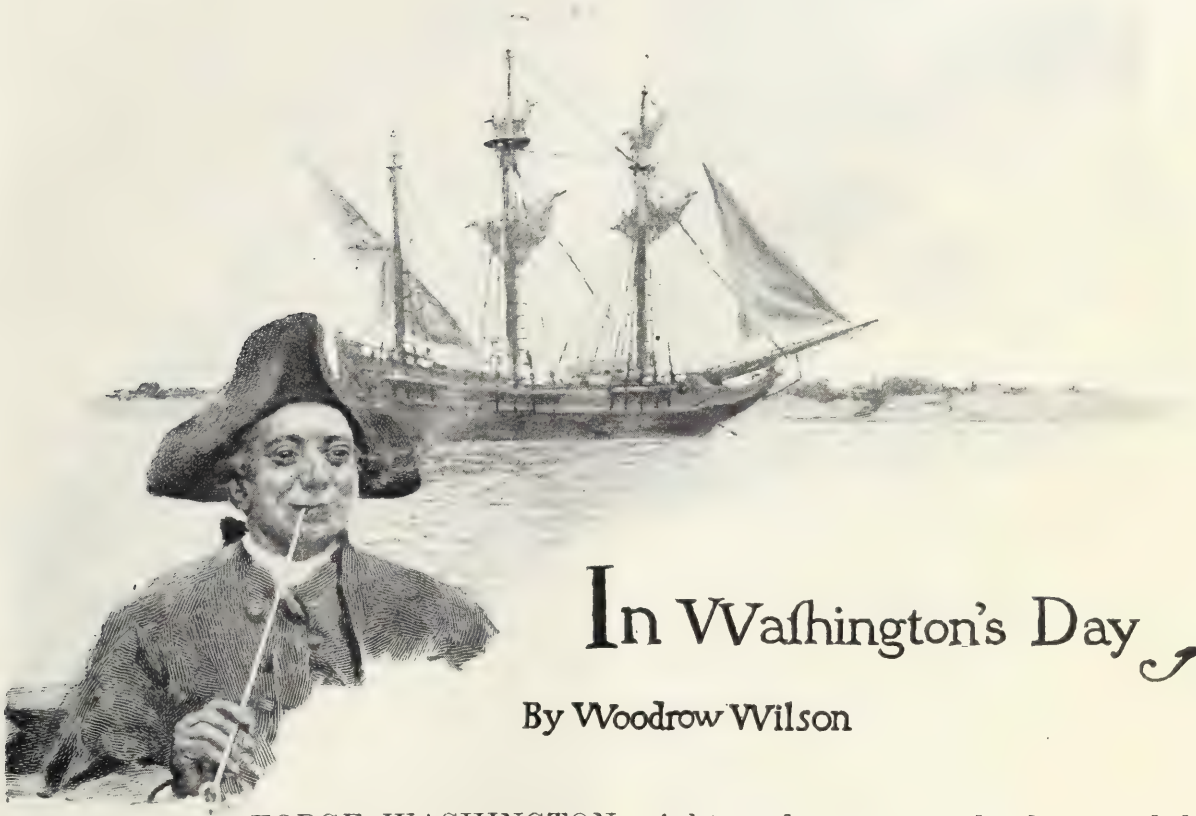


GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From the portrait painted in 1772 by C. W. Peale, now owned by General George Washington Custis Lee, of Lexington, Virginia.

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In Washington's Day

By Woodrow Wilson

GEORGE WASHINGTON was bred a gentleman and a man of honor in the free school of Virginian society, with the generation that first learned what it meant to maintain English communities in America in safety and a self-respecting independence. He was born in a season of quiet peace, when the plot of colonial history was thickening noiselessly and almost without observation; he came to his first manhood upon the first stir of revolutionary events; caught in their movement, he served a rough apprenticeship in arms at the thick of the French and Indian war; the Revolution found him a leader and veteran in affairs at forty-four; every turn of fortune confirmed him in his executive habit of foresight and mastery; death spared him, stalwart and commanding, until, his rising career rounded and complete, no man doubted him the first character of his age. "Virginia gave us this imperial man," and with him a companion race of statesmen and masters in affairs. It was her natural gift, the times and her character being what they were; and Washington's life showed the whole process of breeding by which she conceived so great a generosity in manliness and public spirit.

The English colonies in America lay very tranquil in 1732, the year in which Washington was born. It fell in a season betweentimes, when affairs lingered, as if awaiting a change. The difficulties and anxieties of first settlement were long ago past and done with in all the principal colonies. They had been hardening to their "wilderness work," some of them, these hundred years and more. England could now reckon quite six hundred thousand subjects upon the long At-

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lantic seaboard of the great continent which had lain remote and undiscovered through so many busy ages, until daring sailors hit upon it at last amidst the stir of the adventurous fifteenth century; and there was no longer any thought that her colonists would draw back or falter in what they had undertaken. They had grown sedate even and self-poised, with somewhat of the air of old communities, as they extended their settlements upon the coasts and rivers, and elaborated their means of self-government amidst the still forests, and each had already a bearing and character of its own. 'Twas easy to distinguish the New-Englander from the man of the southern colonies; and the busy middle provinces that stretched back from the great bay at New York and from the waters of the spreading Delaware had also a breed of their own, like neither the men of the south nor the men of the northeast. Each region had bred for itself its characteristic communities, holding their own distinctive standards, knowing their own special purposes, living their own lives with a certain separateness and independence.

Virginia, the oldest of the colonies, was least to be distinguished by any private character of her own from the rural communities of England herself. Her population had come to her almost without selection throughout every stage of quick change and troubled fortune that England had seen during the fateful days since James Stuart became king; and Englishmen in Virginia were in no way radically distinguishable from Englishmen in England, except that they were provincials and frontiersmen. They had their own tasks and ways of life, indeed, living, as they did, within the old forests of a virgin continent, upon the confines of the world. But their tastes and temperament, spite of change and seclusion, they had in common with Englishmen at home. They gave leave to their opinions, too, with a like downright confidence and hardihood of belief, never doubting they knew how practical affairs should go. They had even kept the English character as they had received it, against the touch of time and social revolution, until Virginians seemed like elder Englishmen. England changed, but Virginia did not. There landed estates spread themselves with an ample acreage along the margins of the streams that everywhere threaded the virgin woodland; and the planter drew about him a body of dependents who knew no other master; to whom came, in their seclusion, none of that quick air of change that had so stirred in England throughout all her century of revolution. Some were his slaves, bound to him in perpetual subjection. Others were his tenants, and looked upon him as a sort of patron. In Maryland, where similar broad estates lay upon every shore, the law dubbed a great property here and there a "manor," and suffered it to boast its separate court baron and private jurisdiction. Virginian gentlemen enjoyed independence and authority without need of formal title.

There was but one centre of social life in Virginia: at Williamsburg, the village capital, where the Governor had his "palace," where stood the colonial college, where there were taverns and the town houses of sundry planters of the vicinage, and where there was much gay company and not a little formal ceremonial in the season. For the rest, the Old Dominion made shift to do without towns. There was no great mart to which all the trade of the colony was drawn. Ships came and went upon each broad river as upon a highway, taking and discharging freight at the private wharves of the several plantations. For every planter was his own merchant, shipping his tobacco to England, and importing thence in return his clothes, his tools, his household fittings, his knowledge of the London fashions and of the game of politics at home. His mechanics he found amongst his own slaves and dependents. Their "quarters" and the offices of his simple establishment showed almost like a village of themselves where they stood in irregular groups about his own square, broad-gabled house, with its airy hall and homelike living-rooms. He might have good plate upon his sideboard and on his table, palatable old wine in his cellar, and on the walls about him portraits of the stately men and dames from whom he took his blood and breeding. But there was little luxury in his life. Plain comfort and a homely abundance sufficed him. He was a gentleman, owned all he saw around him, exercised authority, and enjoyed consideration throughout the colony; but he was no prince. He lived always in the style of a provincial and a gentleman commoner, as his neighbors and friends did.

Slaves, dependents, and planters by no means made up the tale of Virginia's population, however. She had been peopled out of the common stock of Englishmen, and contained her own variety. Most of the good land that lay upon the lower courses of the James, the York, the Rappahannock, and the Potomac rivers, and upon the bay on either hand, had been absorbed into the estates of the wealthier planters, who began to conceive themselves a sort of aristocracy; but not a few plain men owned their own smaller tracts within the broad stretches of country that lay back from the rivers or above their navigable depth; upon the western front of the colony lived sturdy frontiersmen; and no man was so poor that he might not hope by thrift to hold his own with the best in the country. Few could own slaves in any number, for the negroes counted less than a third in a reckoning of the whole population. There were hired servants besides, and servants bound for a term of years by indenture; even criminals who could be had of the colony for private service; but most men must needs work their own plots of ground and devise a domestic economy without servants. A wholesome democratic spirit pervaded the colony, which made even the greater planters hesitate to give themselves airs. A few families that had thriven best and longest, and had built up great properties for themselves, did indeed lay claim, as royal Governors found to their great displeasure, to a right to be heard before all others in the management of the government. But they could of course show no title but that of pride and long practice. 'Twas only their social weight in the parish vestries, in the Council, and in the House of Burgesses that gave them ascendency.

It was the same in church as in state. Virginia prided herself upon having maintained the Establishment without schism or sour dissent; but she had maintained it in a way all her own, with a democratic constitution and practice hardly to be found in the canons. Nominally the Governor had the right of presentation to all livings, but the vestries took care he should seldom exercise it, and after they had had their own way for a century claimed he had lost it by prescription. They chose and dismissed and ruled their ministers as they would. And the chief planters were nowhere greater figures than in the vestries of their own parishes, where so many neighborhood interests were passed upon—the care of the poor, the survey of estates, the correction of disorders, the tithe rates, and the maintenance of the church and minister. Sometimes the church building was itself the gift of the chief land-owner of the parish; and the planters were always the chief rate-payers. Their leadership was natural and unchallenged. They enjoyed in their own neighborhood a sort of feudal preeminence, and the men about them easily returned in thought and estimation to that elder order of English life in which the chief proprietor of the country-side claimed as of course the homage of his neighbors. There were parishes, not a few, indeed, in which there was no such great planter to command consideration by a sort of social primacy. It was, after all, only here and there, and that in the older parts of the colony, that affairs awaited the wish of privileged individuals. But it was the ascendency of the greater planters which most struck the imagination, and which gave to Virginia something of the same air and tone and turn of opinion that existed in England, with its veritable aristocracy, its lordly country gentlemen, its ancient distinctions of class and manners.

Those who took counsel in England concerning colonial affairs had constant occasion to mark the sharp contrast between the easy-going Virginians, who were no harder to govern than Englishmen everywhere, and the men of the northeastern colonies, with their dry reserve and their steadfast resolution not to be governed at all. These seemed unlike Englishmen elsewhere; a whit stiffer, shrewder, more self-contained and circumspect. They were in fact a peculiar people. Into New England had come a selected class, picked out of the general mass of Englishmen at home by test of creed. "God sifted a whole nation," one of their own preachers had told them, at election-time, in the far year 1668, "that he might send choice grain out into this wilderness." But the variety of the old life in England had been lost in the sifting. The Puritan, for all he was so strong and great a figure in his day, was but one man among a score in the quick and various English life. His single standard and manner of living, out of the many that strove for mastery in the old seats

where the race was bred, had been transferred to New England; and he had had separate and undisputed ascendency there to build new commonwealths as he would. The Puritan Commonwealth in England had been the government of a minority. Cromwell had done his work of chastening with a might and fervor which he found, not in the nation, but in himself and in the stout men-at-arms and hardy reformers who stood with him while he purified England and brought upon all her foes a day of reckoning. The people had stood cowed and uneasy while he lived, and had broken into wild excess of joy at their release when he died. But in New England an entire community consented to the Puritan code and mastery with a hearty acquiescence. It was for this liberty they had come over sea.

And the thoughtful, strong-willed men who were their leaders had built, as they wished, a polity that should last. Time wrought its deep changes in New England, as elsewhere, but the stamp set upon these Puritan settlements by the generation that founded them was not effaced. Trade made its characteristic mark upon them. Their merchants had presently their own fleets and markets. Their hardy people took more and more to the sea, lived the rough life of the ocean ways with a relish, beat in their small craft up and down the whole coast of the continent, drove bargains everywhere, and everywhere added a touch to their reputation as doughty sea-dogs and shrewd traders. The population that after a while came to New England did not stay to be sifted before attempting the voyage out of the old world, and the quaint sedateness of the settlements began to be broken by a novel variety. New men beset the old order; a rough democracy began to make itself felt; and new elements waxed bold amidst the new conditions that time had wrought. The authority of the crown at last made a place of command for itself despite every stubborn protest and astute evasion. It became necessary to be a trifle less observant of sect and creed, to cultivate, as far as might be, a temper of tolerance and moderation. But it was a slow change at best. The old order might be modified, but it could not so soon be broken. New England, through all her jurisdictions, remained a body of churches, as well as a body of towns, submissive to the doctrine and discipline of her learned clergy, keeping the old traditions distinct, indubitable, alike in her schools and in her meeting-houses. Even in Rhode Island, where there had from the first been such diversity of creed and license of individual belief, there was little variety of type among the people, for all they counted themselves so free to be what they would. There was here a singular assortment, no doubt, of the units of the stock, but it was of the Puritan stuff, none the less, through all its variety.

New England, indeed, easily kept her character, for she lived apart. Her people mustered a full hundred thousand strong before the seventeenth century was out; her towns numbered many score, both upon the margins of the sea and within the forests; but she still lay within a very near frontier, pushed back only a short journey from the coast. Except where the towns of Connecticut ran in broken line close to the westward strait of Long Island Sound, a broad wilderness of untouched woodland, of thicketed hills and valleys that no white man yet had seen, stretched between them and Hudson's river, where New York's settlements lay upon the edge of a vast domain, reaching all the way to the great lakes and the western rivers. Not till 1725 did adventurous settlers dare go so far as the Berkshire Hills. "Our country," exclaimed Colonel Byrd of Virginia, who had seen its wild interior, "has now been inhabited more than a hundred and thirty years, and still we hardly know anything of the Appalachian Mountains, which are nowhere above two hundred and fifty miles from the sea." A full century after the coming of the Pilgrims, New England, like Virginia, was still a frontier region, shut close about on every hand by thick forests beset by prowling bands of savages. She had as yet no intimate contact with the other colonies, whose fortunes she was to share. Her simple life, quickened by adventure, but lacking the full pulse of old communities, kept, spite of slow change, to a single standard of conduct, made her one community from end to end, her people one people. She stood apart and compact, still soberly cultivating, as of old, a life and character all her own. Colonel Byrd noted how "New England improved much faster than Virginia," and was fain to think that "though these people may



A VIRGINIA PLANTATION WHARF.

be ridiculed for some Pharisaical particularities in their worship and behaviour, yet they were very useful subjects, as being frugal and industrious, giving no scandal or bad example." Public men in England, who had to face their "particularities in behaviour," would hardly have agreed that the men of New England were good subjects, though they must have admitted their excellent example in thrift, and Virginia's need to imitate it.

This contrast between the northern and southern settlements was as old as their establishment, for Virginia had from the first been resorted to by those who had no other purpose than to better their fortunes, while New England had been founded to be the home of a creed and discipline, but it was not until the Commonwealth was set up in England that the difference began to be marked, and to give promise of becoming permanent. The English in Virginia, like the bulk of their countrymen at home, had stood aghast at a king's death upon the scaffold, and had spoken very hotly, in their loyalty, of the men who had dared do the impious deed of treason; but when the *Guinea*, frigate, brought the Commonwealth's commission into the river to demand their submission, even Sir William Berkeley, the redoubtable Cavalier Governor, who had meant stubbornly to keep his province for the second Charles, saw he must yield; perceived there was too nice a balance of parties in the colony to permit an execution of his plans of resistance; heard too many plain men in his Council, and out of it, declare themselves very much of a mind with the Puritans for the nonce in politics—very willing to set up a democracy in Virginia which should call itself a part of the Puritan state in England. But a great change had been wrought in Virginia while the Commonwealth lasted. When the Commonwealth's frigate came in at the capes she counted scarcely fifteen thousand settlers upon her plantations, but the next twenty years saw her transformed. By 1670 quite twenty-five thousand people were added to the reckoning; and of the new-comers a great multitude had left England as much because they hated the Puritans as because they desired Virginia. They were drawn out of that great majority at home to whom Cromwell had not dared resort to get a new parliament in the stead of the one he had "purged." Many of them were of the hottest blood of the Cavaliers.

It was in these years Virginia got her character and received her leading gentry for the time to come—the years while the Commonwealth stood and royalists despaired, and the years immediately following the Restoration, when royalists took heart again and Englishmen turned with a new ardor to colonization as the times changed. Among the rest in the great migration came two brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, of a stock whose loyalty was as old as the Conquest. They came of a Norman family, the men of whose elder branch had for two hundred years helped the stout Bishops of Durham keep the border against the Scots; and in every branch of which men had sprung up to serve the king, the state, and the church with steadfastness and honor; dashing soldiers ready for the field at home or abroad, stout polemical priors, lawyers who knew the learning of their day and made their way to high posts in chancery, thrifty burghers, gallant courtiers, prosperous merchants—public-spirited gentlemen all. It was Colonel Henry Washington, cousin to the Virginian refugees, who had been with Rupert when he stormed Bristol, and who, with a handful of men, had made good an entrance into the town when all others were beaten back and baffled. It was he who had held Worcester for his master even after he knew Charles to be a prisoner in the hands of the parliamentary forces. "Procure his Majesty's commands for the disposal of this garrison," was all he would answer when Fairfax summoned him to a surrender; "till then I shall make good the trust reposed in me. The worst I know and fear not; if I had, the profession of a soldier had not been begun." But it was an ill time to revive the traditions of the knights of Durham; loyalty only brought ruin. The Reverend Lawrence Washington, uncle to the gallant colonel who was the King's Governor at Worcester, had been cast out of his living at Purleigh in 1643 by order of Parliament, upon the false charge that he was a public tippler, oft drunk, and loud to rail against the Parliament and its armies; but really because, with all his race, he was a royalist, and his living one of the best in Essex. It was his sons who left off hoping to see things mend in England and betook themselves to Virginia.

His ruin had come upon him while they were yet lads. He had been a brilliant university scholar, fellow and lector of Brasenose, and rector of Oxford; but he could give his sons neither a university career nor hope of fortune in the humble parish pitying friends had found for him in an obscure village of Essex; and when he was dead they saw no reason why they should stay longer in England, where Cromwell was master.

John Washington, the oldest son of the unfortunate rector, reached Virginia in 1656, having made his way to the colony as "second man" to Edward Prescott, merchant and ship-owner, in whose company he had come; and his brother Lawrence, after passing to and fro between England and the colony several times upon errands of business, presently joined him in permanent residence upon the "northern neck" of rich land that lay between the Rappahannock and the Potomac rivers. It was a region where every settlement as yet was new. A few families had fixed themselves upon it when Maryland drove Captain Clayborne and his Virginian partisans forth from Kent Island in the years 1637 and 1638; and they had mustered numbers enough within a few years to send a representative to the House of Burgesses at Jamestown. But it was not till 1648 that the Assembly gave their lands a regular constitution as the County of Northumberland; for it was to this region the Indians had been driven by the encroachment of the settlements on the James and York, and for a while the Assembly had covenanted with the red men to keep it free from settlers. When once the ban was removed, however, in 1648, colonization set in apace—from the older counties of Virginia, from Maryland across the river and England over sea, from New England even, as if by a common impulse. In 1651 the Assembly found it necessary to create the two additional counties of Gloucester and Lancaster, and in 1653 still another, the County of Westmoreland, for its organization and government, so quickly did it fill in; for the tide out of England already began to show its volume. The region was a natural seat of commerce, and merchants out of the trading ports of England particularly affected it. Rich land was abundant, and the Potomac ran strong and ample there, to carry the commerce alike of Virginia and Maryland to the bay, upon whose tributaries and inlets lay all the older settlements of both colonies. Lawrence Washington, though he still described himself, upon occasion, as "of Luton, County Bedford, merchant," found his chief profit where he made his home, with his brother John in the new County of Westmoreland in Virginia. About them lived young men and old, come, like themselves, out of England, or drawn from the older settlements by the attractions of the goodly region, looking out, as it did, on either hand to a broad river and an easy trade. They felt it scarcely an expatriation to live there, so constantly did ships come and go between their wharves and the home ports at Bristol and London. It soon grew to be nothing singular to see well-to-do men go every year to England upon some errand of profit or pleasure.

It was with such a region and such stirring neighbors that the young Washingtons identified themselves while they were yet youths in their twenties; and there they prospered shrewdly with the rest. Prudent men and men of character readily accumulated estates in the untouched glades and forests of Westmoreland. The season of their coming, moreover, sadly as things seemed to go in 1656, turned out propitious. The Restoration opened a new era in the settlement of the country. Englishmen bestirred themselves to take actual possession of all the great coast-line they had so long claimed without occupying. "The Dutch had enjoyed New Netherland during the distractions of the reign of Charles I. without any other interruption" than the seizure of their post upon the Connecticut by the New-Englanders, and the aggressions alike of Swedes and English upon the Delaware; but the ministers of Charles II., though "for some time perplexed in what light to view them, whether as subjects or as aliens, determined at length that New Netherland ought in justice to be resumed," and the thing was presently accomplished in true sovereign fashion by force of arms. To the ducal province of New York, Penn presently added the thrifty Quaker colony, which so promptly created a busy town and mart of trade at Philadelphia, and which pushed its rural settlements back so speedily into the fertile lands that lay towards the west. Then, while the new colonizing impulse still ran strong,



"EVEN SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY, THE REDOUBTABLE CAVALIER GOVERNOR, SAW HE MUST YIELD."

New Jersey, too, was added, with her limits at one end upon the Hudson and the great bay at New York, where she depended upon one rival for a port of entry, and at the other upon the Delaware, where another rival presided over the trade of her southern highway to the sea. To the southward straggling settlements upon Albemarle Sound grew slowly into the colony of North Carolina; and still other settlements, upon the rivers that lay toward Florida, throve so bravely that Charleston presently boasted itself a substantial town, and South Carolina had risen to be a considerable colony, prosperous, well ordered, and showing a quick life and individuality of her own.

A new migration had come out of England to the colonies, and Englishmen looked with fresh confidence to see their countrymen build an empire in America. And yet perhaps not an empire of pure English blood. New York was for long scarcely the less a Dutch province for all she had changed owners, and saw Englishmen crowd in to control her trade. There were Swedes still upon the Delaware, and Pennsylvania mustered among her colonists, besides, a strange mixture out of many nations—Germans, French, Dutch, Finns, and English. Even in Virginia, which so steadily kept its English character, there were to be found groups of French Huguenots and Germans who had been given an ungrudging welcome; and South Carolina, though strongly English too, had taken some of her best blood out of France when Louis so generously gave the world fifty thousand families of the finest breed of his kingdom by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685). The second quarter of the eighteenth century saw Scots-Irish enter Virginia and the middle colonies in hosts that for a time numbered ten thousand by the year. Pennsylvania alone, in the single year 1729, could reckon five thousand of these sturdy people who had come to multiply and strengthen her settlements.

It was to the middle colonies that most foreigners came, and their coming gave to the towns and farms of that region a variety of tongues and customs, of manners and trades and ways of life and worship, to be found nowhere else. Boston, with all its trade and seafaring, had no touch of that cosmopolitan character which New York had taken on quite inevitably in the course of her varying fortunes, and which Philadelphia had assumed by choice; and rural Virginia scarcely felt amidst her scattered plantations the presence of the few families who lived by standards that were not English. The common feature of the new time, with its novel enterprises and its general immigration, was that the colonies everywhere, whether young or old, felt a keen stimulation and a new interest in affairs beyond their borders. A partial exchange of population began, a noticeable intercolonial migration. Whole congregations came out of New England to found towns in New Jersey, and individuals out of every colony ventured more freely than before to exchange one region for another, in order to coax health or fortune. Population was thus not a little compacted, while the colonies were drawn by insensible degrees to feel a certain community of interest and cultivate a certain community of opinion.

An expanding life, widened fields of enterprise and adventure, quickened hopes, and the fair prospects of a growing empire everywhere heartened strong men in the colonies to steady endeavor when the new century opened: the scheming, calculating eighteenth century, so unimpassioned and conventional at first, so tempestuous at last. The men of the colonies were not so new as their continent in the ways of civilization. They were Old World men put upon fresh coasts and a forest frontier, to make the most of them, create markets, build a new trade, become masters of vast resources as yet untouched and incalculable; and they did their work for the most part with unmatched spirit and energy, notwithstanding they were checked and hampered by the statutes of the realm. The Navigation Acts forbade the use of any but English ships in trade; forbade all trade, besides, which did not run direct to and from the ports of England. The colonies must not pass England by even in their trade with one another. What they could not produce themselves they must bring straight from England; what they had to dispose of they must send straight to England. If they would exchange among themselves they must make England by the way, so that English merchants should be their middlemen and factors; or else, if they must needs carry direct from port to port of their own coasts, they must pay such duties as they would have paid in English ports

had they actually gone the intermediate voyage to England preferred by the statutes. 'Twas the "usage of other nations" besides England "to keep their plantation trade to themselves" in that day, as the Parliament itself said and no man could deny, and 'twas the purpose of such restrictions to maintain "a greater correspondence and kindness between" England and her subjects in America, "keeping them in a firmer dependence," and at the same time "rendering them yet more beneficial and advantageous" to English seamen, merchants, wool-growers, and manufacturers; but it cost the colonists pride and convenience and profit to obey.

Some, who felt the harness of such law too smartly, consoled themselves by inventing means to escape it. The coast was long, was opened by many an unused harbor, great and small, could not everywhere and always be watched by king's officers, was frequented by a tolerant people, who had no very nice conscience about withholding taxes from a sovereign whose messages and commands came quickly over sea only when the wind held fair for weeks together; and cargoes could be got both out and in at small expense of secrecy and no expense at all in duties. In short, smuggling was easy. 'Twas a time of frequent wars, moreover, and privateering commissions were to be had for the asking; so that French ships could be brought in with their lading, condemned, and handsomely sold, without the trouble of paying French prices or English port dues. Privateering, too, was cousin-german to something still better; 'twas but a sort of formal apprenticeship to piracy; and the quiet, unused harbors of the coast showed many a place where the regular profession might be set up. Veritable pirates took the sea, hunted down what commerce they would —English no less than French and Dutch and Spanish — rendezvoused in lonely sounds, inlets, and rivers where king's officers never came, and kept very respectable company when they came at last to dispose of their plunder at New York or Charleston, being men very learned in subterfuges and very quick-fingered at bribing. And then there was "the Red Sea trade," whose merchants sent fleets to Madagascar in the season to exchange cargoes with rough men out of the Eastern seas, of whom they courteously asked no questions. The larger ports were full of sailors who waited to be engaged, not at regular wages, but "on the grand account"; and it took many weary years of hangman's labor to bring enough pirates to the gallows to scotch the ugly business. In 1717 it was reported in the colonies that there were quite fifteen hundred pirates on the coast, full one-half of whom made their headquarters, very brazenly, at New Providence in the Bahamas; and there were merchants and mariners by the score who had pangs of keen regret to see the breezy trade go down, as the century drew on a decade or two, because of the steady vigilance and stern endeavor of Governors who had been straitly commanded to suppress it.

The Navigation Acts bred an irritation in the colonies which grew with their growth and strengthened with their consciousness of strength and capacity. Not because such restrictions were uncommon, but because the colonies were forward and exacting. There was, indeed, much to commend the legislation they resented. It attracted the capital of English merchants to the American trade, it went far towards securing English supremacy on the seas, and it was strictly within the powers of Parliament, as no man could deny. Parliament had an undoubted right to regulate imperial interests, of this or any other kind, even though it regulated them unreasonably. But colonies that reckoned their English population by the hundred thousand and lived by trade and adventure would not long have brooked such a policy of restraint had they had the leisure to fret over it. They did not as yet have the leisure. The French stood menacingly at their western gates, through which the great fur trade made its way, where the long rivers ran which threaded the central valleys of the continent, where the Mississippi stretched itself from north to south like a great body of dividing waters, flanking all the coast and its settlements—where alone a true mastery of the continent and its resources could be held. It would be time enough to reckon with Parliament touching the carrying trade when they had made good their title to what they were to trade withal.

The French had been a long time about their work, for they had done it like subjects, at the bidding of an ambitious king, rather than like free men striving as they would and for themselves. But what they

had done they had done systematically and with a fixed policy that did not vary, though ministers and even dynasties might come and go. The English had crowded to the coasts of the continent as they pleased, and had mustered their tens of thousands before the French reckoned more than a few hundreds. But the French had hit upon the mighty river St. Lawrence, whose waters came out of the great lakes and the heart of the continent; their posts were garrisons; what men they had they put forward, at each step of discovery, at some point of vantage upon lake or river, whence they were not easily dislodged. Their shrewd fur-traders and dauntless priests struck everywhere into the heart of the forests, leading forward both trade and conquest, until at last, through the country of the Illinois and out of far Lake Michigan, the streams had been found which ran down into the west to the flooding Mississippi. Colonists were sent to the mouth of the vast river, posts presently dotted its banks here and there throughout its length, trade passed up and down its spreading stream, and the English, their eyes at last caught by the stealthy movement, looked in a short space to see French settlements "running all along from our lakes by the back of Virginia and Carolina to the Bay of Mexico."

This was a business that touched the colonies to the quick. New York had her western frontiers upon the nearer lakes. Thence, time out of mind, had come the best furs to the markets at Albany, brought from tribe to tribe out of the farthest regions of the northwest. New England, with the French at her very doors, had to look constantly to her northern borders to keep them against the unquiet savage tribes the French every year stirred up against her. Virginia felt the French power amongst her savage neighbors too, the moment her people ventured across the Blue Ridge into the valley, where many an ancient war-path ran; and beyond the Alleghanies she perceived she must stand in the very presence almost of the French themselves. English frontiersmen and traders, though they had no advancing military posts behind them, were none the less quick to go themselves deep into the shadowed wilderness, there to meet the French face to face in their own haunts. The Carolinas were hardly settled before their more adventurous spirits went straight into the far valley of the Tennessee, and made trade for themselves there against the coming of the French. Out of Virginia, too, and out of Pennsylvania, as well as out of New York, traders pressed toward the West, and fixed their lonely huts here and there along the wild banks of the Ohio. 'Twas diamond cut diamond when they met their French rivals in the wigwams of the Indian villages, and their canoes knew the waterways of the wilderness as well as any man's. 'Twas they who learned at first hand what the French were doing. They were like scouts sent out to view the ground to be fought for.

This hazardous meeting of rival nations at the heart of the continent meant many a deep change in the fortunes of the colonies. European politics straightway entered their counsels. Here was an end of their separateness and independence of England. Charles and James and William all showed that they meant to be veritable sovereigns, and had no thought but that the colonists in America, like all other Englishmen, should be their subjects; and here was their opportunity to be masters upon an imperial scale and with an imperial excuse. In Europe, England beheld France her most formidable foe; she must look to it that Louis and his ministers take no advantage in America. The colonies, no less than the Channel itself, were become the frontiers of an empire—and there must be no trespass upon English soil by the French. The colonists must be rallied to the common work, and, if used, they must be ruled and consolidated.

As it turned out, the thing was quite impossible. The colonies had too long been separate; their characters, their tempers, their interests, were too diverse and distinct; they were unused to co-operate, and unwilling; they were too slow to learn submission in anything. The plan of grouping several of them under a single governor was attempted, but they remained as separate under that arrangement as under any other. Massachusetts would interest herself in nothing beyond her own jurisdiction that did not immediately touch her safety or advantage; New York cared little what the French did, if only the Iroquois could be kept quiet and she could get her furs in the season, and find a market for them abroad or among the French themselves; Virginia



TIDE-WATER VIRGINIA, 1738.

From Sir William Keith's *History of the British Plantations in America.*

had no eye for any movement upon the frontiers that did not menace her own fair valleys beyond the mountains with hostile occupation; the Carolinas were as yet too young to be serviceable, and New Jersey too remote from points of danger. Nowhere could either men or supplies be had for use against the French except by the vote of a colonial assembly. The law of the empire might be what it would in the mouths of English judges at home; it did not alter the practice of the colonies. The courts in England might say with what emphasis they liked that Virginia, "being a conquered country, their law is what the King pleases"; it was none the less necessary for the King's Governor to keep on terms with the people's representatives. "Our government is so happily constituted," writes Colonel Byrd to his friend in the Barbadoes, "that a governor must first outwit us before he can oppress us. And if ever he squeeze money out of us, he must first take care to deserve it." Every colony held stoutly to a like practice, with a like stubborn temper, which it was mere folly to ignore. One and all they were even then "too proud to submit, too strong to be forced, too enlightened not to see all the consequences which must arise" should they tamely consent to be ruled by royal command or parliamentary enactment. Their obedience must be had on their own terms, or else not had at all. Governors saw this plainly enough, though the ministers at home could not. Many a governor had his temper sadly soured by the contentious obstinacy of the colonial assembly he was set to deal with. One or two died of sheer exasperation. But the situation was not altered a whit.

Where there is friction there must, sooner or later, be adjustment, if affairs are to go forward at all, and this contest between imperial system and colonial independence at last brought some things that had been vague to a very clear definition. 'Twas plain the colonies would not of themselves combine to meet and oust the French. They would supply neither men nor money, moreover. England must send her own armies to America, fight France there as she would have fought her in Europe, and pay the reckoning herself out of her own treasury, getting from the colonies, the while, only such wayward and niggardly aid as they chose to give. The colonies, meanwhile, might gather some of the fruits of experience; might learn how safe it was to be selfish, and how unsafe, if they hoped to prosper and be free; might perceive where their common interests lay, and their common power; might in some degree steady their lives and define their policy against the coming of more peaceful times. Two wars came and went which brought France and England to arms against each other in America, as in Europe, but they passed away without decisive incident in the New World, and there followed upon them thirty years of uneventful peace, during which affairs hung at a nice balance, and the colonies took counsel, each for itself, how they should prosper.

Virginia, meanwhile, had got the character she was to keep. From the Potomac to the uncertain border of the Carolinas she had seen her counties fill with the men who were to decide her destiny. Her people, close upon a hundred thousand strong, had fallen into the order of life they were to maintain. They were no longer colonists merely, but citizens of a commonwealth of which they began to be very proud, not least because they saw a noble breed of public men spring out of their own loins to lead them. Though they were scattered, they were not divided. There was, after all, no real isolation for any man in Virginia, for all that he lived so much apart and was a sort of lord within his rustic barony. In that sunny land men were constantly abroad, looking to their tobacco and the labor of all kinds that must go forward, but would not unless they looked to it, or else for the sheer pleasure of bestriding a good horse, being quit of the house, and breathing free in the genial air. Bridle-paths everywhere threaded the forests; it was no great matter to ride from house to house amongst one's neighbors; there were county court days, moreover, to draw the country-side together, whether there was much business or little to be seen to. Men did not thrive thereabouts by staying within-doors, but by being much about, knowing their neighbors, observing what ships came and went upon the rivers, and what prices were got for the cargoes they carried away, learning what the news was from Williamsburg and London, what horses and cattle were to be had, and what dogs, of what breeds. It was a country in which news and opinions and friendships passed freely

current; where men knew each other with a rare leisurely intimacy, and enjoyed their easy, unforced intercourse with a keen and lasting relish.

It was a country in which men kept their individuality very handsomely withal. If there was no town life, there were no town manners either, no village conventionalities to make all men of one carriage and pattern and manner of living. Every head of a family was head also of an establishment, and could live with a self-respect and freedom which was subject to no man's private scrutiny. He had leave, in his independence, to be himself quite naturally, and did not need to justify his liberty by excuses. And yet he had responsibilities too, and a position which steadied and righted him almost in spite of himself. It required executive capacity to make his estate pay, and an upright way of life to maintain his standing. If he was sometimes loud and hectoring, or over-careless what he said or did, 'twas commonly because he was young or but half come into his senses, for his very business, of getting good crops of tobacco and keeping on dealing terms with his neighbors, demanded prudence and a conduct touched with consideration. He had to build his character very carefully by the plumb to keep it at an equilibrium, though he might decorate it, if it were but upright, as freely, as whimsically even, as he chose, with chance traits and self-pleasing tastes, with the full consent and tolerance of the neighborhood. He was his own man, might have his own opinions if he held them but courteously enough, might live his own life if he but lived it cleanly and without offence. 'Twas by their living rather than by their creed or their livelihood that men were assessed and esteemed.

It was not a life that bred students, though it was a life that begot thoughtfulness and leadership in affairs. Those who fell in the way of getting them had not a few books upon their shelves, because they thought every gentleman should have such means of knowing what the world had said and done before his day. But they read only upon occasion, when the weather darkened, or long evenings dragged because there were no guests in the house. Not much systematic education was possible where the population was so dispersed and separate. A few country schools undertook what was absolutely necessary, and gave instruction in such practical branches as every man must know something of who was to take part in the management of private and public business. For the rest, those who chose could get the languages from private tutors, when they were to be had, and then go over sea to read at the universities, or to Williamsburg when at last the colony had its own college of William and Mary. More youths went from the northern neck to England for their education, no doubt, than from any other part of Virginia. The counties there were somehow closer than the rest to the sea, bred more merchants and travellers, kept up a more intimate correspondence both by travel and by letter with Bristol and London and all the old English homes. And even those who staid in Virginia had most of them the tradition of refinement, spoke the mother-tongue purely and with a proper relish, and maintained themselves somehow, with perhaps an added touch of simplicity that was their own, in the practices of a cultivated race.

No one in Virginia thought that "becoming a mere scholar" was "a desirable education for a gentleman." He ought to "become acquainted with men and things rather than books." Books must serve only to deepen and widen the knowledge he should get by observation and a free intercourse with those about him. When Virginians wrote, therefore, you might look to find them using, not studied phrases, but a style that smacked fresh of all the free elements of good talk —not like scholars or professed students, but like gentlemen of leisure and cultivated men of affairs—with a subtle, not unpleasing flavor of egotism, and the racy directness of speech, withal, that men may use who are sure of their position. Such was the writing of Robert Beverley, whose *History and Present State of Virginia*, published in London in 1705, spoke at first hand and authoritatively of affairs of which the world had heard hitherto only by uncertain report. He did not write the manly book because he had a pricking ambition to be an author, but because he loved Virginia, and wished to give such an account of her affairs as would justify his pride in her. He came of an ancient English family, whose ample means were scarcely more considerable in Virginia than they had been in

Beverley, in Yorkshire. He had himself been carefully educated in England, and had learned to feel very much at home there; but the attractions of the old home did not ween him from his love of the new, where he had been born — that quiet land where men dealt with one another so frankly, where Nature was so genial in all her moods, and men so without pretence. Official occupations gave him occasion while yet a very young man to handle familiarly the records of the colony, the intimate letters of its daily life, and he took a proud man's pleasure in extracting from them, and from the traditions of those who still carried much of the simple history in their own recollections of a stirring life, a frank and genial story of what had been done and seen in Virginia. And so his book became "the living testimony of a proud and generous Virginian"—too proud to conceal his opinions or withhold censure where it was merited, too generous not to set down very handsomely whatever was admirable and of good report in the life of his people. His own manly character, speaking out everywhere, as it does, in lively phrase and candid meaning, is itself evidence of the wholesome native air he so praises in Virginia.

He thought himself justified in loving a country where "plantations, orchards, and gardens constantly afford fragrant and delightful walks. In their woods and fields they have an unknown variety of vegetables and other rarities of nature to discover and observe. They have hunting, fishing, and fowling, with which they entertain themselves in a thousand ways. Here is the most good-nature and hospitality practised in the world, both towards friends and strangers; but the worst of it is this generosity is attended now and then with a little too much intemperance. The neighborhood is at much the same distance as in the country in England, but with this advantage, that all the better sort of people have been abroad and seen the world, by which means they are free from that stiffness and formality which discover more civility than kindness. And besides, the goodness of the roads and the fairness of the weather bring people oftener together."

Of a like quality of genuineness and good-breeding is the writing of Colonel William Byrd, the accomplished master of Westover, who was of the same generation. He may well have been the liveliest man in Virginia, so piquant and irrepressible is the humor that runs through almost every sentence he ever wrote. It must be he wrote for pastime. He never took the pains to publish anything. His manuscripts lay buried a hundred years or more in the decent sepulture of private possession ere they were printed, but were even then as quick as when they were written. Beverley had often a grave smile for what he recorded, or a quiet sarcasm of tone in the telling of it. "The militia are the only standing forces in Virginia," he says, very demurely, and "they are happy in the enjoyment of an everlasting peace." But Colonel Byrd is very merry, like a man of sense, not contriving the jest, but only letting it slip, revealing it; looks very shrewdly into things, and very wisely, too, but with an easy eye, a disengaged conscience, keeping tally of the score like one who attends but is not too deeply concerned. He was, in fact, very deeply engaged in all affairs of importance—no man more deeply or earnestly; but when he wrote 'twas not his chief business to speak of that. He was too much of a gentleman and too much of a wit to make grave boast of what he was doing.

No man born in Virginia had a greater property than he, a house more luxuriously appointed, or a part to play more princely; and no man knew the value of position and wealth and social consideration more appreciatively. His breeding had greatly quickened his perception of such things. He had had a long training abroad, had kept very noble company alike in England and on the Continent, had been called to the bar in the Middle Temple and chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society, and so had won his freedom of the world of letters and of affairs. Yet he had returned to Virginia, as all her sons did, with only an added zest to serve and enjoy her. Many designs for her development throve because of his interest and encouragement; he sought her advantage jealously in her Council, as her agent in England, as owner of great tracts of her fertile lands. 'Twas he who brought to her shores some of her best settlers, gave her promise of veritable towns at Richmond and Petersburg, fought arbitrary power wherever it showed itself in her government, and proved himself in every way "a true and worthy

inheritor of the feelings and opinions of the old cavaliers of Virginia." But through all his busy life he carried himself like the handsome, fortunate man he was, with a touch of gayety, a gallant spirit of comradeship, a zest for good books, spirited men, and comely women —heartily, like a man who, along with honor, sought the right pleasures of the world.

Nothing daunted the spirits of this manly gentleman, not even rough work at the depths of the forest, upon the public business of determining the southern boundary line of the colony, or upon the private business of seeing to his own distant properties in North Carolina. It only gave him the better chance to see the world; and he was never at a loss for something to do. There were stray books to be found even in the cabins of the remotest settlers; or, if not, there was the piquant literary gossip of those laughing times of Queen Anne, but just gone by, to rehearse and comment upon. Colonel Byrd was not at a loss to find interesting ways in which even a busy man might make shift to enjoy "the Carolina felicity of having nothing to do." A rough people lived upon that frontier in his day, who showed themselves very anxious to be put upon the southern side of the line; for, if taken into Virginia, "they must have submitted to some sort of order and government; whereas in North Carolina every one does what seems best in his own eyes." "They pay no tribute," he laughs, "either to God or to Cæsar." It would not be amiss, he thinks, were the clergy in Virginia, once in two or three years—not to make the thing burdensome—to "take a turn among these gentiles." "'Twould look a little apostolical," he argues, with the characteristic twinkle in his eye, "and they might hope to be requited for it hereafter, if that be not thought too long to tarry for their reward." A stray parson was to be found once and again even at the depths of the forest—on the Virginian side—though to find his humble quarters you must needs thread "a path as narrow as that which leads to heaven, but much more dirty"; but a stray parson was no great evangel. Colonel Byrd was too sound a gentleman not to be a good churchman; but he accounted it no sin to see where the humor lurks even in church. "Mr. Betty, the parson of the parish, entertained us with a good, honest sermon," he chronicles upon occasion; "but whether he bought it, or borrowed it, would have been uncivil in us to inquire. Be that as it will, he is a decent man, with a double chin that fits gracefully over his band. . . . When church was done we refreshed our teacher with a glass of wine, and then, receiving his blessing, took horse." 'Tis likely Colonel Byrd would have found small amusement in narrating the regular course of his life, his great errands and permanent concerns of weighty business. That he could as well leave to his biographer, should he chance to have one. For himself, he chose to tell the unusual things he had seen and heard and taken part in, and to make merry as well as he might by the way.

The Virginian writers were not all country gentlemen. There were austere and stately scholars, too, like the Reverend William Stith, who had held modest livings in more than one parish, had served the House of Burgesses as chaplain, and the college, first as instructor and then as president, until at length, having won "perfect leisure and retirement," he set himself in his last days to straighten into order the confusion of early Virginian history. "Such a work," he reflected, "will be a noble and elegant entertainment for my vacant hours, which it is not in my power to employ more to my own satisfaction, or the use and benefit of my country." What with his scholarly love of documents set forth at length, however, his painstaking recital of details, and his roundabout pedantic style, his story of the first seventeen years of the colony lingered through a whole volume; and his friends' laggard subscriptions to that single prolix volume discouraged him from undertaking another. There was neither art nor quick movement enough in such work, much as scholars have prized it since, to take the taste of that generation that lived its life on horseback and spiced it with rough sport and direct speech. They could read with more patience the plain business-like sentences of the Reverend Hugh Jones's *Present State of Virginia*, and with more zest the downright telling words in which the Reverend James Blair, "commissary" to the Bishop of London, spoke of their affairs.

James Blair, though born and bred in



"THEY READ ONLY UPON OCCASION, WHEN THE WEATHER DARKENED."

Scotland, educated at Edinburgh, and engaged as a minister at home till he was close upon thirty years of age, was as much a Virginian in his life and deeds as any man born in the Old Dominion.



ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD.

From an oil painting in the possession of the Virginia Historical Society, loaned by L. M. Robinson.

'Twas he who had been the chief founder of the College of William and Mary, and who had served it as president through every vicissitude of fortune for fifty years. For fifty years he was a member, too, of the King's Council in the colony, and for fifty-eight the chief adviser of the mother Church in England concerning ecclesiastical affairs in Virginia. "Probably no other man in the colonial time did so much for the intellectual life of Virginia" as did this "sturdy and faithful" Scotsman. To the colonists, oftentimes, he seemed overbearing, dictatorial even, and, for all their "gentlemanly conformity to the Church of England," they did not mean to suffer any man to be set over them as bishop in Virginia, while to the royal Governors he seemed sometimes a headstrong agitator and demagogue, so stoutly did he stand up for the liberties of the people among whom he had cast his lot. He was in all things a doughty Scot. He made very straight for the ends he deemed desirable, dealt frankly, honestly, fearlessly with all men alike, confident of being in the right even when he was in the wrong, dealing with all as he thought he ought to deal, "whether they liked it or not," incapable of discouragement, as he was also incapable of dishonor, the stalwart, formidable master of all work in church and college, piling up every day to his credit a great debt of gratitude from the colony, which honored him without quite liking him.

It was very noteworthy that masterful men of many kinds took an irresistible liking to Virginia, though they were but sent upon an errand to it. There was Alexander Spotswood, for example, who, after he had been twelve years Lieutenant-Governor in the stead of his lordship the Earl of Orkney, spent eighteen more good years, all he had left, upon the forty odd thousand acres of land he had acquired in the fair colony as a country gentleman, very busy developing the manufacture of iron, and as busy as there was any need to be as Postmaster-General of the colonies. He came of a sturdy race of gentlemen, had seen service along with Marlborough and my uncle Toby "with the army in Flanders," had gone much about the world upon many errands and seen all manner of people, and then had



VIEW OF THE POTOMAC RIVER AND THE OPPOSITE MARYLAND SHORE, FROM THE SITE OF THE HOUSE, NO LONGER STANDING, IN WHICH WASHINGTON WAS BORN.

found himself at last in Virginia when he was past forty. For all its rough life, he liked the Old Dominion well enough to adopt it as his home. There was there, he said, "less swearing, less profaneness, less drunkenness and debauchery, less uncharitable feuds and animosities, and less knavery and villany than in any part of the world" where his lot had been. Not all of his neighbors were gentlemen; not very many could afford to send their sons to England to be educated. Men of all sorts had crowded into Virginia: merchants and gentlemen not a few, but also commoner men a great many—mariners, artisans, tailors, and men without settled trades or handicrafts of any kind. Spotswood had found it no easy matter when he was Governor to deal patiently with a House of Burgesses to which so many men of "mean understandings" had been sent, and had allowed himself to wax very sarcastic when he found how ignorant some of them were. "I observe," he said, tartly, "that the grand ruling party in your House has not furnished chairmen of two of your standing committees who can spell English or write common-sense, as the grievances under their own handwriting will manifest."

'Twas not a country, either, where one could travel much at ease, for one must ford the streams for lack of bridges, and keep an eye sharply about him as he travelled the rude forest roads when the wind was high lest a rotten tree should fall upon him. Nature was so bountiful, yielded so easy a largess of food, that few men took pains to be thrifty, and some parts of the colony were little more advanced in the arts of life than North Carolina, where, Colonel Byrd said, nothing was dear "but law, physic, and strong drink." No doubt the average colonist in Virginia, when not sobered by important cares, was apt to be a fellow of coarse fibre, whose

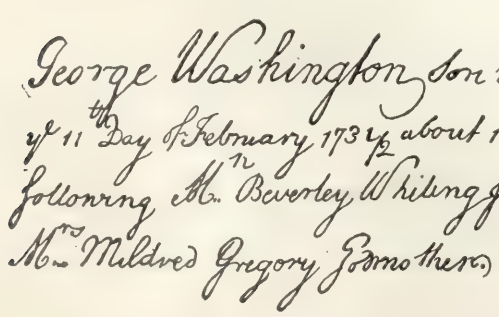
> "addiction was to courses vain;
> His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;
> His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
> And never noted in him any study,
> Any retirement, any sequestration
> From open haunts and popularity."



JAMES BLAIR.

But to many a scapegrace had come "reformation in a flood, with such a heady current, scouring faults," as to make a notable man of him. There were at least the traditions of culture in the colony, and enough men of education and refinement to leaven the mass. Life ran generously, even if roughly, upon the scattered plantations, and strong, thinking, high-bred men had somehow a mastery and leadership in it all which made them feel Virginia their home and field of honor.

Change of time and of affairs, the stir of growing life in Virginia as she ceased from being a mere colony and became a sturdy commonwealth, boasting her own breed of gentlemen, merchants, scholars, and statesmen, laid upon the Washingtons, as upon other men, a touch of transformation. Seventy-six years had gone by since John Washington came out of Bedfordshire and took up lands on Bridges' Creek in Westmoreland in Virginia, and still his children were to be found in the old seats he had chosen at the first. They had become thorough Virginians with the rest, woven into the close fibre of the new life. Westmoreland and all the counties that lay about it on the northern neck were strictly of a piece with the rest of Virginia, for all they had waited long to be settled. There the Washingtons had become country gentlemen of comfortable estate upon the accepted model. John had begotten Lawrence, and Lawrence had begotten Augustine. John had thriftily taken care to see his offspring put in a way to prosper at the very first. He had acquired a substantial property of his own where the land lay very fertile upon the banks of the Potomac, and he had, besides, by three marriages made good a very close connection with several families that had thriven thereabouts before him. He had become a notable figure, indeed, amongst his neighbors ere he had been many years in the colony—a colonel in their militia, and their representative in the House of Burgesses, and they had not waited for his death to call the parish in which he lived Washington Parish. His sons and grandsons, though they slackened a little the pace he had set them in his energy at the outset, throve none the less substantially upon the estates he had left them, abated nothing of the dignity and worth they had inherited, lived simply, and kept their place of respect in the parish and state. Wars came and went without disturbing incident for them, as the French moved upon the borders by impulse of politics from over sea; and then long peace set in, equally without incident, to stay a whole generation, while good farming went quietly forward, and politicians at home and in the colonies planned another move in their game. It was in the midseason of this time of poise, preparation, and expectancy that George Washington



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ENTRY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH IN HIS MOTHER'S BIBLE.

was born, on the 22d of February, in the year 1732, "about ten in the morning," William Gooch, gentlest of Marlborough's captains, being Governor in Virginia. He came into the world at the plain but spacious homestead on Bridges' Creek, fourth son, fifth child, of Augustine Washington, and of the third generation from John Washington, son of the one-time rector of Purleigh. The homestead stood upon a green and gentle slope that fell away at but a little distance to the waters of the Potomac, and from it could be seen the broad reaches of the stream stretching wide to the Maryland shore beyond, and flooding with slow full tide to the great bay below. The spot gave token of the quiet youth of the boy, of the years of grateful peace in which he was to learn the first lessons of life, ere war and the changing fortunes of his country hurried him to the field and to the council.



Ye Virginia Gentleman of the Olden Time ****

THE STORY OF MISS PI.*

BY JULIAN RALPH.

SHE first appeared, as nude as ever was an artist's model, in the presence of a little peasant girl, who was all alone in a farm-house near Hang-chow. The girl was helping to thresh the rice-stalks that were stacked in the court formed before the farm-house by a tall, pretty fence of woven split bamboo netting. She was thinking that she would like to learn the art of embroidery, so that, like the city girls and the rich women, she might deck her coat bindings, trouser bottoms, and shoes, and even embroider for her girl friends when their marriage days were set, and all their friends plied busy needles, that each girl might say to her man, "You need buy me nothing for a long while." But though the sages have said that "an uneducated woman is one who stares at a wall," girls in China are taught nothing except embroidery and idle games, and poor girls—coolies—merely toil alongside the men in and out doors.

There was time for dreaming, because all she had to do was to pick up handfuls of the rice by the cut ends, and beat the seed ends against a log, so as to free the brown kernels in showers. She thought something darkened the gate in the fence, but when she looked she saw only a cloud of dust. Yet that was peculiar, so she looked again, and, lo! in the cloud was a beautiful woman's face. Almost before she could exclaim "Hi-yah!" the cloud turned into a nude woman, exquisitely fashioned, yet not beautiful to her, because the nude form is not to be looked at or exposed, and statues of it, such as Europeans make, are shocking.

"I see that every one wears clothes," said the unclad woman; "give me some, and I will give you good luck."

Now the girl was exercising violently in the sunshine, and had on naught but her trousers and shirt—a queer shirt, covering not quite all her bust, but continuing down to her waistband like an overgrown chest-protector. Her back was bare, except for the shirt strings. She ran in doors and brought out a pair of trousers, a shirt, and a coat—her mother's, I fancy.

"You have nothing on your feet," said

* I have here tried to tell a Chinese fairy story as I think no Chinese story has ever been told in English, with explanations and descriptions of the scenes and objects mentioned in the narrative.
—THE AUTHOR.

the visitor. "Surely women must protect their feet. Mine are burned by the hot earth and hurt by these stones. And why do I have this all-around thing on, when you wear only a breastplate of white cotton?"

"I will get my clumsy large shoes to protect your lily feet," said the girl. "But do not judge of dress by so beggarly a person as I. I wear only this mean shirt when the sun is hot and I am here at my poor father's shabby mat-shed, but one so distinguished and honorable as yourself must cover your noble body. Only the mean and the lowly ever show more than their faces and hands. Here are my contemptible shoes. You are welcome to them."

"I see that your hair is coiled up, while mine hangs loose down my back."

"Do not look at my coarse rope of mean hair," said the girl; "but, truly, your soft silken tresses should be done up. No one has hers as you have yours. Take your beautiful tresses of softened jet and twist them into a queue—so, yes, that is right—and coil them up; no, no, not on the side of the head like my contemptible rope-locks. Only girls wear the coil on the side of the head. Grown women wear it behind. No, of course it will not stay until you fasten it through the heart of the coil with a pin. Take this vulgar cheap imitation pin of mine for your splendid hair. There! Now you are perfectly in order."

"What is your beautiful name?" the visitor inquired of the young girl.

"Miss Azalea Pi is my contemptible name," she replied; "what is your distinguished name?"

"That is also my name," said the beautiful woman—"Azalea Pi—I like it very much. Now look at me sharply, and tell me, am I a pretty woman?"

"You are the most beautiful woman I ever saw. You are as lovely as jade-stone."

"I am glad," said the woman. "I want to be all that. But I knew it must be so. Good-by."

She found her servant awaiting her without—a person of coarser skin and clumsier shape and more awkward movement—a coolie, and yet a striking-looking coolie.

"Well," said she who called herself Azalea Pi, "I see you have got clothes also. It is well. I forgot that we needed them. I gather that we need money. Well, go and get it. How? How should I know how?—but get it."

The mistress and maid parted, but in an hour, while Azalea sauntered towards Hang-chow's walls, the coolie came again, and both walked on. The houses multiplied, and they presently found themselves in a greasy, slippery street of one of those gate towns or boatmen's settlements that form outside the walls of nearly all Chinese cities. They passed between the lines of shops, squeezing by wherever a few persons stopped to chaffer or to trade. They stared at the live fish in the tanks and tubs of the fish-dealers, at the huge immaculate white mounds of bean curd, and the gorgeous displays of green, pink, and yellow vegetables. Everything was new to them: the wine in pots corked up with earth; the tea-houses where the barbers shaved the men and plied tweezers in their ears and noses; the peddlers selling crickets in cages to be matched at fighting, while men laid odds on one or the other; the crowds around the conjurers and story-tellers in an open space before a joss-house—between the usual statues of twisted lions with mouths like those of frogs. When they reached the bridge to the gate in the city's interminable low gray wall, they became so interested in a loose sort of procession coming from the city that they joined it. It was the afternoon parade of the idle and fashionable out to the best of the Hang-chow tea-gardens—but they did not know that. They only knew what they saw—a seemingly endless line of dark green Sedan chairs resting on polished poles on the shoulders of coolies, and showing glimpses through their partly opened fronts, and through the fine meshes of the side blinds, of highly decorated women, of dapper young men in gay silks, and of old gentlemen with sparse horse-hair mustaches and great round black-rimmed goggles. The chair-bearers chanted as they trotted along—hun-ha, ha-hun, ha-hun, hun-ha—or screamed at the wayfarers whom they all but impaled or knocked down with the chair-poles, that went at the crowds like battering-rams. Wherever there was an extra-heavy man in a chair, extra bearers trotted beside it, and at every two hundred paces there was a shout of four voices, a second's halting, a groaning and creaking of the chair, and a sudden con-



"SHE FIRST APPEARED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PEASANT GIRL."

vulsion as it was flung from the shoulders of one pair of coolies to those of another.

The gate to the tea-garden was a fine portal of carved stone, with three tiers of upcurving ends and an elaborate front of carving. The wall that it parted was such as no painter who has not been to China ever dreamed of—built in curving lines, as graceful as those of a ribbon not merely flung down, but arranged in unsystematic but harmonious convolutions by the mind of a genius. Its whole superb length revealed a close succession of beautiful openings of ornate and fanciful designs, made of porcelain glazed to look like jade-stone, or of carved stone set in arabesquerie patterns. Not a Sedan chair passed the gate. As each came to it the foremost coolie put down his handles on the ground, and the coolie behind dropped his handles from his shoulders to his forearms. Thus the chair was tilted at an obtuse angle, and its passenger was all but thrown out of the open front. The men who came from the chairs walked with easy grace through the gate, with heads high, and glances on each side to enjoy the admiration of all who saw

them. All wore their long clothes of finest silk, their half-breeches folded at the ankles and split in the back, where under-trousers of a lighter shade protruded. Some wore their sleeves a foot below their hands, to their knees, as for full dress. Others had rolled up their sleeves to their wrists. They wore official caps, below which depended their braided queues and the black silk cords that extended them to their knees. In each man's left hand was a closed fan, and on many wrists and right-hand thumb-joints were jade-stone bracelets, and broad thick rings of this most beautiful stone on earth.

The women rocked and swayed through the gate as if they were walking on their heels. They were all "little-footed," and showed only a tiny V-point of each embroidered shoe beneath the deep embroidery of each trouser bottom. They waited for one another, and entered in companies, beaming with smiles, rippling with light laughter — all like children — the merriest, healthiest children. They affected dark silks — black, dark greens, blues, purples, and reds; the jackets of one hue, trousers of another, both being deeply bordered with bands and embroidery of light silks, such as lavender, pink, yellow, or white. A few wore nothing upon their glossy raven-black hair except a jewelled hair-pin across the back coil, and pretty stick-pins in the top of the coil. The majority wore hats, which were narrow bands of black silk, with one, two, or three great beads of jade-stone in front. Some came with their plump round faces merely reddened at the lips, but the majority had whitened their faces with a wash of rice-flour paste. All carried stiff round fans like tambourines of white silk, hand-painted, or the more expensive eagle-feather fans.

"Hi-yah!" cried Miss Pi, "I had no idea women were so like angels. Let us see what is within. I hear the shrill voices of actors and the music of orchestras."

"Here! stop!" shouted a rough fellow at the gate. "Coolies cannot enter this garden. It is for gentlemen and ladies and their maids."

"I am a lady, with a maid," said Miss Pi.

"Ha, ha!" the laughter rang on all sides. Even the ruffian laughed as he bundled her away from the gate.

"You look like a lady," said a coolie woman, carrying a little boy strapped to her back, with his legs stretched as if he must be split open. "But you are dressed like a coolie."

Miss Pi bit her lip with vexation. "Then that must have been a coolie who gave me these clothes," she thought.

"But if you are a lady," the woman said, "you want nothing in there. Those women are flower-boat girls and tea-house singsong people and concubines."

"Where can I see real ladies?"

"Oh, only in their houses," said the woman; "where do you suppose? Oh, but—yes, you can always see a few, on fine days, at the West Lake."

"What do they look like?" Miss Pi inquired.

"Hi-yah! what a question! Where do you come from? Within the four seas all ladies look alike. They look pretty much as these slave-girls do. These girls set the fashions for the rich ladies, except that the ladies never go quite so far with loud colors and the heaping on of jewelry. Real ladies do not paint and paste so much, except on great occasions —and they have a more willowy walk, and softer manners."

Miss Pi and her maid hastened to the West Lake, where they were dazzled by the beauty of the blended works of nature and of man — the blue water, the green islets, the showy temples, the ruins of former palaces, the bridges, and the pavilions built upon them above the water. The crowds of finely dressed loungers interested them more; the women they studied closely. Then they hurried into the thick of the city to hire a house and servants, including an accomplished maid to teach Miss Pi the arts of refined femininity.

They secured a comfortable home, and for a maid an intelligent woman who had been maid to a mandarin's wife.

"So your name is Lucky Clouds" (chiao yün), she said. "Well, I like mine better. Now I'm a stranger in this part of the Middle Kingdom, and I want to know all about ladies—and how they differ from coolies."

"Well, you are a lady, Azalea," said the woman, with the familiarity of a servant, "except that you have the feet of a coolie—and the bust of one too, I may say."

Then she explained the Chinese custom of reducing women's feet by bandaging them as soon as a girl child is three years



"THEN THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A COOLIE WHO GAVE ME THESE CLOTHES."

old, so as to bring the ball of the great toe against the heel, and to push the instep up on a line with the ankle and leg. As to her bust, she said that the ladies of the ruling Tartar race reveal none. They consider it a vulgar provision of nature for services that a slave can render to children better than a lady. She bade Miss Pi notice that the statues of the Goddess of Mercy are as flat in front as in the back. This desirable flatness is produced by bandaging, she said; and yet the Tartar women who bandage their chests have never adopted the trick of binding their feet.

"I shall be perfectly shaped," said Miss Pi, calmly, but greatly to the surprise of her maid.

The woman said that ladies also differ from coolies, first, in the amount of ornament they display, and second, in the material of which their clothing is fashioned. The only occasions for which a lady dresses gayly are weddings, birthdays, and feasts or ceremonious visits. Ladies always wear silks—never anything more common—but their "best" are elaborately embroidered. The first outer garment is the sa^{n}—a single or unlined long coat hanging loose from the shoulder to the knees, with no waist-line. A lady has other coats—lined, fur-lined, and wadded. Under her coat she wears a white coat, and under that a smaller white garment, the chin sa^{n}. Under everything goes the "piece of cloth," a plain short apron lapped over at the back. Just such another thing is the skirt, which is worn outside, and reaches half a foot below her outer coat. This skirt is always black, except on special occasions. At her wedding it is red, and at other especial times it is pink, blue, purple, violet, or green, and is embroidered with gold or pretty silks. She wears broad trousers to within half an inch of the ground. The bottoms of the legs are elegantly bordered with embroidery. Ladies wear socks with the seam up the front, and beautifully embroidered silk shoes. In winter a wadded silk legging warms the calf and ankle. Out-of-doors every lady wears a "back and front," or long sleeveless coat, over all her clothing. She carries a folding-fan—like a gentleman's fan—in spring, but at other times hers is a round flat fan or a fan of fine feathers. As for the coolies, they dress in the same way, but their clothes are made of cotton.

Thus the woman taught Miss Pi the general rules of feminine dress, talking as she waited on her, and as she put on her clothes for her. And thus two or three days passed without any happening of note, except this: On the second day Miss Pi wore the tiniest silken shoes, not above three and a half inches long. Her feet had shrunken in a night, and her bust had become as flat as a board.

"You are a fairy," said the old woman. "I am afraid of you."

"I am all the same as you," said Miss Pi, "but I have the power of wishing. I am from the mountains in the west, where every one is skilled in wishing."

On one particular day a youth named Han Wah, a druggist's clerk, obtained leave to take a holiday in order to worship at the tombs of his ancestors. After that he strolled out to the beautiful West Lake. Enchanted by the scenery, he loitered there, and saw Miss Pi and her companion. He was ravished by her beauty. His senses left him. Little could he dream that she was searching for a man whose appearance should commend him for a husband—that she was resolved to realize the full scope of womanhood, to enjoy love, romance, wedlock, all that is in woman's lot. No sooner did she see Mr. Han than she fancied him sent to her by the gods. While he stared at her, and she swayed past him with the little-footed gait that is likened to lilies swaying above placid water, she cast lovesick glances at him out of the tails of her eyes. A violent storm arose, and he sought shelter in a red and white sampan, curved up at both ends like a duck. It was partly covered by a bent square of matting, which kept off the fierce rain. Presently the shrieks of distressed women calling for a boat disturbed him, and he bade the boatman call to them. Lo! they were Miss Pi and her companion. In they came, fluttering and chattering, to share with him a space no bigger than an umbrella could cover. After all three recovered from their confusion, Miss Pi asked to whom she was indebted. She gave her name, and graciously consented to borrow his umbrella, under which to go home, when the storm moderated. He promised to call for it next day, and after a little time spent in very polite conversation the rain-drenched couple parted—lovers already.

Miss Pi spent a busy twenty-four hours

in securing plenty of ready money by merely ordering her companion to get it, and in learning what she could concerning marriage. She hoped that a marriage could be arranged without the tedious process of consulting a soothsayer and of waiting for such a conjunction of the birth planets as is computed to select a lucky day. It happened that Azalea's serving-woman was sentimental, and lived in a world of her own, created by the fiction of travelling story-tellers. She told her beautiful mistress many romances, in which the heroes married unconventionally, and yet were happy. Chinese stories abound with such situations, though the Chinese next to never depart from iron-bound custom.

When the old woman told her she could avoid the services of a go-between and soothsayer she did not inform her that no one ever did so except in stories. She forgot that "a go-between is as necessary as an axe to cut wood." She forgot that "if there are no clouds between heaven and earth there cannot be rain." She failed to tell Azalea what the wise have written—"If we were to dispense with the decree of parents [in matrimony] and the intervention of a go-between, and should arrange marriages for ourselves, we should all be thieves."



HANG-CHOW'S LOW GRAY WALL.

Ignorant of this, Azalea welcomed Han to her fine home, and proposed marriage to him. She told him her old servitor was her mother, and her companion was the daughter of a "side woman," or number two wife, of her father, who was dead. He was quite overwhelmed with surprise at being proposed to by a woman, and at the suggestion of an irregularly arranged marriage. But she was so lovely, so properly calm, so ceremonious in every word and motion, so apparently rich, that—when was not man a fool under such circumstances? More-

over, the old woman put two great lumps of silver in his hands wherewith to make himself ready for the wedding — more money than he had ever owned. He went away like one in a trance, like one who has washed down his bird's-nest soup and stewed shark's fins with too much heated wine, while women sang to him and lighted his pipefuls.

She, too, was excited, but differently. "I will be married soon," said she, "for a woman is nothing but an existence unless she has a husband and children." Yet she was able to calmly order and take a lesson in the proper mode of dressing her hair. Opening the lid of a large powder-box, so as to use its lining of mirror-glass to look at, she bade her companion hold it before her while the old servant dressed her hair. It had to be parted in four places, so as to divide it into five parts—the bang over the brow, the top tress, the tress on the round of the head, the lower small tress, and the fringe above the neck. With seven combs of ivory, of varying degrees of fineness, each tress was combed until it was as smooth as silk, as glossy as a raven's wing. Then the undermost tress was braided, and worked into a queue with the tress on the round of the head. Finally all the hair except the bang and short fringe above the neck was worked into a queue, and brushed with a sort of tooth-brush dipped in something sticky, like dissolved slippery elm, so that it held its shape. Finally it was all put in a neat flat coil, and held so by a jewelled pin.

And all this time young Han Wah was talking about her to his uncle. The Chinese are, after all, of so few surnames or families that every man has a legion of relatives, and there is always one to go to, under whatever circumstances may arise. This uncle was the rich man, the financial head of the Hans of that district. He listened calmly to Wah till the young man showed him the two pieces of silver. Then he started, and, on looking carefully at the silver, waxed very angry. He saw that the chop on each lump of metal was that of the yamen, or official palace, of which he was treasurer. For every coin in that treasury he was responsible, and seeing that he had been robbed, he ordered his nephew arrested. Han made a clean breast of his adventure when tried, but when the yamen runners were despatched to arrest Miss Pi, she and her household had disappeared. Han Wah was sentenced to banishment to Soo-chow for three years. His master, Wang the druggist, gave him money, and a letter of introduction to a druggist in Soo-chow, with whom Han Wah at once established himself as an assistant in the compounding of drugs and the filling of those prescriptions that call for the bodies of dried beetles, flies, and lizards, the blood and teeth of tigers, the bodies of snakes, and all the other niceties of the Chinese pharmacopœia.

Miss Pi easily learned the fate of her betrothed, and followed him to Soo-chow, making the trip with her steadfast companion in a little despatch-boat, which was nothing more than a long narrow row-boat, containing barely room enough for the two women under its mat roof and for the owner of the boat. He sat in the stern, working the yoolo, or single oar, with one foot, and singing, eating, and fanning himself as he urged the swift boat forward. He gave the women great uneasiness by always putting up at night where he could join the crowds in some water-side town and smoke opium, while his passengers were exposed to the coarse jests and salutations of the men in the thicket of boats where they were always left for the night. The drumming of the water-police, the tootle-tootle of their horns, the firing of crackers at the joss-houses, and the revelry and singing of the men and courtesans in the "flower-boats" made the two or three nights hideous—yet the women knew they were safer near such noisy towns than in the quiet of the country, where pirates and thieves plied their callings.

At last Miss Pi reached Soo-chow, and meeting Han Wah in the principal street of shops, claimed him as her betrothed. He made an appalling uproar—a typical Chinese scene of quarrelling. Working himself into an appearance of ungovernable rage, he denounced Miss Pi and her maid as a pair of evil ones, of devils and thieves. As custom requires of a man who feels terribly injured and incensed, he demanded to be held by some peacemaker, lest he might do murder. The one willing to play the part, always to be found in a crowd, thereupon stepped forward and held Han Wah, who at once lost all semblance of self-control. He yelled, he used foul language (which takes the place of Western profanity),



A LESSON IN HAIR-DRESSING.

and he struggled like a madman to be released, and to be allowed to tear the women limb from limb. Miss Pi remained calm and baby-faced, saying only, "Hi-yah! what has bewitched my intended?" Dr. Woo, for whom Han Wah worked, came out of his shop and ordered the women and his clerk in to explain the cause of the tumult. Han, already nearly exhausted, soon spent his rage, and sank limp and breathless in a chair. Then Miss Pi told her side of the story so ingenuously, with such high-bred nasal tones and long-sustained head-notes, and with so sweet and juvenile a manner, that Dr. Woo believed her the injured one. She had employed a thieving servant, she said, and this servant had, without her knowledge, stolen some silver and given it to Han, that was all. Han soon became reasonable, listened to the plain story of the irresistibly beautiful Azalea, and was induced to make friends with her. A few days later they were married, and after a month of idleness and joy she set Han up as a druggist and doctor on his own account. She bade him put out street placards announcing his ability to cure all diseases. She quieted his doubts by saying, "I will eavesdrop when your patients call, and will tell you how to cure each one." Han agreed. He was a fool in her presence, though wise when away from her.

He madly loved her round dimpled face, her shapely arm, her great wide eyes, the solid armful of waist she pressed upon him when coaxing him to bend to her will. He loved her imperturbable

calmness, her high-keyed, high-bred voice, her full red lips. It was the physical, amorous Azalea that he loved. Once he had followed her advice and placarded the town, she sent her companion to poison all the wells in town. Practically the entire population fell ill of colic, and all the doctors were mobbed by the ailing. Doctor Han was in distress, not knowing what to prescribe for the malady, but his wife guided him, and the news spread that he alone of all the physicians could master the epidemic.

On one afternoon, when he was prosperous beyond his wildest dreaming, he was passing the temple of the Great Spirit of the North, and noticing the crowds pouring in and out, he went in. In the throng were many pilgrims, each with his little yellow bag of offerings hung from his neck, and stamped all over with the names of the numerous temples each had visited. He had no more than fallen under the eye of the priest, when the pious man screamed out at him: "You poor wretch! You are in the grasp of demons. A pair of wicked spirits control you. You are in danger of tribulation here and endless misery when you die." Doctor Han was frightened, and cried, "Free me, free me!" The priest named the sum that would be required of him, and the doctor went home to get it.

Azalea was in the women's quarters, being barbered. She had learned that her eyebrows were not of the fashionable willow-leaf shape.

"How are my eyebrows, barber?" she asked.

"Your noble eyebrows," said the barber, "show that you have a lofty contempt for the silly fashions of those who crowd like sheep in the narrow path of fashion. You are like a duke's wife at every point except that your beautiful and distinguished eyebrows resemble the eyebrows of the people — and the gods. They are not of the willow-leaf shape, but can easily be made so with my ignorant, clumsy art."

"Shave them into shape, and tell me what is this willow-leaf pattern?"

"The story is," said the barber, "that a man once met a lovely girl out in the country, and talked to her and fell in love with her. He told her that he admired every part of her except one eyebrow, which was marred at the end by a scar, over which the hair did not grow. 'Alas!' said she, 'when I was a little girl a boy hit me there with a carelessly thrown stone.' He was amazed, for when she told where this happened it proved to be the place where he spent his childhood. 'And,' said he, 'when I was a little boy, I am told, I threw a stone, and it hit a little girl on the eyebrow. That must have been you, and I must devote my life to making amends for my mischief.' He married her, and every day he painted that eyebrow in the shape of a willow leaf—the shape of her other perfect one. So the fashion which enslaves the world had its origin."

The arrival of Han Wah interrupted the talk of the barber and greatly excited Azalea. She watched her husband narrowly, and when, having taken the money for the priest, he went out into the street, she entered her chair and was rapidly carried to the temple. Coming upon Han and the priest, she told them what business had brought them together. Then she threatened to expose the priest and beggar him if he spoke ill of her again or made trouble in her home. He, quivering with a strange power that he invoked, seized a goblet of water and sprinkled the liquid in the air. Instantly a fearful storm broke over the city, the thunder rolled, cloud-tearing lightning blinded the people, and the rain fell as a cataract pours down. Azalea smiled. The fiercer the storm grew, the more sweetly she smiled.

"Enough of this," she said at last; "I tire of it. Let us have calm." She had scarcely spoken when a glorious sky, gilt with unbroken sunshine, glorified the earth.

For a long time Doctor Han and his beautiful wife lived most happily, only disturbed by one unpleasant incident during many months. That was when there came a feast-day, upon which all the people of Soo-chow were to drink of wine to dispel evil influences. Azalea was afraid of this ceremony, and betook herself to bed with shammed illness; but Doctor Han swore she must drink of the wine, else evil might come upon his household. She left the bed, and standing before him, raised the goblet to her lips. It fell upon the floor, and among its atoms he thought he saw his wife disappear, the while her place was taken by a great slippery serpent of the color of common all-green jade-stone. He swooned with fright.

While he was unconscious, the confidante, or former maid, prayed to Kwanying for help, and was enabled to restore her mistress to human shape. Then they two obtained a snake and chopped it up, and flung the pieces into the court. When Doctor Han came back to consciousness he was easily made to believe that it was a real snake that he had seen at his feet, and that it had been killed by his women, as he could see for himself.

His happiness kept pace with his prosperity after that; but the latter excited the jealousy of his rivals, who elected him Master of Ceremonies of their guild solely to humble him. They did this because the incumbent of that office must make public display of the jewels of his ancestors, and they knew that Han possessed only the bright new ornaments he had bought for his young wife. Their plan was to force him to decline the honor, and thus "lose face"—by far the worst thing that can ever befall a man; or rather, next to the worst, which is to be beheaded or to lose a limb, and thus rob one's ancestors of part of the perfect body given to nearly every man at birth. But Azalea, always a comfort, always resourceful, told her husband that she possessed splendid jewels in her family, and would send and get them. She sent her companion, and when the gems and works in gold and enamel were displayed to the members of the guild, their beauty and value delighted all friends and enraged all enemies of the fortunate couple. Doctor Han was now easily the first man in his profession; for was he not known to be as rich as he was learned?

Alas! on one of the last days of the long period of the exhibition of the jewels two fourth-grade mandarins, accompanied by *yamen* runners, visited the doctor's house, seized the jewels, and arrested the doctor. They charged him with the theft of the family treasure of a great Tartar duke in Peking, by whose orders the pawn-shops and jewellers' shops of the empire were being searched for the missing trinkets. Poor Doctor Han escaped with the light sentence of banishment to Shanghai, because the *chehsien*, or district judge, was one whom he had miraculously saved from a fatal illness. This judge knew Han well, and feeling sure of his honesty, came to the conclusion that Azalea and her woman must be the criminals, and, indeed, must be demons. He would have punished them severely, but, as before, they were apprised of their danger and fled—to Shanghai, to be near the wretched doctor.

He got work in an apothecary's shop in that ancient city, and for a long time was unaware of the continued existence of Azalea. She bided her time, and it came when he was taken very ill, and she, in the dress of a doctor, called upon him and restored his health. Standing by his bedside one day, she made herself known to him, and quieted his rage by assuring him that the jewels which had made him trouble were, in veriest truth, those of her family. "You were let off with banishment," said she, "because your judge was the thief, and not you. The theft of some jewels in Peking gave him a chance to send out and seize jewels right and left, wherever he could find them and dared to take them." Convinced again that he had misjudged his wife, and hearing from her that he was about to become a father, he established another home with her, and in a little time was riveted to it by the coming of a splendid boy to lengthen his family line and to worship him, and, after him, his tablet.

The mischievous priest—more mystical and fearsome than the demon he denounced as inhabiting the soul of Azalea—reappeared with his mouth at the ear of the affectionate and proud young father. Doctor Han was enraged at the meddler, and told him that he was the mouth-piece of rivals and enemies, but he feared the priest, and dared not anger him. The pious man was persistent. One day, when he was calling on the ex-doctor, he drew from one capacious sleeve a golden goblet, and asked Han to have it filled with water, as he was thirsty. Azalea saw the servant pass across the court between the women's quarters and those of her husband, and she followed her, anxious to know who owned the splendid costly cup.

"Let me see the pretty vessel," she called to the slave.

The servant handed the goblet to her, and as it touched Azalea's hand flames leaped from it, and it sprang into the air and hung there over her head. She screamed loudly, and the men ran into the court. Han held his wife and tried to soothe her, but the priest struck the ground with a wand and bade the goblet do its work.

"Rescue this poor man from the spirits of evil," he cried.

The goblet seemed to fling itself at Azalea. It struck her a cruel blow on her white brow, and she disappeared. But in the goblet, as it lay upon its side, there was seen coiled up a tiny white snake.

"If you would know the strange history of that wretched woman," said the priest, when Mr. Han's grief was somewhat assuaged, "listen to me. At that very lake where you met her, in Hang-chow, she took on mortal guise. She was a huge serpent, and had lived for 1800 years in the Green Mountain near Ching-tu, the capital of Sz-chuen. She had the power to assume any form she liked, and after centuries of inactivity she determined to be a woman, and to take on that form in Hang-chow, where the women are the most beautiful on earth. In the form of a cloud she was borne on the wind to that city. Unluckily for her, she met the Great Spirit of the North, and, in reply to his questions, said she was going to Canton to seek advice of the goddess Kwan-ying before assuming mortal form.

"'If that is true, swear to it,' said the Great Spirit, who knew that she was speaking falsehood.

"'If it is not so,' said the serpent, 'may the Liu Hill pagoda forever press upon my body!'

"In a deserted garden in Hang-chow," continued the priest, "she disturbed a black serpent, which fought her, and being vanquished, was obliged to become her slave. That was the maid who afterward supplied her with money, clothes, and jewels simply by stealing them. That is the story of your demon wife."

"What has become of her?" cried Han. "Oh, pray Heaven I may see her once again! I love her! I love her, in spite of all you tell me!"

The priest waved his wand, and a cloud formed, and gradually took on human shape.

"She was under the pagoda at Hang-chow, where she committed herself by her perjury," said the priest. "There she must return after you have seen her for an instant."

While he spoke, the cloud materialized, and the beautiful Azalea appeared, and was clasped in Han's arms. She returned his ardent embrace, and he wept over her.

"Tell me, O priest," said Azalea, "can I ever regain my freedom?"

"Yes," said the priest, "if you sincerely repent, and if your son attains the highest literary rank, and wins especial honors from the Emperor."

Then he waved his wand, the earth shook, and she disappeared, while Han fell in a swoon at the priest's feet.

The years fled. Han had long immured himself in a monastery. His son carried off the extremest literary honors, and, when a powerful official, discovered his father's retreat and heard the strange story of his mother's life. Together they journeyed to Hang-chow, and to the pagoda by the West Lake—the pagoda that from a distance seems made of huge water-jars, one upon the other. And there they met the priest, who bade Azalea come forth. The priest forbade the aged husband to touch her. He spread a white cloth for the old man to kneel on, and a black cloth for Azalea. She materialized, and the long-parted couple knelt side by side. Then the priest waved his wand, and the old man and his still youthful, beautiful wife arose, higher, higher, higher, until they disappeared beyond the clouds that separate Earth from the Halls of Heaven.

DIVERSE.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

MY world grows narrow; all its different ways
Are only one, that leads to where thou art.
Where thou art not, light dies from all the days;
So take me as I am, and keep—Sweetheart!

O brave new world, outstretching free and wide!
O wonder that it holds such joy for me!
The glory, and the pity, and the pride—
Here am I, Dear. What wilt thou have me be?

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY T. R. LOUNSBURY.

THE United States Naval Academy was founded in 1845. Its originator was the historian Bancroft, who was Secretary of the Navy during the administration of President Polk. It was placed at Annapolis, Maryland, and there it has ever since remained, with the exception of the period of the civil war. During that time it was temporarily transferred to Newport, Rhode Island.

It was my fortune to be one of the Board of Visitors appointed in 1895 to examine and report upon the condition of the institution. There was much to which it was impossible to give proper attention in the short time allotted for the inspection; but certain things relating to the work and well-being of the Academy were so conspicuous that they could not fail to impress themselves at once upon the mind of any one who cared for its success. In fact, they have never escaped the observation of any Board of Visitors. So far as the external condition of the institution is concerned, there has been a depressing uniformity in the reports as to its needs, and an equally depressing uniformity in the neglect on the part of the proper authorities to remedy them. As I came back from Annapolis I chanced to meet a gentleman who had himself previously served in the capacity of a Visitor. He was amused at the account I gave of the situation. "Ten years ago," he remarked, "we found the same defects and suggested the same remedies. No attention was paid to what we advised. Ten years from now a similar report to yours will be prepared, to be followed by a precisely similar result." So systematically, indeed, do the regularly appointed examining boards make the same recommendations, so systematically does Congress neglect to take any action upon them, that the office and functions of the former body now begin to be regarded both by the Visitors and the visited as partaking very much of the nature of a farce.

There is no question that the Naval Academy has been treated by the national legislature in accordance with a system which has been successful in combining expensiveness with shabbiness. The buildings are largely unsuitable for the work for which they are employed. They are inconveniently located. They are so ill-constructed that they require a constant expenditure of money to keep them secure, and even inhabitable. For the sake of carrying on properly the business of instruction the authorities have sometimes been compelled to extemporize more or less unsatisfactory makeshifts. The drainage, furthermore, is defective, and stands as a perpetual provocative to the outbreak of disease. When one contrasts the inferior accommodations found here with the magnificent structures which private munificence has erected and is continuing to erect at our leading institutions of learning, it is hard to refrain from characterizing as it deserves the niggardly spirit in which this national institution has been treated by the representatives of a great and wealthy people. Not that it is desirable that the quarters of the naval cadets should seek to rival in their appointments those that can be met with at our principal colleges. On the contrary, they should be simple, and they should be uniform. At the same time they should be healthy in every particular, and they should afford ample opportunity for privacy. Neither of these last two conditions is fulfilled at Annapolis. But no matter how Spartan-like the accommodations for the students themselves, all the appliances for higher education, the machinery, the workshops, the laboratories —in fact, everything enabling men to investigate every question presented by modern naval warfare — should be surpassed nowhere, even if equalled anywhere.

This continued neglect of the needs of the Naval Academy is not due in the slightest to hostility. Nor is there, as has sometimes been alleged, any indifference to it or jealousy of it on the part of the dwellers in the interior. From any petty feelings of this nature their representatives have always been entirely free, and many of its most earnest supporters have come from sections of the country hundreds of miles distant from the seaboard. The failure to look out for its interests is in the main nothing but a

repetition of the old story that what is theoretically a matter of concern to everybody in general is apt practically to receive the attention of no one in particular. When we add to this the utter lack of appreciation on the part of the average man of the enormous cost of higher education, there is no need of looking further for the persistent disregard by Congress of the recommendations of the Boards of Visitors.

So far what has been written concerns the material needs of the institution. They unquestionably demand instant attention. Yet there is something much worse that remains to be considered. The navy of late years has been exceptionally fortunate in its Secretaries. They have been strenuous in insisting upon its claims to public favor, they have actively devoted themselves to increasing its efficiency and furthering its growth. No one can meet the present Secretary and fail to observe that the interests of the department over which he presides lie very near his heart and constantly occupy his thoughts. Yet I cannot but feel that while nothing too much has been done for the improvement of the material condition of the navy, too little attention has been given to what, after all, must be the main arm of attack, the main bulwark of defence. It hardly needs to be added that the reference is here to the character of the officers. Ships, armor-plate, artillery, are not merely important, they are absolutely essential; but, other things being equal, it is the men behind them who will decide whether victory or defeat lie in the scales. For the securing of these men for the navy—and the statement is equally true of the army—the country not only employs the clumsiest method conceivable, but also hedges it about with such restrictions as to make it even worse in practice than it is in theory.

The apportionment system, when perverted to purposes for which it is not fitted, is bad enough in any case, but its most baneful results are seen in the method of manning the army and navy. The present practice is based upon the apparent belief that the military and naval talent of the country exists in the ratio of one man to a Congressional district. Purporting to be democratic, it is essentially the opposite. It is obvious that the only sensible and fair way is to offer the advantages of both institutions to every one, regardless of his birth or birthplace, who is desirous of availing himself of them. The number accepted can be restricted to any extent thought desirable, though there can be little question that, as it is now, it should be sensibly enlarged. With this limitation the choice can be confined to those who are best fitted or who display most promise. If these exhibit on trial the capacity to hold the positions they have secured, let them keep them, whether they all come from Maine or Kansas or California. As a matter of fact, the experience of our colleges shows that at no time would there be any essential difference in the representation of different parts of the country. Even were this so, the nation would be certain of obtaining the services of the very persons who have a natural taste or aptitude for the naval or the military profession. No country but one under the domination of the representative system run mad would tolerate such a method as prevails with us of selecting officers for its army and navy. This evil, however, is one that it is absolutely hopeless to expect to see reformed. The only reason for mentioning it here is merely to indicate one of the great difficulties with which the teaching force of these institutions has to contend. But there is another and more serious evil, which it may be possible ultimately to remedy, if the matter is once thoroughly comprehended.

This evil is the lowness of the standard of admission. Educated men who have had no opportunity of ascertaining the actual facts are invariably astounded when the nature and extent of the subjects demanded at the entrance examinations of both the Naval and the Military Academy are brought to their attention. The requirements for admission are far below those of institutions of a similar character that aim to fit men for the pursuits of civil life. To make this point perfectly clear I subjoin the subjects upon which entrance examinations are held in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University and in the United States Naval Academy. In each institution the minimum age of entrance is fifteen. In the Sheffield Scientific School there is no maximum limit; in the Naval Academy it is twenty. For the sake of comparison the subjects upon which examinations are held are set side by side.

Naval Academy.	Sheffield Scientific School.
1. English Grammar.	1. English Grammar.
2. Geography.	2. English Literature—ten works.
3. Arithmetic.	3. Botany.
4. History of the United States.	4. History of the United States.
5. Algebra to Quadratics.	5. History of England.
	6. Algebra to Quadratics.
	7. Algebra from Quadratics.
	8. Plane Geometry.
	9. Solid and Spherical Geometry.
	10. Trigonometry and the use of Logarithms.
	11. French *or* German.
	12. Latin Grammar and Exercises.
	13. Cæsar's Gallic War—four books.
	14. Vergil's Æneid—three books.

I have selected for comparison the Yale Scientific School, not because its standard is exceptional, but because it is the one with which I happen to have the most familiarity. But the requirements there do not differ materially from those of the corresponding departments of Harvard, Princeton, Columbia—in fine, from those of all the principal technical schools of the country. These requirements may differ in details at different institutions; they may be enforced more rigidly at one place than at another; but the standard set up in all is essentially the same. A single glance at the lists given above is sufficient to show how inferior is the preparation demanded at the Naval Academy, not merely in the number of subjects, but in their character.

The comparison just made must not be assumed to imply that the entrance requirements at the civilian schools should be taken as a model by either of the national institutions. The methods and aims of the one class are not the methods and aims of the other. Furthermore, the average age of admission to the latter will, or at least should, be lower than that to the former. This is especially true of the Naval Academy, where, for various reasons, entrance ought not to be allowed after seventeen years are reached. It should be said, however, that the averages constantly given of American colleges as to the age of admission are merely an additional illustration of the general worthlessness of statistics. There is in these institutions no maximum limit of entrance. The consequence is that in every class there are a certain number of persons who have been admitted at an advanced period of life, and these always pull up the average beyond what it properly would be were the great body of students alone taken into consideration. But the lesson to be drawn from this comparison is not that the requirements of the Naval and Military Academies should necessarily conform in kind to those of civilian schools of the same general character, but that they should conform in degree. For the lowness of the present standard of admission is followed by results which work harm both before and after entrance. To it, in the first place, is due the large number of rejections. To the ordinary man it may seem an absurdly paradoxical statement that the number of failures to pass examinations decreases as the standard is raised, and increases as it is lowered. Yet the statement is true as a matter of fact, and the reason of the fact can be made so clear that he who runs may read.

I start out with two propositions in regard to which there will be no dispute among men accustomed to conduct examinations. The first is that applicants, with an insignificant number of exceptions, will make it their aim to prepare themselves upon the subjects required, and upon nothing more. If the standard is low, their preparation will be low; if the standard is high, their preparation will conform. Of course it is assumed that in establishing requirements due regard has been paid to the maturity of the applicants. If our colleges were to demand for entrance an examination merely in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the vast majority of candidates that presented themselves for admission would not be able to pass an examination in anything outside of these very subjects.

The second proposition is closely related to the first. If a very limited number of subjects is required, and the examination in them is thorough and severe, a large proportion of the applicants are certain to be rejected. For this result there are two reasons. One concerns the candidate's own state of mind. As the requirements are low, they are supposed to be easy. The student is tempted to treat them lightly, to put off the work of preparation till the last moment, and to substitute for the genuine acquisition of knowledge the process called "cramming." A severe and searching examination reveals at once the intellectual indigestion produced by this method of learning, and exposes its inadequacy. On

the other hand, because the standard is low, the teaching force are obliged to insist, for their own protection, that this severe and searching examination shall be rigidly maintained. Were such a course not taken by the official bodies of the Naval and the Military Academy, those two institutions would steadily tend to become hospitals for the intellectually incurable.

But this, after all, is not the principal cause of the large proportion of rejections. The real reason goes farther and deeper. The student who has been prepared in nothing but these low requirements is almost certain to be comparatively raw and untrained. His intellectual powers have been developed in only the slightest degree. Even the information which he has honestly acquired is not fully at his command. The study of higher branches constantly involves the application of the knowledge gained in the lower. By this means not only does the knowledge of the lower branches become firmly fixed in the mind, but by his use of it the student has gained steadily in intellectual readiness and resource. He learns to have confidence in himself. Every examination under new conditions presents difficulties of its own. These he is not merely better prepared to meet along the whole line, but the large number of subjects upon which he is to be tested makes his inability to pass satisfactorily upon any particular one of less, and it may be of little, importance. This large number also eliminates entirely—at least it reduces to a minimum—that element of failure resulting from a temporary confusion of mind which sometimes shows itself in students generally well prepared. Hence, in theory, we should expect that the number of rejections would be greater where the requirements are few and comparatively easy than where they are both numerous and high. Such is the case in fact. The failures to pass the entrance examinations at the Naval and Military Academies, where the standard of admission is low, altogether exceed the proportion at civilian institutions of learning where the standard is highest and most rigidly enforced. At Annapolis, for instance, forty per cent. of the applicants are reported to be rejected. The candidates cannot understand it. The Congressmen who appoint them cannot understand it. Even Boards of Visitors have not always shown a capacity to understand it. They have actually been known to recommend that the present disgracefully low standard of admission shall be reduced still lower.

But the mischief wrought by this low standard of admission does not end with the admission itself. The aim of the Naval Academy is to train up men in the principal subjects relating to the science and the art of naval warfare. With this object in view, it is compelled to cover a great deal of ground. In order to fit the cadets properly for their profession, it is absolutely necessary that they should begin at the earliest possible moment to devote their attention to the technical subjects bearing directly upon it. The result is that the preliminary studies, which ought to have been mastered before entrance, are crowded into the earlier half of the course. They have to be gone over as quickly as possible. The pace set is necessarily so rapid that a certain proportion of those entering are unable to keep up with it. The number of students failing to maintain themselves in their classes, in both the Naval and Military Academies, is out of all proportion to the corresponding number of those dropped in the most exacting civilian schools of the same grade. It is probably safe to say that from forty to sixty per cent. of those entering the Naval Academy in times past have not succeeded in graduating. Many of these have fallen out, doubtless, to the advantage of the service. But there are others, capable of becoming superior officers, who have been made the victims of a policy which is loudly proclaimed to have been adopted for their benefit. They could have done well had they had a fair chance; but uninformed, untrained, undeveloped, they were necessarily sacrificed.

This state of things, it may be added, instead of promising to become better, threatens to grow worse. There is the same steady demand upon both the Naval and the Military Academy to furnish instruction in new subjects that there is upon all our leading institutions of learning. It is perhaps even heavier upon the former, because the rapid progress of modern science has materially affected the nature of the problems that are involved in warfare. The colleges have met this imperative demand in two ways

—by raising the standard of admission, and by the creation of elective courses. But in the government schools, fitting men for specific pursuits in life, there cannot well be elective courses. Consequently, if the other alternative is not adopted, only two methods of proceeding are open. Either the term of attendance must be lengthened, or the time given to the studies already pursued must be curtailed. This last has been the proceeding adopted in one case at the Naval Academy. There was a popular demand that more attention should be paid to English; but it could only be done by giving to it a certain portion of time taken from other subjects. This process, bad in itself, is clearly one that cannot be carried far or repeated often. What is really a five years' course can never be satisfactorily crowded into four; and a four years' course of study is all that ought to be required. But if a national institution of the highest grade is expected to perform also the functions of a preparatory school, there seems to be no other resource than to protract the period of attendance.

For the ills of the present system the natural, and indeed the only satisfactory remedy is to raise the standard of admission. Most of the common objections made to this course are of such a character that one is disposed to apologize to educated men for considering them at all seriously. They may be divided into two kinds, general and special. Of the former there is the assertion that what we want in the navy is men, not scholars. This is usually coupled with the information that those who stand high in their studies sometimes fail in real life. Fear seems to be felt that there is danger of the cadets degenerating into mere bookworms; that they will become so absorbed in the attention they devote to the theory of their profession that they will grow unfitted to discharge its actual duties. It hardly seems credible that this needless anxiety about the fate that is likely to befall those who give themselves up earnestly to their studies can be seriously felt by men whose external appearance, at least, indicates the possession of ordinary intelligence. Yet it is a remark common in the mouths of the semi-educated, and sometimes heard from those from whom we have a right to expect better things. "Much learning hath made thee mad," was the remark of Festus to Paul eighteen hundred years ago. From that day to this complacent comments to the same effect have been expressed by thousands of persons who doubtless have experienced a comfortable sense of security in the conviction that they are free from the slightest peril of ever being sent to any lunatic asylum for that particular cause.

It is evident that this view, if carried out to its legitimate conclusion, would lead to the abolition of the Naval and the Military Academy altogether. It is certainly as valid an argument against having any standard of admission as it is against having a high one. It is, of course, based upon the not uncommon but utterly mistaken conception of what higher institutions of learning set out to accomplish. It ought not to be necessary to say that no one who knows anything about education expects it to implant qualities which are not already in being, at least in a rudimentary form. Its aim is simply to develop in the best way possible those which exist. There are intellectual and moral characteristics which no drill of the class-room can discover and no examination scales can test. Success at a military or a naval school can never furnish a final decision as to the men who are best fitted to excel in actual war. The most it can do is to indicate a presumption. Clear-headedness and coolness in danger, readiness of resource in unexpected situations, the ability to decide quickly and act promptly in the excitement and confusion of conflict—these are some of the qualities that go to the making of the great commander by land or by sea, and these can never be known to belong to the individual until they spring to light in the shock of battle. Even that homely saving common-sense, which enables a man to act intelligently in the concerns of daily life, can have its existence revealed with no more certainty by examinations than the lack of it can be supplied by education. The Naval and Military Academies want men, assuredly, who are something besides scholars, and they want the best men they can get; but it is their province to develop them, not to create them; and that development, so far as the mind is concerned, comes from earnest and prolonged study.

There is another objection to raising the standard of admission based upon the

alleged injustice of examinations themselves. There is some slight foundation for this distrust. Examinations are, without doubt, a somewhat clumsy method of determining qualification. Certainly no sensible man ever regarded them as a final measure of the comparative merit or ability of two or more persons. They are merely preliminary tests. They furnish no guarantee for the future. But some method of selection has to be adopted, and that by examination is, generally speaking, the fairest as well as the most feasible. If honestly conducted it is entirely free from the element of personal or political influence, and if intelligently conducted it provides that those admitted shall be as nearly as possible on the same level of preparation, and accordingly fitted to go on together in the same classes. It doubtless works at times injustice in individual cases, though this is far less frequent than is often supposed. For that matter, injustice is much more likely to be wrought by the physical requirements than the intellectual. By forbidding, for instance, the Naval or the Military Academy to receive a candidate who has varicose veins, the country may incur the possible risk of losing a general or admiral of genius; but in our ignorance of the future we cannot afford to run the certain risk of engaging in the service men thus affected. Here again in a high standard of admission there is safety against the alleged injustice of examinations. The wide range of subjects affords the fairest conceivable means of testing the candidate's knowledge and resources, and, as I have previously pointed out, it lessens largely the danger of rejection that results from his failing to do himself justice on one or more studies.

Besides these general objections to raising the standard of admission, there is a specific one which will have most weight with many. This is, that such a course will bear hardly upon certain portions of the population and certain sections of the country. We are perpetually told of some poor but worthy youth, secluded somewhere in the remotest recesses of the rural districts, who will be prevented from even making the effort to enter the Academy if the requirements be raised. The somewhat mythical youth thus incapacitated may be poor, but he is certainly not worthy. If he be deserving of the latter epithet he will devote himself assiduously to the task of fitting himself for admission, no matter what may be the standard set. The experience of our colleges furnishes the completest possible answer to this objection. It is only within a very recent period that the scientific schools of the country have begun to approach the standard of requirements which the classical schools have been exacting for years; and the classical schools in every part of the land, East and West, North and South, have largely drawn their students from a class of the population possessed of very limited means, and capable of furnishing their children but few advantages for preparation. In no case has the high standard of admission to any institution of learning operated as a barrier against any one who was earnestly seeking to avail himself of its instruction, though it has undoubtedly shut off those indisposed to put forth serious and protracted exertion. Nor must it be forgotten that neither the Naval nor the Military Academy was created to be an eleemosynary institution for the education of the poor. They were designed to furnish thoroughly trained officers for the army and the navy, and to securing that result all other considerations should yield. It may be added that the requirements for admission to our institutions of learning, where the standard is highest, have been met successfully by young men who have practically been self-taught. It will be said that these are exceptional cases, and the truth of this may be conceded. Yet even then the fact can hardly be deemed an objection. It will never be an injury to the country if a large proportion of the officers of its army and navy should turn out to be exceptional men.

It is undoubtedly true that, with all the restrictions by which they are hampered, the Naval and the Military Academy have accomplished a great work. What they have done, indeed, is one of the highest tributes that have ever been paid to the developing and transforming power of education. No civilian institutions could possibly deal so successfully as they have dealt with material coming to them crudely prepared and inadequately trained. Owing to their peculiar organization they can and do exert a control which is practically absolute over the acts of the student. They can and do exercise a most minute and rigid supervision over

the way in which he employs his time, and are in consequence enabled frequently to save him from himself. They, moreover, possess peculiar facilities for making the most of the men intrusted to their charge. Without additional expense to the government, they can draw on a practically unlimited force of instructors. Through this agency they can re-enforce the steady pressure of that general educational drill given to the whole class with an attention to the guidance and development of the individual members belonging to it which it is utterly out of the power of any ordinary institution of learning to rival even remotely. But while they have accomplished much in the past, they have accomplished it in the face of great and unnecessary difficulties. These difficulties, furthermore, are constantly increasing, with the increasingly complex nature of the problems which warfare under the development of modern science is called upon to meet. They demand for their solution as never before the services of the highest order of trained intellect, and of intellect trained in a wide variety of ways. The very fact that the teaching force of the two national Academies has been enabled to do so much under the present wretched system is an additional reason for giving them the opportunity to do far more under a better system. We insist upon the best physically; with equal reason we ought to insist upon the best mentally.

Against any reform of the present system we must expect the inevitable declarations of what might, could, would, or should have happened if a higher standard had prevailed in the past. As this is a point about which one man knows just as much as another, and nobody knows anything at all, its consideration may be safely left to those who delight in the discussion of questions that can never be answered and of problems that can never be solved. There is, however, an obstacle in the way that is really formidable. Against any improvement in the existing state of things we are told that Congress stands as an insurmountable barrier. That it has so stood in the past is undeniable. The entrance to the Military Academy is prescribed by law; and though that to the Naval Academy is under the control of the Navy Department, it is impracticable to have any marked distinction in the requirements for admission to the two arms of the service. But that this condition of affairs should continue to exist after the matter has once been brought fully to the attention of the country, and dispassionately considered by its representatives, I, for one, should hesitate and certainly hate to believe. There is not an educated Congressman who would not be found willing to concede that the national legislature is as utterly incompetent to pass upon the studies which should be pursued before entrance as it would be upon those that are pursued after entrance. There is but one body properly qualified to decide upon a question of this character. That body is made up of those in the two Academies who have had experience in the work of actual instruction in the theory of the profession, and of a chosen number of the graduates of highest ability who have had experience in its practice. To their hands, subject to the approval of the Navy Department, can the requirements for admission be safely intrusted, and to their hands alone. All the dangers feared from committing this power to such a body are utterly illusory. No persons like the members constituting it would have the interests of the Academies so completely at heart. They could be trusted to act neither unadvisedly nor hastily. The standard of admission would be raised, but it would be raised gradually. Notice of all changes would be given sufficiently long in advance to afford ample time for preparation for intending candidates. Instead of a cast-iron system, as now, we should have then an elastic one, accommodating itself to the needs of the service and to the advance of naval and military science. For at the present time as never before in our history does the country require that its naval officers should be of the highest type of able and educated men. They will be as never before its representatives to the outside world. Upon their tact, their bearing, their knowledge, and their cultivation will depend at times the favorable result of disputes on delicate and difficult questions of policy that has to be adopted in unexpected emergencies. It ought to be the aim of the nation to attract to the Naval Academy the very flower of its youth who are fitted by nature and inclination to enter the naval service.



II.—FROM LA BICHE TO FORT CHIPEWYAN.

WITH several Indians running before to escort us beyond the post in approved style, we left La Biche at a pretty brisk gait, and maintained for a good hour a pace which must have carried us six miles. But Heming and I were so delighted at being finally and really under way that no speed those Indians could have set would have been too stiff for us. As we ran we now and again delivered ourselves of congratulations that were expressive if brief, and somewhat disconnected in delivery. We had been delayed three days and a half at La Biche, fussing with Indians that had more time than energy, more promise than execution, and who broke contracts as rapidly as they made them. Gairdner had annoyed me a great deal, and no doubt we had worried him not a little, breaking in upon the even and lethargic tenor of his monotonous life with our "outside" (as the great world is called by the denizens of this lone land) hustling ways. But now that it is all past, and the trip successfully made, we are willing to forgive and be forgiven.

We did not expect to go far that night; our chief desire was to get started; and besides, we knew we should pass several Indian houses, where we must stop, that "Shot" and John might live up to the usual demands of the country courtesy, and shake hands with the occupants, and gossip about the white men they were guiding over the first stage of their long journey. Shaking hands always includes the further ceremony of filling up the pipes and a drink of tea, should the host happen to have any of that luxury, and so when we had left the last Indian lodge, and crossed the northeast end of the lake and got well into the woods, it was sunset, and time to camp. The going down of the sun is the invariable signal for camping, for the twilight is of short duration, and the Indians will not run the risk of accident by chopping wood after dark. And they are quite right. A cut foot or leg in civilization is ordinarily little more than inconvenient, but in this trackless wilderness any wound that interrupts a man's travelling may lead to his death. And so as the sun begins to disappear below the horizon you grow watchful for a place that is most sheltered and best wooded and nearest the road you are following.

By the time we had gathered firewood it began to snow, and we ate our first meal in the open, with backs arched to windward, and capote hoods pulled up over our heads to keep "the beautiful" from going down our necks. That first night out was an interesting one to me; with recollections of bivouacs in the Rockies, I thought the fire insignificant and the timber small, but the dogs sitting on their haunches watching the thawing of the frozen fish that were to furnish them with supper, and the sledges drawn on the banked-up snow at the head of our blankets, made a novel and picturesque scene.

Every one was sleeping the sleep of the weary, if not of the just, and the dogs had eaten and curled themselves up in the snow for the night, when I finally threw off my meditative mood and rolled up in my blankets.

It snowed all night, and when we broke camp the next morning at six it was still snowing, and there was a cold head-wind that made us move lively to keep comfortable. The trail wound through brush

and small timber, and now and again across a small lake, but its greatest length lay over what is called "muskeg," which is Cree for swamp, and the most tiring, patience-testing travelling I ever encountered.

Imagine a landlocked lake swept by furious cross-winds, and its entire surface churned into choppy waves; suppose it suddenly congealed at its angriest moment; further, suppose a deep layer of miry earth covered by thick heavy moss moulded upon it, and stuck full of close-growing stout brush. That is the muskeg. Now fancy walking over a succession of uneven hummocks with brush constantly catching your snow-shoe and slapping your face, and you will have a vague idea of the difficulties of muskeg travel. Level footing is exceedingly scarce, the wind blows the snow "whither it listeth," and you cannot know whether you are about to step on top of one of those innumerable mounds or into one of the many gutters that cross-section the swamp. You know after you have taken the step. Nine times out of ten you land on the slanting side of the mound, and slip and trip and turn your ankle and use yourself up generally. It is exceedingly difficult going, and Heming and I, who relieved one another breaking trail for the dogs, found it very fatiguing.

It was storming hard and getting colder, and I was ahead setting the pace, when, about three o'clock that afternoon, I came upon a log hut, and two trails that bore away in different directions. I wish I could have photographed the scene which slowly materialized from out of the darkness as I stood on the earthen floor within the cabin while my eyes grew accustomed to the changed conditions. On entering I could distinguish only the fire in one end, before which squatted a couple of Indians and a squaw, but gradually the shadows lifted, and I found myself for a few moments busily engaged shaking hands with Indians as fast as the new light revealed them. It was a very small cabin, barely ten feet square, I should say, with a parchment-covered hole in the wall for window, and a door which demanded a bowed head of every visitor. I do not know how many Indians were in that hut, but I recall wondering how they arranged for sleeping, as there seemed hardly space for them to sit, much less lie down. They were about to eat, and several rabbits, suspended full length from a deer thong, and minus only their skins, were twirling and roasting before



THE INDIAN'S STOREHOUSE AND LARDER.

the fire, while others were being prepared for the cooking. I was not partial to rabbit, nor especially happy in the cabin's atmosphere, so when I had warmed a bit I went outside to wait for the dog brigade to come up.

Heming and John hove in sight shortly, but quite half an hour had passed when "Shot" and his dogs loomed up in the storm, that seemed increasing every minute. Then "Shot" and I had our first battle royal. He fancied the smell of the roasting rabbit and the warm cabin; he did not like the sleet driving in our faces, and he wanted to camp. I was annoyed at the interruptions to our progress, disgusted with "Shot" for his vainglorious mouthing at La Biche and his halting gait since leaving there, and determined that night to reach Hart Lake, which was only seven or eight miles farther on, and where we expected to get fish (of which we then had none) for our dogs. In language both pointed and picturesque I reminded "Shot" of my being the commander-in-chief of our little expedition, and made him understand we were out neither for pleasure nor for our health, that we had an objective point, and intended to get there without loss of time, and without camping in every cabin we discovered or being headed off by every severe storm we encountered. "Shot" spluttered a great deal at first, and then looked as if it would give him pleasure to bury his hunting-knife in my flesh; but he sulked instead, and we moved away from the crowded little house and the roasting rabbits.



NATIVE-MADE GARTER.
From an old and lost design.

There had been a broken trail from this point to Hart Lake, but the same storm that was making our walking so arduous had almost obliterated it, and it was long after dark, and the thermometer 30° below zero, when we reached the cabin of the Indian who Gairdner had said would sell us fish enough to last to the McMurray fishery. But, like all the things Gairdner told us, we found realization quite different from promise. The Indian was willing enough to sell, but his cache was fifteen miles away; he had just heard it had been broken into and all his fish stolen, so that he could not say whether or no he really had any; and, at all events, he could not make the journey in one day, and would not start the next (Sunday), because it was the occasion of the priest's yearly visit to this district. I was sorry to jeopard his soul by depriving it of the annual shriving, but I believed my dogs in more urgent need of fish than he of salvation, and I was sure three days' delay at Hart Lake would blight definitely whatever hopes of a future reward I might previously have enjoyed. Therefore I set about to wreck that Indian's peace of mind. Four skins—*i. e.*, two dollars—quieted spiritual alarms, a silk handkerchief to the wife secured a promise to make the trip to the cache and back in one day, and the *coup d'état* was executed by enlisting "Shot's" sympathies through my assuring him that, fish or no fish, I should start Monday morning, and, if necessary, feed our bacon to the dogs, and complete the journey on tea and potatoes, of which latter, I believe, we had a few meals left. Thus it was that I got the Indian started off early Sunday morning for his cache, and saved two souls and eight dogs.

The beneficence of the La Biche priest extended farther that Sunday than he knew. Heming and I blessed his coming without stint, for it emptied of its usual occupants the filthy cabin in which we were obliged to spend the day and another night, and gave us an opportunity to sweep the floor and renew intimate relations with water.

When we took up our journey again Monday morning, with the insufficient supply of fish got from the Indian's despoiled cache, the mercury had dropped to 54° below zero, and there was no longer a broken trail. Our first ten miles lay across a lake, and both Heming and I, who were breaking road, and sinking up to our knees in the snow, were frequently startled by a rumbling as of distant thunder as the ice cracked under us. It was a curious sensation too, to have these explosions occurring at our feet, and vibra-

ting towards the shores in successive and receding detonations, like the rings which widen and follow upon one another when you have thrown a stone into a pond. On one occasion water followed the cracking, and we were obliged to run hard, until we stopped for dinner, to keep our feet from freezing.

The going was exceedingly difficult all day long, in deep snow, across lakes, through bunches of stunted spruce, and over the redoubtable muskeg, where the sledges required constant handling, and never by any chance remained right side up for more than a few moments at a time. Still, the weather remained clear, and when we camped, at six o'clock, the stars were shining brightly, and we had left Hart Lake thirty-eight miles behind us, Heming and I running the last nine miles in one hour and forty minutes.

I had been very much worried over Heming's condition the last two days; on the night we arrived at Hart Lake he seemed considerably worn, and the only consolation I had in the day's delay there was the hope it furnished that the rest would brace him up. But on this night he was completely used up, and I was very seriously alarmed by discovering symptoms of deranged kidneys. I did not then know the cause, and attributed it to strain brought on by hard running. In fact, Heming did not tell me, until I stopped off at Hamilton to see him on my way back to New York, that on the day's run to Hart Lake he had fallen over a log and struck on the small of his back. I only knew at that time that any weakness of the kidneys was not to be trifled with, and I felt it would be extremely hazardous to take him on; so I lay down that night to think rather than to sleep.

It was fearfully cold the following morning, with the going growing harder every hour, and I fell behind Heming to watch how he stood up under the effort. I could plainly see he was laboring with great difficulty, and concluded it would be suicidal for him to continue, getting farther from civilization and physicians every mile, so at ten o'clock I called a halt, and expressed my determination to send him home. Heming was loath to turn back, but appreciated his unfitness for the onward journey, and acquiesced in a decision which must have brought him keenest disappointment.

We had stepped aside for our conference, and I have little doubt "Shot" fancied us planning something for his discomfort, and was much relieved on learning he was to return. I decided on "Shot" instead of John, because he understood English enough to administer to Heming's wants in case of his collapse. Then, through "Shot's" interpretation, I had to win John's consent to go on with me, and I experienced a very disquieting half-hour indeed while John underwent the elaborate process of making up his mind. First he refused; then he demurred because he had never been in that part of the country before, and was as dependent on "Shot" for guidance as we were ourselves; and again he objected because he could not speak nor understand a word of English, and I was as deficient in Cree. However, finally he consented if I would give him a few presents, the nature of which I have now forgotten; and after we had eaten, the two Indians set to work dividing the supplies and repacking the sledges. It was not a very elaborate task, and did not take long. We had eaten the last of the potatoes, and so when the bacon and the tea and the flour had been divided, the blankets separated, and Heming and I had indicated which was which of the two seamless sacks that contained our personal luggage, the sledges were packed and the dogs headed in opposite directions.



"JOHN."

Then we went our separate ways, and I took up my journey to the great lone land, over a strange country, and without even the poor satisfaction of talking my mother-tongue.

My regret over Heming's falling ill may be better imagined than described. Foremost, of course, I deplored the loss of a companion on a trip which was to extend over 2600 miles; and of less but still considerable concern was the sudden deprivation of a helpmate, upon whose hardihood and experience I had confidently counted. Heming had had abundant snow-shoeing and some dog-sledging, and I set much value on a know-

ledge that would, to some extent at least, facilitate our venturesome undertaking. And now here I was, just four days out from La Biche, never having had a web snow-shoe on my foot, nor even seen a dog-sledge, with six days of travel over an unknown country between me and Fort McMurray, the next nearest trading-post. However, unpleasant as the prospect was, I had thought it all over the night before as I lay in my blankets after our hard day's run, and realized the situation as completely as I had settled upon my course. But it was not a happy afternoon, that 8th of January, 1895, which saw me, after the separation, trudging onward in cold and in silence.

If I lamented Heming, most assuredly I did not mourn "Shot," notwithstanding his being the only man in the outfit who knew the country across which we were to journey. He had been a sore trial to me from the day of our departure—nay, even from the very hour of our introduction at La Biche—and I confess to honest relief in ridding myself of him, though I was at the time like a ship cast adrift without rudder. Before starting he had deliberately broken his contract, and followed it up by repeated attempts to squeeze more money out of me when he recognized my helplessness and saw my anxiety to get under way. He exasperated me to such a degree that, knowing an indulgence to my feelings would result in his refusing to go at all, I remember confiding to Heming the great hope that my legs would prove as stout as they had at other times, and enable me to set such a pace as should make "Shot's" tongue hang out before we reached McMurray.

Whether the pace was too hot or he too lazy I cannot say, but certainly when we were once started he kept me busy urging him to faster gait; his train was invariably so far behind as to delay us ten to fifteen minutes at every "spell" (rest), which meant a loss of from six to eight miles in a day's travel. It must have been laziness, because he is a half-breed of massive bone and great strength and over six feet in height. He evidently thought he had got hold of a "moonyass," as a "tenderfoot" is called in this country, with whom he could play any game he chose; and when he discovered his mistake he grew sulky, developed a lame knee, subsequently a sore back, and delayed the morning start by his reluctance to turn out when called and the length of time he consumed in packing the sledges. The only day of the four he was with me on which I got him to set off promptly and travel smartly was the last one, when the prospect of reaching a deserted cabin for the night's camp carried him on. I could have forgiven him the lagging behind, for the going was hard, and he had none of the incentive that added nervous to my physical energy, but his avariciousness at La Biche and his sullenness on the road hardened my heart, and I cut out his work on a scale that, I fancy, made the parting between us one for mutual congratulation.

And so John and I set out on our journey, neither of us knowing where the morrow might find us, and I with a Cree vocabulary limited to "no," "yes," "hurry," and "how far is it?" I do not know how many miles we covered the afternoon Heming turned homeward, for I was too thoroughly absorbed in thoughts of what was coming to note the passing, but the camp of that night was, luckily, the best we made on the trip. It was sheltered from the howling wind, wood was plentiful, and with blankets, moccasins, and leggings hung on poles to dry before the blazing logs, might even have been called picturesque, unless that quality may be said to disappear when the mercury registers 40° below zero ten feet from the fire. We were not likely to find so favored a spot another night, and I made John know he should take advantage of the good fire and prepare "bannocks" to last us a few days.

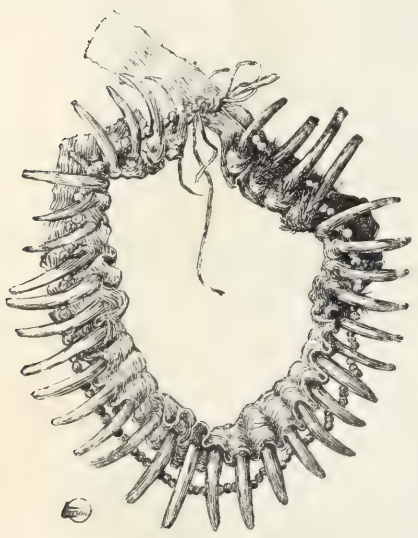
The bannock is simply flour and water and grease thoroughly kneaded and well baked: the usual method of cooking is to shape the dough an inch deep to the inside of a frying-pan, and stand the latter before the camp-fire. The bannock is not beautiful to the eye nor tempting to the fastidious palate; moreover, it never rises superior to that "sadness" which is the characteristic of underdone bread the world over. But the bannock is much better suited to the needs of the tripper or *voyageur*, as the snow-shoe traveller is called, than the light yeast bread of the *grand pays*. The bread of civilization is filling, but lacks substance; the bannock has both filling and substance; and when one has nothing to eat but bread and tea and bacon, and is running five



THE FIRST AND BEST CAMP OF THE TRIP.

miles an hour from sunrise to sunset day after day, substance is a desirable quality. While John made the bannocks, I attended to thawing fish for the dogs; and when we had both finished and lighted our pipes I undertook to hold my first conversation with him in the language of signs.

The warning most impressed upon me, by all those claiming any knowledge of the country into which I was going, had been against the unreliability of the Indians. I had been told of their tendency to desert under trying conditions, and the little there was to read on the subject emphasized the need of vigilance. That John would grow discouraged, and quietly steal away from camp some night, was a thought which possessed and worried me considerably. I was prepared to see his dismay as we plodded on in the hard going, and to hear his grumbling, even though I could not understand, but I did not propose, if I could prevent it, awakening one morning to find him and the dogs gone. So I engaged John's attention on this our first night together, and in my best pantomime I tried to make him understand that if he staid with me to McMurray and was a "good" Indian, I should be "good" to him, but if he deserted me he had better cut my throat before he left camp, as otherwise I should follow his trail and kill him. John looked very wise and serious during my dramatic recital, and I guess he understood me. Whether he did or not, certainly his discouragement in the trying days we had subsequently never reached a mutinous point, and I fully believe he needed no intimidation to be a "good Indian." I wondered that night, and as the scene has come up before me many times since I have wondered again, what that Cree must have thought of this white man who was pushing into his country at a time when he himself usually remained indoors, had pressed him into a service for which he had no liking, and threatened to take his life if he forsook it.



GRIZZLY-CLAW NECKLACE.

Despite our sheltered position and the big fire, I put in an uncomfortable night in this picturesque camp. It was, in fact, the first of many uncomfortable nights before I adjusted my blankets and robes properly. I had ample bedding, and of course could have got warm quickly enough had I used it all, but that was precisely what I did not want to do. I wished to use the smallest amount of covering possible, and yet be not too uncomfortable to preclude sleep. I did not lose sight of the fact that the cold I was then experiencing was as summer compared with that which I should be obliged to sustain in the Barren Grounds, whither I was going. And as I had trained before leaving New York for extreme physical exertion, so now I began fitting myself for excessive cold. Indeed, I am entirely convinced it was my very careful and thorough previous conditioning that enabled me to withstand the starving and freezing to which I was subjected on this trip, and yet come out of it in sound physical condition and without having had a day's sickness. My camping-out experience had been rather extensive, and was now valuable in suggesting ways of making most out of little. An old campaigner will, simply by his method of wrapping it about him, get as much if not more warmth out of a single blanket than the tyro will out of two. Nevertheless, with all my experience, for the first week I shivered and shook in the bedding I permitted myself, and the temptation to add one more blanket was almost irresistible.

Not that the atmosphere was colder than I had before experienced, for 40° below is by no means uncommon in the Rocky Mountains, where I have camped, but the wind made me so miserable. It blew more than half the time, and nothing could resist its searchings. It went straight through capotes, leggings, and blankets, and made sleep impossible for me several nights on the way to McMurray. The dogs, however, seemed unmindful of either wind or cold. At night, after they had eaten their fish, they would go a few yards from the fire, scratch away a little of the top snow, and then curl up, back to windward. In the morning when they were dragged to har-

ness they left the outline of their body in the snow, and a well-defined depression, which sometimes even showed the ground. Nothing but fur can insure warmth or even comfort in this chilling North. Farther along, and before making my bison or musk-ox hunt, I secured a caribou-skin capote with the fur on, but until I got one I was a shivering victim of the wind. The capote I had fetched from Hamilton, Canada, was useless; having been made of unsmoked leather, the first snow-storm soaked and the fire shrunk it; then it was too heavy to run in, and the blanket lining was greatly inferior to fur for warmth. No garment can excel the caribou capotes made by the Indians for exposure in the excessive cold and piercing winds of this North country. They are very light, and do not therefore add to the burden of the *voyageur*, while being literally impervious to all winds, save those deadly blasts of the Barren Grounds.



POLE LODGE IN WHICH MOOSE AND CARIBOU SKINS ARE SMOKED.

The Indian tripper in winter first secures stout moccasins and new "duffel," and next looks to his caribou-skin capote. Anything may answer for trousers or head-covering, the former, indeed, being moose or caribou skin, blanket, or "store pants" got at the Hudson Bay Company post in trade, while the conventional hat is supplied by a colored handkerchief wound about the head, just above the forehead and ears, to keep the long hair in place. Formerly it was, and still is in the more remote sections, a moose or caribou thong bound by sinew and decorated with porcupine quill. But the foot-covering must be of the best. Moccasins are made of smoked moose-skin, because of its thickness (though the thinner caribou-skin is equally durable), and are really the pride of the Indian wardrobe. They are the most, and very frequently the only, decorated piece of his apparel; in presentation they are the vehicle of regard from one Indian to another; they carry the first tidings of a more tender sentiment from the maiden to the young hunter, and are the surest indication not only of the degree of the woman's handicraft, but, if she be married, of the degree of her regard for the husband. An Indian's moccasins are a walking advertisement of his standing at home. Blessed is the civilized world insomuch as its wives are not its boot-makers!

I was not long in reading aright the signs of the moccasins, and ever after, when I required any made at the posts, first sought acquaintance with the husband before ordering. No doubt many a pair of shoes I scanned did not represent the best work of the poor devil's wife, but I found them at least accurate in determining his importance within his own tepee. Moccasin decoration, in fact, practically all Northland Indian ornamentation, is done in beads, in porcupine quill, or in silk embroidery. Silk-work is of somewhat recent introduction, confined entirely to half-breeds, and although rather well executed, is the least effective. The French



MOCCASINS.

half-breeds are largely responsible for the bead embroidery, which is the vogue all over the northern part of this country. One sees moccasins, mittens, leggings, all in the beaded flower patterns, taken from nature, and therefore somewhat noteworthy, but not nearly so striking as the pure Indian designs of the more southerly tribes. The porcupine-quill work is truly Indian, and, at its best, exceedingly pretty, both in design and coloring, though only the most skilful can do it acceptably, for each tiny quill is woven in separately, and the weaver's ingenuity or lack of it is revealed in the design. The best specimens of this work are seen in the women's belts, though it is put on moccasins, shirts, skirts, gun-coats, as well as on the birch-bark baskets called rogans, and used for every purpose. "Duffel" is a thick blanket stuff, which, together with "strouds," a similar though more closely spun material, the Hudson Bay Company introduced and christened. Duffel is used for socks, and strouds for leggings, and both are manufactured expressly for the trade in this country. The Indian gets his duffel by the yard, and when he has cut it into strips about six inches wide by eighteen inches long his socks are completed. Their adjustment is equally simple, for it is only to begin at the toes and wind the piece throughout its length about the foot. The half-breed takes his duffel home, where it is shaped and sewed into crude socks, and if his wife thinks well of him, and is clever, she will vary them in size (as two or three pairs are worn at a time inside the moccasin), and fancy-stitch them in colored yarn. I tried both styles of sock, and prefer the Indian's simpler kind; it is more quickly thawed out and dried at night; if one end wears or burns, you can rearrange it so that a good part covers the toes and heel—the most important to keep from freezing; and you can fit it more snugly, which is, I think, its greatest advantage, because, if you do not happen to have a wife to direct, or, having one, do not stand high in her estimation, your socks will be of the same size, and all too large. Consequently your feet will slip about, which is most tiresome in long and hard walking, and the socks will freeze into wrinkles and knots that will cut your toes and instep, and very likely eventually cripple you when your snowshoe strings have also become frozen.



ANCIENT KNIFE WITH BEAVER-TOOTH BLADE.

The denial I practised in the matter of blankets proved doubly advantageous. It conditioned me so that very soon I slept soundly and comfortably, and it proved a blessing to John, to whom I gave of my surplus. He was very glad to get the additional blanket, and I never encountered an Indian throughout my trip who was not thankful for any extra covering, even a coat, that I let him have. This is apropos of the declaration made to the venturer into this country that the Indians scorn more than one blanket. I heard it on all sides. "What, two pairs of blankets? Why, the Indians," etc., etc. When these Indians sleep under one blanket it is because they have no second, nor do they keep warm "in the coldest nights." The contrary is all miserable boasting. My experience was that they could not stand any greater cold than I; when it was merely discomforting they were more indifferent to it than a white man would be, for the very good reason that while the white man has always been well clothed and fed and protected, the red man has been half clothed and fed and never protected. Naturally the latter does not mind exposures that must seem somewhat trying on first experience to the former. For instance, in sitting about camp, the Indians, as a rule, wore the same coat in which they had been running, whereas I found a heavier one more comfortable. It was not that the Indians were warm, but they were used to discomfort. I wrapped up less than they when snowshoeing, but more than they in camp. When it came to withstanding the fearful cold and withering storms of the Barren Grounds, my endurance was as great, and my suffering, judging from appearances, not so much as theirs. This is because this particular Indian has no heart, no nervous energy, no reserve force. Confronted by the unexpected or inexplicable, he gives no urgency to his efforts, he seeks no solution; he simply gives up. He has none of that do-or-die sentiment; he prefers to die. Dump an Indian and a bound white man into a snow bank, and the latter would probably freeze to death first, but in a struggle for existence under

NOON-DAY TEA.

any conditions the white man would go farther and keep going longer than the red man.

As to the bedding question, when I was on my homeward journey in May I noted Indians sleeping under the same number of blankets they had used while I was making my way towards Great Slave Lake in January. What did surprise me at first, however, was the toughness of their feet. I marvelled how they could sleep with them sticking out from under the blankets, with no other protection from the cold than that furnished by the moccasin. I ceased to wonder once I had viewed the quarter-inch layer of epidermis on the heels and soles.



DOG-WHIP.

There is some comfort in the reflection that John and I had a good camp that first night we were alone, for there was bitterness enough in store for us in the next four days. To begin with, it was impossible for me to wear snow-shoes in breaking trail for the dogs, although the snow was nearly knee-deep and the going heavy, because I had never used a web snow-shoe before, and consequently was not sufficiently expert to feel the McMurray trail under the foot and a half of snow —and to follow this trail by feeling it was our only means of guidance. Then our bacon was about out, and we had but one meal of fish for the dogs. Therefore I was not hilarious when we started off at four in the morning in a blinding snow-storm. "Shot" had told me something of the nature of the country over which the trail led, but the country was all alike to us in that storm. I know we went through woods, for several times I fell heavily against a tree, but nothing was visible except on closest inspection. My senses were all concentrated on feeling that trail, and my energies directed to weathering the storm, whose fury was beginning to be the more perceptible by the dawning of day, when suddenly I dropped through space—I thought at the time about twenty feet, but I guess it was not more than ten — and the dogs and the sledge and John fell on top of me. When we had disentangled ourselves, I had a more puzzling situation to unravel in determining where we were "at."

I felt sure I had not lost the trail, but corroboration was out of the question, because the road made by our dogs and sledge rendered feeling the underlying old one that had guided me impossible. Going ahead a little distance, I found we were on a lake, but could discover no trail, and the storm made travelling by landmarks impossible even had I known any, which of course I did not. John's search for a trail proved no happier than mine, and then he wanted to camp; but I exhausted two-thirds of my Cree vocabulary in "no" and "hurry" upon him, and we made a wider circuit with no better success. This time he was determined to camp; and the sleet was cutting our faces and the dogs were howling and it was miserable. But we didn't camp. Again I made a cast, and this time for a find. I was sure of a piece of trail, but whence it came and whither it went I could not determine. The snow was either blown away or packed so hard it was simply impossible to follow a trail for any distance. We would travel a little way only to lose it and begin our searching anew; another find, followed closely by a check and yet another heart-breaking cast. And thus, how many miles I know not, we worked our way across that Jack Fish Lake in the teeth of a storm that whirled around us unceasingly, and it was one o'clock when we crawled up the bank and discovered a cabin which I knew must be the one where "Shot" had said I could get fish.

We got our dogs on the leeward side, and then staggered into the cabin, covered from head to foot by ice and numb with cold. The house was full of Indians, but there was no exclamation of surprise upon our appearance. Half-frozen men are of too common occurrence in this Northland to create comment. They made way for us at the fire, of which we did not immediately avail ourselves—for we both had frozen ears and noses—and

they pushed the teakettle nearer the glowing coals; but no one uttered a sound, though they eyed me with ill-concealed curiosity. By-and-by, when we had thawed out, John and I drank tea and ate a slice of bacon from our scanty stock, and then I signed him to get fish for the dogs; but much talking was followed only by sullen silence, and no fish were forthcoming. Fish we must have; and as I sat pondering over the situation, I discovered a fiddle hanging against the wall, and thought an excellent opportunity offered of trying the power of music to soothe the savage breast, so I handed the instrument to John, whom I had heard play at La Biche, and what with his fiddling and my distribution of tobacco, it was not very long before we had the Indians jabbering again, and two days' fish for the dogs.

The wind was still howling and the snow falling when we started on an hour later, against the protestations of the Indians, who wanted us and our tea and tobacco to remain overnight; but our supplies were too low to warrant their consumption in idleness, and we had put another eight or nine miles behind us before we made a wretched camp in the muskeg, with scarcely wood enough to make a fire, and not a level spot to throw down our blankets. It cleared up during the night, and when we broke camp the next morning at four the moon shone as serenely as though it had not yielded to a greater and fiercer power the night before. Before daybreak the trail ran into some rather open woods, through which the moon's soft light played with wondrously fantastic effect, and when the first streaks of yellow in the northeast heralded the rising of the sun, we had left the shadow of the trees and were travelling in the muskeg. I shall always remember that morning as giving me the most beautiful picture I ever beheld in nature's album: the sun coming up on my right, the moon going down on my left—one bursting forth in all his golden splendor, while the other slowly withdrew her silvery light. And between and far below the two heavenly rivals plodded John and the dogs and I, footsore and hungry, but appreciative.

I was destined to be brought to earth very suddenly and somewhat inglariously, for the sun had but just dispelled the gray gloom of early morning, and I was clipping along at a merry gait across the deadly muskeg, with a large lake in sight, and John and the dogs not far behind, when down I tumbled in a heap, with a sprained ankle. Sitting in the snow chafing my ankle was not going to bring us food nor get me to the Barren Grounds, so I wound moose-skin tightly about the injured part, and took my place again before the dogs. At first I could not stand without the aid of a stout stick, and we made headway so slowly that after a few miles I threw away my crutch, and in a determination to try the power of mind over matter, limped on.

I should not advise Christian scientists to put their faith to such a test; no convert was ever more open to conviction than I — spirit willing, mind receptive, but the flesh so mortally weak that every time I put down my left foot it gave way to the knee. And so, faith failing, I gritted my teeth and vowed to get on some way. After a while the pain grew duller, and my leg giving under me, I



DRYING FISH —THE STAPLE FOOD OF MAN AND DOG.

discovered the tight binding and the cold had frozen the flesh; as I could not navigate without the support of the moose-skin binding, and a frozen ankle, though less painful, held me up not so well as a twisted one, I was thereafter occupied quite as much in keeping that ankle alive in all its painful sensitiveness as I was in keeping it going at all. We held our way, however, and the lake I had sighted proved to be Big White Fish, where I traded some tobacco for fish for the dogs, but could get none to eke out the little bacon now left us.

Here I had my first view of the manner in which these fish are hung upon stagings — first to dry, subsequently to freeze, and ever to be beyond the reach of the always half-starved dogs. There are other stagings, combining larder and storehouse for the Indian, and more necessary than his lodge, where he puts his meat, fresh pelts, snow-shoes, and sledges. Snow-shoes and sledges do not sound palatable, but the caribou-skin lacings of the former and moose wrapper and lines of the latter make quite a succulent dish, as meals go in this land of feast or famine. Every Indian cabin or lodge has its staging, and all things eatable are hung upon it for safety. And it is here the dogs do congregate to voice their hunger in mournful howling, and vent their frenzied disappointment in furious fighting. Indian dogs spend most of their time fighting; when it is not one another, it is against death by starvation.



MOCCASINS.

If I failed of increasing our supplies at this settlement, I did get a map, which at least aimed to show me the way to plenty. It was a puzzling creation, that map, which one of the Indians drew in my note-book to give us some idea of the direction of the trail across the six lakes that lay between us and the next Indian camp on White Fish Lake. Once at White Fish Lake, and we had but fifteen miles to John MacDonald's, on Big Jack Fish Lake, the McMurray fishery, and home of one of the best known and hardiest *voyageurs* in the country. But Big Jack Fish Lake was two days' travel away, and meanwhile my ankle made life intolerable, and the map proved more maddening than the fifteen puzzle. We made only seven miles the afternoon of the day I sprained my ankle; we had covered twenty up to noon; but after my rest I could barely move along, and besides, we were continually falling foul of trails, which appeared coming from everywhere, and went nowhere. All this and the following day we travelled over muskeg, particularly severe on me now, with an ankle so tender, and really only one foot with which to feel the road. But, after all, the muskeg was kinder to us than the lakes, for when we reached these we invariably lost the trail, to find and as speedily lose it again, while it was absolutely impossible to judge from its direction where it eventually left the lake. Indians never by any chance travel straight. Throughout the (about) 900 miles of trail I followed from Edmonton to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, there is but the single exception of the Slave Lake portage; for the rest, it looks as though the original traveller had sat up all night at Edmonton with a sick friend and a barrel, and then started to walk home. At best its windings are hard to follow, but when one may advance only by feeling, its difficulties become tenfold, and yet it is remarkable how skilled one becomes in this method of procedure. I grew sufficiently expert after a time, and where there was good bottom to the trail, to follow it running, about a five-mile-per-hour gait, though there was literally no indication on the snow's surface of a trail beneath.

Added to the misery of bodily ailment, the map distracted me by its deceptions. The lengths of lines drawn by the Indian to represent the portages between the lakes gave no indication of the comparative distances. The first "line" was short, and we covered it in a couple of hours; the next one was about the same length, but we were half a day crossing the country between the two lakes it joined; the third line was fully four times as long as the longer of the other two, yet we were only half an hour going from end to end of it.

And every little while, when a lost or blind trail dismayed us, and we cast about to find our true course, we looked at each other, John and I, and pitied one another



"SOUR GRAPES."

for living. We could not exchange ideas; we could not have the poor comfort of debating the situation; we could only make a few imperfect signs, which expressed little to the point, and seemed frivolous in the face of a situation so desperate. Once our leading dog, who is always called a foregoer, found the trail on the lake, and showed remarkable sagacity, which, by-the-way, we trusted to our sorrow later. This time, however, he came to our rescue when we were utterly lost; he ceased following the imaginary trail I was hobbling along, and after a few casts, settled to a steady gait in another direction. John also thought he had a trail, which he endeavored to persuade the dogs into following, but the foregoer held his way, and when we investigated we found he had really the only trail of the three. The snow was deeper on this part of our route, which made the walking yet harder; but by one way or another we finally crossed the six lakes shown on the Indian's map, and came to White Fish Lake. Here we managed to get just a meal of fish for the dogs, but none for ourselves, to which, however, we had become accustomed. We rested two hours, while I bathed my feet, much to the wonderment of the natives, to whom it seemed an unaccountable waste of energy, and rubbed my ankle with some of the mustang liniment I had fetched along from La Biche. There were but fourteen miles between us and John MacDonald's cabin, on Big Jack Fish Lake, when we set out again at two o'clock; and the prospect of talking again, and having a roof over my head, nerved me to faster pace. I was destined to see neither MacDonald nor his house that night. Some Indians had recently travelled between the two lakes, so there was a faint trail, which we followed at so good a gait it was not dark when we came to where the road led out on to Big Jack Fish Lake. But by this time a fierce storm had set in, with snow which completely shut off our view twenty feet distant, and wind that swept away the last semblance of a trail. I tried to feel out the road, then John tried, and then we gave the

foregoer his head; and, sure enough, he went off at a rate which convinced us he must have found something. And so he had; but we were not seeking the road he found. We travelled about ten miles to get that knowledge.

There is a point which makes out from the north shore of the lake and divides it into two large bays. MacDonald's cabin is on the western bay. I supposed John knew it was. We had held an animated though not entirely successful conversation at White Fish, which I intended should express my wish that he learn the distance, etc. The Cree for "How far is it?" is "Wah-he-ó-che"; for "It is far," you drop only the "che," and say "Wah-he-ó." But I was not then so learned. So I had asked John, "Wah-he-ó-che—MacDonald's?" and John had replied—after some discussion with the other Indians—"Wah-he-ó." I supposed him correcting me, and as this particular Cree query was my *pièce de résistance*, "Wah-he-o-ché"—with an accent on the "ché"—again pierced the chilly air, and again he retorted, "Wah-he-ó." Then we wah-he-o-ché'd and wah-he-ó'd until each subsided in silence and disgust at the other's stupidity.

And so we travelled down the eastern bay of Big Jack Fish Lake. It got dark by the time we were well out on the lake; we could not have seen our way in broad daylight, because the snow was thickly falling and the wind savagely blowing as we blindly followed the tail of our sledge. By-and-by I decided we must be going wrong, for I thought the cabin could not be so far off as we had come, and I got John and the dogs turned about to go back and into the western bay. The storm was now squarely in our teeth, and the dogs would not face it. They kept turning and entangling themselves in the harness, while we were faint with hunger and benumbed with cold, and my ankle seemed bursting with pain.

I made the nearest approach I could in the storm to a bee-line for the point, and then followed it around. I had not the remotest idea where MacDonald's house was, but I knew I should have to find it in the morning to get my bearings; so after we had gone about as far down the western bay as we had into the eastern, we camped under a pine-tree, where wood was plentiful, and ate a piece of bacon each and drank a cup of tea, after a hard day's tramp—which my pedometer registered as forty-four miles. Our dogs ate the last of their fish, John and I were on half-allowance of the poor rations we had, we were lost, and it did not seem as if my ankle would permit me to walk another step. The world was not very bright when we camped that night.

As we sat silently drinking our tea we heard something approaching, and instantly alert, with that protective and hunter's instinct which comes to the traveller of the wilds, listened intently, until we discovered the swishing, grating of a snow-shoe heel. It was Kipling, a famous Soto Indian runner, who had come to invite me to MacDonald's cabin, where, but a mile beyond, they had seen our campfire. James Spencer, the Hudson Bay Company's officer in charge of McMurray, had brought thus far on its journey the one winter packet that reaches the railroad from this isolated wilderness, and was returning the next morning early. Here was good news indeed, and good luck—the first of my trip. But John had stuck by me, and I was not going to leave him on the conclusion of so hard a day; therefore I sent my grateful thanks to Spencer, saying I would be on hand the following morning. And so the clouds rolled away, and the worry within and the storm without ceased as I lay down to sleep that night.

It was a very lively scene at MacDonald's next morning, and a most interesting one to me; for the packet was starting on its last stage, and as to carry the packet is one of the few honors in the country, the dogs were handsomer and more gayly harnessed than any I had seen. It was only seventy miles to McMurray, but the two days we consumed in getting there were most trying, and I shall never forget the ten-mile crossing of Swan Lake the first morning. We camped for dinner midway, on an island, but it seemed as though I should never reach it; and a mirage added confusion by placing it now near by and then far away, and all the time the hard ice made running particularly torturing to my ankle. The tea was made by the time I finally put my foot on that island. It was exceedingly hard going for men and dogs all the way to McMurray, for the trail led down Clear Water River, on which the supplies in early days were brought into the country, and the snow was deep. We

were all worn, and I was thankful indeed when the light of Spencer's cabin pierced the darkness and I knew I had put 240 miles of my long journey behind me.

How I relished a good wash and a satisfying meal I shall not attempt to say; few of my readers have gone without either or both, and could not appreciate my feelings. Nor could I adequately express my gratitude to Spencer and his wife for their unceasing kindness. I spent one day at McMurray, which is located at the junction of the Clear Water and Athabasca rivers, doctoring my ankle and awaiting fresh dogs and guides; for here John and his dogs, after a rest, turned back. If Spencer had been of Gairdner's sort I should have been delayed again, for none of the Indians took kindly to the trip on to Chipewyan, the next post. Those that had promised backed out, and finally Spencer turned over to me the train which had brought the packet from Chipewyan to McMurray. There were four good strong dogs; François, French half-breed, one of the best dog-drivers and runners in the land; and "Old" Jacob, a Soto Indian, to break trail, who as young Jacob was famous for strength and speed, and who even now could beat all but the very best on snow-shoes. Both could talk and understand enough English to make some sort of conversation possible, and both knew the road, so that the clouds revealed only their silver lining as we started out from McMurray. I was not seeking trouble, but it came just the same. I had never worn moccasins until I left La Biche. I had never used the web snow-shoe until I left McMurray, and therefore the second day out my feet were so blistered and lacerated by the lacings that blood dyed my duffel, and walking was agony. Hitherto I had been counting my progress by days; now I reckoned by the fires, of which we made three daily, when we drank tea and my misery enjoyed a brief respite. It was cold, bitterly cold, and the wind swept up the Athabasca River, down which we travelled, apparently coming directly from the north pole. But neither wind nor painful travelling nor hunger, which we experienced the last two days, delayed us, and when we finally reached the shores of Lake Athabasca, and viewed the Hudson Bay Company's fortlike post four miles away, it was like a sight of the promised land. I had been twenty days on the road, and come about 580 miles from the railroad, so that, what with lacerated feet, twisted ankle, and fatigue, I was pretty well used up when I passed through the gateway of Fort Chipewyan.



FORT CHIPEWYAN.



See page 229.

"WELL, WE GENERALLY DISCUSS MAN."

BRISEIS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER V.

AUF DER HÖHE.

ONE evening early in July Sir Hugh and Lady Adela Cunyngham entertained a distinguished company at their house on Campden Hill, the dinner being given in honor of the Prince and Princess of Monteveltro; and although the party was rather an elderly one, being chiefly of a diplomatic character—Ambassadors, Ministers, Attachés, and the like—nevertheless a corner had been found for young Frank Gordon, as was but natural, seeing that he was the only son of the Princess by her former husband, when she was Lady Gordon of Grantly. Likewise Lady Adela had been considerate enough to provide the boy with a companion more of his own age—a Miss Georgina Lestrange. Now this Miss Lestrange—who generally was called Georgie by her intimate friends—was a ruddy-haired, rebellious-nosed, fresh-complexioned, merry-eyed lass, who wore a pince-nez; and being of a lively and audacious spirit, she opened the ball at once, the moment the people had taken their seats.

"I've heard a good deal about you, from Lady Adela," said this frank young damsel; "and I've often wondered why you didn't go into the great world of state affairs, when you have such opportunities. Your mother the Princess is quite an important person in Eastern politics, isn't she?"

"Yes, I believe she is," he made answer, with rather significant emphasis on the *she*. "As for the Prince, his chief ambition seems to be to get his two black poodles to sit up on their hind legs, each with a pipe in its mouth."

"Then, if that is his disposition," continued this bold young creature, "all the more reason why you should go and make a name for yourself. What is the use of salmon-fishing and shooting rabbits?—"

"Would you like to know how many thousand spruce and larch trees I planted last year?" he demanded—for even the most modest youth does not like to be trampled upon.

"Oh, but what is that—when you have such great chances! If I were a man, I should like to know that I had done something—something to distinguish me from everybody else—something that people could remember me by. Oh, I beg your pardon—really—really, I beg your pardon—because of course you have—you have, at all events. You rowed in the Oxford Eleven, didn't you?"

"Well," said he, ingenuously, "there weren't quite so many of us as that; but we managed to beat Cambridge all the same."

She looked puzzled for a second.

"Oh, how silly of me—how very silly! Only eight, of course." And then she sheered off—her conversation taking the form of a series of rambling questions, that hardly waited for an answer. "It's an awfully pretty table, isn't it?—maidenhair-fern goes so well with silver, doesn't it? And I'm certain there's nothing suits a dinner table so well as candles; they are so soft and quiet; don't you positively detest the electric light?—it's only fit for gin-palaces. And don't you think it is much better to have the Hungarian Band out in the garden rather than in the hall? They play awfully well, don't they? That's Waldteufel—the 'Pluie d'Or'—I simply worship Waldteufel. Oh, I forgot. When I mentioned the electric light, I did not mean in a garden; in a garden it's quite charming; when you go out after dinner you'll find all the grounds lit up. For you don't mean to hide yourself away in the billiard-room, do you?—on a night like this it will surely be ever so much nicer for you to have your cigarette in the open air. And mind, there's a treat in store for you; don't forget to applaud; the band has been instructed to play Sibyl Bourne's 'March.' You know, she is just wild to get it adopted by the band-masters of the different regiments—the 'Soldiers' Marching Song' it is, when it's sung; and I fancy she hinted something about it to the Duke of Cambridge, and to Sir Evelyn Wood when he was at Aldershot; but nothing seems to have come of it—"

"I'll tell you what Lady Sibyl ought to do," observed young Gordon to this loquacious maid. "She ought to approach my august step-papa, and suggest that the 'March' should be adopted as the national air of the Principality of Monteveltro."

* Begun in December number, 1895.

"Oh, my good gracious, Sir Francis, what a splendid idea!" she cried, eagerly. "What a perfectly ripping idea! I will tell Sibyl the moment we leave the room. Or I wouldn't mind making the suggestion myself. Only—you see—I don't quite know—" She glanced towards the personage seated next to Lady Adela Cunyngham: he was rather stout and elderly, good-natured-looking, with a long mustache carefully waxed at the drooping ends. "Faut-il le monseigneuriser?"

"Oh, you needn't be particular," said the Prince's step-son, smiling maliciously. "Get him into a good humor by asking about his black poodles, and you might even call him Monty or Veltry. He's a very good kind of chap; but I think the Principality bores him. He would rather sit on a bench in the Prater, and have his poodles go through their performances—"

"What an awfully handsome woman your mother is!" said Miss Georgie. "And so distinguished-looking! I don't wonder at the influence she is said to have. They tell me it was she who really planned out King Milan's return to Belgrade."

"Yes, but her life isn't altogether roses," responded young Gordon. "I'm always wishing she would catch her dress on the door."

"On the door?" said the ruddy-headed lass, turning and staring at him through her pince-nez.

"Well, I should have a chance of firing off Lord Palmerston's epigram—don't you remember?—when the Princess of Servia met with that kind of accident—'Vous voyez, Princesse, c'est toujours la Porte qui vous incommode.' Rather neat, wasn't it? But even that isn't as good as what the Attaché said—I forget his name—when the Shah of Persia was over here. His Majesty on some evening or other had been refreshing himself a little too freely, whereupon this gay youth remarked: 'Oh, every one knows the French proverb — La nuit tous les chats sont gris.' He made a reputation on the strength of that — it went the round of every court in Europe."

"But tell me now about Monteveltro," she said—after she had been talking to her other neighbor for a little while. "I am really quite ashamed—I hardly even know where it is—"

"Very well," he answered her, obediently, amid this prevailing hum of conversation, while the Blue Hungarian Band outside in the garden was playing softly and melodiously Batiste's Andante in G. "As you are sailing down the Dalmatian coast—"

"That sounds rather wicked," interpolated the impudent minx, demurely, though probably he did not hear her.

"—you come upon the entrance into a long inland gulf—something like a Norwegian fiord, only the mountains are higher, and brighter in color—in fact, as you go winding round promontory after promontory the whole thing looks like the drop-scene of a theatre. Then at the head of the gulf the steamer comes to anchor, and directly rowing-boats put off from the shore — the most gorgeously painted boats, and the men and women exceedingly picturesque—and they want you to buy Albanian embroidered jackets and waist-belts of leather and cornelians. Then you jump into one of the blue and red boats and go away across the green water—it's all exactly like a theatre—and you land at Dattaro, a clean-looking, white little place. Clean-looking, yes; but, oh mong jew!— Have you been to Constantinople?"

"No."

"Then you don't know the slums of Galata, and the dogs. Venice, perhaps?"

"Oh yes, I have been to Venice."

"Then you remember the short-cut between the Rialto and the Riva degli Schiavoni—past the Post-office, I mean—and there is a corner of the canal just before you reach the Bridge of Sighs—"

"I know it well—oh, don't I!" said Miss Georgie, in a sad kind of way.

"But if you were to take a year of that corner and compress it into five minutes, you would hardly match the odors of Dattaro. Never mind. You are soon away from the little seaport, and driving up the most amazing road that was ever cut—a zigzag up the face of the mountains, but it's more like going up the side of a house. Very well. You have six hours of that dizzy climb, and then you arrive at the capital of Monteveltro. It's the remotest, strangest-looking little place, away up there in the mountains: there's the Palace, and a Monastery, and a Telegraph office, and the house of the British Chargé d'Affaires — by-the-way, he has an excellent tennis-lawn, and it's the oddest thing to see the ladies of his family, English girls, dressed as you would find them in Surrey or Sussex, playing lawn-tennis

with the young Monteveltrin officers in their embroidered caps and jackets and long riding-boots. Because of course there's an army—a mimic army—comic-opera kind of thing—only, the fellows can fight—oh yes, they can fight—perfect devils for fighting: it's my step-papa's younger brother, Prince George, who commands them; and I can tell you they make it particularly warm for the Albanian brigands, who are continually coming across to plunder and kill the inoffensive peasantry. Very brave fellows indeed, and very proud of their independence: if either Turkey or Austria were to try to annex Monteveltro, there's not one of those hardy mountaineers who wouldn't die at his post rather than surrender—there would simply have to be a universal massacre—nothing else."

"Oh, that is very interesting, very," said she. "And I suppose when your mother married the Prince, it was considered she had made a very proud alliance."

Now he was a most modest, and ingenuous, and courteous youth; but this unhappy remark seemed to nettle him a little.

"Well, I don't know," said he, with some trace of reserve. "I don't know. There are several of the Gordon families who can trace their descent back to the daughter of James I. of Scotland, who married the son of the second Earl of Huntly; and if there is to be any claim on account of birth and blood, I think that may rank as against a twopenny-halfpenny Eastern prince, who only lives by the sufferance of his big neighbors—"

"Oh, of course, of course!" said the penitent Miss Georgie, with a quick flush springing to her forehead. "I ought to have known, of course. But I'm making a dreadful fool of myself this evening. I generally do, in fact. Have you heard that Madame Albani is coming to sing to-night? And Lionel Moore—and his awfully pretty wife—Nina Ross she is called on the stage, you know; Lady Rosamund is painting her portrait for the next Academy—that is, if they'll accept it; and Sir John Mellord has been so kind and generous in giving her all the hints and assistance that he can. Oh me," continued Miss Georgie, with a sigh, "it must be delightful to belong to such a clever family. It's really horrid to be stupid. You cannot imagine how horrid it is unless you are out-and-out stupid. Of course I don't think the public have taken up Lady Adela's novels as they ought to have done—you have no idea what trouble she expends on them— I know something about it, for now and again I am her model—I shriek, and fling myself on a couch, and she describes it so as to get it natural—but it does disarrange one's hair so—if you have to be in a tempest of passion—and tearing things. And after all the flattering mention that has been made about her books by the newspapers—well, at least some of the newspapers—it's too bad. It isn't fair. I think the public's an awful fool: don't you? Why, in Lady Adela's books, on every other page, you come across people you can't help recognizing—and the talk is real talk—just what people say— But I will tell you about that later on." For at this moment a mysterious signal went round the room; all simultaneously rose; the ladies left singly or with an affectionate arm linked in arm; and on this occasion at least the Porte did not incommode the Princess of Monteveltro.

Somewhat later in the evening Lady Adela received a more numerous company of guests—a quite notable assemblage, indeed: the Russian, Austro-Hungarian, French, Italian, and United States Ambassadors, the Portuguese, Danish, and Norwegian Ministers, the Swiss and other Chargés d'Affaires, were all present, with a goodly sprinkling of our own statesmen and politicians; and it is to be presumed that in the brilliantly-lit drawing-room the conversation was not altogether about the recent proceedings in the Bulgarian Sobranje when from time to time one could listen to Madame Albani singing the "Piano, piano," from *Der Freischütz*, or Mr. Lionel Moore (the accompaniment played by his wife) giving "On Lido Waters" in his rich barytone voice. But there was something besides that. At the further end of the long room the tall French windows stood open; there was a little stone balcony; there were steps leading down into the garden; and any one descending these found himself in a kind of fairyland, for the black trees and bushes were all bestarred with colored Chinese lamps, while the electric light shone in the more open spaces. And as Miss Georgie Lestrange was about the first to suggest that the cool air outside would be preferable to the hotter atmosphere in-doors, and as it chanced to

be Frank Gordon she was talking to, he promptly acquiesced; so she went and got a lace scarf to throw round her head—a delicate piece of adornment that neither destroyed the symmetry of her costume of cream-hued brocade nor yet altogether hid her extremely pretty Venetian necklace of filigree gold and pale coral. Then those two—though they were not quite the first to make the experiment—passed out from the yellow radiance of the drawing-room, and went down the steps, and began a perambulation of the shrubberies, which were all festooned with parti-colored lanterns, while the Hungarian Band, under the blue-white glare of the electric light, was playing, with exquisite finish and charm, Thomé's "Simple Aveu."

Now Miss Georgie Lestrange happened to be in a particularly merry and mischievous mood, as they wandered through these alleys, listening or not listening to the music; and amongst other things she was describing to him certain aspects of the Grosvenor Square Ladies' Athletic Club—for example, the shyness of the novices over their unaccustomed attire, the desperate valor of the elderly matrons, and the like.

"But are you a member?" he said, interrupting her suddenly.

"Oh yes; I have been ever since the Club was started," she answered him.

"Well, that would be an interesting sight—that would be something to see!" he exclaimed, with innocent fervor. "In all London nothing more interesting—"

"Why, what do you mean?" she demanded. "The very idea of such a thing! Of course no gentleman is ever admitted!"

"But if it came to that," said he, boldly (for she had been bearing rather hardly on him with her quips and cranks)—"if it came to that, and if you would take me, I could go dressed up as your waiting-woman."

"What—you?" she retorted, laughing. And then with her forefinger she made a dainty and dexterous little movement as if she were painting something on her upper lip. "I'm afraid you forget a trifling detail that would rather interfere with your disguise."

"Oh, but I'd soon have that removed," he declared, "if there was a chance of my being allowed to penetrate into these mysterious arcana."

"Not to be done, Sir Francis—not to be done," she replied, decisively. "You would make as tall and as ungainly a waiting-woman as Prince Charlie did; and the Grosvenor Athletic Club is not like the Isle of Skye—you would be found out in a moment. But I'll tell you now—"

Here she paused; for the Hungarian Band had begun to play Mascagni's well-known Intermezzo, and she listened for a second or two to the familiar strain. Then she resumed:

"I'll tell you now: if you would like to see a Ladies' Club, why not come and have some tea to-morrow afternoon at the Hypatia? It is to-morrow afternoon that we receive visitors; and you'll find Lady Adela there, and Sibyl and Rosamund Bourne as well—almost certain—"

"It's extremely kind of you—I shall be delighted!" he responded at once. "But—but the Hypatia, did you say? What kind—"

"Oh, well, you know," she proceeded to explain (but in a half-absent sort of a way, for the band was playing most beautifully), "it's supposed to be a club for authoresses and lady journalists, and so on—rather advanced, you know—rather emancipated—they thought of calling it the Forward Club—the equivalent of the German Vorwärts, don't you see?—and then they considered that that name might be misunderstood— Forward might be taken to mean something else—don't you think so?—"

"Well, the Hypatia is a very pretty name," he replied, discreetly.

"Of course you are supposed to have done something to qualify for admission," she continued; "but really it's not so difficult to get in, if you have a friend on the Committee; and Miss Penguin has been so extremely kind—"

"Miss—?"

"Miss Penguin. Oh, surely you must know! The poetess—she writes under the name of Sappho—"

"I'm such an ignorant brute," he pleaded.

"And she was so kind about getting Lady Adela and her sisters into the Club—and poor me too," said the ruddy-haired damsel, only half listening to the music. "You see, I wouldn't for worlds say anything against Adela Cunyngham, but the truth is, she is just mad to find her name in the papers; and there's a lot of writing people at the Hypatia; and naturally she

thinks, when they get to know her, they will make little paragraphs about her. Of course it's quite horrid the way the public have taken so little notice of her novels—awfully clever they are—oh, just everybody you know in them — you can go from page to page recognizing this one and the other—most awfully interesting. And Lady Adela does like to see her name mentioned in the papers; I must admit that. It's rather a weakness of the family, don't you know—Adela the author, and Sibyl the musician, and Rosamund the painter; but what I always contend is that if you want to get yourself advertised, if you really want to keep yourself before the public, you should recommend a soap. It's so simple! Lady Adela goes to this Hypatia Club, and pays court to all sorts of women whom she doesn't know in the least, and otherwise wouldn't want to know; and sometimes, but very seldom, they give her a bit of a paragraph — nothing to speak of. But now, if she were to recommend a soap, her name would be in every newspaper in England! And it's so easy! They would say: 'Lady Adela Cunyngham, of Aivron Lodge, Campden Hill, writes—*Your soap is the most fascinating I have ever tried.*' Don't you see? Then she would get her name in big type into all the weekly illustrated papers; and people would say, 'Well, but who is Lady Adela Cunyngham?' — and other people would say: 'Oh, don't you know? She writes novels. She is the authoress of so-and-so.' And that would secure her fame. It would draw attention to her work. Then she wouldn't be dependent on that horrid creature Mr. Octavius Quirk and his gang of self-puffers to give her a little contemptuous cold encouragement now and again when they're not engaged in bepraising each other. I'm for soap. Don't you think it's reasonable? Isn't it more independent? I wouldn't ask horrid, ugly men to my house, in the hope of getting a favorable notice of my new book. And I wouldn't go to the Hypatia Club either, talking to inky-fingered young women, and secretly looking forward to small paragraphs. Lady Adela is really the dearest creature in the world; but she does strive a little too much for notoriety. I don't think it's dignified; I don't, really. Do you?"

This was an unexpected gybe; and the swinging over of the boom (so to speak) rather frightened him.

"But—but—" he stammered, "how can there be any harm in belonging to the Club you mentioned?—why, you yourself are a member, you said—"

She burst out laughing.

"Oh, I go there for fun. Sometimes it's awful fun. The discussion nights, especially—"

"And what do you discuss?"

"Well, we generally discuss Man; and I can tell you we give him what for. Then there's education—and stupid things of that kind—"

These glades and alleys were becoming almost crowded, so many people were lingering about in the cool air of the summer night; and as he did not know at what moment this talkative young person might consider it her duty to go and join one or other of the nebulous groups, he thought it better to clinch the bargain about the Hypatia Club by asking the number in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, and the hour at which he would be expected to make his appearance on the following afternoon. She told him.

"And mind you put on your best bib and tucker — metaphorically speaking," said she, saucily. "For they'll write paragraphs about you."

"About me?" he said, in astonishment. "Why about me?"

"Because it's their business! Literally their business. They live by it. Oh, I know the kind of thing that will appear—among the little snippets divided off by three stars: 'Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly does not at all look the tyrannical landlord he is reported to be—' By-the-way, are you a tyrannical landlord?"

"I'm not a landlord at all!—nothing to speak of, at least. I keep nearly all the farms in my own hands."

"Very well," she went on, with much complacency. "'Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly, who is well known as the crofter's friend—'"

"Bless my soul, there's not a crofter in the whole district!" he exclaimed.

"What does that matter? One must live. But don't be alarmed, Sir Francis. They're not so bad as they're painted. And it's generally the people who want paragraphs who get paragraphs. I'll protect you as well as I can." And with that the engaging nymph put her hand on his arm, and said she would like to

be taken back to the drawing-room now; Lady Adela might notice their lengthened absence; besides, she wanted to see and hear something of the great folk assembled there.

It was between two and three in the morning that Frank Gordon set out on foot for his rooms in Jermyn Street: this invariable walk home was about the only exercise that the busy life of London left him. And if the pert and charming young lady who had been doing her best to entertain him was pleasing herself with the idea that she had secured another captive, she was—on this occasion, at least—mistaken. As he passed along by the sombre spaces of the Parks, he was thinking of some one very different: he was thinking, and quite involuntarily and perhaps unconsciously thinking, of a Greek girl—so sweet, so serene, so self-possessed, so bland in the smiling of her dark eyes. And perhaps, in a vague kind of way, he may have been speculating as to the direction in which those two, uncle and niece, might now be distantly wandering — whether they were searching the lone hills around Glenavon, whether they were following the windings of the silver Spey, whether they were on remote "Loch Loyal's side, or up by Mudal Water." He did not know that the old botanist had gone on a far wider quest; and as little did he dream that Briseis Valieri, become a mere slave and drudge, was here in this very town of London.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HYPATIA—AND THEREAFTER.

Now Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly had about as much courage as most people (the Gordons have never been conspicuous for cowardice); but it must be admitted that when he entered the door of the Hypatia Club, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, and beheld a dim vista of feminine forms, an indefinable apprehension occupied his mind. However, here was the hall-porter, and him he was glad to recognize as a man and a brother; and he inwardly blessed the little page-boy who took from him his hat and gloves and cane. Then, just as he was hesitating at the very last moment as to whether he should not turn and fly, he became aware of the figure of a young person on the staircase—a figure gracefully clad in biscuit-colored Indian silk, and surmounted by a portentous Gainsborough hat; and at the same moment he was conscious that Miss Georgie Lestrange was laughing at him. The ruddy-haired damsel descended a step or two.

"Aren't you awfully frightened?" she said.

"I am," he said.

"Well, come up into the drawing-room. They really don't bite."

She led the way into a spacious suite of apartments; and presently he found himself in the midst of a large assemblage of fashionably dressed ladies, who did not in any wise differ, as far as he could see, from the ordinary folk that one would expect to meet at an afternoon reception. Moreover, they did not take any notice of him; apparently they were chiefly concerned in worshipping at the shrine of a well-known actor, whose benevolent airs of patronage might have made a cat grin its ears off. So gradually, while the vivacious Miss Georgie kept talking to him, he began to recover his nerve.

"When does the shocking begin?" he said.

"What shocking?" she demanded.

"Well, I wanted to be shocked," he went on. "And there isn't anything. They're mostly pretty women, with very pretty dresses. Don't they ever — do something — to — to make a stranger jump?"

"Of course not!" said she. "Why, what did you expect? They're just like other people—"

"You hinted that they were rather advanced—emancipated—"

"Oh, well," she confessed, "you might once in a blue moon come upon an elderly lady wearing divided skirts—"

"And is that all? Is that all? Divided skirts? That's nothing. I wear them myself."

"Come away now, Sir Francis, and talk to Lady Adela, and Sibyl and Rosamund Bourne — I can see them in the next room—and we will all go down and have tea together. And if you would only take that detestable creature, Octavius Quirk, and fling him out of the window, I would give you an additional slice of bread and butter."

Young Gordon did not wish to throw anybody out of the window; but he went with her to seek Lady Adela Cunyngham and the Ladies Sibyl and Rosamund Bourne; and the three tall and handsome

sisters he found paying assiduous and humble court to about as ill-favored a person as he had ever encountered — a podgy person, of unwholesome complexion, with eyes the color of boiled gooseberries—who was explaining, with a sort of feebly boisterous glee, how he had just been appointed to the control of the literary department of an important morning paper.

"The fact is, Lady Adela," he was saying, when the playful Miss Georgie and her companion drew near, "the Editor doesn't care a hang about literature; all his interests are in politics and the Church —the House of Commons debates and the Ecclesiastical Intelligence—ecclesiastical intelligence!—why don't they read Gibbon?—and then, as the Manager is entirely occupied with his Special Correspondents and his foreign news, the two of them between them have agreed to hand over all the books to me. And I can tell you I mean to make some of those fellows sit up! There's a great deal too much of mutual puffery going on—"

At this moment Miss Georgie's mischievous eyes became demure and inscrutable; she dared not laugh; she would not offend one from whom Lady Adela Cunyngham was always expecting a little judicious help.

"—especially among the bardlets—the small poets—who keep bandying verses the one to the other. And some of them in Government offices, too!—pocketing the public money—and scrawling their wretched sentimental trash on her Majesty's stationery, with her Majesty's pens and ink. I tell you I mean to make them hop!—like a hen on a hot girdle—"

"Oh, Mr. Quirk," said Lady Adela, "I'm sure you wouldn't do anything unkind!"

"Well, well," he said, doubtfully shaking his head—his extremely unprepossessing head—"that is as it may be. I intend to keep my section of the paper lively. The public doesn't read books; but it does delight in slashing reviews; and it shall have them. And I am going to start a literary *causerie* as well: some of those pretentious dolts who pose as wits and philosophers — philosophers catching at the coat tails of Comte — a lot of those fellows want taking down a peg—several pegs—"

"But just think, Mr. Quirk," Lady Adela pleaded, "about the reviews: you might be doing an irreparable injury to some poor struggling aspirant—"

"Then let them stop struggling and aspiring," he said, with his boisterous hilarity. "We have quite enough authors already, of recognized position. You yourself, Lady Adela, have acquired your status: you are no longer an amateur."

Of course that clinched the matter: Lady Adela, looking as proud and pleased as if she had been presented with the Crown of England, had no further thought for the poor struggling aspirant. And meanwhile young Gordon, who had been eying with a vague curiosity this *mouton-enragé* sort of creature, and who was not much interested in his shop-talk, had been inwardly saying to himself: "My fat friend, it would do you a world of good if you were made to crawl six miles up the Corrieara burn with a rifle in your hand. And perhaps two or three days starvation wouldn't do you much harm either."

Then they all went down to the rooms on the lower floor; and they were lucky enough to secure a small table for themselves; and they had tea, amid the moving and murmuring crowd; while Frank Gordon, glancing round him from time to time, so far from finding anything to shock him (he rather wanted to be shocked, the scoundrel), thought he had never seen anywhere a more pleasant-looking, intelligent-looking, and well-dressed set of folk. And then Miss Lestrange said to the lady who was presiding at this little festivity:

"Addie, listen. Do you think it would be a dreadful breach of confidence if I showed you some lines that Miss Penguin dashed off yesterday morning, when she was in here? You know, I rather think she likes these pieces handed about—especially when they're just a trifle strong —I mean, when an editor would probably fight shy of them—"

"Come away with it, Georgie," said Lady Adela, laughing. "Never mind about Miss Penguin."

"Oh, but really I think the little piece is very fine," replied Miss Georgie, with much seriousness, as she dived into the recesses of her purse. "The fact is, what she aims at is passion—passion—passion. She declares there is no passion in our modern literature—"

"Let's see what she has to say for herself—"

At this point Miss Georgie found the fragment of paper she was seeking; and it was handed round; and when it arrived at young Gordon this was what he read:

We stagger through blunders and errors—
Be it ill—be it well:
Till we come to the lightnings and terrors—
And we quail not at Hell!

"Yes, it's rather choice," he observed, with a critical air.

"Oh, there's no impressing you," said Georgie Lestrange, impatiently, and she snatched back the paper. And then she smiled. "Well, Sir Francis, if Miss Penguin turns up this afternoon, I will introduce you to her. And you mustn't mind much what she says. The truth is, since some brute of a man threw her pet pug overboard—it was somewhere in the Black Sea, I believe—she has been just a wee, tiny bit cross with things in general. But she means well; and she's a dear, unreasonable, quixotic kind of creature; and be sure you remember that she writes under the name of Sappho."

Georgie was as good as her word; for hardly had they risen from the table, after their brief refreshment, when she exclaimed,

"Why, here is Miss Penguin just come in!"

And the next moment young Frank Gordon found himself being presented to no less a celebrity than the poetess of fire and fury, of spasms and gasps. She was a somewhat elderly and rather dowdily-dressed woman, who had a baleful eye; and the meaning of that aggressive eye he was soon to discover; because it now happened that certain friends of Miss Lestrange came up to claim her, so that he was left at the mercy of Sappho.

"Hadn't we better go into the court-yard?" she said, abruptly. "It is pestiferous here."

This was a command rather than an invitation; and meekly he followed her through the open French windows. The stone court-yard was a bare-looking place; but there were a few scarlet geraniums in pots, and there was some ivy on the wall.

"Have you read my 'Mirrorings'?" she demanded forthwith.

"Well—eh—not yet," he said, in utmost trepidation. "I have not been so lucky. But—but I have heard that the poems are beautiful—full of fervor—"

"They are not poems," she observed, calmly (and he wished the paving-stones would open and swallow him up). "The book is a novel. And it is a novel of fashionable society as it exists at the present day; and I wished to ask you if the picture is not a true one."

"Oh, but I am not a fashionable person at all!" he exclaimed, with momentary relief. "Far from that. I know hardly anything of London life. My interests are all in the country—"

"But you must be well aware of what is going on," she said, with a severity that brought him to his senses, and scattered to the winds his trembling subterfuges. "You go enough into society to know what exists there. And it is time that some one should speak the truth. It is time an exposure should be made."

And from this starting-point she proceeded with such a denunciation of the vices of fashionable society as nearly took his breath away; and not only that, but she appeared to hold him responsible for this appalling condition of affairs. At first he only mildly protested.

"Miss Penguin," he said, "how can you believe such things? And how can you know? I must put it plainly—how can any unmarried woman know?"

"The married women of my acquaintance are my authority!" she retorted.

And with that she made a statement still more sweeping and preposterous than any of her previous allegations. It shall not be repeated here, for the simple reason that the morbid imaginings of a neglected and elderly and ill-conditioned spinster would be interesting only to doctors—as the symptoms of a familiar disease. Young Gordon could but say:

"Oh, that is absurd. Pardon me, but it is quite absurd. I have as wide a circle of friends and acquaintances as most people; and I am certain no such state of things exists—there may be isolated cases here and there, of course. Why, even if the men were so base, do you imagine their wives would allow such a system to continue?—they could not be kept in ignorance!"

"Oh, I dare say their wives are just as bad as they are!" she answered him, tauntingly.

Now at this there arose in Frank Gordon's heart something that was not to be repressed; he tried to choke it down, but he could not; for it seemed to him that all

the women whom he knew and honored —all the mothers and wives whom he knew and honored—were being slandered by this frowzy fool, this Sappho of the Seven Dials.

"If these are the stories," said he—and he averted his eyes, for he knew that they were hot with indignation—"that the married women of your acquaintance tell to you, an unmarried woman, I can only wonder amongst what set of people you live."

Then he checked himself hard. Her language had been brutal; but he had no right to reply with brutality. And at this moment a heaven-born inspiration sprang into his brain.

"Oh, Miss Penguin," said he, with affected cheerfulness, "do you know that Mr. Octavius Quirk is here?—and he has just been given the control of the reviews of a daily paper; and I suppose he must be forming a staff of contributors. Wouldn't you like to talk to him about it? Shall I go and fetch him to you?"

"Oh, will you—will you?" she said, eagerly; and without another unnecessary word he left.

As he was passing through the first of the lower rooms, he came upon Miss Georgie Lestrange, who turned aside from her small coterie to find out how he had been getting on.

"Why did you introduce me to that woman?" he said, rather angrily. "She's a brute!"

But at this juncture Lady Adela Cunyngham came up.

"Sir Francis," said the tall, and smiling, and comely young matron, "would you like to join in a little bit of a frolic?"

His mood changed in a moment—he had a quite boyish love of diversion.

"Certainly—certainly!"

"Well," said she, "this is what I propose. Sir Hugh has gone down into Devonshire; and I have just discovered that Georgie, and my sisters Sibyl and Rose, have no engagement whatever for to-night; and my idea is to have an evening in Scotland."

"What?" he said—fearing she had gone mad.

"We will have all the shutters shut," she went on; "and all the lamps and gases lit; and I've telegraphed home to see if they can let us have dinner at seven—with cockaleekie, if possible; and we are all to be in tartan things, or at least homespun; and we are to imagine ourselves in Strathaivron—at the lodge, you know—with the guns, and the keepers, and the ponies, and the panniers, just come down from the hill—"

"Delightful—delightful!" he cried, with enthusiasm. "What a grand idea! And so awfully good of you to give me a chance of joining in! But, Lady Adela, if you don't mind, I would rather have twenty minutes at my rooms, to change these hateful garments for something more sensible—"

"Why, we're all going home now for the very same purpose! You come along as soon as you can, Sir Francis. It's getting late, you know. And we must not have the cockaleekie cold."

Sad it is to say that he forgot all about the perfervid Sappho whom he had left pacing the solitary court-yard; and he never bestowed a thought on Mr. Octavius Quirk; he went out, and jumped into a hansom, and drove to his rooms in Jermyn Street, and there he quickly exchanged his town costume for Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers. Then he got into another hansom, and was rapidly conveyed out to Aivron Lodge, Campden Hill.

And here the drawing-room, with the shutters closed, was all lit up; and Lady Adela, and her sisters the Ladies Sibyl and Rosamund Bourne, and Georgie Lestrange, were disporting themselves in such scarfs or bodices of tartan as they had been able to find—Miss Lestrange, indeed, had a dark blue Tam o' Shanter curbing her rebellious ruddy tresses; and each of them had at her neck a brooch of cairngorms or a ptarmigan's foot set in silver. Young Gordon of Grantly threw himself on to a chair.

"Lady Adela," said he, in an exhausted kind of fashion, "will you forgive me if I don't dress for dinner to-night? I'm completely done. We've had an awful stalk. Three hours up the Corrieara burn before we could get to leeward of the beasts; and then the stag I hit disappeared; we hunted and hunted; and do you know where we found him—about an hour and a half ago?—why, he had been able to run as far as the Black Rocks, and then he had tumbled dead, and rolled right down into Glen Shuna. We found him in a peat-hag—his feet sticking up—"

"You are a lovely liar," said Miss Georgie Lestrange, half audibly; and then

she went over to the piano, and sat down, and sonorously struck two handfuls of keys. What was this?

"Cam ye by Athol, lad with the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?
Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly:
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!"

She sang with extraordinary spirit, whatever a trained musician might have thought of the quality of her voice; and this first verse was greeted with cheers of approval and encouragement. And then she went on:

"I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!"

But so infectious was the martial call that they all broke out into the chorus:

"Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly:
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!"

In the midst of this tumult the door was opened.

"Dinner is served, your ladyship," said the grave and unseeing butler.

So they all stopped, and burst out laughing; and Lady Adela drove the younger folk into the dining-room, herself following last with Frank Gordon.

The soup was cockaleekie; and if there is any form of food more nutritious, and appetizing, and wholesome, then one person who has wandered about the face of the earth a little bit is ignorant of it. But it was not of the viands they were thinking.

"Georgie," said Lady Adela (in grave continuation of the make-believe), "do you know what Honnor has done today?"

"I know what she did in the morning," said Miss Georgie (who also was a tolerable liar), "for I went up to the Geinig to share her lunch with her—not much of a lunch either—biscuits, an apple, and a bottle of milk—and she had got a fifteen-pounder out of the Horseshoe Pool. But it's no use speaking to her—she's just daft with pride about her new waders—" Here the fair damsel suddenly turned to the guest of the evening. "I wish to explain, Sir Francis, that although Honnor Cunyngham—I mean Lady Rockminster—goes fishing in waders, she preserves perfect decorum; for she wears a skirt over them—a simple skirt, that doesn't drag, don't you know. And when she has them on, she's as fond of the water as a Newfoundland dog; yesterday she wouldn't let old Robert pull the ferry-boat across—she got hold of it by the bow, and dragged it over to the other side—"

"Well, really," said Lady Adela, in a most serious manner, "we must have something done at the Bad Step. It is getting to be a more breakneck place than ever, for the shingle is gradually falling to the foot of the precipice; and how Honnor can clamber down, with a long salmon-rod over her shoulder, I don't understand. She won't let old Robert carry anything now—except the lunch-bag and the gaff—"

And so they chattered on — these happy children — up here on the still heights, with all the great murmuring world of London quite forgotten. Then, when the simple banquet was over, young Gordon rose.

"I'm going to propose a toast," said he, "and in Highland fashion. I want you all to drink with me to the health of the Lady of the House!"

He got up on to his chair, and placed one foot on the table; the three girls, giggling over the difficulty of the performance, followed his example, holding their glasses very shakily; Lady Adela, blushing a little, remained seated. And then he called to them: "*Suasa! suasa! Nish! nish!* To the *Baintighearna!*"* He tossed off the claret; he threw the glass over his shoulder, shattering it on the floor; and the three merry maidens did the like, though they seemed rather glad to get down from their unstable position. And then Lady Adela stood up, shyly, and made a pretty little bow.

"It's awfully good of you," said she. "I'm sorry I can't make a speech. I'm awfully sorry. But if you will allow me, I will propose another and a more important toast that I think will appeal to you—if you recall bygone days it will

* "Up with it! up with it!—Now! now!—To the Lady of the House!"

appeal to you—maybe—maybe it will even raise a lump in your throat—as it's like to do in mine—well, I can't say more—but—but—Here is to Bonnie Scotland!"

At this there was a perfect whirlwind of cries.

"The land of the hills and glens!"

"The land of the heather!"

"Strathaivron — and all the friends who have been with us there!"

Then again Lady Adela interposed.

"Sib," she said to her sister, "you know, Scotland isn't all skylarking. Come away now, and play something for us—'Caller Herrin,' perhaps."

So they all of them trooped into the drawing-room, and Lady Sibyl got her violin out of its case, while Lady Rosamund sat down to the piano. There was a little tuning; then the air began; and the two sisters played very well, for amateurs; as clearly as might be the vibrating strings of the violin spoke their pathetic message:

"Buy my caller herrin,
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.
Buy my caller herrin,
New drawn frae the Forth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
They're no brought here without brave darin'.
Buy my caller herrin,
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin?—
O you may ca' them vulgar farin'
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men."

But no sooner had Lady Rosamund risen from the piano than Georgie Lestrange took her place.

"Oh, that kind of thing will never do!" she exclaimed (though her own eyes were brimming with tears), and thereupon she dashed into the lively strains of

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin yet,
And are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waukin, I wad wait,
To meet Johnnie Cope in the morning!"

She suddenly stopped. She pretended to hear something. She ran to one of the windows.

"Listen, you people, listen!" she cried. "It's Roderick — and Colin — they've brought home the stag!" Then she called out into the dark: "How many points, Roderick? Twelve points? A Royal? Well done! And why are you so late? Couldn't catch the pony? Wasn't it hobbled? But it had to be chased all the same? And you couldn't stop it till it got down to the Glaisyer burn? And in the dark the strapping of the stag on to the saddle wasn't easy? Well, I should think not! Now you go round to Jeffries and tell him that you and Colin are to have an extra glass of whiskey to-night; and I've no doubt, seeing it's a Royal, that Sir Francis will give each of you a couple of sovereigns in the morning. And in the mean time," continued this giddy-pated lass, turning to her audience, "ladies and gentleman, since there are just enough of you for a reel, we must celebrate the coming home of the stag."

She went quickly back to the piano, and again struck her hands on the keys. What the frantic reel or strathspey was they did not stay to consider; the well-known air had all of them at once to their feet, facing their partners; and before they knew what they were about these laughing folk were going through elaborately intricate evolutions, with many a wild "hooch!" thrown in to stimulate Georgie's intoxicating music. It was at this point that the drawing-room door was opened, and once more the calm-visaged butler made his appearance.

"Lord Rockminster," he said, in an absent kind of fashion.

There advanced into the room a portentously tall man—a man in his way just as handsome as his three beautiful sisters; and when he had recovered from his momentary bewilderment, and when the confusion had been quelled, he said:

"Very sorry to interrupt; but I've some news—I hope for every one of you. I've been writing and writing for the last fortnight; but the final telegram only came this evening. I've taken Glen Skean Castle for the autumn. Now, look here, Addie, to begin with you: Cunyngham is perfectly well aware that the Strathaivron moor must be let alone for the next two years—it will take all that time to recover. So I consider that he and you are booked. I won't take any refusal. And you, Miss Lestrange—may we count on you?"

"The prospect is just heavenly!" said Georgie, with her eyes gleaming delight.

"You, Sib?"

"Of course!"

"You, Rose?"

"Me, too, please!" said the youngest of the sisters.

"As for Gordon," continued this tall person, who was generally known as

"Rock," "we simply can't do without him on the Twelfth; and besides, there are two beats on the Skean—with a sprinkling of forty-pounders, I am told; and he can exchange with Honnor just as they may choose. And then I'm going to ask the Prince and Princess, if they haven't gone back to Monteveltro. What do you say as regards yourself, Gordon?"

"I'm on—awfully good of you," was the instant response.

"So that's all settled," said Lord Rockminster, placidly. "And now, drop your tomfoolery, and let's go into the dining-room, and have some cigarettes, and soda-water, and things."

What time that party broke up (for they were not yet done with Bonnie Scotland) it is needless to inquire; but at last, at the door, the ladies came along to bid Rockminster and Frank Gordon farewell; and the younger of the two men said:

"Lady Adela, I really don't know how to thank you. It has been the grandest night I ever spent in London."

"And about the maddest, I should think," said she, laughing, as she gave him her hand.

CHAPTER VII.

A GREEK SLAVE.

"Now, Briseis, dear," said Mrs. Alexander Elliott to her niece, as these two were seated in the somewhat dusky dining-room of a large house in Devonshire Place, Regent's Park, "you must not think me unfeeling if I try to explain a few matters to you, though no doubt you are tired after so long and fatiguing a journey. You see, it is absolutely necessary. I fear you did not pay much heed to what Mr. Murray the lawyer told you; you were so completely overcome by what had happened—naturally; you did not seem to understand that your little fortune was as good as gone; and not only that, but your uncle appears to have been eating into his own small capital to give you the six-per-cent. interest regularly, and keep you in ignorance. Well, he has made you what reparation he could; he has left you every penny he possessed; though I did think he was going to do something for Olga and Brenda—if it was impossible about Edward—"

"Aunt Clara," cried the girl, "my cousins shall have the money!—they must take the money. I can earn my own living. I can go back to Athens—and teach English—"

"Leave me a little self-respect," said the pale-faced, anxious-eyed widow, with some semblance of pride. "You were confided to my care; and I have always endeavored to do my duty. And sometimes the struggle has been a hard one—yes, sometimes very hard—harder than you might imagine. But now, Briseis, I wish to explain further: the interest on this money that your uncle has left you will not do much more than keep you in clothes, with a trifle for your pocket—and so far you are independent; while here is a home for you, and a hearty welcome; only, I—I was going to make an appeal to you—whether you would mind lending a hand about the house—"

"I will do anything—anything, Aunt Clara—and be delighted!" cried Briseis, most cheerfully. "I have been so idle and useless—nothing but amusement. Tell me what I can do!"

"Of course I would not ask you to do anything menial; but it is different when family affection is the motive—"

"Tell me what I can do!"

"Well, for example," continued Aunt Clara, rather apprehensively, "there are your cousins Olga and Brenda: they are the dearest and sweetest girls; but their temperaments are extremely sensitive; and they have to be studied, in the smallest particulars, or some serious illness might ensue. Each of them has to have a cup of tea taken to her room every morning at seven—"

"I will take up the tea to them!" exclaimed Briseis—as if it were a privilege.

"Oh, would you?—would you be so very obliging?" said the widow, with the somewhat sad and yet resolute face showing instant relief. "That will be so good of you! And then at nine each has her breakfast in her own room—and it is such a busy hour—there are so many of us—"

"But I will carry up breakfast to them!" said Briseis, with the beautiful black eyes wondering. Was this all that was to be demanded of her?

Of a sudden the door was thrown open, and there marched into the room a flabby-faced, flaxen-haired girl of about eighteen, whose naturally pallid skin was flushed with anger and vexation.

"I will stand this no longer," she said, hotly. "I will not be insulted by lodgers.

Either they leave the house or I do. Why should I be insulted by lodgers? What else are they? Oh, yes, I know! Young ladies of good family, who are to be introduced to polite society—and this big house is kept up on their account—and every one put to the greatest inconvenience and worry—"

"My dear Olga!"—but no heed would she take of the feeble protest.

"Young ladies of good family! Country bumpkins who come to town to be taken to a few concerts and private views! And I will not stand it any longer. I will not be insulted—I will not—I will not! I will not be told that I have the temper of a hedgehog! That Bingham girl—that cat, Ada Bingham—must leave the house—or I do!" And therewith she flounced out of the room again, slamming the door behind her.

The poor mother was all trembling. Presently she said, in a limp kind of way:

"It's so dreadfully inconsiderate of any one to cross her, if you think of her sensitive temperament. If she was as dull and commonplace and thick-skinned as most girls, I dare say she wouldn't mind; but now this will just break her down. I know what she will do; she will go straight to her bed, in complete collapse; and every hour she will have to have scrambled eggs and tea sent to her—keeping a maid coming and going the whole day long. It's so inconsiderate of Miss Bingham. And yet I cannot afford to quarrel with her. I must find some means of soothing Olga's wounded feelings—"

"Shall I go up to her room, Aunt Clara," said Briseis (who was insensately anxious to be of use, no matter in what direction), "and try to pacify her?"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" exclaimed the mother, in great alarm. "She would fling things at you—I mean—I mean, she might not understand — she wants some one who knows her ways. And I suppose I must go now and see about the scrambled eggs."

As she said this, she sighed, and rose from her chair. But the next moment all her countenance lighted up with an expression of the greatest kindness and affection; for there came into the room —or rather hobbled in on crutches—a poor small lad of twelve or thirteen. This was the only one of her cousins whom Briseis had not as yet encountered; and she had no sooner set eyes on him—regarding his friendly glance, his modest demeanor, and the gallant effort he made to shake hands with her, despite the crutches—than she knew that here was a little gentleman. She took a liking to him from the first instant.

"Cousin Briseis," he said, eagerly, as soon as his mother had gone away to look after the afflicted Olga, "you are from Greece: have you seen the Plain of Marathon?"

"Oh, yes, many a time," she said, in her pleasantest manner; and she could be extremely pleasant, both with voice and looks. "When you go up Pentelicus—you know that is where the quarries are, where they got the marble for the temples on the Acropolis—you look right across the Plain of Marathon."

"And Salamis?" said this poor chap with the pinched features and the wide-staring blue eyes.

"Oh, yes; you can see the Bay of Salamis from any of the heights about Athens. Quite close by."

"And Thermopylæ?"

"Ah, that's much further away—and one doesn't often go round by that part of the coast."

"I suppose you haven't been as far as Troy?" he said, with the same wistful, imaginative intensity. "You couldn't tell me what the country is like?"

"Well, I have sailed past it," said she, good-naturedly; "but there's not much to be seen from the steamer. First you come in sight of Mount Ida—"

"Many-fountained Ida!" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

"—that's inland from Cape Baba. And then you have Tenedos on your left—Tenedos is a yellowish-looking island. But the shores of the Troad are ruddy, as far as I remember; and what you chiefly notice are a number of queer little windmills—attached to the wine-presses, you know—"

"Briseis," said he—for his mind was extraordinarily alert, jumping from one subject to another with astonishing swiftness—"what is the meaning of 'Zoe mou, sas agapō'?"

"That is 'My Life, I love you!'. But you seem to have read a great deal, Adalbert."

The boy's lips quivered, and his eyes filled.

"What else have I had to do, Briseis?"

he said, looking down. "I have never been allowed to go to school — I have never had any games." But the next moment he had plucked up his courage. "Briseis, do you know the story of General Gordon at Khartoum? They say that when he knew he was going to be killed, he put on his full uniform, and took no weapon of any kind with him, no revolver or sword, and he went and stood at the top of the staircase, and waited for them, and faced them in that way when they rushed in." He looked at her for a moment. "I believe you could have done that, Cousin Briseis."

"What?" she cried, in amazement.

"You know, you are very pretty," he said, in a simple and yet earnest kind of fashion. "You won't mind my saying it—for I'm only a boy—and I want you to be a chum of mine; but there's something more than that about you. I think you should have a gold helmet on your head — and you should have a double-handed sword—and you could hew them down!"

"I?" said she, laughing outright. "I? Why, I jump on to a chair if I catch sight of a mouse!"

"That's different," he said, doggedly. "That's different. I believe you would have held a shield in front of Horatius when he kept the bridge. Of course you must be brave. You have been brought up within sight of Salamis, and Marathon, and Thermopylæ. Of course you must be brave. I think you could stand at a door, with a double-handed sword in your hands—if you were defending any one you cared for—and it would be a bad look-out for the other people—"

"Well, well, Adalbert," said she, with the beautiful, soft, dark eyes smiling, "who would have thought that I could be so ferocious? I'm afraid you haven't guessed rightly this time. It won't be long before you find out what a coward I am. Only, you and I are going to be chums—that's agreed."

Just then Mrs. Elliott returned — despondent and almost despairing.

"Oh, it's dreadful!" she said. "The poor darling child is quite broken down. And Miss Bingham refuses to send a single word of apology. And that means a maid's services lost for the whole day." But at this she pulled herself together—for she was a woman with many cares, who had little time for repining. "Briseis," she said, "would you be so extremely kind as to take Adalbert out now, for a turn in the Park? He generally goes out at this hour—I am so sorry to trouble you—but things seem to be going against me—"

"Why, Aunt Clara," said Briseis, at once jumping to her feet, "you should have told me before!"

And away she went to fetch her hat. When she came down again she discovered what was expected of her. There was an invalid-chair in the hall, and the poor lad was waiting. She did not hesitate for a moment. She got the chair out and on to the pavement; she assisted her cousin to his place; she carried back his crutches into the house; and then she set forth, she pushing the chair, while he directed its course. It never occurred to her to ask whether this was a menial task or whether the motive was family affection; and as little did she stay to consider whether the people in the Marylebone Road might fancy she was a nursery-maid in charge of a perambulator. She was happy in having something to do; and she was interested in this small gentleman, whose intrepid valor, unluckily, had all to be of the subjective kind—a mere mirror and reflection of what he might have wished for in actual life.

And then the day was quite cheerful—for London; a breezy day with blue and white skies shining down through the prevailing pale mist; and when they had passed in by York Gate and entered upon the winding avenues of feathery ash, and sturdier sycamore, and tall, rustling, swaying poplars, throughout this world of leafage there was a perpetual soft murmur as of the sea. Then they made their way to the lake; and there was a shimmering silver on the water, with olive-green reflections under the banks; and there were bobbing ducks and stately swans; and all the busy life of the small boy-mariners adventuring their tiny craft on the bosom of the rippling and glancing main. Not at all a dismal place—for London; and her crippled cousin seemed to know its quietest nooks and recesses; presently they had drawn up by a wooden bench, where there was comparative solitude, and she could sit there while he talked to her.

"Cousin Briseis," said he, "you are an Elliott too, you know; did you ever hear of the Lion of Liddesdale?"

She confessed her ignorance.

"Well, if you will look in the pouch at the back of the chair, you will find a volume of ballads; and in it is 'Lock the door, Lariston'—I wish you would read it aloud to me—it sounds so much better when you hear some one else repeat it."

She did as she was bid; she searched in the cunning receptacle, that she discovered to be filled with books and magazines, chiefly of wild adventure; and at last she was ready to begin her recitation:

"Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale—
Lock the door, Lariston, Louther comes on;
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castletoun's burning, and Oliver's gone."

She did not in the least know what the story was about; but as she proceeded she could see that this poor lad's sensitive physique was all tremulous with excitement, and his look was keen and exultant.

"Why dost thou smile, noble Elliott of Lariston?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
Thou bold border-ranger,
Beware of thy danger,
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh."

Nay, as she finished—

"See how they wane, the proud file of the Windermere,
Howard, ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!
Hear the rude welkin rend
While the Scots' shouts ascend:
'Elliott of Lariston, Elliott for aye!'"—

he turned to her, his face quite pale with emotion—

"Are you not proud of being an Elliott, Briseis?" he demanded.

"I had never read the ballad before," she said, more calmly.

"And you have such a beautiful voice!" he exclaimed. "You could read anything—I mean, you could put the right sound into it. I can hear your voice now—ringing. It is wonderful. Briseis—if you don't mind—there's Campbell's Poems in the bag there—if you were to get them out—I think you are the only one I ever knew who could recite 'Ye Mariners of England'—would you mind?"

She hunted about, and found the book.

"I hope I am not troubling you too much," said the small gentleman. "I only want you to repeat one verse. It's 'Britannia needs no bulwarks'—"

And so she pronounced the lines—as nobly as she could:

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!"

"But you make one mistake," said he, rather disappointedly. "It should be wīnds, not winds. Am I bothering you too much, Cousin Briseis?—will you read it again?"

She was a most biddable creature. Again she read the verse, this time altering her pronunciation to give the sonorous wīnds:

"As they roar on the shore
When the stormy wīnds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy wīnds do blow!"

"Isn't it splendid!—splendid!" he cried, his frail frame almost panting with enthusiasm. "And aren't you glad you are of English blood? And Greek blood, too, of course. Briseis, tell me about Greece. Were you ever near the island that Ulysses came back to, when his dog recognized him? That was—well, I forget—but his dog knew him—"

"Oh, that was Ithaca—Thiaki they generally call it now: I used sometimes to go and stay there for a week or two with a cousin of my father's—"

"And what is it like—what is it actually like now, Briseis?" he said, with his eyes again grown eager and visionary.

"Why, the most beautiful island you ever beheld!" she went on, only too glad that she could amuse him. "Very mountainous in most parts—with sheltered bays down at the coast—and gardens round the villas—and white terraces—and olive groves along the hill-slopes. I used to climb up through these olive groves until I could get a wide view of the other islands; and it was just like fairyland, the color was so fine and clear—you would think everything was transparent, though here and there was a sprinkling of tall black cypresses. And then you can't imagine how intensely blue the sea is—and you watch the gayly colored boats with their double sails like the wings of a bird—and sometimes the sails are white, but mostly they're a rich ruddy brown. I never did get so high up as the summit of Mount Ætos—that is where the ruins are that they call the Castle of Ulysses; but I may be more

fortunate some other time; and then I hope you may be there too—"

She suddenly stopped—and a flush of frightened embarrassment sprang to her forehead. How could she have been so heedless and cruel as to talk to this poor maimed lad—even in the innocent prattle with which she had sought to entertain him—of any attempt on his part to scale the rough slopes of Mount Ætos? However, if he had taken notice, he would not reveal the fact. He betrayed neither mortification nor resentment. He only said, gently:

"I think we ought to be going back now, Briseis. Mamma does not like any one to be late for luncheon."

They did get back in time; and a very queer meal that luncheon proved to be. First of all, just as Briseis had assisted her cousin Adalbert to get into his chair at the table, there came into the dining-room the younger sister, Brenda—a stout, lumpish girl, with yellow hair, white eyelashes, and about the sulkiest mouth that mortal man or woman ever beheld. She had met Briseis before, so she passed on without a word. Then Mrs. Alexander Elliott appeared, followed by three young ladies — three pleasant-complexioned, rather countrified misses, who, as they were introduced to the foreign stranger, wore a look of unaccountable shyness, not to say dismay. What that extraordinary expression betokened Briseis could not imagine; but she was soon to learn. Meantime they all took their places; and then ensued a period of constrained waiting, almost in silence. The anxious mother kept glancing nervously towards the door; the maid at the sideboard was evidently listening. And at last, after a considerable delay that every moment became more depressing, there lounged into the room, with his hands in his pockets, a tall, cadaverous, supercilious-looking youth, who lazily strolled along to the chair at the head of the table, without a syllable of apology to any one. It was his mother who spoke for him.

"You must excuse Edward," she said in a low voice to Briseis. "He is so busy with his studies. And he does not like us to begin without him."

Then the frugal luncheon was served; and again Aunt Clara turned to Briseis—this time talking in tones that all should hear:

"Do you know, Briseis, I have been told that you are a most accomplished linguist; and I am sure you will agree with me that there is nothing more valuable, for a young girl going into society, than fluent French—not the French of the school-room and grammars, but the French that people actually speak. And it has occurred to me—you are so friendly and obliging—that if our conversation at lunch-time were to be exclusively in French—"

"What rot!" muttered the medical student at the head of the table.

"—and if you would be so kind as to suggest any more correct phrases or elegant idioms to the dear girls there—"

The fear on the faces of the three young ladies deepened to fright; and now Briseis understood. It had been the dread of having to talk to her in French that had been at the bottom of their incomprehensible shyness when they came into the room. Nevertheless, Briseis bravely buckled to her task; she tried to encourage them; she asked them, in sufficiently simple phrases, about their pursuits and occupations, and so forth. Each of them kept her eyes resolutely fixed on her plate, doubtless hoping that one of the others would respond; and as all three were of the same mind, the result was a most ghastly stillness. At last Mrs. Elliott made a piteous appeal to Miss Bingham, who had caused the tragedy of the morning.

"Ada, why don't you answer Miss Valieri? You need not fear criticism. You know French well enough—only, of course, you have not had much practice."

And then, indeed, the poor lass—with her face grown all rosy-red—made a desperate plunge.

"Je suppose, mademoiselle," said she, in a gasping sort of way, "qu'on parle Français à la cour d'Athènes?"

Briseis politely informed her that no doubt that must be so sometimes, but that the favorite language of the Court of Athens was English.

The next girl was not to be outdone:

"Comment prononcez-vous, mademoiselle, le nom de l'île où vous étiez née—Ægina, ou Ægeena?"

In reply the obliging Briseis (if she was inwardly laughing, she made no sign) gave her the modern Greek pronunciation of the name of the island—which the wise virgin was too prudent to attempt to repeat.



"ONLY, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO BE CHUMS—THAT'S AGREED."

Then the youngest must have a try as well.

"Dans les rues d'Athènes, mademoiselle—est ce que vous avez le—le—le lit électrique?"

There was a prevailing puzzlement for a brief second, until Miss Ada rather angrily nudged her young neighbor.

"La lumière—la lumière!" she said, under her voice.

But the youngest was so overcome with confusion that she did not seek to retrieve her blunder; she collapsed into an ashamed and hopeless silence. The other two, however, having gained a little courage, went on with their Ollendorffian questions; while Miss Brenda remained sulkily apart, and the medical student, muttering in half-heard English, grumbled about the hardness of the cold boiled beef.

Immediately lunch was over, the company broke up, the young ladies dispersing to their several rooms to get ready for a walk in the Park, accompanied by Miss Ada's maid—for Miss Ada's parents were kind enough to let her have a maid all to herself. And then Mrs. Elliott asked Briseis to go with her to the drawing-room, where they found themselves alone.

"I think you will soon begin to perceive how I am situated, Briseis, dear," said the much-enduring widow. "I have a hard fight to make both ends meet; but then, as I often say, I have my reward; there are few mothers have such reason to be proud of their children as I have of mine. At the same time, it is a hard struggle. It takes a great deal of planning, and management, and tact—especially as regards the servants; they know they have too much work for their number; but I cannot afford to engage more; and yet I must keep up this big house—with its large drawing-room—for my receptions; and also for—for—these young

ladies who stay with me. But I was speaking of the servants: well, they have to be treated with the greatest consideration, or I don't know what might not happen. For example, I never ring the bell in this room. That would bring a girl up to see what was wanted; then she would have to go down to fetch it; then a third time coming up, and a fourth going down again. Whereas, if you go to the top of the kitchen stair, and call to them, you get what you want at once, and they don't keep grumbling."

"I quite understand, Aunt Clara," said Briseis, after this ingenious preamble.

"And that is what I was coming to," continued the harassed widow, with rather a timid and apprehensive look; "you see, the maids sit down to their dinner presently, and they do not like being disturbed. I was thinking — whether you would mind going and asking cook to prepare some more scrambled eggs and tea for poor dear Olga; and then, when they are ready, I'm sure you wouldn't object to taking them up to her room. It is more than an hour since she has had anything; and the poor darling is quite upset if she thinks she is neglected. It preys on her mind so; and the worry simply destroys her nerves—something quite dreadful might happen—"

"Oh, I will go at once, Aunt Clara!" said Briseis—for of course this was no menial duty; the motive was family affection.

"And now I can get off to my tradesmen's books," said Aunt Clara, at once hurrying away.

So Briseis went down and saw the cook, and ingratiated herself with that important person, and finally obtained the wherewithal for Miss Olga's repast. Then she proceeded up stairs to her cousin's room. She knocked at the door.

"Come in!—oh, it's you? Put the tray down on that little table, please."

The flabby-cheeked girl, with her dull straw-colored hair dishevelled on the pillow, was lying in bed, reading a ladies' paper that appeared to consist chiefly of fashion plates and advertisements; and as soon as she had issued her orders she resumed her devotion to those luxuries. But the next instant she had changed her mind.

"Has that cat Bingham been turned out of the house?" she demanded, turning her vindictive gray eyes upon Briseis.

"I believe she has gone for a walk in the Park, with the others," was the placid reply.

"I did not ask you that—I asked you whether she had been turned out of the house—yes or no!" she said, with considerable insolence.

"Now, Olga, be reasonable—do be reasonable!" Briseis pleaded. "Think what that would mean to your mother; for the others would most likely leave as well. And I'm sure Miss Bingham did not mean any harm—"

"I will not endure being insulted," she said, fiercely. "I don't care whether they all leave or not—a blessed riddance! I will not be insulted by a cat like that!—I will not!—I will not! And here I remain until Miss Bingham sends me a formal apology. And if she doesn't, very well, then I shall be ill. I know it. It has happened before—I shall be ill—and then what will they do?—"

"Come, come, now, Olga," her cousin said, in answer to this threat, "be reasonable. And I am quite sure Miss Bingham will say she is sorry she vexed you. There's another thing I meant to tell you. I haven't had time to open my trunk yet; and all my few belongings are in it; among them some embroidered silk kerchiefs that my mother gave me when we were in Broussa—of the strangest colors they are, and yet very beautiful—and I am sure they would interest you — and you might choose one for yourself if you wished. Will you come to my room and look at them?"

The coverlet was whisked aside in a moment; and as soon as Miss Olga was on her feet, she undid the buttons of her white dressing-gown, which forthwith dropped on to the floor. It was now manifest that she had never really gone to bed at all; she had merely slipped this upper garment over her ordinary costume, and hidden herself beneath the coverlet. And it was in her ordinary costume that the still impenitent Olga now followed her cousin to her room.

That was but one of the many events of the day, so far as Briseis was concerned; but there was an abundance of others; the next of these being her endeavor to propitiate the reluctant Miss Bingham. Thereafter, all through the afternoon and evening, her time seemed to be continually under requisition; she was asked to do this and do that, always as a favor;

until her final task turned out to be going to Brenda Elliott's room and reading to that sulky damsel until she fell asleep.

But at last she was enfranchised, a little after eleven o'clock — she having arrived in London that morning at a quarter to eight; and then she got away to her own small chamber, and went to bed happy (perhaps with some occasional back thoughts not quite so happy); for at least she had tried to do her best—and that in a right cheerful frame of mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY MOOR AND RILL.

It was early morning on the Twelfth of August—a golden morning that spread abroad a soft and wistful radiance, so that all the surrounding landscape seemed ethereal and dreamlike: the deep, wide valley—the winding waters of the Skean, here a flashing silver, yonder a pale turquoise—away on the other side yellow-green slopes, with tiny white dots telling of crofters' cottages—above these the purple shoulders of the distant hills receding into the cloudless sky — and then, still further away, towards the east, and south, and west, rampart upon rampart of giant mountains, grown almost visionary in the pellucid atmosphere—it was on this still, placid, golden morning that the Prince of Monteveltro, his host Lord Rockminster, Sir Hugh Cunyngham of the Braes, and young Frank Gordon were strolling up and down the terrace in front of Glen Skean Castle, each of them smoking a cigarette. The Castle was a large gray building, or rather pile of buildings, of quite modern date—though the square towers, the machicolated walls, and mullioned windows sufficiently revealed the origin of its architecture; it was picturesquely situated, on a high plateau overlooking the broad and fertile strath; while at the back it was sheltered from the western storms by a belt of dark green pines. There was not much sign of life about, though occasionally the glimmer of a skirt crossed the inner recesses of the hall.

Monseigneur appeared to be a trifle uneasy and impatient; now and again he twisted the waxed ends of his long and drooping mustache; he kept glancing from time to time towards the portico, where no carriage was as yet visible. At length he threw away his cigarette.

"When do we go?" he said, in excellent English. "Is it not time to start?"

"There's no hurry," said the tall, and handsome, and lazy Rockminster, in his impassive way. "The wagonette will be round shortly; but the keepers and the dogs won't be up at the moor yet awhile."

"It's the greatest possible mistake," said Sir Hugh—a short, powerfully-built, clear-eyed, brisk-looking man, with plenty of decision about his mouth—"the greatest possible mistake to make too early a start on the Twelfth. The birds should be allowed to have their breakfast comfortably, and get settled down in the heather. Faith, they'll lie close enough to-day! Awful hard luck on the dogs. No scent. It's going to be a regular scorcher!"

At this moment a rumble of wheels was heard, and the next moment a wagonette, drawn by a pair of beautiful bays, appeared at the end of the drive, and presently was pulled up in front of the portico. There was a little commotion—for the women folk of the party were now coming out to the hall door; and thus it was that Lord Rockminster managed to get a side-word with young Gordon of Grantly.

"Look here, Gordon," said he, so as not to be overheard, "when we begin work, what do you say as to our order of march? The Prince tells me he knows nothing, absolutely nothing of grouse-shooting—never saw a grouse. Shall we put him in the middle, and you and Cunyngham on the outside—to retrieve mistakes? I sha'n't bother you much—I don't care about it—I may as well be a middle-man—"

"Oh, but you needn't be afraid of my step-papa!" Frank Gordon said. "Not a bit! He's a rattling good shot—a nailer!—when he knows what kind of thing he has to expect. And that's what he doesn't know here; he'll want a friendly lead; and if you don't mind, I'll look after him. Of course he may be a little bit nervous at first. His great ambition in this country is to do everything correctly, as an ordinary English gentleman would. You see, he is quite familiar with the silly burlesques of the foreign sportsman in England that appear in plays and comic magazines—idiots in *Der Freischütz* costumes, who shoot sparrows with rifles; and all that rubbish has made him desperately anxious to be just like everybody else. Look at his get-up now—how's that?"

And indeed the Prince's attire was severely accurate, from the deer-stalker's cap and belted Norfolk jacket to the knickerbockers of homespun, the greenish stockings, the brown gaiters, and nailed shoes. But by this time all the ladies of the house had come out into the portico; and a very charming group they formed, in their costumes of lightest material and brightest color; a kind of flower-garden they seemed to be, on this shining summer morn. Then one of them—a ruddy-haired young creature wearing a pince-nez—as the sportsmen were getting into the wagonette, stepped forward, and there was a propitiatory smile on her pert and pretty features.

"Monseigneur," said she, holding up between thumb and forefinger a small glittering coin, "you must take this with you."

He could not refuse to accept the new sixpence; but he was somewhat bewildered.

"That's for good luck," Frank Gordon explained. "Put it in your pocket, sir; and you'll have all the best chances: you'll have everything your own way."

But that was not in the least Miss Georgie Lestrange's idea; for she, blushing a little, passed round the wagonette, giving to each of the others one of these brilliant talismans; then the coachman removed the brake, there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the front of the portico, and soon the wagonette had disappeared from sight.

The route to the moor lay at first alongside the steep banks of the river Skean; and down through the hanging birches and the tall bracken they got glimpses of the deep gray chasms and the still brown pools—for there had been a long drought, and the stream had dwindled away almost to nothing. Here on board the wagonette there was not much mirth, or even talkativeness; there was rather a sort of subdued excitement; even to an experienced sportsman the morning of the Twelfth brings an unusual sensation; for one thing, he cannot forecast whether he is going to shoot well or ill. Then they left the densely-wooded valley, and gradually ascended until they had reached a height almost on a level with the distant Glen Skean Castle; a gate was opened, and they entered upon a rude track apparently leading up into the mountains: they were now within the outskirts of Corriefruin deer-forest.

"A forest?" cried the Prince, with his eyes staring. "Is that what you call in Scotland a forest?"

It was a still and sombre scene—that vast extent of bare and undulating moorland, seamed and scarred with deep peat-hags half filled with stagnant water; then far away beyond this voiceless plain rose the almost precipitous slopes of the lower hills; and above these again the sterile peaks of Aonach Môr (the Great Solitude), with a glimmer of snow among the less-exposed crevices. Not a sound came from this barren wilderness; not a living creature moved—for the deer, in the settled fine weather, had withdrawn to the seclusion of the higher valleys; a brooding solitariness seemed to have gained possession of this lonely world, on which it seemed a kind of sacrilege to intrude. Yet here was a fair summer morning: what would such a place be like on a wild night of storm, with the winds sweeping over the desolate waste, and the thunder rumbling along the glens, and the shafts of splintered lightning striking down from the crags of Aonach Môr, and startling the black heavens and the black earth into a sudden and lurid life?

And so they made their way into this silent domain—the horses dragging laboriously—until, after two or three miles, they arrived at a long, low building of wood and zinc that had been erected as a temporary stables, and also for the convenience of luncheon parties; and here the occupants of the wagonette got down and proceeded on foot. They had not gone very far, however, when it became evident that the still air and the ever-increasing heat in this vast hollow between the hills were beginning to tell on Mgr. le Prince de Monteveltro; perhaps fashionable life in Vienna and Buda-Pesth had got the hardy mountaineer out of proper condition; at all events, when they at last did join the picturesque group of keepers, gillies, ponies, and panniers waiting for them by the side of the track, instead of taking his gun from the youth who had been specially told off to wait on him, the Prince sat down on a big stone, and mopped his forehead, and brought forth his pocket-flask.

"Get me some water," he said, panting, to young Angus.

The lad took the cup, and went down to the trickling little burn, and brought

back some water; the Prince put a dash of whiskey into it; and he was just about to drink it off, when—

When a most terrific explosion took place—and that apparently quite close by the very stone on which he was sitting: an indescribable *kr-r-r-r!* that might have shattered the nerves of the Sphinx; and the next moment a reddish-brown object was seen to be darting away over the heather with a swiftness as if all the fire-engines in the universe had got compressed into its whirring wings. Frank Gordon had been leisurely putting cartridges into his gun; he had but half a second in which to snap together barrels and stock and take aim; there was an echoing report; and the gay muir-cock, now a considerable distance off, came plumping down. Very neatly done; for it was a nasty cross-shot; and, moreover, he had been taken unawares. By this time the Prince was on his feet again.

"Why," said he to the head keeper, "that bird must have been hiding there since ever you came!"

"Yes, monsenior," replied the tall, grave, respectful keeper, "they whiles lie like that. And maybe there's one or two more about. If you'll put cartridges into your gun, I'll lowze the dogs."

So they formed into line there and then —young Gordon on the extreme left, Sir Hugh on the extreme right, the Prince and Lord Rockminster (the latter with his gun over his shoulder) between; the grave Malcolm uncoupled a brace of extremely handsome setters, that joyously set to work; and the whole party moved warily forward. It turned out, however, that the grouse which had so startled the stranger-guest had been a kinless vagrant; they descended into the channel of the burn and up the opposite side without finding anything; and as the dogs were now ranging freely, they stepped along with more confidence.

Then of a sudden one of the setters, that happened to be right in front of the Prince, stopped short and rigid, with eager nostrils and outstretched neck.

"Have a care, Wallace, have a care!" muttered the keeper to the other dog, that now also stopped, watching its neighbor with half-frightened eyes.

Monseigneur glanced towards his step-son as if to ask what he should do; and the answer was a wave of the hand telling him to follow the setter; for the beautiful silken-haired animal, trembling in every limb, was cautiously drawing on. All the guns were now moving slowly forward; the keeper had stolen up, to encourage the dog by patting its neck; and the profound silence was full of a restrained expectancy. Then a wild rattle right in front—a ball of feathered lightning had sprung from the ground and was whizzing along—the Prince put up his gun quickly and fired—and the grouse came tumbling on to the heather, with a single rebound simply by reason of its own weight. At the same moment another bird got up some distance off and disappeared over the top of the knoll—and they could hear the warning *uk—uk—uk!—come back—come back—come back!* that he directed to his late companion. Nay, they were to see him again; for while Malcolm was picking up the dead bird, which was a hen, the cock-bird, having made an unseen détour, returned to the crest of the knoll, and fluttered down among the heather, where only his small head, with its bright eye and scarlet markings, was visible. And now, if ever there was temptation to shoot a sitting bird, it was on this occasion — if one could avoid sympathizing with the faithful spouse who had again faced danger in order to see what had happened to his mate; for it was perfectly obvious that, the moment he was off again, he would drop down behind the hillock and get clean away. So once more Monseigneur turned with an inquiring glance towards his step-son—who instantly warned him, by gesture of head and hand, that no such thing was to be done; while almost simultaneously the grouse settled the matter in his own fashion, for he simply dropped away from his exalted position, and vanished. Perhaps they were all just as well pleased that he had not fallen a victim to conjugal fidelity.

And so they shot their way along these lower slopes, keeping well aside from the Forest; and as they were now on better ground, the fun waxed brisker and brisker. Moreover, the birds lay very close; sometimes the dogs ran past them altogether; and as it was impossible to say from which mound or dip a bombshell of a covey might not suddenly burst, scattering to every point, there was no lack of watchful exhilaration. As for Monseigneur, he acquitted himself admi-

rably. Of course they did not expect him to observe the niceties of the game; they did not expect him, when a covey hurtled itself into the air, to single out the old cock; they looked after that themselves as well as they could; and left him to his discretion. *Kr—kr—kr!*—went the throbbing wings; crack!—crack!—crack!—went the guns; and as only smokeless powder was used, they could easily see what execution was being done. The bag mounted up apace, as the gillie with the pony and panniers came along to pick up the spoil.

There was one drawback—nay, there were two; and both told desperately on the poor Prince, who was somewhat corpulent. The first was the overwhelming heat, that seemed to deprive one of the power of breathing; the second was a plague of midges, these demoniacal insects alighting on any unguarded portion of wrist, or neck, or forehead, and leaving a most vexatious wound, especially if one happened to be of a stout habit of body. Monseigneur suffered inconceivable torment. For even when they came to a hollow down which trickled a small streamlet, and when he would go to the burn-side to get some water (some whiskey and water) to slake his overmastering thirst, then in this sheltered place the midges would attack him more venomously than ever, even creeping under the peak of his cap and getting among the roots of his hair. He rubbed his forehead hard with his handkerchief, and that only produced more pain; he drank more whiskey to still the fever in his blood, and that appeared to create a kind of delirium of despair; his companions could hear him muttering, they knew not in what language; until at last, from the crest of a slope, there broke upon their sight a beatific vision—a long and narrow table placed outside the stables, and abundantly set forth with cold meats and cooling drinks, while something very like a pail of ice stood by.

"Thank God!" said the Prince of Monteveltro—and no one could object to that pious ejaculation.

And here were the Ladies Sibyl and Rosamund Bourne and Miss Georgie Lestrange, who had driven up in a landau hired from the Skean Bridge Hotel; and these three were engaged in decorating, with such wild flowers as they could find—milkwort, tormentil, grass of Parnassus, and the like—the snowy cloth that concealed the rude construction of the table; while for a centre-piece they had got a dish of freshly cut heather and sweet-gale.

"Why, where's Addie?" said Rockminster, speaking of his sister, Lady Adela Cunyngham. "And Honnor?" he asked again—speaking of his wife.

"Honnor," said Miss Georgie, who was the know-all of the family, "is hurrying through her household affairs to see if she can get an hour on the river, though everybody maintains it isn't a bit o' good. And Adela is busy with her proofs—those fearful proofs! Why, she tells me they keep her awake at night: she lies and recalls page after page, dreading to think what she may have passed. I declare it's too bad of the printers," continued the bewitching young damsel of the pince-nez, as she graciously accepted a slice of galantine. "Do you know what they made her say in her last book?—her heroine had to die of an overdose of opium, and they printed it opinion."

"A book might die of an overdose of opinion," observed Lord Rockminster, in his dispassionate way, "but a heroine couldn't very well, could she?"

"The worst printers' blunder I ever heard of," Miss Georgina went on, in her demurest manner, "appeared in a Plymouth paper. The report began: 'Last evening a banquet was held on the body of a dead seaman that had been found washed ashore at Prawle Point. The coroner, in his opening remarks—'"

"Georgie, you're horrid—you are positively horrid," Lady Rosamund broke in.

But at this moment Monseigneur jumped to his feet, panting and gasping, and frantically rubbing forehead, and ears, and neck.

"I can stand it no longer," he exclaimed. "These brutes are perfectly maddening!—"

"They are pretty bad," said Rockminster, calmly.

"Here!" the Prince called recklessly to the footman who was doing duty as butler. "Bring me a tumbler half filled with whiskey—quick, if you please!—quick, quick!"

The glass was brought, and at once he dipped his table-napkin into it, and began to sponge his face all over, until he was fairly dripping with the fiery fluid.

"I don't think you'll find that of much

use, sir," said Frank Gordon to his step-father. "I've tried it myself. They seem rather to like whiskey."

"But I have got something," put in Georgie Lestrange. "I thought they might be plaguing us when we sat still." And away she tripped to the landau, returning therefrom with several layers of a fine silken gauze. "You must cut off just what you want," she said, addressing the company generally, "and tie it round your head, or fasten it on with a hat. And mind you take plenty, and leave it loose, or else the little fiends will bite through."

And thus it fell out that this luncheon was partaken of by seven white-headed ghosts, and that not without difficulty, for they had to be careful about raising their silken veil. But very soon it appeared that Monseigneur was impatient to get on again; he seemed to have some frenzied idea that in movement he might escape from this insufferable cloud of persecutors, which, gauze or no gauze, managed to sting him about the wrists and along the junction of his cap and forehead; so the men of the party rose, and lit their cigarettes, and presently had summoned the keepers and gillies, leaving the three young ladies to dawdle over the fruit, and biscuits, and iced claret-cup.

Now what happened on this afternoon will never be accurately known; a vague secrecy was maintained by every one concerned; but it is to be suspected that the hapless Prince, completely overcome by the unendurable torture inflicted by the midges—and also being entirely ignorant of the strength of Highland whiskey—it is to be surmised that he may have paused somewhat too frequently by the side of the babbling little mountain rills, to seek a desperate relief. At all events, when they did get back to the Castle, and when, in his half-demented condition, he had called his valet to him, he declared that nothing would reduce the fever in his veins but an extremely hot bath; whereupon that was immediately prepared for him; while the other men went away to their own rooms, to change and get ready for dinner. So that a considerable interval occurred; and it was not until about an hour thereafter that Lord Rockminster, happening to come along by the top of the hall staircase, encountered the Prince's valet, who appeared to be agitated.

"My lord," said this pasty-faced person, with his eyes starting out of his head, "I —I hope there's nothing wrong—but—but the Prince has been in the bath-room for such a long time—and I can't hear a sound—would your lordship mind—"

His lordship was a man of few words: he at once went along to the end of the corridor in which the Prince's apartments were situated, and there he knocked at the bath-room door. He thought he heard some mumbled sound in reply; but was not sure; accordingly he knocked again. This time there certainly was no answer; so he tried to prize the lock; and these efforts failing, he was driven to use his shoulder as a battering-ram; and as he was of great muscular strength and weight, the door eventually flew open. It is a matter for devout thankfulness that on this occasion he was not accompanied by the President of the State Council of the Principality of Monteveltro and his colleague the Minister for Foreign Affairs. For Monseigneur lay supine in the bath, his head resting on the canvas belt at the upper end, each hand helplessly clutching on to the enamelled zinc.

"Can't get out," he said, with a humorous smile. "Sides of the bath too zlippery—very zlippery. Never mind. Quite comf'ble. No mizzjehs here. Quite comf'ble. Sides of the bath awful zlippery—"

Rockminster had recognized the situation at a glance.

"Oh, come along, Monseigneur, you must get ready for dinner!" he said—and he and the valet together managed to hoist the luckless Prince out of the bath; and they clothed him in his dressing-gown, and conveyed him into his bedroom, which fortunately was just next door. "Now you lie down for a while," Rockminster said to him. "And I will send you up some strong tea. You needn't hurry—I will put dinner off till nine o'clock."

Strangely enough, some hour and a half thereafter, when the house party had assembled in the drawing-room, there was no one more sedate, and calm, and outwardly self-possessed than the Prince of Monteveltro. His forehead, indeed, showed what merciless treatment had been dealt him by the midges; but neither in his manner nor in his speech (except, perhaps, in a certain portentous and cautious solemnity) was there any trace

of the wild relief he had sought for by the margin of the rippling burns; and as he took his hostess into dinner—Lady Rockminster was a handsome and distinguished-looking young matron, with chestnut-brown hair and clear hazel eyes —he comported himself with an excellent dignity and gravity. Then they all sat down.

All save two. For this dining-hall, quite modern as it was, had been constructed and decorated in Elizabethan fashion — oaken panels, tapestry, large mullioned windows, and so forth; while at the further end, above the immense fireplace, there was a small pillared gallery, in which were visible a harp and two music-stands. And as the guests below took their places, the Ladies Sibyl and Rosamund Bourne came into the gallery, the former carrying her violin; and Lady Rosamund sat down at the harp; and presently these two began to play, very softly and gracefully, a cavatina of Lady Sibyl's own composition.

"Awfully good-natured of them, isn't it?" said Georgie Lestrange to her neighbor, young Gordon of Grantly. "I call it a great compliment, don't you? I hope the Prince will be pleased—"

"Aren't they going to have any dinner?" said the young man, with tender compassion in his heart.

"Oh, they'll get something—or they've had something," continued the ruddy-haired lass, with blithe indifference. "That isn't the point. Sibyl is awfully proud of this cavatina, don't you know, and she wants us to hear it effectually. Rather nice, isn't it? Sounds very well from the gallery, doesn't it? I think it's a beautiful room, don't you? And how handsome the Princess is looking to-night —so commanding-looking, so capable-looking—and yet as merry as any one: don't you think so? Scotch eyes, I should say; nothing foreign about her appearance at all. I wonder what rent Lord Rockminster pays for the season?—a ripper, I should imagine. Oh, by-the-way, Sir Francis, I suppose you've heard that Lady Rockminster has arranged a little dance for to-night—the keepers, and gillies, and Highland maids—in the pavilion —just to give the Prince some small idea of what happens when a stag is brought home; for I suppose the Prince and Princess won't be able to stay until the stalking begins. And I have been wondering," proceeded the wily maiden, in her artless way, "whether any of us will be expected to join in—perhaps for a single reel. I'm rather timorous about it, don't you know—of course, I've often danced a reel, in a scrambling kind of fashion; but I never feel safe unless I have a partner who can pilot me through—"

"Will you let me try?" he said, promptly.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she made answer, with a pretty and ingenuous blush. "But we'll see what Lady Rockminster has to propose."

The pavilion of which she had spoken was a large temporary structure of wood and canvas that had been erected in the grounds a year or two previously on the occasion of the visit of certain members of the English Royal Family, and had been allowed to remain; and when Lord and Lady Rockminster's guests, rising from dinner, proceeded to thread their way through the dark shrubberies, they found the great tent brilliantly lit up, and the entrance all hung round with festoons of heather. Nay, the merrymaking had already begun; supper was over, and the tables had been cleared away; Ronald the piper, in all his kilted bravery, was up in front of the platform; and the lads and lasses were stepping out to the lively strains of "Lord Breadalbane's March." But directly that Ronald caught sight of the visitors he changed his tune; the pipes broke into a spirited reel; almost instantly there was a transformation of the nebulous company into definite groups; then at a given signal away they went in swift and gliding and sinuous movement, until the laughing partners faced each other again, to do their best with pointed toe and uplifted finger and thumb. All this gay turmoil—the stirring music, the rapid evolutions, the joyous "whoop!"— was not long in throwing its irresistible seduction over certain of the visitors; a "foursome" was speedily formed—Miss Lestrange and young Gordon of Grantly, Sir Hugh Cunyngham and his sister-in-law, Lady Rosamund; and off they went —figures of eight, facing to partners, and round again in nimble manœuvres—as dexterously as any. And Ronald the piper blew and trilled, and trilled and blew, and trilled and screamed and blew, as though he would have all Glen Loy, and Clunes, and Achnacarry know what doings were going on in Glen Skean.

But of a sudden Lord Rockminster—who was merely a spectator—became aware that the Prince was missing; and as he had not been able to keep an eye on him during dinner—for the Princess of Monteveltro was a brilliant and fascinating talker, and had kept her host's attention fully occupied—he grew somewhat anxious. He looked about, and moved about, discreetly; and at length, to his amazement, he perceived the Prince, at the other end of the pavilion, in a corner all by himself, engaged in executing a series of the most extraordinary springs and gyrations, both hands held high in air. For it appeared that he had found a partner, and he was imitating as best he could the steps and gestures he had observed in use among the general assemblage; and as this fancied partner happened to be no other than his own shadow on the canvas wall, the most beautiful time was kept, and Monseigneur, proud of his own performance, and proud of the responsive accuracy of his visionary companion, beamed with a bland delight. Rockminster caught him by the arm.

"One moment," he said. "Sorry to interrupt. Awful storm threatening. You'd better come away with me, and we'll get back to the Castle while there's time."

The Prince of Monteveltro was a peaceable, good-natured man; he suffered himself to be led off, and fortunately there was a door at this end of the pavilion; while they had no difficulty in finding their way back to the Castle, for now there was a ghostly white moon shining from over the crest of Ben-na-Vân, and all the paths and terraces were of a silver-gray. Hawkins, the pasty-faced valet, was quickly summoned; the Prince was easily persuaded to go to bed, when once they had got him smuggled up into his room; and then Lord Rockminster left to return to the pavilion. There was no great anger and reprobation in his heart; rather he had a kind of sympathetic pity for an innocent and unsuspecting stranger, who had fallen a victim to the sweltering heat of Highland glens, to the relentless ferocity of Highland midges, and to the insidious dangers of loitering by little Highland rills.

And yet in throwing out threats of a possible storm, Rockminster had not been altogether romancing. When the ladies had retired to their apartments for the night, he strolled into the billiard-room, to smoke a final cigarette.

"I say, Gordon," he observed, in his laconic way, "have you been looking at the glass since lunch-time? Down a good half-inch. And there's a double halo round the moon. And the trees are beginning to talk. I rather fancy something's going to happen."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XXIII.

THE PRUSSIAN KING CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III. never forgave York for abandoning the cause of Napoleon by capitulating to the Russians in the last days of 1812. Toward Stein he had a strong aversion. Yet these two men, in the opening of 1813, did, humanly speaking, save the Prussian monarchy from extinction. The people of East Prussia, as elsewhere, burned with a desire to fight for their national independence in their King's name. This opposition was overcome by York's pretension that he was still Military Governor so long as the King did not communicate contrary orders officially. The Russians fortified York's position still further by carefully kidnapping any messenger from Berlin suspected of bearing that dreadful official communication; Stein brought still more pressure by ordering reforms in the name of the Russian Czar, who was practically master of the country, and could therefore give all Prussian officials the plausible excuse of having yielded only to force.

When the first news of Napoleon's disasters reached Berlin, Scharnhorst implored his King at once to call in the reserves, to rouse the country to war, at least for the purpose of self-preservation. But the King wasted the precious time, and would listen only to those of his court who desired to remain French. His Prime Minister, Hardenberg, sought in

vain to make him take a positive stand either on one side or the other—either to break with Napoleon and fight him, or break with the Czar and loyally help France. But no. The King was of such stuff that he could not take a positive stand either way. Hardenberg showed him the danger of his monarchy, the wreck of Napoleon's army, the necessity of acting firmly and at once; finally he fell on his knees at his master's feet, shed tears upon the monarch's hand, implored him to say yes or no anyway, so long as it put an end to a situation which could produce only disaster.

The Prime Minister could not move his King to take up arms for his country—at least not while he was in Berlin, where the French then ruled. The next best thing, thought he, was to coax the King away, and let him come under influences purely German. Königsberg was out of the question, for Russia controlled all that region. The only Prussian section still free from foreign control was Silesia, whose capital is Breslau. But Frederick William objected to moving. He enjoyed drilling his handful of guards on the parade-ground of Potsdam; he disliked the noise and bustle of change. As Hardenberg could not move him by direct reasoning, he had recourse to a pious fraud, which worked very well. He first sent word to the French ambassador in Berlin to have a care lest the Prussian patriots make a sudden descent upon the capital with a view to capturing the French garrison. In consequence of this, the French commander gave orders that the troops which had been quartered at some distance from the city should be drawn together, in order to more readily meet the expected assault. As soon as this French movement commenced, Hardenberg readily spread the report that Napoleon had given orders for taking the Prussian monarch prisoner. And as the King was very ready to appreciate reasons for this, he at last made up his mind to escape. On the night of January 22d he fled to Breslau, a distance of about two hundred miles southeast of Berlin.

This flight, which was dictated by fear for his personal safety, had an effect upon the country which could not have been magnified had its author been a hero and his motive of the loftiest. In every corner of Germany the people said to one another that the King had hurried to Breslau to place himself at the head of the army; that war was unavoidable, and every German must now enter the ranks and support the brave Prussian King.

But none of these things were in the mind of Frederick William. The French ambassador came also to Breslau, and received as before the amplest assurances that Prussia remained loyal to Napoleon, and was arming only for the purpose of supporting him more effectively. Not a word was sent to cheer the patriots in Königsberg or anywhere else.

The Czar Alexander, however, had crossed the Prussian frontier, at a point southeast of Königsberg (Lyk), the day before Frederick William fled to Breslau, and his troops were already well on their way to Berlin, the blockade of Danzig having commenced on January 16th. By March 4th the Cossacks took charge of the Prussian capital, and therefore it was only a question of time when the King would be shut up in Breslau as effectively as he had formerly been in Potsdam. Scharnhorst, as the originator of the Prussian system of universal service, was with the King, and pleaded energetically for an immediate call to arms of at least 100,000 men. But the King opposed the plans of this reformer in 1813 as he had in 1808. He regarded universal service as dangerously democratic. The old school of officers about the King called Scharnhorst a Jacobin and demagogue. However, the King finally gave way so far as to authorize, on February 3d, a call for volunteers. He did not believe that any would answer this call, and for that reason declined to affix his name to the document. To him Prussia was still the Prussia of Jena and Tilsit, and he completely ignored the change in public sentiment that had been brought about by the liberal reforms of Stein.

The King's call for volunteers was signed in Breslau two days before that determined upon by Stein's assembly in Königsberg. They were practically contemporaneous; and as no system of heliography or other telegraphy existed then in Prussia, Königsberg only heard of the Breslau call many days after their own had been published. The call of the King did not specify against whom the volunteers were to take up arms. But those who responded did so with the firm purpose of enlisting only for a war against France. The volunteers of 1813 were re-

garded by most of the regular army as dangerous people, and the King would never have allowed Scharnhorst to call them out had he realized that the response would be so general and spontaneous. The King had no spare money, however, and Scharnhorst made a strong point by showing that volunteers were cheaper than regulars.

The King's call, like that of Königsberg, offered special inducements to young volunteers who joined the army prepared to clothe and equip themselves.

Such young men were presumably of respectable family, of fair education, and consequently likely to make good officers after a short experience in the field. Hitherto the army offered no inducement whatever to decently brought-up lads; the service was degrading, and the officers maintained their prestige by flogging. The very name of soldier now ceased to be used, for it meant a mercenary, a hireling. The young men who answered the call of their country styled themselves warriors by preference. In Berlin alone 9000 volunteers enrolled themselves within three days. The schools and universities of the father-land all followed the example set by Königsberg, and Breslau soon commenced to be as lively a town as was Vilna on the eve of Napoleon's Russian invasion.

King Frederick William had persisted in his French alliance because he did not believe the German people would fight. One day Scharnhorst drew him to the window of the palace to show him how cruelly he had misjudged his people; for below him in the street there clattered by a long, long procession of country carts loaded with cheering volunteers, who had arrived from Berlin entirely at their own expense, and eager to be led to battle in the cause of Germany. The loyal Scharnhorst, who had suffered and labored much for this hour, turned to his monarch and said, "Does your Majesty now believe?"

His Majesty, for the moment at least, was so much encouraged that he now, on February 9th, issued a more important edict over his own name. This was to give Prussians notice that every able-bodied man between seventeen and twenty-four years of age was expected to step into the ranks and fight. Those who came as volunteers within a week were to be granted certain privileges; all the rest were to be treated as ordinary soldiers. But there was not the slightest need of threats; the popular enthusiasm for the war was such that everywhere the authorities had more volunteers than they could care for.

On the 15th of February so much courage had been imbibed by the Prussian King that he ventured to send to Napoleon a proposition to withdraw his troops beyond the Elbe, to surrender the fortresses he had unjustly occupied, and to pay some debts he owed, amounting to 94,000,000 francs. The King may have believed that Napoleon would receive this message in a friendly manner, but no one else did. It amounted to a declaration of war.

And yet, during these days of January and February, the French ambassador in Prussia was entertaining his government with a project of marriage between a son of Queen Luise and a parvenu princess of Napoleon's family. While German hearts were bursting over the insults which Napoleon had heaped upon their country, the Prussian King was most courteously inquiring of Napoleon's ambassador how much France would restore to Prussia in case he linked the Hohenzollerns with the house of the Bonaparte. In 1810, the year of her death, Queen Luise wrote these words, when she heard that the Emperor of Austria had sold his daughter to the French conqueror:

"God be forever praised that my daughter came dead into the world, for she would now be in her sixteenth year."

XXIV.

A PROFESSOR DECLARES WAR AGAINST NAPOLEON.

At eight o'clock on the morning of February 3, 1813, a professor at the University of Breslau commenced a lecture upon natural philosophy. This professor was a Scandinavian by birth and bringing up, but he was a Prussian by adoption, and with heart and soul a champion of German liberty. On this memorable morning his academic audience was scant. The town was noisy with the rumbling of artillery trains and the cheers of the volunteers. Prussia was in close alliance with Napoleon; the French ambassador was treated with conspicuous favor by the Prussian King; Blücher and Gneisenau, Stein and Scharnhorst, were all actually, or at least nominally, out of favor. The Prussian

army was being increased. The King said that this army was to assist Napoleon, but there were people bold enough to think that the King would learn his mistake should he attempt a second time to place his troops in the service of France. In Berlin, in Königsberg, even in Breslau, men whispered to one another that their King should not be allowed to sell them into slavery.

These were not times for men with blood in their veins to sit making notes on hydrostatics or waves of sound.

The professor felt this as he drew to the close of his lecture. He had spent a sleepless night, tormented by doubts. As an official of the crown he was expected to do nothing save that for which the crown gave him a salary. As a German citizen, however, he risked his salary, his position, and his life by placing his citizenship above his professorship. At the close of his lecture Professor Steffens said: "Gentlemen, I have another lecture set down for eleven o'clock. But I shall use that time in addressing you upon a matter of great importance. The King's call for the young men to arm as volunteers has appeared, or will appear to-day. This will be the subject of my address. Make this purpose of mine public. The other lectures may be ignored to-day. I expect as many hearers as my room will hold."

The small audience which had listened languidly to an exposition of natural philosophy now broke out into uncontrollable cheering, and burst from the room to spread the news.

Meanwhile the good professor was closeted with his thoughts, battling with himself, seeking in vain to order his ideas and words. He felt the supreme importance of the step he was about to take, the risk he was running, the fate that awaited him and his family should his words fail in their effect. At last, like many another strong man in the hour when human power seems weak, he fell upon his knees and prayed for strength. Peace now came to his spirit, and with it the strength to face devils—the strength that lifted up Luther and Cromwell, Washington and John Huss.

Thus armed, he made his way through the densely packed mass of his hearers, and stood facing them from his little academic platform. The door could not be closed for the mass of students crowding from the stairs; the windows were full, and he barely had room for his feet, so thickly did his disciples cluster about him.

"What I said I cannot tell," wrote he some years later: "I was driven to speech by recalling past years of oppression. My tongue gave voice to the hot feelings of the compressed mass of manhood about me. What I said aloud was the silent say of every heart in that assembly, and it was impressive because it was an echo from the soul of each one present."

But the honest professor had not prayed for words alone. He called upon his boys to fight, and in his call declared that he too was about to enter the ranks of the volunteers.

So war was at length declared. Not from the steps of the throne, but from the platform of the University lecture-room. The war was made not by the courtiers and the men of titles and decorations, but by the outraged representatives of the German national life, German science, German song, German poetry, German free schools. From the moment that Professor Steffens concluded his memorable address there was no longer doubt in Germany as to the people's share in the war. Königsberg headed the revolution for eastern Prussia; Breslau was to ratify that act; and Berlin would join them so soon as the news from Silesia could reach the banks of the Spree.

The forebodings of the professor were quickly realized, when he at length retired to his quiet study. He received a formal visit from the august president of the University. The president looked very severe. He had a message from Hardenberg, the King's Prime Minister. Hardenberg, the King, the president of the University, all vented their displeasure upon the head of the poor professor. The French ambassador immediately demanded that the professor be severely punished for daring to declare war against France while the Prussian King and Napoleon were professing everlasting friendship. The King promptly disavowed his professor, and Hardenberg used all the soft words imaginable to make Napoleon believe that the matter was of no importance. He promised to give the Frenchman every satisfaction.

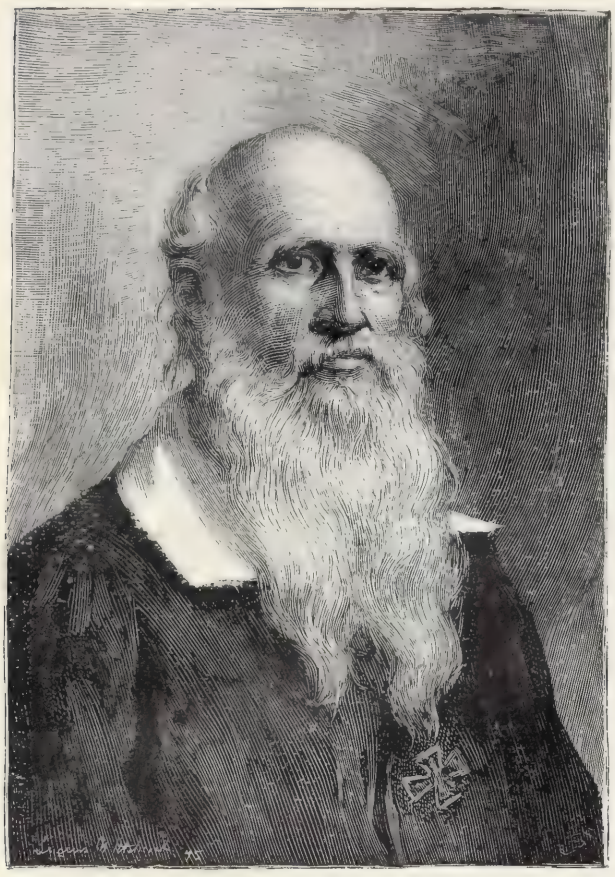
Next day the professor was called upon to address a still larger meeting of Breslau citizens. The government did not



PRUSSIAN VOLUNTEERS LEAVING BERLIN.

dare to suppress it entirely, but Hardenberg made Steffens promise that he would not once mention the name of Napoleon. This was easily promised, for Napoleon had many names readily understood by such an audience.

About the same time that Steffens was stirring the war passions of the Breslau students, the father of the German gymnastic clubs, the "Turnvater Jahn," was kindling in Berlin a patriotic fire that was soon to singe the French garrison with its flames. All through the winter he had been drilling the school-boys of the capital in manly exercises, addressing them in stirring language on the duty of patriots, and teaching them rousing war-songs, which they sang on the march to and from the field of exercises. Like Steffens, he could name the common enemy without saying Frenchman; and one of the most stirring of war-calls was an imaginary speech which he placed in the mouth of the German champion Arminius (Hermann), who with it is presumed to inflame his followers against the Cæsar in Rome. He delivered learned lectures on German national life, which drew crowded audiences, for Jahn spoke straight to the German heart. One day he marched with a band of school-boys under the Brandenburg Gate, the triumphal arch from which Napoleon had carried away the bronze chariot of Victory which had formerly stood on top. He stopped the lads and said to one boy: "Do you see that our Victory has been taken away? What do you think of that?" The boy answered, indifferently, that he thought nothing about it. Jahn was too good a teacher to waste such a chance. He boxed the boy's ears, and then said, "Now you have got something to remind you of this, that you must lend a hand in getting this Victory back from Paris, and put it up again on top of the



FRIEDRICH LUDWIG JAHN.

Brandenburg Gate." The story was known all over Berlin; and Berliners who passed the gate from that time on thought of Jahn's reminder.

As soon as the King's call for volunteers reached Berlin, Jahn was on his way to Breslau. Hardenberg had followed the King on January 24th, but before leaving he had talked with Jahn about the impending war, and had encouraged the idea of forming an independent corps made up of volunteers from all parts of the father-land — what Germans called Freikorps, or free corps. Jahn eagerly seized upon this idea; called his patriot friends together; told them he was going to Breslau to prepare the ground, and would give them the signal when the right time should have arrived.

On February 7th Berlin first heard of the King's call for volunteers, four days after publication in Breslau. The university at once enrolled 258 of its students as "warriors"; one grammar-school sent 113 boys; another, 134. The French government sought to arrest those who tried to make their way to Breslau, but with no effect. The youngsters started in different directions, and united when well beyond the city walls. They travelled at their own expense, and cheerfully ran the risk of their lives for a King whom they imagined a hero in temporary distress. Berlin had been, since Jena, exhausted by repeated quartering of troops upon her people, and had, like the rest of Germany, suffered through Napoleon's excluding her from commerce with England. Yet in this war against the arch-enemy she gave as voluntary contribution (1813–1815) 1,629,893 thalers. For the volunteers alone she raised 29,000 thalers, and for the free corps she gave 8773 thalers—and all this from a town which then numbered only 150,000 inhabitants.

In 1813 every twelfth man in Berlin went out to fight the French. In 1806 Prussia sent to Jena only one man in fifty. This gives us an idea of the relative sacrifices at these different periods. In the general archives at Berlin I was shown a letter from the Chief of Police, dated August, 1813, in which he pleads with the King not to do any more recruiting in Berlin, proving statistically that if Prussia at large had answered the King's call as loyally as Berlin, the army would then be 400,000 men.

At last came a signal from Jahn, and on February 18th the first detachment of volunteers started secretly from Berlin to Breslau. There were only thirteen in this little band, but they were all gymnasts, and others were soon to follow. They had to pass many detachments of French, and resort to artifice in order to deceive them as to their real purpose. They reached Breslau on the 25th, and at once repaired to the Golden Sceptre, the tavern where Jahn had set up his headquarters and was actively recruiting for German liberty under the very nose of the French ambassador.

From Halle came another band of students, twenty in number, who also joined Jahn at his headquarters.

Quickly on the heels of Jahn came from Berlin a tale that thrilled every German heart. On the 20th of February, at high noon, and while the town lay completely under the orders of a French garrison, there dashed in at two easterly gates a reckless band of 150 "cowboys," by the peasants called Cossacks. They knocked down all the Frenchmen they met, gal-

loped about the parade-ground (where now stands the National Museum), stared at the big palace, made a short digression down the Unter den Linden, and then pranced away to tell their comrades how they had given the Frenchmen a fright. Had this raid been well planned, the garrison of Napoleon might then and there have been taken prisoners, with the assistance of the citizen soldiers, and the Prussian King in Breslau might have been thereby induced to declare war against Napoleon nearly a month sooner than he actually did.

But enough was done to show the French that their future stay in Berlin would be disagreeable. This handful of cavalry had stirred up the people.

From the east side of the palace, the Broadway, "Breitestrasse," came a mob of citizens, wrote a Berlin volunteer to his friend. They were smiths, who brought their hammers and meant to fight. At the head stalked a big blacksmith with a sledge-hammer on his shoulder. "Follow me," shouted he; "let us spike the French guns."

On they rushed round the corner of the Royal Mews to the Lange Brücke, over the Spree, immediately at that corner of the old palace where the present Emperor has his study. This bridge was guarded by two pieces of artillery and a handful of Frenchmen. The blacksmith floored two of them; the rest took to their heels. Our Berlin mechanic then took two nails from his leather apron, and rendered these two guns useless by stopping up the hole intended for an igniting-fuse. But the enemy soon returned with reenforcements, and the state of this patriot band was a dangerous one. With nothing but his sledge-hammer, our gallant smith held the bridge alone, making head against the hard-pressing soldiers. He felled to the ground several of them, but was soon himself overpowered, and a dozen French bayonets stained the Berlin street with his blood. But the citizens rallied over the body of their champion, and, for the time at least, drove back the French soldiers, and carried the dead body of their felled leader to an honorable resting-place in the Royal Mews.



A VOLUNTEER OF 1813

All this, and much more, took place under the windows of the King's palace. These Berlin patriots were all rebels in the eyes of that King who was protesting in Breslau his devotion to France.

The name of the rebel blacksmith is not mentioned in courtly history, nor does Germany honor him with a monument, yet he served his country more effectively than many a titled grandee now standing in bronze at the corners of Berlin squares.

Freedom and father-land are two words which were never heard in Germany until this early spring of 1813; for only during these days did the German people commence to have a voice in the making of their political vocabulary.

Breslau, Königsberg, and Berlin were by this time in the full tide of patriotic insurrection, and this popular feeling was encouraged by the King's best generals. York continued in disgrace, and was ordered before a court martial. The King did not acquit him before March 12th. Gneisenau hurried home from England as soon as he heard that the people of Germany were organizing for war; but his King received him coldly. Blücher was in idleness and disgrace at Breslau, battling with himself—torn between his duty as a soldier and his desire as a patriot. His fiery and fearless nature fretted because the King would not allow him to fight the French. His honest soul reflects itself in a characteristic letter to his dear friend Scharnhorst, dated February 10, 1813. The original is full of the most comical sins against German spelling and grammar; for Blücher was anything but a scholar. "I cannot sit quiet without snapping my teeth together when it is a matter of liberty and my country. Let the diplomatic vermin and sons of pigs go to the devil. Why should we not jump into our saddles and pitch into the French like a thunder-bolt? Any one who advises the King to hesitate longer and treat of peace with Napoleon is a traitor to him and the whole father-land, and deserves to be shot. For while we stay here gabbling, instead of rousing the people to war, the French take the opportunity of putting their army in order; and so say I, Up and at the enemy, and stick your sword between his ribs."

So thought and spoke German monarchists in the opening of 1813.

XXV.

THE ALTAR OF GERMAN LIBERTY—1813.

In this early spring of 1813 the most absolute of Prussian monarchs found himself going to war with the weapons of democracy. Seven years before, he had been routed when in command of 250,000 professional soldiers commanded by officers of noble name. He was now to fight Napoleon once more, armed not with the strength of a large standing army, but with forces he could but dimly estimate. Napoleon had become great by fighting at the head of a people in arms, called together by a revolutionary congress. Germans were now to meet him on his own ground, not merely army against army, but people against people, to determine which could give and take the hardest blows. Frederick William III.'s call for volunteers on February 3d met with a response that reminds one of the noblest days of republican Rome. The local German newspapers contained lists of patriotic offerings made to the father-land by rich and poor, but chiefly by the poor. The local museums of Germany treasure up these copies, and they make strange reading to-day. Here are a few:

Franz Lami advertises in Berlin that he will undertake, "as far as his time will allow," to do the work of such poor teachers as desire to go and fight for their country, "and to forward them their monthly salary, without any charge whatsoever."

Another advertises that he wants to join the volunteers, but has only money enough to buy the cloth for the trousers of his uniform. He begs patriots to help him.

"The peasant Mayor of Elsholz had only two horses, but he gave the better of the two to the army without asking pay." This was an official announcement.

"The widow D. P. gives four thalers and her engagement ring."

Professor Cravenshorst of the Breslau University begged the government to keep back half of his small salary for the sake of helping on the war. And this, too, before the King had declared war!

Doctor Zirtzow, who was evidently proprietor of a bathing establishment, offered the proceeds of two hundred hot baths to his King, each bath being valued at eight groschens, or about twenty cents.

An anonymous patriot is recorded as sending three silver table-spoons. Herr Lanzfeld from Weiseldorf sends to the army a beautiful troop-horse, with this



THE SMITH SPIKING THE GUNS ON THE LANGE BRÜCKE.

message: "The Frenchman has stolen five of my horses, so I send the sixth after them."

Professor Steffens is honorably mentioned as not merely himself shouldering a musket, but as having raised 71 thalers to equip volunteers.

Two ladies send each her gold thimble, saying that they will now use brass ones instead.

Little Mary sends one thaler and eight groschens, which had been given her to buy a wax doll.

And so on down page after page of pathetic evidence that women and children, young and old, peasant and noble, Jew and Christian, all now joined in the common desire to give the last thing of value they had for the liberation of the father-land.

The officials of the crown for once found themselves embarrassed by the rapidity with which the already hardly taxed people crowded upon them with precious offerings for their King. It was then no empty phrase to lay gifts upon the altar of their country. Every government office in Prussia came to resemble that of a prosperous pawnbroker, where every article with a market value could be found — from a baby's penny bank to a soldier's uniform.

One of the most touching acts of devotion to the cause of liberty was that of a girl of eighteen, a daughter of noble parents, living in Breslau. She was famed

for her beauty, and, above all, for her masses of golden hair. She had nothing else to give, and so she went to a barber and asked him what her hair was worth. He answered, ten thalers. She asked him to cut it off; but the man refused, for obvious reasons. The girl went home, cut her hair off herself, wrapped it up, and sent it to the King's officials with this note: "The barber has offered ten thalers for this hair. I am happy in being able to make this small gift to my country."

The committee had the fortunate idea of making of this famous hair bracelets and rings, which they sold so successfully that from this source alone they received 250 thalers.

Another well-born maiden of eighteen left her home in Potsdam and joined the "free corps" of Major Lützow. Eleanora Renz was her name, and she fought, like another Joan of Arc, with a single purpose, the deliverance of her King. Not a man of the Lützow regiment suspected that one of their best troopers was a woman, until September 16th. On that day they charged into a French battery, Eleanora in front. A cannon-ball smashed her right leg. She fell from her horse, supported by a comrade, and only in her death did she disclose the fact that she was a girl.

In the Körner Museum of Dresden, a place rarely visited by the tourist, I held in my hand a precious symbol of Germany's greatness—an iron finger-ring with these words only upon it: "Gold gab ich für Eisen, 1813"—Gold gave I for iron.

It was in these days of early spring that a Berlin patriot, Rudolf Werkmeister, called upon his fellow-Germans to help in freeing their country by giving to the King their rings—the most precious thing in the world to many a one. He pointed out that the value of a ring lay not in the mere fact of its being made of gold or silver; that it was precious because of its associations. He proposed to enhance the value of these associations by giving in return rings of iron, which should for all time perpetuate the memory of the noble struggle on which they were about to embark.

On the very first day after this call 150 rings of gold were exchanged for iron ones, and the best calculation on the subject records 160,000 gold rings laid upon the altar of German liberty in these early days of 1813.

Think of it—you who know the German heart—the deep sentiment that is evoked by the sight of a ring, the emblem of love and fidelity! What struggles must these iron rings represent—struggles in which love of country triumphed over every other consideration! As the Iron Cross was to become the most precious decoration of the German soldier, so amongst women there was soon no ring so precious as the ring of iron.

The French in Berlin did not at first understand the strange enthusiasm that was abroad. They were disposed to think that all this activity meant new Prussian regiments destined to march once more against Moscow under French orders. The streets of Berlin in these days were much like those of Breslau. The old men were drilling the youngsters; everybody wore the national cockade of black and white. Those who had not already gone off to join the volunteers in Breslau were waiting only to complete their military outfit, and were seen hurrying about town, from saddler to tailor, urging on the completion of their uniforms. The French garrison soon learned through their agents that these volunteers had no idea of fighting any one but Napoleon, and the order was therefore given that no more volunteers should leave Berlin. But it was then too late. The volunteers streamed away from every gate, at first in disguise, but later in well-armed bands that laughed at the French guards who challenged them as they passed.

One of these volunteer leaders was the author of *Undine*, the poet De la Motte Fouqué, a man of French-Norman ancestry, but of German birth and feeling. At the head of seventy volunteer troopers he galloped away one day in February to join his King in Breslau. That King was still Napoleon's ally, but the poet sang as the heart sings, and not to the tune of diplomacy. On this glorious journey he first rested in Potsdam, and there, in the church which holds the mortal remains of the great Frederick, he and his seventy men kneeled in prayer, while the Lutheran pastor consecrated them to the work of liberation. Then to horse once more, and on to Breslau, singing a song composed upon the march by their leader—a song that has lost none of its charm to the German youth.



"FOR KING AND FATHER-LAND."

This song said nothing of helping the King's ally, Napoleon. On the contrary, it spoke only of Germany.

"Wir wollen ein Heil erbauen
Für all das Deutsche Land."

"We are fighting for the great German father-land," sang the poet, and the song was sung in the wake of his troopers wherever they passed between Potsdam and Breslau.

These days were days of rosy hope in the breast of every true German, and it is a pleasure to linger long amongst episodes that so beautifully reflect the generous impulses which in that year animated the body of the people. In the Prussia of 1813 golden rings and the songs of poets meant very much indeed, but still the cold fact persisted that down to March 16th of that golden year the King of Prussia was in alliance with the man whom Germans regarded as their only enemy.

XXVI.

THE GERMAN SOLDIER SINGS OF LIBERTY.

"The Free Land, the German Land;
That was the German's Father-land."

So sang young Körner in 1813, wearing the trooper's uniform of the Lützow regiment. But Körner was not a Prussian. Dresden was his birthplace, and he had become an Austrian by adoption. At the outbreak of this war, in his twenty-first year, he gave up a valuable position as court dramatist in Vienna, and hurried to Breslau to fight for German liberty. He entered the ranks, and at once commenced to produce such war-songs as Germans never heard before. The war became a holy one, and those who fought marched to battle with hymns.

The army was full of poetry in those days. Its highest expression was the independent corps of Lützow. No sooner had this corps, on February 15th, secured its outward organization by royal permission than Jahn at once prepared a patriotic song-book, and formed a choir from amongst his recruits. The army of Frederick the Great had no better soldier songs than the dirty ditties that are howled about in pothouses — for where should his men have ever heard of liberty and father-land? They fought for pay and plunder, and ran away whenever they could.

The fellow-warriors of Körner sang hymns of praise to the God of Battles — glorious appeals for justice at the hands of a great Jehovah. They made the long march musical with tribute to manly virtue, maiden purity, love of country, and, above all, a free and united father-land. No ribald song was heard about the camp-fires of these men. Those whose lives had been loosest felt that in the ranks of volunteers they must at least pretend to the puritanism they could not afford to ignore. The poets whose verses cheered the patriots in 1813 were, as a rule, not Prussians. Schiller and Uhland were from Würtemberg; Arndt was from a Swedish province; Körner was an Austrian. Schiller died the year before Jena was fought, but his verses are full of his great passion for liberty. Amongst them, however, Körner holds a unique position. He had given up all his worldly prospects for the sake of fighting the battles of Prussia. His songs were written by the light of camp-fires, on the march, and not unfrequently in the saddle. They were sung by his fellow-fighters immediately after taking shape in his precious note-book; and this note-book absorbed his heart's blood when he died in battle, in the last days of August, 1813.

Körner was pre-eminently the champion of German liberty and German unity under the constitution. He did not leave his congenial literary work in Vienna for the sake of saving a dynasty merely Prussian. He joined the regiment of Lützow because that band of patriots symbolized United Germany. The men of the Lützow corps talked of Germany — never of Prussia. They worshipped the tricolor of Germany, not the mere black and white of Prussia. That precious little note-book in which Körner wrote his stirring songs is now sacredly preserved in Dresden, in the house of his birth. As a special favor I was allowed to hold it in my hands and turn the blood-stained leaves on which is inscribed so much that helped to make Germany free.

Happy Körner, that he died with Scharnhorst in that same year 1813! Had he survived Waterloo, he too would have been branded as were Jahn and Arndt as men of dangerous purpose, seeing that they sang of liberty. Liberty is the key-note of Körner's songs, and it is well that Germans should be reminded of this in



LÜTZOW'S WILD HUNTSMEN.

times when many people are disposed to look upon the German army as the chief support of the throne.

Körner left Vienna on March 15, 1813. From that day till the moment of his death this book was never separated from his person. He wrote each day in it, and it is an extraordinary reflection of a mind giving voice to the strongest feelings of this stirring period.

On the 18th of March Körner passed the last Austrian post on his way to Breslau. Even the black eagle of Prussia suggested liberty, and he then and there

dedicated to that despotic bird an ode in which he gave her credit for leading the way towards German liberty.

Those who hurried to Breslau in 1813, particularly those who were Germans from other states than Prussia, said in their hearts what Jahn wrote to his wife: "I have drawn my sword, not for glory, but for the liberty and unity of the German father-land."

The regiment of Major Lützow took for its banner not the black and white colors of Prussia, but the black, gold, and red symbol of a united Germany. This was a free German regiment, and in its ranks was born the first great impulse towards a union of all Germans under one imperial head. The colors of Germany were so dear to them that even their uniform was black, with red facings and brass buttons. The King, however, even at this stage of the campaign, saw something revolutionary in the way the young Lützow warriors sang of liberty, and he therefore forbade them flying the imperial tricolor.

The people held its colors dear, and after Waterloo the students and endless other organizations seized upon the red, gold, and black banner as an outward expression of their desire for a federal constitution. The government, however, regarded these colors as a sign of rebellion, and in 1832 it was made a criminal offence to show this flag. The short-lived revolutionary government of 1848 restored it to the people and to the army as a symbol of German unity; but in the days of reaction that followed, this flag once more became the object of persecution. It has to-day lost all political significance; for the dreams of liberty and unity have been realized, and the tricolor of black, gold, and red is revived in the German imperial ensign of red, white, and black.

But liberty called for many a martyr before this end was achieved.

Körner's note-book reflects the feelings of a typical Lützow trooper, and the Lützow corps is a picture of what was noblest in the army of liberation. It is therefore not without significance that nearly every song of Körner is the song of union and liberty.

Körner's second poem was written on March 19th, the day after apostrophizing the Prussian eagle; and on this occasion he, the Austrian, made a glorious ode to the saintly Queen Luise, the Prussian Madonna, opening with the words: "Du heilige, hör deiner Kinder Flehen!"—Thou saintly one, hear thy children's prayer!

Luise in her grave was a mighty power in that day, and the poet stirred a strong chord when he reminded the people that their Queen had died faithful to the cause of Germany.

"As when an army, gathering up its strength,
Goes forth with courage in a righteous war,
A holy picture glows upon its flag,
An oriflamme to lead them goes before,
So shall thy picture on our banners wave,
And light us on to victory once more.
Luise, be thou our guardian in the fight,
To lead us out of darkness into light!"

Another soldier-poet, Henry von Kleist, wrote of her after Jena, December 6, 1806: "She gathers about her all our great men whom the King neglects. She it is who holds together what has not yet fallen to pieces."

Körner sang of the soldier's joy in the field; of duty to God; of brotherhood and manly virtues; of the daring corps of Lützow. He wrote hymns and bacchanalians; political manifestoes and scathing rhymes against lukewarm Germans. But throughout recur the words liberty and unity. He appeals to God as the God of liberty. Even the Austrian eagle he addresses as the protector of German liberty. The Königsberg rebels he welcomes as the champions of liberty. "Liberty calls us," writes he, "and therefore let us fight."

"Hoch pflanze da die Freiheit's Fahne"—There let us hoist high up the flag of liberty.

"The star of liberty is the star of German life."

No wonder that the King began to ask where this revolutionary poetry was to end!

Körner called upon Germans to rally under the banners of this King, because, forsooth, "A golden future lies before us—a heaven full of the sweets of liberty."

Happy Körner, that he did not survive this war! So he sang, happily, "What is life without liberty?" confident that he was earning the gratitude of the Prussian monarch, who all the while regarded him as a pestiferous demagogue, along with the rest of the Lützow volunteers. And as Körner sang of liberty, so sang Jahn and Arndt and many another patriot.

The people applauded Schiller and Goethe whenever was heard a line of theirs praising liberty. Goethe had no sympathy with this notion, and sneered at the efforts of his countrymen to throw off the Napoleonic yoke. He said once, in response to Körner's father, who spoke of his son and pointed to his sword hanging on the wall, "You good people may shake your chains, you will never break them; that man [Napoleon] is too big for you." That was Goethe's opinion of the war against Napoleon, given in the year 1813, as repeated by the poet Arndt.

Schiller's "William Tell" could not be given too often to please the taste of the day, and his lines were in the mouth of every school-boy—a stimulus to patriotic effort:

"Für seinen König muss das Volk sich opfern;
Das ist das Schicksal und Gesetz der Welt.
Nichtswürdig ist die Nation
Die nicht ihr Alles setzt an ihre Ehre."

These lines were furiously applauded in the Berlin theatres before the eve of Jena, and gained in force with every passing year of national disgrace.

One or two of Körner's best-known lines are in his "Song of the Riflemen," written in the field, 1813, on March 22d, the birthday of that Prussian prince who was destined to become the first German Emperor. The volunteers sang it as they marched out of Zobten a few days after it was composed. In this splendid song are these lines:

"Yet, brothers, we together stand;
That keeps our courage good.
Bound by one speech, a holy band;
Linked by one God, one father-land,
One faithful German blood."

On June 15th he wrote, in the field, the following:

"Herz, lass dich nicht zerspalten
Durch Feindes List und Spott.
Gott wird es wohl verwalten;
Er ist der Freiheit Gott."



KÖRNER IN THE UNIFORM OF THE LÜTZOW FREE CORPS.
Drawn in Dresden by his sister, Emma Körner, while the Free Corps was on the march.

"In the house of God have we taken the oath to fight—to die for our—for your liberty. The blessing of God is with us, as are the hopes and prayers of all true loyal hearts.... In our midst is no distinction of birth, of rank, of nationality. We are all free men...."

These are amongst the closing words of Körner's address to the Saxons, published in the Leipzig newspaper of Monday, April 12, 1813. It appeals to the Saxon's love of Luther and liberty—an appeal which, however, made no impression on the Saxon King and his court.

These few extracts will suffice to prove that in the days of "storm and stress" (Sturm und Drang) of 1813 Germany spoke with a freedom unknown before, and never again possible until the battle of Sedan made German unity a real thing.

The great national hymn, the "Watch on the Rhine," was not written then; and it is significant that with this one exception the popular patriotic songs of Germany to-day are the same as those which cheered the Prussians at Leipzig and at Waterloo. Great songs were rare before 1813, and few have arisen since. Good songs are the songs of free men, and the early days of 1813 were days of dawning liberty. All Germany became vocal with the song that springs from a bursting heart. Poetry was then a force that raised armies; the minstrel was mightier than the King; the people marched to battle for a mere idea; regiments went down upon their knees and asked strength of God.

But of all the songs of war, there was none more dearly loved than the glorious hymn of Martin Luther—"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Such was German liberty in 1813.

TWENTY-FOUR : FOUR.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

MRS. FORTITUDE FILLEBROWN had neuralgia at the base of the brain, and Melissy Pulsifer had sent for the doctor. When Melissy experienced a similar disorder she called it a headache behind. But Mrs. Fillebrown had neuralgia at the base of the brain.

Now it snowed—only a New England February knows *how* it snowed—and the road to the village was blocked. Melissy got badly drabbled wading over to Silas Whey's to ask Silas to send Adoniram out with old Peter Parley to bring the doctor. Melissy came home soaked.

"You'll be down yourself," sighed Mrs. Fillebrown. "We might die here for all anybody would know or care."

"I've got my bitters," said Melissy, dryly.

"Then you have to recover from the bitters," suggested Melissy's employer, with the tinge of sarcasm which a neuralgic diathesis lends to the workings of the most literal mind.

One does not say Melissy's "mistress." Melissy was a Yankee and a neighbor. She did not serve. She "accommodated." But she had accommodated Mrs. Fillebrown affectionately for nearly ten years —ever since Joe Fillebrown died, and was buried in Northwest Peony churchyard, and Mrs. Fillebrown had erected a dutiful slab of Rutland marble to his not altogether blessed memory.

There is no fidelity more attractively loyal than the fidelity of an American domestic, when one is privileged to command a good specimen of its intelligence and energy. Mrs. Fillebrown had been thus fortunate. The two women had grown fond of each other, as solitary women do (unless they hate) in silent, manless country homes, where the little that life has to offer is shared and made the most of with pathetic and democratic interest.

"It *dooz* snow," observed Melissy, looking out of the window at the white whirlwind. It swept between the two women and their nearest neighbor, a revolving wall, solid and sardonic. It seemed to shut them apart from all the world.

"It's reely r'arin' up," said Melissy. "I guess the doctor 'll hev high jinks wallerin' through them drifts along by Silas's."

Mrs. Fillebrown groaned. Melissy Pulsifer would have dug her way through the snow to the village on her hands and knees if she could have cured the base of Mrs. Fillebrown's brain. But in that finer activity which we call tact, Melissy did not excel. Mrs. Fillebrown thought that this was because Melissy was too healthy.

It grew later, and late. It grew dull, and dusk. The doctor did not come. The storm increased viciously. The drift began to block the back yard, an ominous garrison, tall and impregnable, piling against the shed; and over towards Silas Whey's the road lay even and high, winding like a white, unbroken river to the unseen town.

Adoniram and Peter Parley had not been known to return. The stanch old-fashioned house, dating from the days when carpenters built "on honor," trembled through all its oaken skeleton. Now and then plaster rattled from somewhere overhead; a blind broke loose in the kitchen, and swung slapping till it smashed the window-pane. When Melissy went to fix it, she came back covered with snow.

"Do brush it off!" complained Mrs. Fillebrown. "You look like a dead person. Isn't that doctor in sight yet?"

"I've het you up some beef tea," replied Melissy, cheerfully.

It was growing quite dark in the sitting-room. Melissy pugnaciously delayed to light the lamps, showing therein the possession of more delicacy of imagination than we gave her credit for.

"She don't know how late it is," thought Melissy. "And there ain't no call she should."

The faces of the two women stood out like satin masks, white above their dark dresses, in the gathering dusk. Their forms were scarcely visible to each other. Neither spoke. The maid stood by the window, staring out. The mistress, from the lounge, where she lay covered with the blue and red afghan that Melissy crocheted at Christmas, watched her.

Mrs. Fillebrown thought how important Melissy was to her. There was no one else — she had nobody else in the world. This seemed worse sometimes

than neuralgia at the base; and Mrs. Fillebrown's imagination could no farther go.

Her face twitched with two kinds of pain—the one that the doctor prescribed for, when he could get there, and the one that no doctor could cure. She had been a handsome woman when Joe Fillebrown courted her; trouble had taken her color and contour, but had left her fineness of feature, and that carriage of the head which only a woman who is or once was beautiful ever has.

Now Melissy had never been handsome. But there was a look about her kind eyes and resolute white mouth that seemed beautiful to the other lonely woman, as Melissy stood sturdily challenging the storm for the first symptom of the doctor's approach.

"'Tain't no use," said Melissy, suddenly, at last. "He's blocked. We've gotter make a night on't without him. I'll het you up the soapstones, and get you to bed, and set by you. I can sleep in my blanket-wrapper as comf't'ble as they make 'em. There ain't no use mincin' of it. He ain't a-comin'. He's wallerin' on the road somewheres with Adoniram and Peter Parley."

She smoothed her white apron over her chocolate calico dress, drew the curtains decidedly, and lighted the double burner with blue crêpe silk shade. The faces of the two women took on a moribund hue in the cold color of the lamp.

Melissy's prophecy, as is not at all sure to be the case with the pessimism of optimistic people, proved accurately correct. The doctor did not get through till daylight; and Mrs. Fillebrown's neuralgia, with the eccentricity characteristic of that wilful disorder, had fled before him.

She was so much better when he dug his way to her front gate that she was delightfully cross. The doctor treated the symptom gleefully, as he would the squalls of a convalescent baby.

"I won't go through another such night, not even to please Providence!" snapped Mrs. Fillebrown. "We might starve, or freeze, or be murdered in our beds here—for all Northwest Peony. It's no sort of way to live. I'm going to have a man in the house if I live till the snow-plough gets out!"

"There ain't nobody but Adoniram and old Mr. Ginger. He's deef as a seraphim on a gravestone, and drags on the left side sence he had his stroke," remarked Melissy. "An' I'd like to know how long you'd hev Adoniram perfumin' up this house—feelin' the way you do about caows."

"Have a telephone," suggested the doctor, with the cosmopolitan air that he wore when he had been to Boston, and felt that he was what he called "in touch with the world." "It is cheaper than a man, and more protection. You are quite able, Mrs. Fillebrown, to afford these modern improvements. Really, I should feel much easier about you."

These last words touched Mrs. Fillebrown; for the doctor, with the emotional economy of his kind, was not lavish of his sympathy. She said to Melissy twice that day, "The doctor says he should feel easier about me."

She told Mrs. Whey so, when that good neighbor came in after the storm to verify the startling rumor that Mrs. Fillebrown had ordered a telephone put up in her bedroom, possible burglars and actual neuralgia being offered as the chief excuses for this incredible act. Silas came himself, and Mrs. Fillebrown's lawyer, Wiley X. Toyl, the minister's wife, the grocer from Peony Centre, the dressmaker, the sweet-potato man, and four of Mrs. Fillebrown's Sunday-school class. Mrs. Fillebrown had not received so many calls—who could say when? She grew quite chatty and cheerful. She was not used to being an object of public interest or attention.

"I have signed the contract," she said, "under Mr. Wiley X. Toyl's advice. The instrument is to go in next week. The doctor says he shall feel so much easier about me."

She repeated this phrase with a pathetic comfort at which it is not easy for a fine sympathy to smile. She was so starved for common human affection that she eagerly devoured the professional substitute for it—that pseudo-sympathy, that discreet dose of friendly interest, which is all that so many ailing and lonely women get from any source. Not that there was the palest tinge of sentiment in the attitude of her mind towards her doctor. She would as soon have thought of romancing about Silas Whey, or even old Mr. Ginger. She was an experienced, indeed a cynical, widow, holding all masculine admiration at a cold distance, and the doctor was the infatuated bridegroom of a brand-new second wife. But he was

the only person in the world (except Melissy) who knew how Mrs. Fillebrown felt, was sorry, and sometimes said so.

Most of us learn some one lesson out of life's primer better than all the rest put together. Many of us study it in the form of a reiterated or monotonous trouble by which the unseen Power seems trying to screw some particular idea into our dull heads. Fortitude Fillebrown had learned the weakness of man, and what it means to woman. We might add that she had discovered the incurability of neurotic disorders; but that is secondary. You have seen carpenters screwing "bits" into hard wood, and have watched the shrinking, shrieking fibre as the tool bores its way. Supplant the wood by the living human brain, and that is neuralgia. But the boring, physical agonies of all the years of her lonely life, in which she had so little else to think of except the bit and the bore, were transport beside that other kind of pain which a strong and loving woman endures when she first admits to herself that the man she loves does not deserve her warm and wasted trust, and that her marriage is a definite mistake.

It had come gradually to Fortitude Fillebrown, as the consciousness of most such misfortunes comes. There was the slight but growing neglect, the intermittent tenderness, the increasing absence from home, the sharp and sharper word, the cooling indifference, unrecognized by the man himself, the occasional, then the frequent, domestic "scene."

When he lost his situation (Joe was a railroad man), from that sheer carelessness of temperament which we hesitate to call shiftlessness when we find it in one we love, she did not take the incident too much to heart. She owned their pretty home, and had enough for two to live on, with the old-fashioned economy to which her father had trained her. (He was master of the Peony Centre High-School, and had written an arithmetic successful in its day.) But Joe liked other ways. He developed habits as foreign to her simple ideas as the *milieu* of Monte Carlo. It took her a long time to understand what these meant. The wife is the last person to hear the truth about the life of a dissipated man. Rumors reached her on vague wings, and she buffeted them away as if they had been bats. But one night he came home unmistakably and savagely drunk.

From that hour she began to cast up the black items in the long sum by which a woman tries to solve the problem—given dead honor and dying love, how preserve enough happiness to keep alive on and save a home?

"Give me time, Forty," Joe said, in one of his best moments, "and I'll come out right yet. You're quick, my girl, you know. Let a fellow have his rope, and don't yank him in and give him up because he tugs on it. I'm not *all* bad yet, Forty. Be patient with me, girl, as long as you *can*—won't you?"

Joe wore upon his watch-guard a little iron Greek cross that his wife had put there once to signalize some one of his repentant vows to be or do something that she had asked him, and when he said this, Joe fingered the iron cross nervously. He always did the day after a spree. The trinket grew to have a sickly association in her mind with the piteous reaching out of irreclaimable weakness after strength which it is too weak to know that it cannot command.

Patient at first she was, or she thought she was; it amounted to the same thing in her mind, if not in Joe's. But, as Joe said, Fortitude was "quick." The recorder of her history does not claim that she was a perfect wife. There are some women nearly that; one wonders at their number.

But Fortitude Fillebrown was more human than superior—a loving, impulsive, warm-hearted, quick-tongued woman. She found it hard to forgive. Things rankled. She brooded. Sometimes she nagged. Her sense of outraged womanhood was stronger in her than the warm, maternal pity for a man, which is often the sweetest thing in the wife of a better husband than Joe Fillebrown.

"You women don't understand us men," Joe said, one day, rather drearily.

In short, Fortitude's patience broke when her heart did, and this was bad.

Her courage followed her patience. Bitterly sometimes she gibed at the irony of her own brave name. When things were at their worst she was half conscious that she had not the pluck of women she had read of, or of one or two she had known. But she did not know a great many people. She lived an uneventful life. After Joe died it grew secluded. She dreamed, and remembered, and had neuralgia, and answered Melissy.

Indeed, Joe took himself off in a painful way; and one need not wonder that Fortitude was never quite the woman after that black time that she was before.

Only Melissy ever knew the facts; but Melissy was in the dining-room putting away the silver, and the door was not latched.

Joe had come home very drunk the night before; had slept through the stupor which disgusts a woman with his sex in a way that no man can ever understand, and was "coming to," after supper, in a ferocious mood. He had put on his hat to go out again. His wife remonstrated. He turned and clinched his fist, and without a moment's hesitation brought it down on her neck and shoulders. It was the first time he had ever struck her. She cried out, and he struck her again.

She staggered, and her face turned a terrible color. She was not hurt much—in her flesh—a mere bruise that passed away next day. But her heart received a mortal wound.

All the pride of her sex, her maiden years, her father's name, her wifehood—its outraged fidelity and tenderness—leaped up. She walked with a firm step to the front door and opened it. She stretched her hand out—she had a hand with a fine profile—and pointed into the dark.

"Go!" she articulated, distinctly.

"Very well," said Joe; "that'll suit me. The house is yours, as you say."

Now Fortitude had said nothing of the kind. She only stood still—that was all—and pointed through the open door.

Joe gave one sodden glance at her majestic figure; he scarcely raised his eyes to the face, solemn as an antique marble, that frowned above the level of his low gaze. He stood feebly fingering the iron cross upon his watch-chain.

She remembered afterwards that he took off his hat; then he went down the steps. He called back once through the dark, "Good-by, girl."

She did not answer. And she never saw Joe again.

She expected him for a few days, and Melissy set his plate at the table every night. But he did not come. And one evening Mrs. Silas Whey came in, with the minister and his wife, and the three divided between them, as best they could, the news which they bore.

There had been a fire at Peony Centre; it was in a low hotel or boarding-house. Joe was staying there; he had been on a steady spree since he left home. It was a bitter night, and blew a gale. The rustic fire department used up the water-supply, and looked on while the house went down.

Seven people—some men, some women, some drunk, some sober, were smothered or burned.

Joe had got out of the building, it was quite certain. But he was seen to go back.

There was a cry that a little serving-maid, an uncouth, ignorant Swede, but a week in the country, was entrapped and perishing in the attic. It was believed that Joe went back to save the little maid.

They covered his face and brought him home to his wife. His clothes were ashes, but the iron cross on his watch-guard had not burned. Pitiful symbol of the metal that was lacking in the man! Sacred sign of the touch of dedication which transmutes feebler frailty than Joe's into character! Pathetic memory of those unrecorded scenes, those hopes and despairs, those ecstasies and agonies, known only to the dead man and to his living wife!

She broke when she saw the iron cross, and the women about her trembled before her cry.

With her own shaking fingers she removed the cross from Joe's poor body. From that hour she wore it on a ribbon, out of sight, against her heart. And from that hour she mourned and loved him.

Now Melissy marvelled much at this. A few months after Joe was buried, "I calc'late," said Melissy to herself, "she'd take another lickin' to get him back agin."

When Joe had been dead so many years that Melissy almost lost track of them, "Lordy," thought Melissy, "I calc'late she'd take a lickin' every day to set her eyes on him for a spell."

Melissy supposed it was because she had never been married that she found it so hard to understand the grief of the drunkard's widow. The old maid did not respect the wife altogether for this mystery of conjugal allegiance.

"When a man ain't wuth it," mused Melissy, "he ain't *wuth*."

Melissy welcomed anything, even a



"IT IS VERY INTERESTING."

modern improvement, that would alleviate the desolation of the house. She was very much interested in the telephone.

"It's all over taown!" she cried, gleefully. "Some they call it onchristian extravagance, and some says the money'd better go to the A.B.C.F.M., or the W.C.T.U., or the Widder's Mite. But Silas Whey he's a-talkin' of puttin' one in himself; an' him a deacon! He says, seein' the poles run right by, he didn't s'pose the company'd charge nothin' extry. And Wiley X. Toyl, I hear he's ordered already. You've sot the fashion now, I do declare."

"So it seems," said Mrs. Fillebrown, blushing importantly. "These modern improvements are very interesting."

She went to the post-office that morning herself, although the wind was northwest and neuralgic, to mail a letter subscribing to a popular scientific periodical. She felt what she called a mental stimulus quite new to her drowsy and dreamy life.

She was gone some time—so many people stopped her to say how glad they were to see her out, and when was her "instrumunt" going in?—and when she came home she was surprised to hear voices in the house.

She stepped into the hall softly, and closed the door without noise. Melissy's obvious tones rose with their own familiar positiveness upon her employer's astonished ear.

"You don't catch me! What? *Me?* Put my mouth into that hole? Lordy! give me the cullender and show me how to handle the darn thing. Looks like a tunnel a man had got a patent on without askin' his wife if it would let syrup through. So? I feel like a fritter fried too long. What 'll I do *naow?*"

Mrs. Fillebrown walked softly through the dining-room. The door of her bedroom was open. In that sacred apartment boldly appeared Melissy and a man. The "instrument," in the visible form of the neat oaken desk of the long-distance and metallic circuit, stood already in position against the wall.

Melissy sat at the desk. The local manager, in no wise loath to expend the time of the corporation in Melissy's stimulating society, stood twitching an amused mustache behind her. Neither of the two observed Mrs. Fillebrown.

"Now talk," said the affable manager. "Say something."

Melissy put her mouth to the transmitter and the receiver to her ear. She flushed with embarrassment, and sat in abnormal silence.

"Look a-here," said Melissy, meekly. "I can't think of a dumb thing to say."

She laid the receiver down weakly. Her strong, red fingers fumbled on the desk.

"Then it's the first time, I'll warrant," suggested the manager, wickedly.

Melissy fired at the fuse. She picked up the receiver stoutly, and in a defiant tone began:

"Here—you. Hello! Hel—*lo!* Yes. I hear you. Yes, I *said* I heard you. Hel—hum—ho! This corporation's got an awful sarsy manager. I'll say that for it."

Melissy choked, and sank back.

"Ring up now," directed the manager, amiably. "Call up some one else. You've got to learn."

"I don't know who to call," pleaded Melissy, faintly.

Who had ever seen Melissy embarrassed before? It took the greatest of contemporaneous monopolies to disconcert the Yankee girl who "accommodated" for an income.

"Call up your grocer, and see if there isn't somebody in the store you know," observed the manager, with the ingenuity of his class. "Ask for 32: 5."

"32 : 5!" demanded Melissy, in a fierce and resolute tone. "Mercy to Betsy! he says what do I want. What *do* I want?"

"Tell him you thought your young man was in the store, and you wanted a few words with him," commanded the godless manager.

Now Melissy's head was so muddled by this time, that she retained few if any intelligent ideas beyond the conviction that the corporation must be obeyed, on forfeit of the instrument.

Mechanically she repeated the terrible language which the manager put into her mouth. There was a moment's significant silence in the telephone. Then Melissy could hear peals of profane masculine laughter reverberating through the grocery store.

"*I'll* answer the lady," broke in a sturdy voice. "Hullo, Miss Melissy! I'm proud to talk to ye!"

Melissy's face burned a dark, brick red.

"Child of sin and sorrow!" she gasped. "That's Adoniram Whettlestone! That's Silas Whey's Adoniram! Mercy to Betsy! I never can hold up my head in Northwest Peony again. I'm done for. Adoniram Whey? *Be* you Adoniram Whettlestone?"

"Yes. I hear you. I wisht I didn't."

"No, I didn't. I never did. I'd 'a' died fust. This fellar give me the order of them words. This is the sarsiest corporation I ever— No. I hain't got nothin' to say to you over no blamed Noo York and Noo England Telephone instrumunt. No, sir. You may tell 'em so, too."

"What's that?"

"I'm a goin' to put this blame thing down offen my ear. I won't hear another word."

"What did you say? I didn't just get that. Say it again. Speak a little louder."

"Mercy to Betsy!"

At this juncture Mrs. Fillebrown made her presence manifest, and Melissy, with a burning face, flew to her for protection. "Take it!" she cried, throwing down the receiver. "Take the blame thing, an' do the foolin' for this here fambly yerself! It's fit to bring scandal on any decent house of women folks!"

With this, weeping for mortification, yet bridling through her tears, Melissy fled from the room.

It was now Mrs. Fillebrown's turn. She sat down with dignity, and picked up the receiver daintily, with her little finger crooked out the way she held a teaspoon in company.

"It is very interesting," she sighed. "Whom shall I talk to?"

"How would the doctor do?" suggested the astute manager.

"Shall I have to pay for a professional call?" asked the lady, anxiously. "I haven't got two dollars' worth of neuralgia to-day."

Being reassured on this point, she put her lips to the transmitter and faintly murmured: "Is the doctor in? Somebody says he isn't in," she added, in a disappointed tone. "I think it is his second wife."

"Are you sure it isn't his first?" asked the jocular manager.

"I'm not a spiritualist," replied the new subscriber, with dignity. The manager, who was no natural fool, perceived that he had unwittingly called out the concealed severity of an amiable woman —had stumbled on the subject of Mrs. Fillebrown's dearest aversion. He murmured a deprecating apology.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Fillebrown, suddenly blushing. "They say there are twins at the sweet-potato man's, and they can't tell when to expect the doctor."

At this instant the call-bell rang loudly. Mrs. Fillebrown jumped and trembled. The manager explained that this was not her own call, but a chronic interruption to which she was expected to pay no attention.

"Hev we got ter hev that kerwollopin' in our ears night 'n' day?" demanded Melissy at the door. "I'd sooner *hev* twins —or the Last Trumpet."

Four musical rings now pealed prettily through the solemn house.

"You answer it!" pleaded Mrs. Fillebrown. "I feel somehow — it is very foolish, I know—a little afraid of it. Well, if you think it best— Who's that? Doctor? Why, *Doctor!*" Her pale face flushed with pleasure. "Why, I can recognize his voice—that big, bass tone he has when he's hungry and cross. Doctor? Why, this is delightful. Thank you; I am very much better. I haven't had an attack for ten days. Now, if anything *does* happen, I can call you up, can't I? Two boys, did you say? How interesting! It never occurred to me that a sweet-potato man *could* have twins. I don't think I even knew he was a married man. You see, one thinks of him as a sweet-pota— Yes. Good-by, Doctor. You are always so kind! He says he shall feel so much easier about me," sighed Mrs. Fillebrown, gently, as she hung the receiver in its place. The manager bowed gravely.

"What have you been doing in the front hall, Melissy?" asked Mrs. Fillebrown, after the representative of the corporation had left the house.

"Oh, nothin'," observed Melissy, carelessly — "only offerin' that fellar a hot apple tart I had."

"Dear me, Melissy! I don't know about that. Is it quite—" Mrs. Fillebrown paused for a word. Had the telephone already begun to corrupt the manners of her irreproachable household?

"Waal," said Melissy, grimly, "I thought he needed a little more sarse. I told him so. I het it up, and put a tablespoonful cayenne pepper inside. Then I stirred in a teaspoonful of my bitters and a little lixypro 'n' some mustard. I told him I was lookin' to get a husband on my repootation for cookin'."

"Mercy on us, Melissy! Did the poor young man eat that tart?"

"A big mouthful!" cried Melissy, savagely. "He took a chaw when he got outside. I seen him."

With this spicy prelude the telephone entered Mrs. Fillebrown's household, and there it had been cherished for nearly a year at the time when these records find themselves again concerned with it.

It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of this third member of the family. As Melissy said, it was worth twenty men folks. She said it had better habits, and was more civil. Melissy averred that it was a sight more useful than a husband, and consider'ble less trouble than a family of children.

Mrs. Fillebrown did not say much; but the apparent fact was that the grave without a hope would now have had less terror for her than existence without a telephone connection. The little nickel bell of 24 : 4 was always tinkling merrily through the lonely house. Business occasions demanding the use of the wire

crowded upon the imagination of the subscriber. Friendship, neighborhood charity, and religion in turn combined their forces to supply Mrs. Fillebrown's telephone with steady occupation. Trade and the professions re-enforced each other in keeping the lady busy at her oaken desk. Silas Whey and Wiley X. Toyl added their addresses to the year-book, and their connections to Mrs. Fillebrown's list of electric intimacies. The monthly bills at the grocer's and the butcher's increased so fast that it ceased to be a mystery how these rural tradesfolk could afford telephones. Who could count the unnecessary chops and salads, the delusive patent soaps and dyspeptic canned things, that got into the kitchen because it was so easy for them to get through the telephone? Equally impossible was it to estimate the social excitements which that "instrument" brought into Mrs. Fillebrown's solitary life. Sitting there alone on winter days, in her desolate rooms, she visited, she entertained. Across that tiny, trembling wire all her little world came to her, and thereby she ventured out to it.

One day the Northwest Peony Church (having heard it rumored in Boston that the modern improvements in religion called upon all active parishes to keep open church), in a burst of Christian good sense, put a telephone into the vestry. *Then* Mrs. Fillebrown may be said to have begun to live; for then she found her hands and heart full (or, more precisely and telephonically speaking, her ears and mouth full) of the miseries of other people; and her own, like dissolving figures thrown through a stereopticon, retreated gently. In a word, the wife with a history, the widow with a bitter memory filling the place of a holy grief, the nervous invalid, the cynical recluse, had been added to the noble army of women whose romance has been sublimated into sacrifice. It took a year, but at the end of that year she was well on her way to become one of those neighborhood angels who glorify so many of the villages of New England with a gleam of splendid, moral life—some people name it altruism; some prefer an old-fashioned word, and call it Christianity.

24 : 4 had become the busiest number on the local exchange. The musical bell sang through its glass window at all hours of the day and many of the night. It had become quite the fashion in Northwest Peony to expect Mrs. Fillebrown to "fill up"—to meet those gaps in things which nobody else did or could. Was a watcher needed? Was a girl in trouble which only another woman and an older could understand? Was a young fellow bothered about his debts or his class oration? Ring up 24 : 4! Who will start the subscription to keep a forgotten old lady out of the poorhouse? Who will help out at the minister's while his wife brings the new baby into the world at the precise time when the other children have the measles? Who will look after those girls whom a drunken father sold to a Russian Finn? That boy who has been all winter with no flannels, and one old jacket over his little cotton shirt? Call up 24 : 4!

"We'll have to charge you hotel rates, Mrs. Fillebrown, if this goes on," said the manager, soothing his mustache. But he wouldn't have done it for his situation. He was proud of 24 : 4. Most people in Northwest Peony were. When three calls on this busy number came in one week from the Fresh-air Fund, and one from the State Industrial School, and another from the Women's Prison, the manager felt that his most important subscriber reflected credit on the exchange and on the corporation.

One night in early January Mrs. Fillebrown was very tired. She had been answering the bell all day when she was in, and it had been calling snappily for her all the time she was out. It was late. Melissy had gone to bed with a toothache. The house was quiet. The yard and street were still with the heavy stillness of a windless, winter night when the thermometer is low, and the moon is on the snow.

The last calls of a busy day were over. She had directed Wiley X. Toyl to pay the coal bill that he disputed for those poor Portuguese who had the grippe. She had told the dressmaker not to put on that expensive trimming. She had asked Mrs. Silas Whey how Silas's throat was, and wasn't there anything she could do? Oh, and how was Peter Parley's left hind ankle? She had ordered lemons from the grocer's for Rebecca at the Well. She had ordered extract of beef from the druggist's for the wife of the sweet-potato man, who had blessed the sweet-potato man and shocked the village by adding a

cross-eyed, red-haired girl to her year-old twins.

Mrs. Fillebrown had told one of her Sunday-school scholars how to break an engagement, and another how to trim a bonnet. She had talked quite a while with the minister about the Junior Endeavor Convention, and as long again with his wife about the baby's croup and the little girl's composition. She had asked the doctor what she should do for Melissy's wisdom-tooth, and now she had hung the receiver up, and was lying on the lounge in the sitting-room under Melissy's blue and red afghan.

In one respect alone, it should be said, 24:4 had proved an astonishing disappointment to its subscriber. So little occasion to summon the doctor had lately arisen that Mrs. Fillebrown sometimes felt as if the final cause of her connection with the corporation had been defeated. Beyond a word in behalf of Melissy's toothache, or a prescription for old Mr. Ginger's "left side," or a friendly suggestion what to do for those girls in the parish who were making themselves preeminent by eating slate-pencils and chewing the margins of the religious newspapers, the doctor had found limited professional occupation over the wires of 24:4.

Mrs. Fortitude Fillebrown had grown round and rosy, cheerful and calm. The electric spark which completed her circuit with the warm, human world had brought into her life as much as it carried out.

If Mrs. Fillebrown was not quite a well woman, or if she never would be, she was too busy a one to have the time to know it; and on this particular evening it was an angry surprise suddenly to find that old bit boring "at the base of the brain." She met the fact with that exasperated scorn by which the mind receives those foes of the body which it believed itself to have routed. She would not telephone for the doctor — she set her teeth and clinched her hands and lay still. She felt as ashamed as if neuralgia had been a felony.

"I am only tired out," she said.

The call-bell rang, and she rose wearily to answer it. A young mother in the village who had lost her little girl that winter was going to Boston to consult a spiritualistic medium to-morrow. She telephoned to ask Mrs. Fillebrown to go with her.

"Not a step!" snapped Mrs. Fillebrown, with the decision of a kindly woman whose pet antipathy is unexpectedly aroused. "I won't go an inch with you on any such fool of an errand! You stay at home, Alicia, and say your prayers, and take round the subscription for the Orphans' Home, and put poor little Allie's dresses in a Home Missionary barrel. That's all I've got to say to *you!*"

She came back to the lounge, and crept under the blue and red afghan rather weakly. Indeed, she was tired — soul and body, tired out. She had reached one of those crevices to be found on the steeps of the most noble of lives, where sacrifice itself takes on the weariness and doubtfulness of all human endeavor, and where the climb seems hardly worth the muscle. To crawl in and stop seemed just for that one hour the intelligent thing to do.

Suddenly, as she lay there in this supine mood which all strong beings know but few talk about, it seemed to her that she would give the whole—the whole brave, lonely play — for one of her husband's kisses.

This pang of womanly weakness surprised Mrs. Fillebrown the more because she really had thought so little about Joe for some time past. She was rather glad when the telephone rang again, and she had to stagger in to the bedroom to answer it. The summons came from the manager, who wished to know how she liked the looks of her name and number on the new year-book, and regretted that he should not have the pleasure of serving so valuable a subscriber much longer. He was going to marry a Boston operator, and expected to be promoted to a city exchange.

She had not left the desk before the bell struck once more, and Mr. Adoniram Whettlestone presented his compliments to Miss Melissy Pulsifer, and would like to know if she received that evening.

"She's gone to bed with a toothache, Adoniram," said Mrs. Fillebrown, patiently. "And I must say I should be obliged to you if you wouldn't call us up again to-night. It is the seventh time to-day, and, really, I must have a little rest myself. If you want Melissy, come after her, man fashion; but I can't do second-hand

courting over the telephone for a steady occupation."

It seemed hardly worth while to go back into the sitting-room after this, and Mrs. Fillebrown lay down on her bed, too tired and too ill either to undress or to sit up. It must have been half past nine o'clock when the bell rang with a loud, imperious cry.

"Well?" said Mrs. Fillebrown, wearily. (A subscriber seldom says hilloa.)

"Mrs. Fillebrown," replied the manager, in the voice of an operator moved with the unexpected importance of a country exchange, "here's a Long Distance call for you."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Fillebrown, with reviving interest.

"I don't know. It is a call from Chicago."

"Must be some mistake. I don't know anybody in Chicago."

"There is no mistake. The call is from Chicago — 24 : 4 — Mrs. Fortitude Fillebrown. No mistake at all. I will shut everything else off, and keep the wire clear for you. Speak distinctly, but don't holler. Line connected."

"Good-evening, Chicago," cried Mrs. Fillebrown, thickly, at the top of her lungs.

"Are you Northwest Peony, 24 : 4?"

"Yes."

"Is this Mrs. Fillebrown's house?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Fortitude Fillebrown's?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Joseph Fillebrown's?"

"This is the house."

"Are *you* Mrs. Fortitude Fillebrown?"

"I am the lady."

"*Forty!*" called the voice from space, tremulously, "don't you know me?"

The receiver shook in Mrs. Fillebrown's hand. Her face and neck went a mortal color. Women have dropped dead from far less shocks.

"No," she said, after a moment's terrible silence, "I do not know you."

"Very well," from a thousand miles away replied the voice, in disappointment so evident as to have something piteous about it—"very well, that will suit me."

"*Who* are you?" gasped Mrs. Fillebrown, now in great agitation.

"I used to be Joe," said the unseen, more quietly. He spoke with remarkable distinctness and power of tone. The conversation which followed took place without more difficulty than Mrs. Fillebrown might have experienced in calling up Boston in a snow-storm or a gale. "Now listen to me closely, Forty. It's a long pull, and you'll have to give trained attention."

"I am listening. I am attending closely."

"So you say—Joe died?"

"Joe died, and I buried him."

"Good riddance, wasn't it? Got along better without him, didn't you, girl? Wouldn't want me back if you could get me, would you?"

"Are you Joe's ghost? For God's sake, *what* are you?"

"Wouldn't want him round again, did you say? Forty! Forty! *tell* a fellow! What's that? Did you say you'd be willing to take him back?"

"I'd thank God for the chance!"

"Rich or poor?"

"Rich or poor."

"Lucky or unlucky?"

"Lucky or unlucky."

"Good or bad?"

"Good or bad."

"Dead or living?"

"Dead or living," said the widow, solemnly. "I'd bless God for the chance to take my poor husband back."

"Then I'll call again," replied the voice from the winter night. "Good-by."

Silence succeeded. She strained her throat in calling, her ears in listening. No words followed. The wire roared in the frosty atmosphere.

"Finished!" cried the manager. She hung up the receiver, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Fillebrown fainted quite away.

She was a woman used to keeping her own counsel, and she told no person what had happened to her. When she came to her senses, lying stiff and uncovered there across her bed in the winter night, she found herself quaking with that terror which is not of this earth nor of its laws. For her hand touched the iron cross, cold upon her bosom beneath her loosened dress. The incredible significance of this little circumstance struck her chill and dumb.

Joe was dead. She had buried him. Her own hands had taken the trinket from his poor burned body.

Then *who* had tampered with the half-understood electric powers which men

fancied themselves to have controlled? Then *what* had called to her across a thousand miles of winter night?

She thought, with a sudden flame upon her ashy cheeks, how impatient she had been with that woman whose little girl was dead. Suppose she had gone to the Boston medium with Alicia?

"Perhaps I should have found out—something," she thought, vaguely. Then, with the natural energy of a practical woman who has a morbidness in a healthy direction, she scorned herself for the thought. Towards all other human weakness trouble had taught her to be motherly and tolerant; but with the feebler side of mysticism, taken in the only form in which she knew it, that of the lower, vulgar order of séances and rappings and communications, she had never felt even a civil patience.

Now she trembled before a mystery more incredible, more unreasonable, than any tale of the dusk which she had ever read or heard.

"Such things are phenomena," she said. For she had been reading the scientific magazine to which she had subscribed.

The next night she locked herself in with her telephone, but the "phenomena" were not repeated. The night after and the day and night following passed without event. Mrs. Fillebrown dared not go out of hearing of the call-bell of 24 : 4. She shut herself into the house, and sent Melissy on all the errands, real and imaginary, which she found it possible to invent.

On the third night Adoniram was in the kitchen, and Melissy was thoroughly preoccupied. Mrs. Fillebrown was alone in her sleeping-room, with the bolt drawn. The lamp with the ghastly blue silk shade was burning, and in its deadly color the widow, in her black dress, sat stolidly. No call had come in since supper. Mrs. Fillebrown watched the telephone with eyes in which there was more terror than longing. At half past nine she fancied that she saw the bell quiver behind its glass case. Then it struck.

She sprang to the desk. The manager was speaking.

"Mrs. Fillebrown, here's a Long Distance call for you again—New York."

"New York!"

"Connected."

With a clearness and distinctness which one might call appalling when one thought of the distance involved, the volume and articulation of voice began:

"Are you Northwest Peony, 24 : 4?"

"I am."

"Mrs. Fortitude Fillebrown's?"

"I am Mrs. Fillebrown."

"You are a mighty good operator for a subscriber. Hilloa, girl! Can you hear what I say?"

"I hear perfectly. But I don't know who you are."

"Try again! You've got a good Long Distance wire. You *ought* to recognize a voice no further than New York city. —Say, Forty! Come! Don't you know me?"

The woman's teeth chattered against the edge of the transmitter. Know the voice? Good God! She could not lie to Joe, just because he was a dead man. She *did* know the voice.

It was the voice that had courted her —and the voice that had cursed her. From that voice she had heard tenderness and blasphemy, manly love and unmanly recrimination, sodden song, self-pity, penitence, vows made only to be broken, and, oh, what love-making! Enough to melt and hold the heart of the stoniest woman in the bitter world.

"*Joe!*" she wailed; and three hundred miles of sensitive wire vibrated to her cry.

"Well, well, Forty! Why, girl! Why, my poor girl! Why, I thought— Upon my word, the girl thinks she's talking to a ghost. Say, Forty! I know I *ought* to be dead, but the fact is—can you make out to bear it?—you see, I'm *not*."

"Joe Fillebrown!" called the widow, with an access of moral and physical strength, "just because you're a dead spirit, you needn't take advantage of a poor live woman to deceive her. . . . I took the iron cross off your burned corpse, and it's hanging around my neck."

"Whe—ew! You did, did you? I say, Forty! You always *were* almighty clever. I guess that evidence would hold in any court—and he'd be no kind of a ghost who didn't lose his case on it."

"Well, then!" cried the widow, in uncanny triumph. She felt an awful exaltation. She wondered what Alicia would say to this tremendous thing. How petty, how paltry, all those vulgar Boston "manifestations" seemed beside her own elect experience!

"Forty!" called the voice from New York, in a strange, changed tone. "Girl, I hate to disappoint you. But it isn't true."

"*What* isn't true?"

"You took the cross off the wrong fellow." . . . . But now from 24 : 4 there came no reply.

"Forty! Has somebody cut us off?"

"No; we are not cut off."

"I say, Forty! You see, I was a little tight that night, and this chap, he won at poker—and I was short of funds . . . . I *was* short, you know, occasionally, those days. So I was too tight to know any better—and I think I must have given him my watch."

"*You—gave away—my iron cross?*"

The words came with terrible distinctness. That little offence seemed worse to the woman at that moment than abuse, desertion, or death.

"Well," said the voice from New York, "haven't I been punished enough? *I* wasn't coming back to disgrace you! I meant—why, girl, don't you see?—I meant to try my hand at making a man of myself. It took a good while. I was going to make sure of it first."

Dead silence answered.

"If I haven't done that, I've done the next thing to it," urged the voice that was, but could not be, Joe's voice. "I've been manager of a big Western exchange. I telephone. That's my business. I can have any position I want. I'm doing well, Forty. And I haven't got drunk for six years and three months. I meant to serve seven steady years for you; but ten years without you (drunk or sober) is a good while, and—I couldn't stand it any longer, girl. I've got to that pass."

Then over the New York wire there broke the strangest message which that great line had ever known. It was the inarticulate pleading of a woman's sobs. They came one upon another far down from the depths which strong women never fathom in their own griefs—agonized entreaties, protests, appeals from fate to Heaven, and perhaps God knows what unuttered or unutterable forebodings.

"Oh, Forty! Why, Forty! Why, my poor girl! If you feel so badly—as *that!* —I won't bother you, my dear. I won't disgrace you. I meant to come home—when I'd made a man of myself, when I could make up to you for what happened; but I—can—give it . . . . up. I'll go back. I meant to take—the first train—to you."

"Joe! *Joe!* As soon as I *can* speak —Joe! Oh, for God's sake, *don't* let anybody cut us off *now!*"

"Forty! Do you want me? Did you say you did? Don't you bother about the wire. I'd like to see 'em cut off a manager on a D. H. message! Did you say you *wanted* me? Then, I swear, all hell sha'n't keep me! I'll be with you—dead or living—by to-morrow night!"

The communication shut down. Silence put her delicate finger upon the throbbing wire. The receiver fell from Mrs. Fillebrown's hand. She sat staring about her lonely room. She got up and snatched off the blue lamp shade; she hated the color suddenly. She wondered where that rose-red one had gone to that Joe used to like.

All the next day she lived in one of those sublimated dreams which make it possible for one to understand what it may be like to be a disembodied creature. Cherishing the thrilling secret, which still she did not dare to share with any living, she trod the floors of her house as if they had been floating clouds.

Melissy watched her; the Yankee girl's jaw dropped. "What in mercy to Betsy's got ye? There ain't no comp'ny comin'. Ain't this here house clean enough for you? And I'd like to know what you're a-movin' round the furnitoor in your room for. That bureau hain't stood there sence Mr. Fillebrown was buried. Why, that old red silk quilt's ben in the rag-bag this five year! Be you out of your senses?"

But Mrs. Fillebrown stared at Melissy solemnly. The question troubled her. Perhaps she was. She would not talk to Melissy. She spent the day in putting little things as Joe used to fancy them.

Towards night she got into a white cashmere tea gown that she sometimes wore with black ribbons. She sent Melissy to a Christian Endeavor meeting with Adoniram Whey, and herself remained alone in the house.

The evening trains came in and went out. Time to ride, to walk, to crawl from the station elapsed. The last train roared down the valley. Wheels were heard; they passed the house. It came on to be nine o'clock. Her pale lips moved stiffly.

"If there's anything *to* it, he'll call me up again." But he did not call her up

again. She sat by her telephone all night long. The bell did not ring.... There was nothing to it.

Joe was dead; and she had been fooled, like the weakest of women, by a "manifestation."

"It is nothing but a modern improvement in spiritualism," she thought, coldly.

In the morning she put on her black dress again, and carried her insomniac face proudly to the breakfast table, where Melissy took one look at it, and rang up the doctor immediately.

But Mrs. Fillebrown said nothing to the doctor. He prescribed for neuralgia at the base of the brain. She looked at him, and said, "Thank you, doctor," and he went away.

A week passed; two; four. No more Long Distance messages came to the Peony Centre exchange for 24:4. Mrs. Fillebrown eyed her telephone with a sick horror, as she might some evil spirit that had conspired with all that was freakish and weak in Joe to work her this unutterable misery.

One night, at a late hour, it being nearly twelve of the clock, she lay in bed with the light burning. She could not sleep. Then, suddenly, while she lay watching the nickel bell through its glass protector, it rang. It rang with the wilful and commanding peal familiar to the business in the transmission of messages from officer to operator of the line.

In her night-dress as she was, she leaped to the receiver; and through it, as before, came the prudent prelude:

"Is this 24 : 4, Peony Centre?"

"It is."

"Is this Mrs. Joseph Fillebrown's?"

"I am Mrs. Fortitude Fillebrown."

"Forty!.... I'm almost home. I'm in Boston."

"I hear you"—coldly.

"Girl, I've been sick—"

"Yes. I hear what you say."

"On my honor, Forty! I wasn't well when I started. I only got so far and stopped. I've had pneumonia at the City Hospital. I've been delirious. I couldn't get to you."

"Lord have mercy upon me!" wailed Mrs. Fillebrown, piteously.... It had all begun all over again. Joe had been on a spree.

"*Fortitude Fillebrown!*" A thunderous cry rushed across the wires. "You think I've been drinking again! I say, if you do, I won't come home—I'll never come home till I *am* a ghost. If you can't trust me, girl—*now*— I did my best to get to you, Forty," tremulously. "But I see you don't believe me. Good-by. Good-by, girl—good-by."

"I'll believe in you when I see you," said the widow, stoutly. "It's asking too much of me to believe in deceiving spirits. It isn't Scriptural. You come home, Joe, and give me a chance to believe in you."

"Will you *want* me, Forty?"—timidly.

"Come home and find out for yourself, Joe."

"*Sure* you want me?"

"Sure."

"Poor or rich? Lucky or unlucky?"

"Yes—God knows—yes."

"Sick or well?"

"Sick or well."

"Dead or living?"

"*Dead or living.*"

"Then I'll be there to breakfast," said the unseen.

The message shut off abruptly. But in a few moments the bell called again.

"Forty! I forgot to tell you. I've kept track of you, you know, all this while. I never meant to let you get into any scrape. I wasn't so bad as that. And, girl, I can have the exchange at Peony Centre if you'd rather stay on in the old home. It's a small job—there's a bigger in Boston for the taking—but I'd like to please you. Think it over, will you?"

"I'll think it over, Joe."

"And, Forty, girl, do you think you care enough for me"—

"I never cared for any man but you, Joe Fillebrown, in all my life."

—"When I come, if I should want to kiss you, Forty? I might, you know."

"I'll tell you when I see you," said Mrs. Fillebrown, evasively, persisting in the shelter of her phrase.

She went to bed and slept like a little girl. In the morning she woke quietly. Ghost or man, she had somehow ceased to be afraid of Joe. She felt the sacred power of the marriage bond close around her solemnly. Better, oh, best, a thousand times, forever be true wife, let shame, misery, mystery, death, come as they will!

She told Melissy, vouchsafing no explanation of this fearful domestic irregularity, to wait breakfast for a little, and



"SUDDENLY THE NICKEL BELL RANG."

then she opened the front door and looked out.

The first train from the city was screaming down the valley. There would be no cab at the station. She almost wished she had sent Adoniram with old Peter Parley. But then she remembered that one cannot ask the use of a neighbor's carriage to meet a spirit.

She stood in her black dress looking down the road. A man was walking feebly up the little hill. It was slushy, and the walking was hard. He crawled along with bent head. As he came nearer she saw that his hair was gray. Her heart gave one wild leap, and fell. For, oh, Joe's curls were brown as a seal, and as soft! Poor Joe! Dead Joe!

She stepped back into the house. Then, God knew why, she turned.

He had seen her, and, appalled at her abrupt retreat, had stopped there in the snow and leaned against the fence. He was breathing fast and weakly. It would have taken less than the least of the little whims which control the great decisions of life to make the man turn back.

For it was Joe. And he thought she was ashamed of him, or that she was sorry she had told him to come home.

She ran out into the slush and got to him. He held out his hand, and she put hers into it.

Now at that moment she found these dreadful words in her mind: "This was the hand that struck me."

She looked up into his face. Haggard as it was with mortal sickness, still the firm lines and the direct eye of long abstinence were there. All the witnesses of Joe's face took oath for him.

In hers a solemn jury held its verdict back. A piteous mental confusion ran riot in her. What were those old words about being born again? Her *Scientific Monthly* had omitted to quote them in that strong paper treating of the physiological renewal of the cells conceded to occur once in so many years.

"The hand that did that died. This is a new Joe," she thought. And then she thought no more. But she took his wasted fingers and bent over them, and laid her lips to them and kissed them.

When she saw how sick a man he was, very naturally and quietly she said, "Breakfast is all ready, Joe," just as if nothing had happened, and he had only been out all night, and was sorry, and had come home quite himself.



LONDON'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

MERE "use and wont" can accustom us to anything; even to the creation of the world upon a second repetition, if you would believe Carlyle. Possibly this is why, for me, London's Underground Railroad has long ceased to be a marvel. Now, after eleven years' experience, I can buy my ticket with as much indifference as I step into the waiting 'bus or hail the crawling hansom, and with less distrust; for I have known the 'bus to lose its way in a fog, and the hansom's horse to lose its footing on the asphalt, but once you understand it, the District or Metropolitan train has no more disagreeable trick than a halt in darkness, midway between two stations. And yet to recall my first impressions is to lend to the underground a fine glamour of adventure.

At the time, when I was still a stranger in London, every ticket bought represented a plunge into the unknown. I remember the first journey of all with something of pride in my own ingenuity in contriving it to be so adventurous. I had in view nothing more enterprising than to get from Charing Cross to St. John's Wood, a ride that involves one change, and, in time, not more than thirty or forty minutes at the utmost. I, in my cleverness, spent a couple of hours on the way, while almost every other station proved for me a junction. I would be the last to explain just how I managed it; I have always wondered at my skilful evasion of so simple a journey's commonplace. The advertisements on the station walls may have had something to do with it. To-day I can afford to recognize their value as color and decoration. But as long as my sole anxiety was to know exactly where the train was when it stopped, there was no leisure to note harmonies in the casual arrangement of posters. The one important inscription — in modest white letters on a blue ground—was that which my eyes sought; they were confronted, instead, with flamboyant notices of soap and mustard, with the cast of the newest play, and the sensation of the latest "special." My confidence, too, was at fault. I had an idea that any and every train would take me wherever I wanted to go—an idea that lingered with exasperating vitality. There have been times when it has sent me complacently to Hammersmith, though Gower Street was my journey's end; or, perhaps, to Putney Bridge, when Westbourne Square would have accorded better with my intention. And I do not flatter myself that I am more stupid in these matters than most people.

Indeed, the truth is that the underground is about as easy to master as a proposition in Euclid. It seems almost as if, after the time and labor given to build the railroad, little energy or leisure

was left to consider the convenience and comfort of passengers, at least, in such trifling details. That a certain amount of confusion in minor matters should have prevailed when I first set out on my adventures was natural enough. My, to me, ever-memorable journey to St. John's Wood was made in June, 1884, and it was not until the following October that the Inner Circle was wholly finished. Of course, before this, both District and Metropolitan roads in their completed portions had long been in use; the first section of all, from Paddington to Farringdon Street, had been opened as far back as 1863. But the fact remains that the railway, belonging to two companies, which runs under London was no less than twenty-four years in the making; and this it is well to note just now, that in more than one American town municipal ambition is all for an underground.

The difficulties elsewhere might not prove so great. But they seem simply appalling when one reads the story of the undertaking in London. Naturally, I would not venture upon a technical account of them; I am not an engineer, and, unfortunately for myself, my knowledge of finance is all gleaned at second hand. But the problem which certain engineering and financial conditions present is obvious even to the woman, or man, of average intelligence who could not suggest, or for that matter explain, the solution. It is quite easy to understand why, though the subject was first broached in the year of the Queen's accession, it was not approved by act of Parliament until 1854, nor the work begun until 1860. The idea must have been greeted as preposterous enough when Mr. Charles Pearson, Solicitor to the City of London, first laid it before the public. Traffic was not then so congested in London streets as it is nowadays, even with the underground to relieve it; and in the prospect the herculean labors of the enterprise could not but have outbalanced any subsequent good to be gained. As the idea developed, the obstacles in the way of its realization by no means decreased. One great object, though I do not believe it had occurred to Mr. Pearson himself, was to make the road pass as close as possible to the great railway stations of London, and then along the north side of the Thames, so as to complete the circle—an object eventually accomplished. Some of the principal stations are in the far north, in



THE PASSING TRAIN.

St. Pancras and Paddington, where the ground is much higher than immediately on the banks of the river; to give accurate figures, there are some seventy-three feet of difference in level. One need not be an engineer to know that deeper cuttings and more elaborate gradings were therefore inevitable. This, however, could have been nothing compared to the difficulties presented by the labyrinth of pipes and sewers encountered—"as close together as the pipes of a church organ"—and the foundations of buildings that had to be passed under. As I have said, I hesitate to enter into the particulars of a subject so entirely technical. But I am none the less impressed by the wonders achieved than if I could explain them in scientific terms. That the Fleet Ditch, carrying the sewage of 50,000 houses from Highgate to the Thames, had to be crossed five times, that another sewer, buried below the line by the Metropolitan in the north at Gloucester Terrace, had to have space found for it above by the District in the south at Sloane Square, are facts in themselves sufficient to make me appreciate the magnitude of the task intrusted to Mr. John Fowler, the engineer. And there is a little story of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, told by Sir E. W. Watkin, which is fairly typical of the impediments, both financial and engineering, in the path of directors and builders. The line was to be carried under this chapel, which was so protected by Parliament that there it must continue to stand intact, whatever went on below. It was built on piles, for it dated back to the time when bog abounded in the moor, which gave the present street its name. To complicate matters further, a concrete roof had been put upon the building only a few years earlier, making it top-heavy. To secure the foundations the engineers "had to underpin the whole of the chapel, some thirty feet deep down to the London clay," before an inch of the



CHARING CROSS STATION.



EXTERIOR OF CHARING CROSS STATION.

road could be constructed. While this was in progress the building cracked in several places, certain of its frescoes were damaged, the congregation had to find other quarters for a period, the services of a solicitor and arbitrator were made necessary, with the result of a neat little bill of £14,500. And this expense, be it remembered, was incurred in disposing of a single building in the 600 or 700 yards of railway connecting Moorgate and Bishopsgate streets. Probably there were few instances in which the difficulties were exaggerated to such a degree. But the case throws a fine light upon the nature of the claims to be satisfied before the most important business and richest residential parts of the busiest and wealthiest city in the world could be thus undermined, as well as upon the scope of the work to be done before a well-constructed road could pass in safety beneath all sorts of foundations and through all sorts of soils. There is even one small section where the Midland Railway goes burrowing under the underground. Surely the St. Gothard and Mont Cenis tunnels could scarce have proved greater tax upon engineering resources. To consider these things is to think the twenty-four years spent in building the underground miraculously short, the colossal capital sunk far from extravagant. The figures, however, are of lavish proportions. Upon each of its first twenty-two miles the Metropolitan spent £500.000; the District, £374,000 upon each of its first eighteen; a simple sum in arithmetic will demonstrate the enormous wealth buried beneath London. In cost, at least, New York's elevated railway has the advantage; its £81,376 a mile seems by comparison modest and insignificant.

Had the underground, once opened, been free from competition, it might have proved a more profitable investment. But in one sense only is it a monopoly. There may be no rival railroad, but the convenient 'bus, bidding for popularity by lowering its fares, is no mean competitor. The underground, to succeed, cannot afford to be outdone in cheapness, at least in its third-class compartments, for distinction of classes is sustained here as vigorously as in other railroads, though here, too, as elsewhere, third class passengers greatly outnumber the first. That it is run as economically as possible, the most casual observer concludes from the shabbiness of stations and carriages. But if the majority of passengers, in proportion to distance, pay little if any more



A STATION OF THE UNDERGROUND.

than travellers by omnibus, the underground cannot well yield a princely income to the shareholder. Besides, its prosperity varies according to seasons; and you may read in the District Railway's reports how a rainy summer, which keeps the crowd in-doors instead of sending it to throng the gay gardens of Earl's Court, will seriously affect half-yearly returns. Altogether, financially, the underground has not yet been an unqualified success. The District Railway, I am told, has paid no ordinary dividends since 1883; since 1888 its preference dividends have but twice exceeded three per cent., while as often they have been *nil*. The Metropolitan, however, for the last six years has managed to pay ordinary dividends varying from two and a half to three and a quarter per cent.

However, of the underground's success, other than financial, there can be no doubt. Actual figures offer the best proof. In the second half of 1894, 19,218,945 passengers travelled over the District Railway. Of these, 15,283,951 went third class; 2,756,863, second; and 1,178,131, first — facts which show how dependent the company is upon its third-class fares. In addition, 10,966 holders of season tickets are to be recorded. It is worth while to compare these numbers with those of the same half-year in 1871. Then there was a total of but 8,335,248 passengers, and 1258 season-ticket holders. It is clear that the underground has grown in favor. No fewer than 555 trains per day carry these passengers over the tunnel section, that is, the section more directly underneath London, of the District line.

The figures speak for themselves. But you have only to look at a map of London to realize why they are possible. There is no mistaking the underground's sphere of usefulness. If the net-work of rails beneath the metropolis is the property of two distinct companies, if the trains of still other lines make use of it, there is for all practical travelling purposes but a single underground, and I doubt if more than one Londoner in a thousand—if, indeed, that many—could tell you where the Metropolitan Railway begins and the Metropolitan District Railway ends, and only to shareholders can it make much difference. The average traveller has no reason to ask in whose train he travels so long as it takes him where he wants to go. The result of the two roads is an already almost perfect system, rapidly perfecting, by which you may journey across and around London with the least loss of time by the way. There is, first of all, the Inner Circle, which does exactly what its name implies, that is, completely encircles the inner section of London lying to the north of the Thames. East and west, though "never the twain shall meet," are brought immeasurably nearer by this belt of railway, which touches the easternmost limits of the city at Aldgate, as well as the western haunts of respectability at Kensington and Notting Hill. Bloomsbury, Paddington, and Marylebone are its northern boundaries; Charing Cross

and Westminster, its southern. On its rounds, over the thirteen miles of railway, the train stops at twenty-seven stations. Every train on the Inner Circle stops some two or three minutes at South Kensington while engines are changed, and none runs at night after a certain hour.

I feel that I know the Inner Circle best, for it is the line I use the oftenest. Trains run every ten minutes, and stop at just the stations to which I am most apt to be called. But there is also a convenient Middle Circle, which, starting somehow to get to the Mansion House, then passing over the Inner Circle rails as they skirt the river; deserting them at Gloucester Road for a long détour to the northwest, Hampstead Heath being one of its stations; and then finding its way, whither I never have persevered with it, to Broad Street. Nor are these all the branches. There are others, losing their underground character as they approach the suburbs, that will take you to Putney or Richmond or Harrow or Pinner, or, in the east, to Whitechapel or Deptford; and, indeed, by the help of



ARRIVAL OF CITY MEN, 10 A.M., MANSION HOUSE STATION.

from the Mansion House, only deserts the Inner Circle route at Gloucester Road, to set out on a wide excursion to Olympia and Shepherd's Bush and Westbourne Park, returning again at Edgware Road, and so making its way back to the Mansion House. And, besides this, there is an Outer Circle, the train from New Cross, on the other side of the river, managing timely junctions, to the remote ends of the country.

Still further extensions are already authorized, or at least proposed; and of these not one will be more welcome than the contemplated line to connect Charing Cross in the south with Baker Street in the north. The District Railway now has a very helpful omnibus,

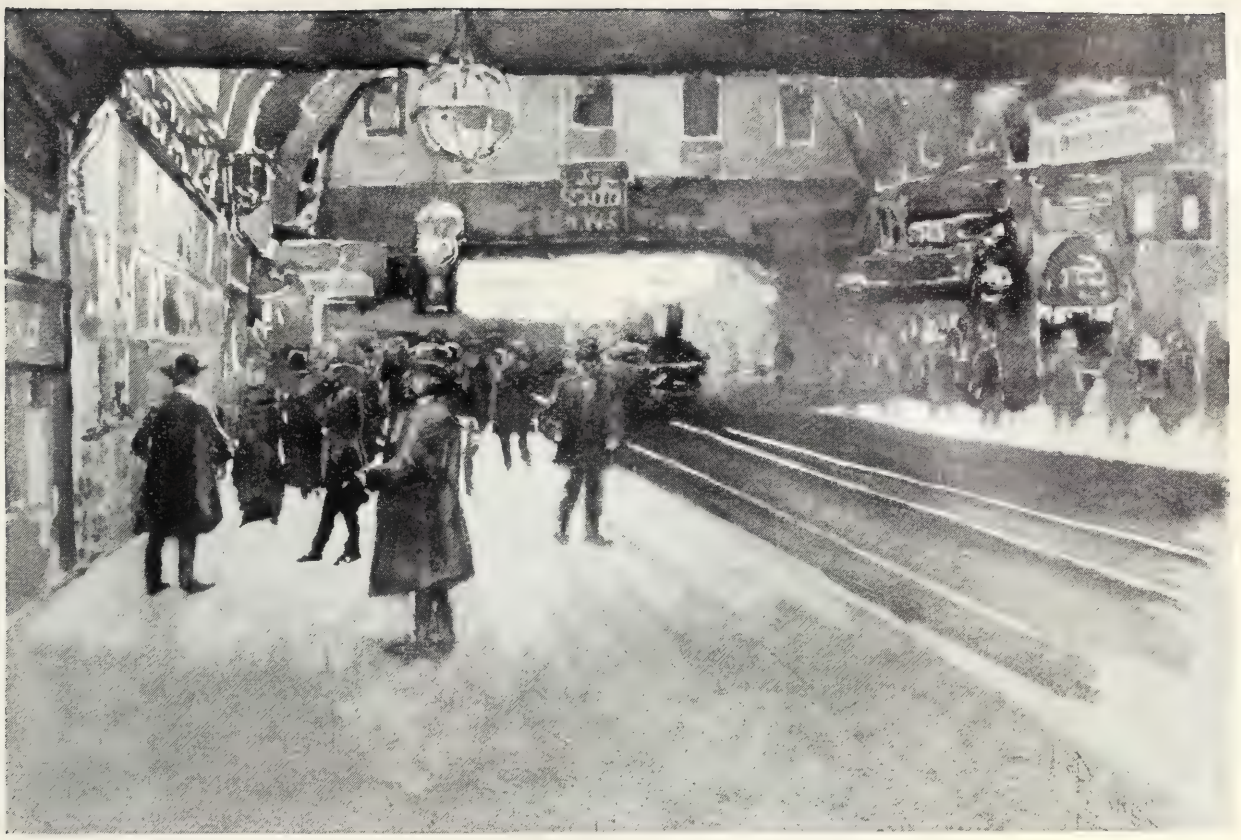
starting from the Charing Cross underground station, which makes the connection, but this does not mean the desired saving of time.

If study of the map demonstrates the underground's sphere of usefulness, you have but to travel over its circles and extensions at certain hours and seasons to realize to what extent London's millions have come to rely upon it. Should you chance to be abroad early enough, the working-man will crowd you out of third-class carriages, half empty during the day; a few hours later, and the city man, in his turn, will leave you no space in the first, entirely deserted once the period of his migration is temporarily at an end. Again, at corresponding hours in the afternoon, your right to first or third class seats will be as closely contested. Or you need but come home at night with the multitude from Earl's Court or Olympia, or set out for Hammersmith on the day of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, to understand why dividends are regulated according to popular amusements.

District and Metropolitan railways keep mostly to the north side of the Thames. But South London has its electric underground, the only one of the kind, I believe, in existence, though there are electric trains almost everywhere now, except in London, and probably Liverpool is not alone in its electric elevated. I myself have never had occasion to use it, but curiosity led me once to make a journey along its entire length. The line eventually is intended to have its starting-point at Clapham Common, but now the southeastern terminus is at Stockwell, a part of London of which I know nothing but the little that was to be learned from the top of a street car on that single expedition. But the works are at Stockwell—you can go over them for sixpence—and it is natural to conclude that in the neighborhood live many men and women whose business carries them daily, or frequently, to the city, for the other terminus is on the opposite side of the Thames in King William Street, close to London Bridge and the Monument. The line is only three miles and a half long, and trains stop but at four stations on the way: the Oval, where cricket is played and cycling races run; Kennington; the Elephant and Castle, that public-house so conspicuously labelled on all South London omnibuses; and the Borough, with its memories of



POSTERS AT A STATION.



WAITING FOR A TRAIN.

Chaucer and Dickens. The trip is made in a quarter of an hour, and trains run every three minutes. I believe as yet there are but ten trains in all, but as each makes the round trip in half an hour, a larger number could hardly be managed. The journey for the unaccustomed has an element of novelty. You are carried down to the platform and up again to the street level in an elevator. There is no division of classes, and the cars are built somewhat on the model of street cars; three are attached to each engine. I found the light — though it may have been a chance that one day — atrociously bad, the jolting dreadful, and the stations clean and dull compared to those on the ordinary underground. For, of course, there is no smoke, and the tiled walls are immaculately clean; as up and down lines have each a separate tube or tunnel, there is a platform but to one side, and it is made as narrow and contracted as may be; while it is the one place I know where London is as silent as M. Daudet so recently found it. The absence of smoke is an advantage in a way: the atmosphere may savor of the cellar, but there is no danger of being stifled and suffocated by foul air. London being the most conservative place in the world, naturally the electric railway has not yet achieved so great a popularity as to warrant the creation of rivals. The Londoner must have time to make up his mind about it; he is still in that stage of uncertainty when he will pay his penny or twopence to go below and inspect the platform. The wonder really is that this one line happened to be built in the metropolis, which has been most backward in accepting the modern applications of electricity. Do not London streets, except here and there, still wait for the electric light?

The cleaner atmosphere of the electric road is not to be underestimated. Of the drawbacks to the ordinary underground people are agreed that ill ventilation is the most serious. On one of London's murky summer days I would go to much trouble and more expense to escape the plunge into the underground's hot vapor bath. In all weathers and seasons there are certain stations I would prefer to avoid. The foreigner, eager to know from the beginning the worst that can be, has only to make his first descent at Baker Street, Gower Street, or Portland Road. Ten chances to one he will never

have courage for a second. But it is only in these northern stations that one is choked and stifled beyond endurance. They were the earliest built, and they occur on that part of the line where ground is highest and therefore cuttings deepest. At the stations along the Thames and those to the east and west matters are vastly improved, and none but the over-



AT HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.

fastidious will find them in ordinary London weather impossible. Perhaps because custom can reconcile one to anything, perhaps because my own particular station is Charing Cross, which is comparatively light and airy, perhaps because the smoke-consumers actually adopted are efficient, the evils of ventilation have ceased to bother me. But vivid remembrance of misery in those remote adventurous days reminds me that grumbling in this particular is not without cause. Nor am I less sure that stations are bewildering as ever. In eleven long years little has been done to point out the way to the unenlightened. Mustard and soap and new popular favorites still hold their own. But to banish the advertisements would be to leave the stations in unendurable gloom. One comes to cherish an affection even for Nestle's milk and Maza Wattee tea, for though the posters are hideous in clear daylight, they borrow something of beauty and mystery when seen through this smoke-laden atmosphere. If the designs were better, if men like Chéret and Lautrec, like Ibels and Gausson, were intrusted with the decoration, London would have no more beautiful walls to show than those of the underground. But in the brilliant advertising array the station's name sinks modestly into the background, and until you learn that it repeats itself more conspicuously on lamps and seats, a clew to your whereabouts is searched for in vain. A more acute expression of agony there could not be than that on the face of the stranger as he watches for the station marking his journey's end, unless, perhaps, the mute misery on the same face before the journey's start. For if at stations where the trains of but one line stop there can be no mistake; at others—at Charing Cross, the Temple, Westminster, for example, where those of several pass, each bound in a different direction—it is easier to go wrong than to go right. A little board of instructions is hung on the platform, but it does its best to evade observation, while the sign carried by the engine is a help only to practised travellers. The truth is, the



THE VICTORIA STATION.

underground is meant for local traffic; and to the Londoner the whole thing is, or presumably ought to be, as simple as A B C.

If the householder who lives above or close to the underground were consulted, he would rank his grievance as greater than that of the traveller who now and then or even regularly takes a train for convenience. Just how much damage the underground will work in the course of time it would not be safe to predict. In the end it may not prove more destructive than the elevated. But the constant passing of trains below cannot be entirely harmless to the buildings undermined.

In picturesqueness, the underground makes rich atonement for vile atmosphere, for nervous wear and tear, and much else. It is in this respect that it leaves the elevated, cleaner and purer though the New York line may be, so far behind, and that it makes the electric road seem so ugly and prosaic. You receive no hint of its curious effectiveness from the entrance on the street; that is, as a rule. A few stations have their qualities above ground as below: Charing Cross, for example, as I see it from my window, its walls flaming with many posters, on one side shut in by the lines of Hungerford Bridge, on the other by the soft green of the shrubbery in the gardens and the branches of overshadowing trees. But Charing Cross is one of the exceptions. The ticket-office, or booking-office to be English, is uncompromisingly ugly. In appearance it would have fared better had it been left on the low level of the platform, as was originally intended. For once on the platform the grime and dirt and unsightly detail are lost in the beautiful play of light and shadow. Rembrandt would have exulted in the rich darkness of the nearest distance; in the way the daylight filters in through the glass roof or skylight above and mingles with the glare of gas and the red and green glow of signals; in the bits of color that tell so well in the sombre surroundings—here the posters on the walls, here the books on the stalls, and there it may be the gay gown and flaunting feather of a lingering passenger; and, above all, in the wonderful effects of the trailing, outspreading smoke, as the train comes thundering in. There are stations where the track makes a great curve just before it reaches the platform, and engine and smoke cloud round it with a fine rhythmical swing; there are others where the low roof is supported by long lines of columns, and the smoke loses itself among them as in the dim aisles of a cryptlike basilica; and there is not one without its distinctive features, its special picturesqueness. The marvel is that the artist has but just discovered the underground.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the morning broke at last on that forever memorable 18th of June, there was no enemy discoverable anywhere, as I have said. But that did not trouble me. I knew we should find him, and that we should strike him; strike him the promised blow—the one from which the English power in France would not rise up in a thousand years, as Joan had said in her trance.

The enemy had plunged into the wide plains of La Beauce—a roadless waste covered with bushes, with here and there bodies of forest trees—a region where an army would be hidden from view in a very little while. We found the trail in the soft wet earth and followed it. It indicated an orderly march; no confusion, no panic.

But we had to be cautious. In such a piece of country we could walk into an ambush without any trouble. Therefore Joan sent bodies of cavalry ahead under La Hire, Poton, and other captains, to feel the way. Some of the other officers began to show uneasiness; this sort of hide-and-go-seek business troubled them and made their confidence a little shaky. Joan divined their state of mind and cried out impetuously—

"Name of God, what would you? We must smite these English, and we will. They shall not escape us. Though they were hung to the clouds we would get them!"

By-and-by we were nearing Patay; it was about a league away. Now at this time our reconnoissance, feeling its way in the bush, frightened a deer, and it went bounding away and was out of sight in a moment. Then hardly a minute later a dull great shout went up in the distance toward Patay. It was the English soldiery. They had been shut up in garrison so long on mouldy food that they could not keep their delight to themselves when this fine fresh meat came springing into their midst. Poor creature, it had wrought damage to a nation which loved it well. For the French knew where the English were, now, whereas the English had no suspicion of where the French were.

La Hire halted where he was, and sent back the tidings. Joan was radiant with joy. The Duke d'Alençon said to her—

"Very well, we have found them; shall we fight them?"

"Have you good spurs, Prince?"

"Why? Will they make us run away?"

"Nenni, en nom de Dieu! These English are ours—they are lost. They will fly. Who overtakes them will need good spurs. Forward—close up!"

By the time we had come up with La Hire the English had discovered our presence. Talbot's force was marching in three bodies. First his advance-guard; then his artillery; then his battle corps a good way in the rear. He was now out of the bush and in a fair open country. He at once posted his artillery, his advance-guard, and five hundred picked archers along some hedges where the French would be obliged to pass, and hoped to hold this position till his battle corps could come up. Sir John Fastolfe urged the battle corps into a gallop. Joan saw her opportunity and ordered La Hire to advance—which La Hire promptly did, launching his wild riders like a storm-wind, his customary fashion.

The Duke and the Bastard wanted to follow, but Joan said—

"Not yet—wait."

So they waited—impatiently, and fidgeting in their saddles. But she was steady—gazing straight before her, measuring, weighing, calculating—by shades, minutes, fractions of minutes, seconds—with all her great soul present, in eye, and set of head, and noble pose of body—but patient, steady, master of herself—master of herself and of the situation.

And yonder, receding, receding, plumes lifting and falling, lifting and falling, streamed the thundering charge of La Hire's godless crew, La Hire's great fig-

* Begun in April number, 1895.



JOAN AND THE WOUNDED ENGLISH SOLDIER.

ure dominating it and his sword stretched aloft like a flag-staff.

"O, Satan and his Hellions, see them go!" Somebody muttered it in deep admiration.

And now he was closing up—closing up on Fastolfe's rushing corps.

And now he struck it—struck it hard, and broke its order. It lifted the Duke and the Bastard in their saddles to see it; and they turned, trembling with excitement, to Joan, saying—

"*Now!*"

But she put up her hand, still gazing, weighing, calculating, and said again—

"Wait—not yet."

Fastolfe's hard-driven battle corps raged on like an avalanche toward the waiting advance-guard. Suddenly these conceived the idea that it was flying in panic before Joan; and so in that instant it broke and swarmed away in a mad panic itself, with Talbot storming and cursing after it.

Now was the golden time. Joan drove her spurs home and waved the advance with her sword. "Follow me!" she cried, and bent her head to her horse's neck and sped away like the wind!

We swept down into the confusion of that flying rout, and for three long hours we cut and hacked and stabbed. At last the bugles sang "Halt!"

The Battle of Patay was won.

Joan of Arc dismounted, and stood surveying that awful field, lost in thought. Presently she said—

"The praise is to God. He has smitten with a heavy hand this day." After a little she lifted her face, and looking afar off, said, with the manner of one who is thinking aloud, "In a thousand years—a thousand years—the English power in France will not rise up from this blow." She stood again a time, thinking, then she turned toward her grouped generals, and there was a glory in her face and a noble light in her eye; and she said—

"O, friends, friends, do you know?—do you comprehend? *France is on the way to be free!*"

"And had never been, but for Joan of

Arc!" said La Hire, passing before her and bowing low, the others following and doing likewise; he muttering as he went, "I will say it though I be damned for it." Then battalion after battalion of our victorious army swung by, wildly cheering. And they shouted "Live forever, Maid of Orleans, live forever!" while Joan, smiling, stood at the salute with her sword.

This was not the last time I saw the Maid of Orleans on the red field of Patay. Toward the end of the day I came upon her where the dead and dying lay stretched all about in heaps and winrows; our men had mortally wounded an English prisoner who was too poor to pay a ransom, and from a distance she had seen that cruel thing done; and had galloped to the place and sent for a priest, and now she was holding the head of her dying enemy in her lap, and easing him to his death with comforting soft words, just as his sister might have done; and the womanly tears running down her face all the time.*

CHAPTER VIII.

JOAN had said true: France was on the way to be free.

The war called the Hundred Years' War was very sick to-day. Sick on its English side—for the very first time since its birth, ninety-one years gone by.

Shall we judge battles by the numbers killed and the ruin wrought? Or shall we not rather judge them by the results which flowed from them? Any one will say that a battle is only truly great or small according to its results. Yes, any one will grant that, for it is the truth.

Judged by results, Patay's place is with the few supremely great and imposing battles that have been fought since the peoples of the world first resorted to arms for the settlement of their quarrels. So judged, it is even possible that Patay has no peer among that few just mentioned, but stands alone, as the supremest of historic conflicts. For when it began France lay gasping out the remnant of an exhausted life, her case wholly hopeless in the view of all political physicians; when it ended, three hours later, she was convalescent. Convalescent, and nothing requisite but time and ordinary nursing to bring her back to perfect health. The dullest physician of them all could see this, and there was none to deny it.

Many death-sick nations have reached convalescence through a series of battles, a procession of battles, a weary tale of wasting conflicts stretching over years; but only one has reached it in a single day and by a single battle. That nation is France, and that battle Patay.

Remember it and be proud of it; for you are French, and it is the stateliest fact in the long annals of your country. There it stands, with its head in the clouds! And when you grow up you will go on pilgrimage to the field of Patay, and stand uncovered in the presence of—what? A monument with *its* head in the clouds? Yes. For all nations in all times have built monuments on their battle-fields to keep green the memory of the perishable deed that was wrought there and of the perishable name of him who wrought it; and will France neglect Patay and Joan of Arc? Not for long. And will she build a monument scaled to their rank as compared with the world's other fields and heroes? Perhaps—if there be room for it under the arch of the sky.

But let us look back a little, and consider certain strange and impressive facts. The Hundred Years' War began in 1337. It raged on and on, year after year and year after year; and at last England stretched France prone with that fearful blow at Crécy. But she rose and struggled on, year after year, and at last again she went down under another devastating blow—Poitiers. She gathered her crippled strength once more, and the war raged on, and on, and still on, year after year, decade after decade. Children were born, grew up, married, died—the war raged on; *their* children in turn grew up, married, died—the war raged on; *their* children, growing, saw France struck down again; this time under the incredible disaster of Agincourt—and still the war raged on, year after year, and in time *these* children married in their turn.

France was a wreck, a ruin, a desolation. The half of it belonged to England, with none to dispute or deny the truth; the other half belonged to nobody—in

* Lord Ronald Gower (*Joan of Arc*, p. 82) says: "Michelet discovered this story in the deposition of Joan of Arc's page, Louis de Conte, who was probably an eye-witness of the scene." This is true. It was a part of the testimony of the author of these "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," given by him in the Rehabilitation proceedings of 1456.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

three months would be flying the English flag: the French King was making ready to throw away his crown and flee beyond the seas.

Now came the ignorant country maid out of her remote village and confronted this hoary war, this all-consuming conflagration that had swept the land for three generations. Then began the briefest and most amazing campaign that is recorded in history. In seven weeks it was finished. In seven weeks she hopelessly crippled that gigantic war that was ninety-one years old. At Orleans she struck it a staggering blow; on the field of Patay she broke its back.

Think of it. Yes, one can do that; but *understand* it? Ah, that is another matter; none will ever be able to comprehend that stupefying marvel.

Seven weeks—with here and there a little bloodshed. Perhaps the most of it, in any single fight, at Patay, where the English began six thousand strong and left two thousand dead upon the field. It is said and believed that in three battles alone — Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt—near a hundred thousand Frenchmen fell, without counting the thousand other fights of that long war. The dead of that war make a mournful long list—an interminable list. Of men slain in the field the count goes by tens of thousands; of innocent women and children slain by bitter hardship and hunger it goes by that appalling term, millions.

It was an ogre, that war; an ogre that went about for near a hundred years, crunching men and dripping blood from his jaws. And with her little hand that child of seventeen struck him down; and yonder he lies stretched on the field of Patay, and will not get up any more while this old world lasts.

CHAPTER IX.

THE great news of Patay was carried over the whole of France in twenty hours, people said. I do not know as to that; but one thing is sure, any way: the moment a man got it he flew shouting and glorifying God and told his neighbor; and that neighbor flew with it to the next homestead; and so on and so on without resting the word travelled; and when a man got it in the night, at what hour soever, he jumped out of his bed and bore the blessed message along. And the joy that went with it was like the light that flows across the land when an eclipse is receding from the face of the sun; and indeed you may say that France had lain in an eclipse this long time; yes, buried in a black gloom which these beneficent tidings were sweeping away, now, before the on-rush of their white splendor.

The news beat the flying enemy to Yeuville, and the town rose against its English masters and shut the gates against their brethren. It flew to Mont Pipeau, to Saint Simon, and to this, that, and the other English fortress; and straightway the garrison applied the torch and took to the fields and the woods. A detachment of our army occupied Meung and pillaged it.

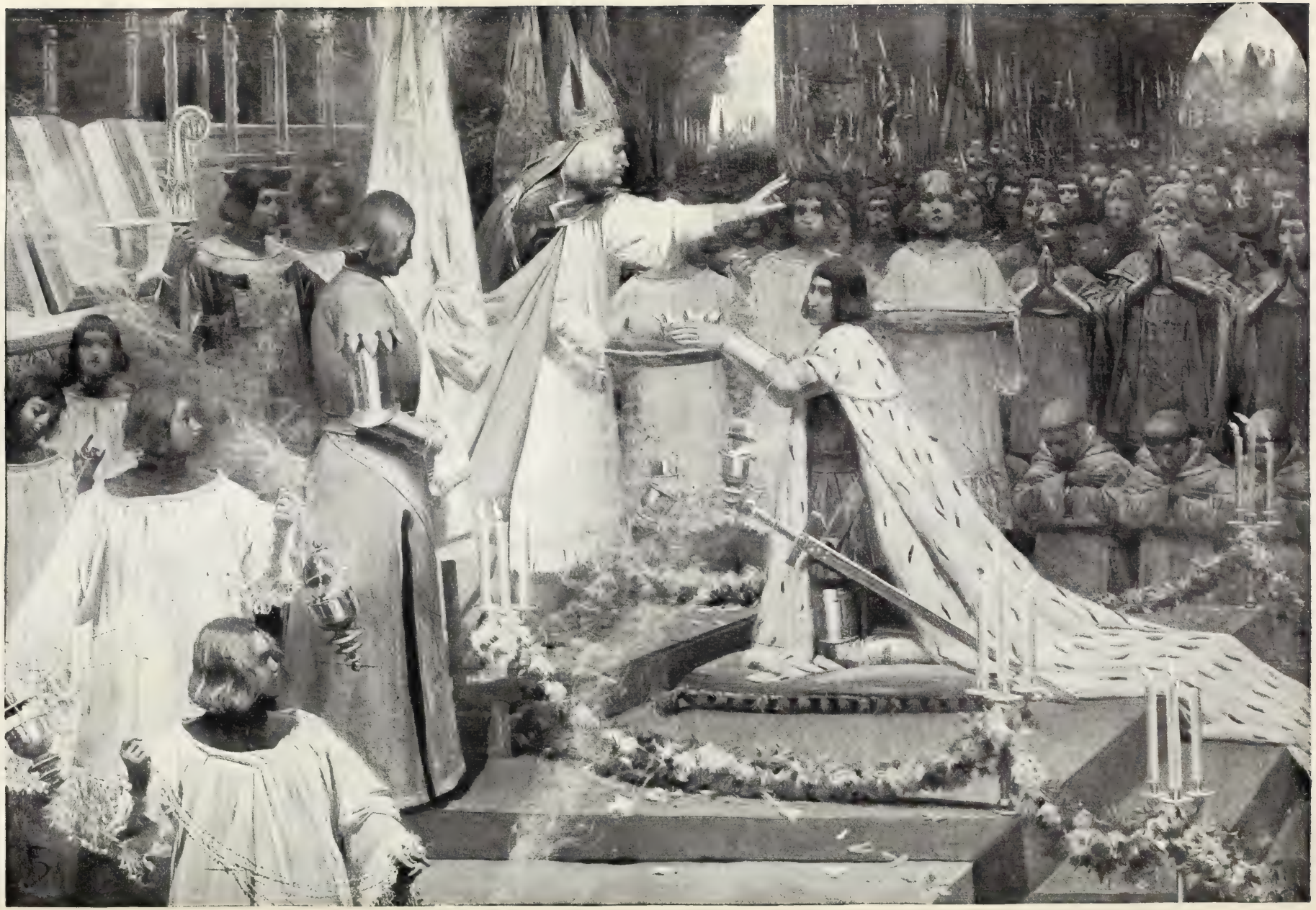
When we reached Orleans that town was as much as fifty times insaner with joy than we had ever seen it before—which is saying much. Night had just fallen, and the illuminations were on so wonderful a scale that we seemed to plough through seas of fire; and as to the noise—the hoarse cheering of the multitude, the thundering of cannon, the clash of bells—indeed there was never anything like it. And everywhere rose a new cry that burst upon us like a storm when the column entered the gates, and nevermore ceased: "Welcome to Joan of Arc—way for the SAVIOR OF FRANCE!" And there was another cry: "Crécy is avenged! Poitiers is avenged! Agincourt is avenged!—Patay shall live forever!"

Mad? Why, you never could imagine it in the world. The prisoners were in the centre of the column. When that came along and the people caught sight of their masterful old enemy Talbot, that had made them dance so long to his grim war-music, you may imagine what the uproar was like if you can, for I cannot describe it. They were so glad to see him that presently they wanted to have him out and hang him; so Joan had him brought up to the front to ride in her protection. They made a striking pair.

CHAPTER X.

YES, Orleans was in a delirium of felicity. She invited the King, and made sumptuous preparations to receive him—but—he didn't come. He was simply a serf at that time, and La Tremouille was his master. Master and serf were visiting together at the master's castle of Sully-sur-Loire.

At Beaugency Joan had engaged to



CORONATION OF THE FRENCH KING AT RHEIMS.

bring about a reconciliation between the Constable Richemont and the King. She took Richemont to Sully-sur-Loire and made her promise good.

The great deeds of Joan of Arc are five:

1. The Raising of the Siege.
2. The Victory of Patay.
3. The Reconciliation at Sully-sur-Loire.
4. The Coronation of the King.
5. The Bloodless March.

We shall come to the Bloodless March presently; (and the Coronation). It was the victorious long march which Joan made through the enemy's country from Gien to Rheims, and thence to the gates of Paris, capturing every English town and fortress that barred the road, from the beginning of the journey to the end of it; and this by the mere force of her name, and without shedding a drop of blood — perhaps the most extraordinary campaign in this regard in history. This is the most glorious of her military exploits.

The Reconciliation was one of Joan's most important achievements. No one else could have accomplished it; and in fact no one else of high consequence had any disposition to try. In brains, in scientific warfare, and in statesmanship the Constable Richemont was the ablest man in France. His loyalty was sincere; his probity was above suspicion—(and it made him sufficiently conspicuous in that trivial and conscienceless court).

In restoring Richemont to France, Joan made thoroughly secure the successful completion of the great work which she had begun. She had never seen Richemont until he came to her with his little army. Was it not wonderful that at a glance she should know him for the one man who could finish and perfect her work and establish it in perpetuity? How was it that that child was able to do this? It was because she had the "seeing eye," as one of our knights had once said. Yes, she had that great gift—almost the highest and rarest that has been granted to man. Nothing of an extraordinary sort was still to be done, yet the remaining work could not safely be left to the King's idiots; for it would require wise statesmanship and long and patient though desultory hammering of the enemy. Now and then, for a quarter of a century yet, there would be a little fighting to do, and a handy man could carry that on with small disturbance to the rest of the country; and little by little, and with progressive certainty, the English would disappear from France.

And that happened. Under the influences of Richemont the King became at a later time a man—a man, a king, a brave and capable and determined soldier. Within six years after Patay he was leading storming parties himself; fighting in fortress ditches up to his waist in water, and climbing scaling-ladders under a furious fire with a pluck that would have satisfied even Joan of Arc. In time he and Richemont cleared away all the English; even from regions where the people had been under their mastership for three hundred years. In such regions wise and careful work was necessary, for the English rule had been fair and kindly; and men who have been ruled in that way are not always anxious for a change.

Which of Joan's five chief deeds shall we call chiefest? It is my thought that each *in its turn* was that. This is saying that, taken as a whole, they *equalized* each other, and neither was then greater than its mate.

Do you perceive? Each was a stage in an ascent. To leave out one of them would defeat the journey; to achieve one of them at the wrong time and in the wrong place would have the same effect.

Consider the Coronation. As a masterpiece of diplomacy, where can you find its superior in our history? Did the King suspect its vast importance? No. Did his ministers? No. Did the astute Bedford, representative of the English crown? No. An advantage of incalculable importance was here under the eyes of the King and of Bedford; the King could get it by a bold stroke, Bedford could get it without an effort; but being ignorant of its value, neither of them put forth his hand. Of all the wise people in high office in France, only one knew the priceless worth of this neglected prize — the untaught child of seventeen, Joan of Arc —and she had known it from the beginning, had spoken of it from the beginning as an essential detail of her mission.

How did she know it? It is simple: she was a peasant. That tells the whole story. She was of the people and knew the people; those others moved in a loftier sphere and knew nothing much about them. We make little account of that

vague, formless, inert mass, that mighty underlying force which we call "the people"—an epithet which carries contempt with it. It is a strange attitude; for at bottom we know that the throne which the people support, stands, and that when that support is removed, nothing in this world can save it.

Now, then, consider this fact, and observe its importance. Whatever the parish priest believes, his flock believes; they love him, they revere him; he is their unfailing friend, their dauntless protector, their comforter in sorrow, their helper in their day of need; he has their whole confidence; what he tells them to do, that they will do, with a blind and affectionate obedience, let it cost what it may. Add these facts thoughtfully together, and what is the sum? This: *The parish priest governs the nation.* What is the King, then, if the parish priest withdraws his support and denies his authority? Merely a shadow and no King; let him resign.

Do you get that idea? Then let us proceed. A priest is consecrated to his office by the awful hand of God, laid upon him by His appointed representative upon earth. That consecration is final; nothing can undo it, nothing can remove it. Neither the Pope nor any other power can strip the priest of his office; God gave it, and it is forever sacred and secure. The dull parish knows all this. To priest and parish, whosoever is anointed of God bears an office whose authority can no longer be disputed or assailed. To the parish priest, and to his subjects the nation, an uncrowned king is a similitude of a person who has been named for holy orders but has not been consecrated; he has no office, he has not been ordained, another may be appointed in his place. In a word, an uncrowned king is a *doubtful* king; but if God appoint him and His servant the Bishop anoint him, the doubt is annihilated; the priest and the parish are his loyal subjects straightway, and while he lives they will recognize no king but him.

To Joan of Arc the peasant girl, Charles VII. was no King until he was crowned; to her he was only the *Dauphin;* that is to say, the *heir.* If I have ever made her call him King, it was a mistake; she called him the Dauphin, and nothing else until after the Coronation. It shows you as in a mirror—for Joan was a mirror in which the lowly hosts of France were clearly reflected—that to all that vast underlying force called "the people," he was no King but only Dauphin before his crowning, and was indisputably and irrevocably King *after* it.

Now you understand what a colossal move on the political chess-board the Coronation was. Bedford realized this by-and-by, and tried to patch up his mistake by crowning *his* King; but what good could that do? None in the world.

Speaking of chess, Joan's great acts may be likened to that game. Each move was made in its proper order, and was great and effective because it *was* made in its proper order and not out of it. Each, at the time made, seemed the greatest move; but the final result made them all recognizable as equally essential and equally important. This is the game, as played:

1. Joan moves Orleans and Patay—*check.*

2. Then moves the Reconciliation—but does not proclaim check, it being a move for position, and to take effect later.

3. Next she moves the Coronation—*check.*

4. Next, the Bloodless March—*check.*

5. Final move (after her death) the reconciled Constable Richemont to the French King's elbow—*checkmate.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE Campaign of the Loire had as good as opened the road to Rheims. There was no sufficient reason now why the Coronation should not take place. The Coronation would complete the mission which Joan had received from heaven, and then she would be forever done with war, and would fly home to her mother and her sheep, and never stir from the hearth-stone and happiness any more. That was her dream; and she could not rest, she was so impatient to see it fulfilled. She became so possessed with this matter that I began to lose faith in her two prophecies of her early death—and of course when I found that faith wavering I encouraged it to waver all the more.

The King was afraid to start to Rheims, because the road was mile-posted with English fortresses, so to speak. Joan held them in light esteem and not things to be afraid of in the existing modified condition of English confidence.

And she was right. As it turned out,

the march to Rheims was nothing but a holiday excursion. Joan did not even take any artillery along, she was so sure it would not be necessary. We marched from Gien twelve thousand strong. This was the 29th of June. The Maid rode by the side of the King; on his other side was the Duke d'Alençon. After the Duke followed three other princes of the blood. After these followed the Bastard of Orleans, the Marshal de Boussac, and the Admiral of France. After these came La Hire, Saintrailles, Tremouille and a long procession of knights and nobles.

We rested three days before Auxerre. The city provisioned the army, and a deputation waited upon the King, but we did not enter the place.

Saint-Florentin opened its gates to the King.

On the 4th of July we reached Saint-Fal, and yonder lay Troyes before us—a town which had a burning interest for us boys; for we remembered how seven years before, in the pastures of Domremy, the Sunflower came with his black flag and brought us the shameful news of the Treaty of Troyes—that treaty which gave France to England, and a daughter of our royal line in marriage to the Butcher of Agincourt. That poor town was not to blame, of course; yet we flushed hot with that old memory, and hoped there would be a misunderstanding here, for we dearly wanted to storm the place and burn it. It was powerfully garrisoned by English and Burgundian soldiery, and was expecting re-enforcements from Paris. Before night we camped before its gates, and made rough work with a sortie which marched out against us.

Joan summoned Troyes to surrender. Its commandant, seeing that she had no artillery, scoffed at the idea, and sent her a grossly insulting reply. Five days we consulted and negotiated. No result. The King was about to turn back now, and give up. He was afraid to go on, leaving this strong place in his rear. Then La Hire put in a word, with a slap in it for some of his Majesty's advisers:

"The Maid of Orleans undertook this expedition of her own motion; and it is my mind that it is her judgment that should be followed here, and not that of any other, let him be of whatsoever breed and standing he may."

There was wisdom and righteousness in that. So the King sent for the Maid, and asked her how she thought the prospect looked. She said, without any tone of doubt or question in her voice:

"In three days' time the place is ours."

The smug Chancellor put in a word now:

"If we were sure of it we would wait here six days."

"Six days, forsooth! Name of God, man, we will enter the gates to-morrow!"

Then she mounted, and rode her lines, crying out—

"Make preparation — to your work, friends, to your work! We assault at dawn!"

She worked hard that night; slaving away with her own hands like a common soldier. She ordered fascines and fagots to be prepared and thrown into the fosse, thereby to bridge it; and in this rough labor she took a man's share.

At dawn she took her place at the head of the storming force and the bugles blew the assault. At that moment a flag of truce was flung to the breeze from the walls, and Troyes surrendered without firing a shot.

The next day the King with Joan at his side and the Paladin bearing her banner entered the town in state at the head of the army. And a goodly army it was, now, for it had been growing ever bigger and bigger from the first.

And now a curious thing happened. By the terms of the treaty made with the town the garrison of English and Burgundian soldiery were to be allowed to carry away their "goods" with them. This was well, for otherwise how would they buy the wherewithal to live? Very well; these people were all to go out by the one gate, and at the time set for them to depart we young fellows went to that gate, along with the Dwarf, to see the march-out. Presently here they came in an interminable file, the foot-soldiers in the lead. As they approached one could see that each bore a burden of a bulk and weight to sorely tax his strength; and we said among ourselves, truly these folk are well off for poor common soldiers. When they were come nearer, what do you think? Every rascal of them had a French prisoner on his back! They were carrying away their "goods," you see—their property—strictly according to the permission granted by the treaty.

Now think how clever that was, how ingenious. What could a body say? what

could a body do? For certainly these people were within their right. These prisoners were property; nobody could deny that. My dears, if those had been *English* captives, conceive of the richness of that booty! For English prisoners had been scarce and precious for a hundred years; whereas it was a different matter with French prisoners. They had been over-abundant for a century. The possessor of a French prisoner did not hold him long for ransom as a rule, but presently killed him to save the cost of his keep. This shows you how small was the value of such a possession in those times. When we took Troyes a calf was worth thirty francs, a sheep sixteen, a French prisoner eight. It was an enormous price for those other animals—a price which naturally seems incredible to you. It was the war, you see. It worked two ways: it made meat dear and prisoners cheap.

Well, here were these poor Frenchmen being carried off. What could we do? Very little of a permanent sort, but we did what we could. We sent a messenger flying to Joan, and we and the French guards halted the procession for a parley —to gain time, you see. A big Burgundian lost his temper and swore a great oath that none should stop *him;* he would go, and would take his prisoner with him. But we blocked him off, and he saw that he was mistaken about going—he couldn't do it. He exploded into the maddest cursings and revilings, then, and unlashing his prisoner from his back, stood him up, all bound and helpless; then drew his knife, and said to us with a light of sarcastic triumph in his eye—

"I may not carry him away, you say —yet he is mine, none will dispute it. Since I may not convey him hence, this property of mine, there is another way. Yes, I can kill him; not even the dullest among you will question *that* right. Ah, you had not thought of that—vermin!"

That poor starved fellow begged us with his piteous eyes to save him; then spoke, and said he had a wife and little children at home. Think how it wrung our heartstrings. But what could we do? The Burgundian was within his right. We could only beg and plead for the prisoner. Which we did. And the Burgundian enjoyed it. He stayed his hand to hear more of it, and laughed at it. That stung. Then the Dwarf said—

"Prithee, young sirs, let me beguile him; for when a matter requiring persuasion is to the fore, I have indeed a gift in that sort, as any will tell you that know me well. You smile; and that is punishment for my vanity, and fairly earned, I grant it you. Still, if I may toy a little, just a little—" saying which he stepped to the Burgundian and began a fair soft speech, all of goodly and gentle tenor; and in the midst he mentioned the Maid; and was going on to say how she out of her good heart would prize and praise this compassionate deed which he was about to—

It was as far as he got. The Burgundian burst into his smooth oration with an insult levelled at Joan of Arc. We sprang forward, but the Dwarf, his face all livid, brushed us aside and said, in a most grave and earnest way—

"I crave your patience. Am not I her guard of honor? This is my affair."

And saying this he suddenly shot his right hand out and gripped the great Burgundian by the throat, and so held him upright on his feet. "You have insulted the Maid," he said; "and the Maid is France. The tongue that does that earns a long furlough."

One heard the muffled cracking of bones. The Burgundian's eyes begun to protrude from their sockets and stare with a leaden dulness at vacancy. The color deepened in his face and became an opaque purple. His hands hung down limp, his body collapsed with a shiver, every muscle relaxed its tension and ceased from its function. The Dwarf took away his hand and the column of inert mortality sank mushily to the ground.

We struck the bonds from the prisoner and told him he was free. His crawling humbleness changed to frantic joy in a moment, and his ghastly fear to a childish rage. He flew at that dead corpse and kicked it, spat in its face; danced upon it, crammed mud into its mouth, laughing, jeering, cursing and volleying forth indecencies and bestialities like a drunken fiend. It was a thing to be expected: soldiering makes few saints. Many of the on-lookers laughed, others were indifferent, none were surprised. But presently in his mad caperings the freed man capered within reach of the waiting file, and another Burgundian promptly slipped a knife through his neck, and down he

went with a death-shriek, his brilliant artery-blood spurting ten feet as straight and bright as a ray of light. There was a great burst of jolly laughter all around from friend and foe alike ; and thus closed one of the pleasantest incidents of my checkered military life.

And now came Joan hurrying, and deeply troubled. She considered the claim of the garrison, then said—

"You have right upon your side. It is plain. It was a careless word to put in the treaty, and covers too much. But ye may not take these poor men away. They are French, and I will not have it. The King shall ransom them, every one. Wait till I send you word from him; and hurt no hair of their heads; for I tell you, I who speak, that that would cost you very dear."

That settled it. The prisoners were safe for one while, anyway. Then she rode back eagerly and required that thing of the King, and would listen to no pattering and no excuses. So the King told her to have her way, and she rode straight back and bought the captives free in his name, and let them go.

CHAPTER XII.

It was here that we saw again the Grand Master of the King's Household, in whose castle Joan was guest when she tarried at Chinon in those first days of her coming out of her own country. She made him Bailiff of Troyes, now, by the King's permission.

And now we marched again; Châlons surrendered to us; and there by Châlons in a talk, Joan being asked if she had no fears for the future, said yes, one—treachery. Who could believe it? who could dream it? And yet in a sense it was prophecy. Truly man is a pitiful animal.

We marched, marched, kept on marching; and at last on the 16th of July we came in sight of our goal, and saw the great cathedral towers of Rheims rise out of the distance! Huzzah after huzzah swept the army from van to rear; and as for Joan of Arc, there where she sat her horse gazing, clothed all in white armor, dreamy, beautiful, and in her face a deep, deep joy, a joy not of earth, oh, she was not flesh, she was a spirit! Her sublime mission was closing—closing in flawless triumph. To-morrow she could say, "It is finished—let me go free."

We camped, and the hurry and rush and turmoil of the grand preparations began. The Archbishop and a great deputation arrived; and after these came flock after flock, crowd after crowd, of citizens and country folk hurrahing in, with banners and music, and flowed over the camp, one rejoicing inundation after another, everybody drunk with happiness. And all night long Rheims was hard at work, hammering away, decorating the town, building triumphal arches, and clothing the ancient cathedral within and without in a glory of opulent splendors.

We moved betimes in the morning: the coronation ceremonies would begin at nine and last five hours. We were aware that the garrison of English and Burgundian soldiers had given up all thought of resisting the Maid, and that we should find the gates standing hospitably open and the whole city ready to welcome us with enthusiasm.

It was a delicious morning, brilliant with sunshine but cool and fresh and inspiring. The army was in great form, and fine to see, as it uncoiled from its lair fold by fold, and stretched away on the final march of the peaceful Coronation Campaign.

Joan, on her black horse, with the Lieutenant-General and the personal staff grouped about her, took post for a final review and a good-by; for she was not expecting to ever be a soldier again, or ever serve with these or any other soldiers any more after this day. The army knew this, and believed it was looking for the last time upon the girlish face of its invincible little Chief, its pet, its pride, its darling, whom it had ennobled in its private heart with nobilities of its own creation, calling her "Daughter of God," "Savior of France," "Victory's Sweetheart," "the Page of Christ," together with still softer titles which were simply naïf and frank endearments such as men are used to confer upon children whom they love. And so one saw a new thing now; a thing bold of the emotion that was present there on both sides. Always before, in the march-past, the battalions had gone swinging by in a storm of cheers, heads up and eyes flashing, the drums rolling, the bands braying pæans of victory; but now there was nothing of that. But for one impressive sound, one could have closed his eyes and imagined himself in a world of the dead. That one

sound was all that visited the ear in the summer stillness—just that one sound—the muffled tread of the marching host. As the serried masses drifted by, the men put their right hands up to their temples, palms to the front, in military salute, turning their eyes upon Joan's face in mute God-bless-you and farewell, and keeping them there while they could. They still kept their hands up in reverent salute many steps after they had passed by. Every time Joan put her handkerchief to her eyes you could see a little quiver of emotion crinkle along the faces of the files.

The march-past after a victory is a thing to drive the heart mad with jubilation; but this one was a thing to break it.

We rode now to the King's lodging, which was the Archbishop's country palace; and he was presently ready, and we galloped off and took position at the head of the army. By this time the country people were arriving in multitudes from every direction and massing themselves on both sides of the road to get sight of Joan—just as had been done every day since our first day's march began. Our march now lay through the grassy plain, and those peasants made a dividing double border for that plain. They stretched right down through it, a broad belt of bright colors on each side of the road; for every peasant girl and woman in it had a white jacket on her body and a crimson skirt on the rest of her. Endless borders made of poppies and lilies stretching away in front of us — that is what it looked like. And that is the kind of lane we had been marching through all these days. Not a lane between multitudinous flowers standing upright on their stems —no, these flowers were always kneeling; kneeling, these human flowers, with their hands and faces lifted toward Joan of Arc, and the grateful tears streaming down. And all along, those closest to the road hugged her feet and kissed them and laid their wet cheeks fondly against them. I never, during all those days, saw any of either sex stand while she passed, nor any man keep his head covered. Afterward in the Great Trial these touching scenes were used as a weapon against her. She had been made an object of adoration by the people, and this was proof that she was a heretic — so claimed that unjust court.

As we drew near the city the curving long sweep of ramparts and towers was gay with fluttering flags and black with masses of people; and all the air was vibrant with the crash of artillery and gloomed with drifting clouds of smoke. We entered the gates in state and moved in procession through the city, with all the guilds and industries in holiday costume marching in our rear with their banners; and all the route was hedged with a huzzahing crush of people, and all the windows were full and all the roofs; and from the balconies hung costly stuffs of rich colors; and the waving of handkerchiefs, seen in perspective through a long vista, was like a snow-storm.

Joan's name had been introduced into the prayers of the Church — an honor theretofore restricted to royalty. But she had a dearer honor and an honor more to be proud of, from a humbler source: the common people had had leaden medals struck which bore her effigy and her escutcheon, and these they wore as charms. One saw them everywhere.

From the Archbishop's Palace, where we halted, and where the King and Joan were to lodge, the King sent to the Abbey Church of St. Remi, which was over toward the gate by which we had entered the city, for the *Sainte Ampoule*, or flask of holy oil. This oil was not earthly oil; it was made in heaven; the flask also. The flask, with the oil in it, was brought down from heaven by a dove. It was sent down to St. Remi just as he was going to baptize King Clovis, who had become a Christian. I know this to be true. I had known it long before; for Père Fronte told me in Domremy. I cannot tell you how strange and awful it made me feel when I saw that flask and knew I was looking with my own eyes upon a thing which had actually been in heaven; a thing which had been seen by angels, perhaps; and by God Himself of a certainty, for He sent it. And I was looking upon it—I. At one time I could have touched it. But I was afraid; for I could not know but that God had touched it. It is most probable that He had.

From this flask Clovis had been anointed; and from it all the Kings of France had been anointed since. Yes, ever since the time of Clovis; and that was nine hundred years. And so, as I have said, that flask of holy oil was sent for, while we waited. A coronation without that

would not have been a coronation at all, in my belief.

Now in order to get the flask, a most ancient ceremonial had to be gone through with; otherwise the Abbé of St. Remi, hereditary guardian in perpetuity of the oil, would not deliver it. So, in accordance with custom, the King deputed five great nobles to ride in solemn state and richly armed and accoutred, they and their steeds, to the Abbey Church as a guard of honor to the Archbishop of Rheims and his canons, who were to bear the King's demand for the oil. When the five great lords were ready to start, they knelt in a row and put up their mailed hands before their faces, palm joined to palm, and swore upon their lives to conduct the sacred vessel safely, and safely restore it again to the Church of St. Remi after the anointing of the King. The Archbishop and his subordinates, thus nobly escorted, took their way to St. Remi. The Archbishop was in grand costume, with his mitre on his head and his cross in his hand. At the door of St. Remi they halted and formed, to receive the holy phial. Soon one heard the deep tones of the organ and of chanting men; then one saw a long file of lights approaching through the dim church. And so came the Abbot, in his sacerdotal panoply, bearing the phial, with his people following after. He delivered it, with solemn ceremonies, to the Archbishop; then the march back began, and it was most impressive; for it moved, the whole way, between two multitudes of men and women who lay flat upon their faces and prayed in dumb silence and in dread while that awful thing went by that had been in heaven.

This august company arrived at the great west door of the cathedral; and as the Archbishop entered a noble anthem rose and filled the vast building. The cathedral was packed with people—people in thousands. Only a wide space down the centre had been kept free. Down this space walked the Archbishop and his canons, and after them followed those five stately figures in splendid harness, each bearing his feudal banner—and riding!

Oh, that was a magnificent thing to see! Riding down the cavernous vastness of the building through the rich lights streaming in long rays from the pictured windows — oh, there was never anything so grand!

They rode clear to the choir—as much as four hundred feet from the door, it was said. Then the Archbishop dismissed them, and they made deep obeisance till their plumes touched their horses' necks, then made those proud prancing and mincing and dancing creatures go backwards all the way to the door—which was pretty to see, and graceful; then they stood them on their hind feet and spun them around and plunged away and disappeared.

For some minutes there was a deep hush, a waiting pause; a silence so profound that it was as if all those packed thousands there were steeped in dreamless slumber—why, you could even notice the faintest sounds, like the drowsy buzzing of insects; then came a mighty flood of rich strains from four hundred silver trumpets, and then, framed in the pointed archway of the great west door, appeared Joan and the King. They advanced slowly, side by side, through a tempest of welcome—explosion after explosion of cheers and cries, mingled with the deep thunders of the organ and rolling tides of triumphant song from chanting choirs. Behind Joan and the King came the Paladin with the Banner displayed; and a majestic figure he was, and most proud and lofty in his bearing, for he knew that the people were marking him and taking note of the gorgeous state dress which covered his armor.

At his side was the Sire d'Albret, proxy for the Constable of France, bearing the Sword of State.

After these, in order of rank, came a body royally attired representing the lay peers of France; it consisted of three princes of the blood, and La Tremouille, and the young De Laval brothers.

These were followed by the representatives of the ecclesiastical peers—the Archbishop of Rheims, and the Bishops of Laon, Châlons, Orléans, and one other.

Behind these came the Grand Staff, all our great generals and famous names, and everybody was eager to get a sight of them. Through all the din one could hear shouts, all along, that told you where two of them were: "Live the Bastard of Orléans!" "Satan La Hire forever!"

The august procession reached its appointed place in time, and the solemnities of the Coronation began. They were long and imposing — with prayers, and anthems, and sermons, and everything

that is right for such occasions; and Joan was at the King's side all these hours, with her Standard in her hand. But at last came the grand act: the King took the oath, he was anointed with the sacred oil; a splendid personage, followed by train-bearers and other attendants, approached, bearing the Crown of France upon a cushion, and kneeling offered it. The King seemed to hesitate—in fact *did* hesitate; for he put out his hand and then stopped with it there in the air over the crown, the fingers in the attitude of taking hold of it. But that was for only a moment—though a moment is a notable something when it stops the heart-beat of twenty thousand people and makes them catch their breath. Yes, only a moment; then he caught Joan's eye, and she gave him a look with all the joy of her thankful great soul in it, then he smiled, and took the Crown of France in his hand, and right finely and right royally lifted it up and set it upon his head.

Then what a crash there was! All about us cries and cheers, and the chanting of the choirs and groaning of the organ; and outside the clamoring of the bells and the booming of the cannon.

The fantastic dream, the incredible dream, the impossible dream of the peasant child stood fulfilled: the English power was broken, the Heir of France was crowned.

She was like one transfigured, so divine was the joy that shone in her face as she sank to her knees at the King's feet and looked up at him through her tears. Her lips were quivering, and her words came soft and low and broken:

"Now, O gentle King, is the pleasure of God accomplished according to His command that you should come to Rheims and receive the crown that belongeth of right to you, and unto none other. My work which was given me to do is finished; give me your peace, and let me go back to my mother, who is poor and old, and has need of me."

The King raised her up, and there before all that host he praised her great deeds in most noble terms; and there he confirmed her nobility and titles, making her the equal of a count in rank, and also appointed a household and officers for her according to her dignity; and then he said:

"You have saved the crown. Speak—require—demand; and whatsoever grace you ask it shall be granted, though it make the kingdom poor to meet it."

Now that was fine, that was royal. Joan was on her knees again straightway, and said:

"Then, O gentle King, if out of your compassion you will speak the word, I pray you give commandment that my village, poor and hard pressed by reason of the war, may have its taxes remitted."

"It is so commanded. Say on."

"That is all."

"All? Nothing but that?"

"It is all. I have no other desire."

"But that is nothing—less than nothing. Ask—do not be afraid."

"Indeed I cannot, gentle King. Do not press me. I will not have aught else, but only this alone."

The King seemed nonplussed, and stood still a moment, as if trying to comprehend and realize the full stature of this strange unselfishness. Then he raised his head and said:

"She has won a kingdom and crowned its King; and all she asks and all she will take is this poor grace—and even this is for others, not for herself. And it is well; her act being proportioned to the dignity of one who carries in her head and heart riches which outvalue any that any King could add, though he gave his all. She shall have her way. Now therefore it is decreed that from this day forth Domremy, natal village of Joan of Arc, Deliverer of France, called the Maid of Orleans, is freed from all taxation *forever*." Whereat the silver horns blew a jubilant blast.

There, you see, she had had a vision of this very scene the time she was in a trance in the pastures of Domremy, and we asked her to name the boon she would demand of the King if he should ever chance to tell her she might claim one. But whether she had the vision or not, this act showed that after all the dizzy grandeurs that had come upon her, she was still the same simple unselfish creature that she was that day.

Yes, Charles VII. remitted those taxes "forever." Often the gratitude of kings and nations fades and their promises are forgotten or deliberately violated; but you, who are children of France, should remember with pride that France has kept this one faithfully. Sixty-three years have gone by since that day. The taxes of the region wherein Domremy lies have been collected sixty-three times



JACQUES D'ARC AND UNCLE LAXART WATCHING THE PROCESSION.

since then, and all the villages of that region have paid except that one—Domremy. The tax-gatherer never visits Domremy. Domremy has long ago forgotten what that dreaded sorrow-sowing apparition is like. Sixty-three tax-books have been filled meantime, and they lie yonder with the other public records, and any may see them that desire it. At the top of every page in the sixty-three books stands the name of a village, and below that name its weary burden of taxation is figured out and displayed; in the case of all save one. It is true, just as I tell you. In each of the sixty-three books there is a page headed "Domremi," but under that name not a figure appears. Where the figures should be, there are three words written; and the same words have been written every year for all these years; yes, it is a blank page, with always those grateful words lettered across the face of it—a touching memorial. Thus:

DOMREMI.

RIEN—LA PUCELLE.

"NOTHING—THE MAID OF ORLEANS." How brief it is; yet how much it says! It is the nation speaking. You have the spectacle of that unsentimental thing, a Government, making reverence to that name and saying to its agent, "*Uncover, and pass on; it is France that commands.*" Yes, the promise has been kept; it will be kept always; "forever" was the King's word.*

At two o'clock in the afternoon the ceremonies of the Coronation came at last to an end; then the procession formed once more, with Joan and the King at its head, and took up its solemn march through the midst of the church, all instruments and all people making such clamor of rejoicing noises as was indeed a marvel to hear. And so ended the third of the great days of Joan's life. And how close together they stand—May 8th, June 18th, July 17th!

CHAPTER XIII.

WE mounted and rode, a spectacle to remember, a most noble display of rich vestments and nodding plumes, and as we moved between the banked multitudes they sank down all along abreast of us as we advanced, like grain before the reaper, and kneeling hailed with a rousing welcome the consecrated King and his companion the Deliverer of France. But by-and-by when we had paraded about the chief parts of the city and were come near to the end of our course, we being now approaching the Archbishop's palace, one saw on the right, hard by the inn that is called the Zebra, a strange thing—two men not kneeling but *standing!* Standing in the front rank of the kneelers; unconscious, transfixed, staring. Yes, and clothed in the coarse garb of the peasantry, these two. Two halberdiers sprang at them in a fury to teach them better manners; but just as they seized them Joan cried out "Forbear!" and slid from her saddle and flung her arms about one of those peasants, calling him by all manner of endearing names, and sobbing. For it was her father; and the other was her uncle Laxart.

The news flew everywhere, and shouts of welcome were raised, and in just one little moment those two despised and unknown plebeians were become famous and popular and envied, and everybody was in a fever to get sight of them and be able to say, all their lives long, that they had seen the father of Joan of Arc and the brother of her mother. How easy it was for her to do miracles like to this! She was like the sun; on whatsoever dim and humble object her rays fell, that thing was straightway drowned in glory.

All graciously the King said:

"Bring them to me."

And she brought them; she radiant with happiness and affection, they trembling and scared, with their caps in their shaking hands; and there before all the world the King gave them his hand to kiss, while the people gazed in envy and admiration; and he said to old D'Arc—

"Give God thanks for that you are father to this child, this dispenser of immortalities. You who bear a name that will still live in the mouths of men when all the race of kings has been forgotten, it is not meet that you bare your head before the fleeting fames and dignities of a day—cover yourself!" And truly he looked right fine and princely when he said that. Then he gave order that the Bailly of Rheims be brought; and when he was come, and stood bent low and bare, the King said to him, "These two are guests of France"; and bade him use them hospitably.

I may as well say now as later, that Papa d'Arc and Laxart were stopping in that little Zebra inn, and that there they remained. Finer quarters were offered them by the Bailly, also public distinctions and brave entertainment; but they

* It was faithfully kept during three hundred and sixty years and more; then the over-confident octogenarian's prophecy failed. During the tumult of the French Revolution the promise was forgotten and the grace withdrawn. It has remained in disuse ever since. Joan never asked to be remembered, but France has remembered her with an inextinguishable love and reverence; Joan never asked for a statue, but France has lavished them upon her; Joan never asked for a church for Domremy, but France is building one; Joan never asked for saintship, but even that is impending. Everything which Joan of Arc did not ask for has been given her, and with a noble profusion; but the one humble little thing which she did ask for and get, has been taken away from her. There is something infinitely pathetic about this. France owes Domremy a hundred years of taxes, and could hardly find a citizen within her borders who would vote against the payment of the debt.—NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

were frightened at these projects, they being only humble and ignorant peasants: so they begged off, and had peace. They could not have enjoyed such things. Poor souls, they did not even know what to do with their hands, and it took all their attention to keep from treading on them. The Bailly did the best he could in the circumstances. He made the innkeeper place a whole floor at their disposal, and told him to provide everything they might desire, and charge all to the city. Also the Bailly gave them a horse apiece, and furnishings; which so overwhelmed them with pride and delight and astonishment that they couldn't speak a word; for in their lives they had never dreamed of wealth like this, and could not believe, at first, that the horses were real and would not dissolve to a mist and blow away. They could not unglue their minds from those grandeurs, and were always wrenching the conversation out of its groove and dragging the matter of animals into it, so that they could say "my horse" here, and "my horse" there and yonder and all around, and taste the words, and lick their chops over them, and spread their legs and hitch their thumbs in their armpits, and feel as the good God feels when He looks out on His fleets of constellations ploughing the awful deeps of space and reflects with satisfaction that they are His—all His. Well, they *were* the happiest old children one ever saw, and the simplest.

The city gave a grand banquet to the King and Joan in mid-afternoon, and to the Court and the Grand Staff; and about the middle of it Père d'Arc and Laxart were sent for, but would not venture until it was promised that they might sit in a gallery and be all by themselves and see all that was to be seen and yet be unmolested. And so they sat there and looked down upon the splendid spectacle, and were moved till the tears ran down their cheeks to see the unbelievable honors that were paid to their small darling, and how naïvely serene and unafraid she sat there with those consuming glories beating upon her.

But at last her serenity was broken up. Yes, it stood the strain of the King's gracious speech; and of D'Alençon's praiseful words, and the Bastard's; and even La Hire's thunder-blast, which took the place by storm; but at last, as I have said, they brought a force to bear which was too strong for her. For at the close the King put up his hand to command silence, and so waited, with his hand up, till every sound was dead and it was as if one could almost *feel* the stillness, so profound it was. Then out of some remote corner of that vast place there rose a plaintive voice, and in tones most tender and sweet and rich came floating through that enchanted hush our poor old simple song, "L'Arbre Fée de Bourlemont!" and then Joan broke down and put her face in her hands and cried. Yes, you see, all in a moment the pomps and grandeurs dissolved away and she was a little child again herding her sheep with the tranquil pastures stretched about her, and war and wounds and blood and death and the mad frenzy and turmoil of battle a dream. Ah, that shows you the power of music, that magician of magicians; who lifts his wand and says his mysterious word and all things real pass away and the phantoms of your mind walk before you clothed in flesh.

That was the King's invention, that sweet and dear surprise. Indeed, he had fine things hidden away in his nature, though one seldom got a glimpse of them, with that scheming Tremouille and those others always standing in the light, and he so indolently content to save himself fuss and argument and let them have their way.

At the fall of night we the Domremy contingent of the personal staff were with the father and uncle at the inn, in their private parlor, brewing generous drinks and breaking ground for a homely talk about Domremy and the neighbors, when a large parcel arrived from Joan to be kept till she came; and soon she came herself and sent her guard away, saying she would take one of her father's rooms and sleep under his roof, and so be at home again. We of the staff rose and stood, as was meet, until she made us sit. Then she turned and saw that the two old men had gotten up too, and were standing in an embarrassed and unmilitary way; which made her want to laugh, but she kept it in, as not wishing to hurt them; and got them to their seats and snuggled down between them, and took a hand of each of them upon her knees and nestled her own hands in them, and said—

"Now we will have no more ceremony, but be kin and playmates as in other times; for I am done with the great wars, now, and you two will take me home with

you, and I shall see—" She stopped, and for a moment her happy face sobered, as if a doubt or a presentiment had flitted through her mind; then it cleared again, and she said, with a passionate yearning, "Oh, if the day were but come and we could start!"

The old father was surprised, and said—

"Why, child, are you in earnest? Would you leave doing these wonders that make you to be praised by everybody while there is still so much glory to be won; and would you go out from this grand comradeship with princes and generals to be a drudging villager again and a nobody? It is not rational."

"No," said the uncle, Laxart, "it is amazing to hear, and indeed not understandable. It is a stranger thing to hear her say she will stop the soldiering than it was to hear her say she would begin it; and I who speak to you can say in all truth that that was the strangest word that ever I had heard till this day and hour. I would it could be explained."

"It is not difficult," said Joan. "I was not ever fond of wounds and suffering, nor fitted by my nature to inflict them; and quarrellings did always distress me, and noise and tumult were against my liking, my disposition being toward peace and quietness, and love for all things that have life; and being made like this, how could I bear to think of wars and blood, and the pain that goes with them, and the sorrow and mourning that follow after? But by his angels God laid His great commands upon me, and could I disobey? I did as I was bid. Did He command me to do many things? No; only two: to raise the siege of Orleans, and crown the King at Rheims. The task is finished, and I am free. Has ever a poor soldier fallen in my sight, whether friend or foe, and I not felt his pain in my own body, and the grief of his homemates in my own heart? No, not one; and, oh, it is such bliss to know that my release is won, and that I shall not any more see these cruel things or suffer these tortures of the mind again! Then why should I not go to my village and be as I was before? It is heaven! and ye wonder that I desire it. Ah, ye are men—just men! My mother would understand."

They didn't quite know what to say; so they sat still awhile, looking pretty vacant. Then old D'Arc said:

"Yes, your mother—that is true. I never saw such a woman. She worries, and worries, and worries; and wakes nights, and lies so, thinking—that is, worrying; worrying about you. And when the night storms go raging along, she moans and says, 'Ah, God pity her, she is out in this with her poor wet soldiers!' And when the lightning glares and the thunder crashes she wrings her hands and trembles, saying, 'It is like the awful cannon and the flash, and yonder somewhere she is riding down upon the spouting guns and I not there to protect her.'"

"Ah, poor mother, it is pity, it is pity!"

"Yes, a most strange woman, as I have noticed a many times. When there is news of a victory and all the village goes mad with pride and joy, she rushes here and there in a maniacal frenzy till she finds out the one only thing she cares to know—that you are safe; then down she goes on her knees in the dirt and praises God as long as there is any breath left in her body; and all on your account, for she never mentions the battle once. And always she says, '*Now* it is over—*now* France is saved—*now* she will come home'—and always is disappointed and goes about mourning."

"Don't, father! it breaks my heart. I will be so good to her when I get home. I will do her work for her, and be her comfort, and she shall not suffer any more through me."

There was some more talk of this sort, then Uncle Laxart said—

"You have done the will of God, dear, and are quits; it is true, and none may deny it; but what of the King? You are his best soldier; what if he commands you to stay?"

That was a crusher—and sudden! It took Joan a moment or two to recover from the shock of it; then she said, quite simply and resignedly:

"The King is my lord; I am his servant." She was silent and thoughtful a little while, then she brightened up and said, cheerily: "But let us drive such thoughts away—this is no time for them. Tell me about home."

So the two old gossips talked and talked; talked about everything and everybody in the village; and it was good to hear. Joan out of her kindness tried to get *us* into the conversation, but that failed, of course. She was the Commander-in-Chief, we were nobodies; her

name was the mightiest in France, we were invisible atoms; she was the comrade of princes and heroes, we of the humble and obscure; she held rank above all Personages and all Puissances whatsoever in the whole earth, by right of bearing her commission direct from God. To put it in one word, she was JOAN OF ARC—and when that is said, all is said. To us she was divine. Between her and us lay the bridgeless abyss which that word implies. We could not be familiar with her. No, you can see yourselves that that would have been impossible.

And yet she was so human, too, and so good and kind and dear and loving and cheery and charming and unspoiled and unaffected! Those are all the words I think of now, but they are not enough; no, they are too few and colorless and meagre to tell it all, or tell the half. Those simple old men didn't realize her; they couldn't; they had never known any people but human beings, and so they had no other standard to measure her by. To them, after their first little shyness had worn off, she was just a girl—that was all. It was amazing. It made one shiver, sometimes, to see how calm and easy and comfortable they were in her presence, and hear them talk to her exactly as they would have talked to any other girl in France.

Why, that simple old Laxart sat up there and droned out the most tedious and empty tale one ever heard, and neither he nor Papa d'Arc ever gave a thought to the badness of the etiquette of it, or ever suspected that that foolish tale was anything but dignified and valuable history. There was not an atom of value in it; and whilst they thought it distressing and pathetic, it was in fact not pathetic at all, but actually ridiculous. At least it seemed so to me, and it seems so yet. Indeed I know it was, because it made Joan laugh; and the more sorrowful it got the more it made her laugh; and the Paladin said that he could have laughed himself if she had not been there, and Noël Rainguesson said the same. It was about old Laxart going to a funeral there at Domremy two or three weeks back. He had spots all over his face and hands, and he got Joan to rub some healing ointment on them, and while she was doing it, and comforting him, and trying to say pitying things to him, he told her how it happened. And first he asked her if she remembered that black bull calf that she left behind when she came away, and she said indeed she did, and he was a dear, and she loved him so, and was he well?—and just drowned him in questions about that creature. And he said it was a young bull now, and very frisky; and he was to bear a principal hand at a funeral; and she said, "The bull?" and he said, "No, himself"; but said the bull *did* take a hand, but not because of his being invited, for he wasn't; but anyway he was away over beyond the Fairy Tree, and fell asleep on the grass with his Sunday funeral clothes on, and a long black rag on his hat and hanging down his back; and when he woke he saw by the sun how late it was, and not a moment to lose; and jumped up terribly worried, and saw the young bull grazing there, and thought maybe he could ride part way on him and gain time; so he tied a rope around the bull's body to hold on by, and put a halter on him to steer with, and jumped on and started; but it was all new to the bull, and he was discontented with it, and scurried around and bellowed and reared and pranced, and Uncle Laxart was satisfied, and wanted to get off and go by the next bull or some other way that was quieter, but he didn't dare try; and it was getting very warm for him, too, and disturbing and wearisome, and not proper for Sunday; but by-and-by the bull lost all his temper, and went tearing down the slope with his tail in the air and bellowing in the most awful way; and just in the edge of the village he knocked down some beehives, and the bees turned out and joined the excursion, and soared along in a black cloud that nearly hid those other two from sight, and prodded them both, and jabbed them and speared them and spiked them, and made them bellow and shriek, and shriek and bellow; and here they came roaring through the village like a hurricane, and took the funeral procession right in the centre, and sent that section of it sprawling, and galloped over it, and the rest scattered apart and fled screeching in every direction, every person with a layer of bees on him, and not a rag of that funeral left but the corpse; and finally the bull broke for the river and jumped in, and when they fished Uncle Laxart out he was nearly drowned, and his face looked like a pudding with raisins in it. And then he turned around, this old simpleton, and looked a long time in a dazed

way at Joan where she had her face in a cushion, dying, apparently, and says—

"What do you reckon she is laughing at?"

And old D'Arc stood looking at her the same way, sort of absently scratching his head; but had to give it up, and said *he* didn't know—"must have been something that happened when we weren't noticing."

Yes, both of those old people thought that that tale was pathetic; whereas to my mind it was purely ridiculous, and not in any way valuable to any one. It seemed so to me then, and it seems so to me yet. And as for history, it does not resemble history, for the office of history is to furnish serious and important facts that *teach;* whereas this strange and useless event teaches nothing; nothing that I can see, except not to ride a bull to a funeral; and surely no reflecting person needs to be taught that.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COURTSHIP OF COLONEL BILL.

BY J. J. EAKINS.

IT was early morning in the Blue-grass. The triumphant sun was driving the white mist before it from wood and rolling meadow-land, rousing the drowsy cattle from their tranquil dreams and quickening into fuller life all the inhabitants of that favored region, from the warlike woodpecker with his head of flame high up in the naked tree-top to the timid ground-squirrel flitting along the gray-stone fences. It glorified with splendid impartiality the apple blossoms in the orchards and the vagabond blackberry bushes blooming by the road-side; and then, with many a mile of smiling pastures in its victorious wake, it burst over the low rampart of stable roofs encircling the old Lexington race-course, and, after a hasty glimpse at the horses speeding around the track and the black boys singing and slouching from stall to stall with buckets of water on their heads, it rushed impetuously into an old-fashioned, deep-waisted family barouche beside one of the stables, and shone full upon a slender girlish figure within. It wasted no time upon a purple-faced old gentleman beside her, nor upon two young gentlemen on the seat opposite, but rested with bold and ardent admiration upon the young girl's face, touching her cheeks with a color as delicate as the apple blossoms in the orchards, and weaving into her rich brown hair the red gold of its own beams.

The picture was so dazzling and altogether so unprecedented that Colonel Bill Jarvis, the young owner of the stable, who had come swinging around the corner, whistling a lively tune, his hat thrown back on his head, and who had almost run plump into the carriage, stopped abruptly and stood staring. He was roused to a realizing sense of his position by Major Cicero Johnson, editor of the Lexington *Chronicle* and president of the association, who was standing beside the barouche, saying, with that courtliness of manner and amplitude of rhetoric which made him a fixture in the legislative halls at Frankfort: "Colonel Bill, I want to present you to General Thomas Anderson Braxton, the hero of two wars, of whom as a Kentuckian you must be proud, and his sons Matt and Jack, and his daughter, Miss Sue, the Flower of the Blue-grass. Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, with an oratorical wave of his hand towards the Colonel, who had bowed gravely to each person in turn to whom he was introduced, "this is my friend Colonel Bill Jarvis, the finest horseman and the most gallant young turfman between the Ohio River and the Gulf of Mexico."

While the Major was speaking, Colonel Bill's eyes wandered from the two young gentlemen on the front seat to the purple-faced old General on the rear seat, and then rested on Miss Braxton. Her eyes met his, and she smiled. It was such a pleasant, gracious, encouraging smile, and there was so much kindliness in the depths of the soft brown eyes, that the Colonel was reassured at once.

"We have come to disturb you at this unearthly hour," said Miss Braxton, apologetically, "because I wanted to see the horses at their work, and father and my brothers were good enough to come with me."

Colonel Bill explained that his horses had finished their morning exercise, but that it would afford him great pleasure

to show them in their stalls. Miss Braxton was sure that they were putting him to a great deal of trouble, and she was also convinced that to see horses in their stalls must be delightful; so presently the party was marching along under the shed, looking at the calm-eyed thoroughbreds in their narrow little homes, the Colonel and Miss Braxton leading the way.

With the wisdom of her sex, Miss Braxton concealed her lack of special knowledge by a generous general enthusiasm which captivated her simple-hearted host.

"And that is really Beau Brummel!" she cried, with sparkling eyes, pointing to a splendid deep-chested animal, who was regarding them with mild curiosity. "And that is Queen of Sheba next to him! What lovely heads they have, and how very proud you must be to own them!" One would have thought her days and nights had been given to a study of these two thoroughbreds.

"They are the best long-distance horses in the country," said the Colonel, flushing with pleasure. And then, in reply to her eager questioning, he gave their pedigrees and performances, all their battles and victories, in detail—a list as long and as glorious as the triumphs of Napoleon, and perhaps as useful. At each stall she had fresh questions to ask. Her brothers, with an eye to the coming meeting, listened eagerly to the Colonel's answers, while the Major and the General, lagging behind, discussed affairs of state. At last the horses were all seen; everybody shook hands with the Colonel and thanked him, the General with great pompousness, and Miss Braxton with a smile, and a hope that she might see him during the meeting; and the old barouche went lumbering away down the road, until it presently buried itself, like a monstrous cuttle-fish, in a cloud of its own making.

Colonel Bill looked after it with a pleased expression on his face, and pulling his tawny mustache reflectively, muttered to himself with true masculine acuteness, "She knew as much about my horses as I did myself."

The great Lexington meeting was in the full tide of its success. Peach-cheeked, bright-eyed Blue-grass girls, and their big-boned, deep-chested admirers, riding and driving in couples and parties, filled all the white, dusty turnpikes leading to the race-course, and made gay the quaint old Lexington streets. The grand stand echoed with their merriment, and they cheered home the horses with an enthusiasm seen nowhere else in the world.

The centre of the liveliest of all these merry groups, noticeable for her grace and beauty even there, where so many lovely girls were gathered, was Miss Braxton. She was continuously surrounded by a devoted body-guard of young men, many of whom had ridden miles to catch a glimpse of her bewitching face, and who felt more than recompensed for their efforts by a glance from her bright eyes.

On the first day of the meeting Colonel Bill, arrayed with unusual care, had eagerly scanned the occupants of the grand stand. His eyes ran heedlessly over scores of pretty faces, until finally they rested upon the group around Miss Braxton. Then carefully buttoning up his coat and straightening out his tall figure, as a brave man might who was about to lead a forlorn hope or receive his opponent's fire, he bore down upon them. Miss Braxton welcomed him cordially, and introduced him to the gentlemen about her. She straightway became so gracious to him that he aroused an amazing amount of suspicion and dislike in the little circle, to all of which, however, he was happily oblivious. He was a capital mimic, and under the inspiration of her applause he told innumerable negro stories with such lifelike fidelity to nature that even the hostile circle was convulsed, and Miss Braxton laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

Time sped so swiftly that the last race was run before the Colonel was aware that the programme was half over, and he found himself saying good-by to Miss Braxton, and wishing with all his heart he were one of the half-dozen lucky young men who were waiting on their horses outside to escort her carriage back to Lexington.

It was that same evening old Elias, Colonel Bill's body-servant and general assistant, noticed a most surprising development in his young employer. One of the Colonel's most prized possessions was a fiddle. It had never been known, in all the years he owned it, to utter aught except the most joyful sounds. Whenever he picked it up, as he frequently did on

winter nights, when everybody gathered around the big wood fire in his room, the stable-boys at once made ready to beat time to "Money Musk," "Old Dan Tucker," and other cheerful airs.

On this particular night the Colonel seized the fiddle and strode gloomily to the end of the stable. Presently there came forth upon the night air such melancholy and dismal notes as made every stable-boy, from little Pete to big Mose, shiver. As the lugubrious sounds continued, the boys fled to their loft, leaving Elias, who had watched over the Colonel from his infancy, to keep vigil, with a troubled look on his withered face. Many nights thereafter was this singular proceeding repeated, to the ever-increasing wonderment of Elias.

Every day during the meeting when Miss Braxton was at the track Colonel Bill sought her out. Sometimes he had a chance for a long talk, but oftener he was forced to content himself with shorter interviews. More than once he noticed General Braxton join his daughter when he approached, and he found that old warrior's manner growing more and more cold.

"He's a loser," thought the Colonel, to whom it never for a moment occurred that his own presence might be disagreeable to any one. "A man oughtn't to bet when he can't stand a-losing," he concluded, philosophically, and then he dismissed the matter from his mind.

On the last day of the races, after waiting for an hour or more to speak alone to Miss Braxton, and finding her constantly guarded by her father, who looked fiercer than usual, Colonel Bill was finally compelled to join her as she and the General were leaving the grand stand. She saw him coming, and stopped, a pleased look on her face. The General, with a frigid nod, moved on a few paces and left them together.

"I have come to ask if I might call on you this evening, Miss Braxton," said the Colonel, timidly, "if you have no other engagement."

"I shall be very glad indeed to have you call," she replied, cordially, adding, with a smile, "You know, Lexington is not so wildly gay that we haven't ample time to see our friends."

As he walked away the Colonel thought he heard his name mentioned by General Braxton, and although the words were inaudible, the tone was sharp and commanding. He turned and glanced back. The girl's face was flushed, and she looked excited, something unusual to her self-contained, reposeful manner. As they moved out of hearing, the General was still talking with great earnestness, and a feeling of uneasiness began to oppress him. This feeling had not altogether departed when he galloped into Lexington that night, his long-tailed white linen duster buttoned up to his chin, the brim of his soft black hat pulled down over his eyes.

The Elms, a roomy old-fashioned house encircled by wide verandas, the home of the Braxtons for generations, was one of the landmarks of Lexington. A long stretch of lawn filled with shrubbery and clumps of trees protected its inmates from the city's dust and turmoil, and almost concealed the house itself from view. The Colonel, to whom the Elms was perfectly well known, never drew rein till he was before it, and then, checking his horse so suddenly that a less intelligent animal would have turned a somersault, swung himself out of the saddle with the ease of one who had spent the greater part of his life there, fastened the bridle to a ring in a great oak-tree by the curbing, and opening the big iron gate, strode up the gravelled walk which wound through the shrubbery.

Miss Braxton had been sitting at the piano in the drawing-room playing softly. The long windows looking out on the veranda were opened to admit the balmy air, and before her visitor arrived she heard his approaching footsteps.

"I am very glad you have come," she said, walking out to meet him; "I was afraid that in the excitement of the race-track you might have forgotten our engagement. I felt a little depressed this evening, and that is another reason why I am glad to see you." She led the way back into the drawing-room as she talked, and invited the Colonel to sit beside her on one of the sofas. In the soft glow of the dimly lighted lamps he thought she had never appeared so beautiful; and the rich fragrance of the dew-laden roses and honeysuckle wafted in through the open windows seemed to him to be an atmosphere peculiar to her alone, like the exceeding sweetness of her soft low voice and the easy grace of her movements.

In reply to her questions he told her of his adventures on far Southern tracks,

and of the careless, reckless life he had led. He had seen many strange and stirring sights during his wanderings; and to her, whose young life had hitherto flown along as peacefully as a meadow brook, it seemed like a new and thrilling romance, with a living being in place of the printed page. Once he mentioned a woman's name, and she started.

"In all that time," she inquired, softly, her eyes lowered, "did no woman ever come into your life?"

"No," he answered, simply; "I never thought of a woman then."

She raised her eyes to his, and lowered them instantly, her face flushing.

During a moment's lull in the conversation the hour was struck from a neighboring steeple. They both started, half-guiltily. It was midnight. He at once arose to go, apologizing for the lateness of his visit.

"I would like to see you again, Miss Braxton, before I go North," he said, as he prepared to leave.

She had risen with him, and they were both standing beside the mantel. Her face paled. Then she turned her head aside, and said, in a tone that was almost inaudible, "Father objects."

He became rigid instantly, and his lips grew white. "I suppose your father don't know who I am," he said, proudly. "My family is as good as any in the State. I loved horses and the life and color of the race-track, and refused to go to college when I could. Until I met you I never thought of anything except horses. But the pedigree of my people is straight. There isn't a cold cross on either side. I know I amount to nothing myself," he continued, bitterly, his eyes resting gloomily on the floor; "I'm only a no-account old selling plater, and I'll just go back to the stable, where I belong." Here an unusual sound interrupted him, and he looked up. The girl, with her head on her arm, was leaning against the mantel, sobbing quietly. In a moment he forgot all about himself and snatched up her disengaged hand.

"Do you really care?" he cried, pressing the fluttering little hand in both of his.

She lifted up her face, the soft brown eyes swimming in tears. "I wouldn't mind," she replied, half laughing and half sobbing—"I wouldn't mind at all about the pedigree, and I know you're not an old selling plater; but if you were, I am very sure that I would care for you."

The Lexington meeting was over, and the horsemen were scattered far and wide, from Chicago to Sheepshead Bay. Colonel Bill alone remained behind. As the days passed and he made no preparation to depart, old Elias's irritation grew apace, and the lives of the stable-boys under the increasing rigor of his rule became almost unendurable. The Colonel, however, saw very little of Elias or the stable-boys. Even his beloved horses no longer interested him. He passed the days walking the streets of Lexington, hoping by some chance to meet Miss Braxton, and it was not until late at night that he returned to the race-track, foot-sore and disappointed. He had been too deeply wounded and was too proud to make any further effort to visit the Elms, and he thought it would be unmanly and ungenerous to ask Miss Braxton to meet him away from her father's house.

In the mean time the old General's wrath increased as the days passed. He was unused to any kind of opposition, and the Colonel's persistence irritated him beyond measure. The dream of his life was a brilliant marriage for his daughter, and no amount of argument could alter his opinion that Colonel Bill was a rude, unlettered stable-man.

"Why, sir," he would exclaim, over a mint-julep, to his friend Major Johnson, who always defended the Colonel vigorously, "the idea of such attentions to my daughter is preposterous—ludicrous! I will not permit it, sir—not for one moment. If he persists in annoying my family, sir," and the purple hue of the General's face deepened, "I would no more hesitate to shoot him—no more, by gad!—than I would a rattlesnake." After the fourth or fifth julep he did not always confine his conversation to his friend, and so his threats often found their way back to the object of his wrath, losing nothing by the journey. Although the Colonel's disposition was the sunniest, the strain to which he was being subjected was telling on his nerves, and once or twice he replied sharply to the tale-bearers. The little city was soon excited over the quarrel, and every movement of the principals was eagerly noted.

"My money goes on Bill," said Jule Chinn, the proprietor of the Blue-grass

Club, when the matter came up for discussion there between deals. "I saw him plug that creole down in Orleans. First he throws him down the steps of the St. Charles for insultin' a lady. When Frenchy insists on a duel an' Bill gets up in front of him, he says, in that free an' easy way of his, 'We mark puppies up in my country by cutting their ears, and that's what I'm going to do to you, for you ain't fit to die,' an' blame me if he don't just pop bullets through that fellow's ears like you'd punch holes in a piece of cheese!" After that the Colonel ruled a strong favorite in the betting.

When this condition of affairs had existed for two weeks, the Colonel arose one morning from a sleepless bed with a fixed idea in his mind. He sat down to a table in his room, pulled out some writing-paper, and set to work. After many sheets had been covered and destroyed, he finally decided upon the following:

"DEAR MISS BRAXTON,—I am going away from Lexington to-morrow, probably never to return. Will you be at your father's gate at three o'clock this afternoon, as I would like to say good-by to you before I go?

Your sincere friend,
WILLIAM JARVIS."

After he had finished this epistle it seemed to him entirely too cold; but the others, which he had written in a more sentimental vein, had appeared unduly presumptuous. He finally sealed it and gave it to Pete, with terrific threats of personal violence in case of anything preventing its prompt delivery. While Pete was galloping off to Lexington at breakneck speed, the Colonel was wondering what the answer would be.

"I'll just say good-by to her," he muttered, moodily, "and then I'll never see her again. I suppose I belong with the horses, anyhow, and that old bottle-nosed General has me classed all right!"

When Pete returned he handed the Colonel a dainty little three-cornered note. It was addressed to "My dear friend," and the writer was *so sorry* he was going away so *very* soon, and had hoped he would stay *ever* so much longer, and then signed herself cordially his, Susan Burleigh Braxton. At the bottom was a postscript—"I will expect you at three o'clock."

An hour before the appointed time the Colonel was striding impatiently up and down before the Elms, incessantly consulting his watch or wistfully gazing up the gravelled walk. It still lacked several minutes of three, when his heart gave a great jump as he saw Miss Braxton's graceful figure flitting in and out through the shrubbery. She stopped to pluck some roses from a bush that hung over the walk, bending down the richly laden bough so that the flowers made a complete circle about her bright young face, and as she raised her eyes she caught the Colonel gazing at her with such a look of abject idolatry that she laughed and blushed. "You see I am on time," she cried, gayly, hastening down to the gate and handing him one of her roses. "I am going to the post-office, and you may walk with me if you care to." If he cared to! Her mere presence beside him, the feeling that he could reach out his hand and touch her, the music of her voice, filled him with a joy of which he had never before dreamed.

After they had left the post-office, by mutual direction their footsteps turned from the more crowded thoroughfares, and they walked down a quiet and deserted street where the stones were covered with moss, and where solemn gnarled old trees lined the way on either side and met above their heads, the fresh green leaves murmuring softly together like living things.

They reached the end of the old street, and were almost in the country. A wide-spreading chestnut-tree stood before them, around whose giant bole a rustic seat had been built. They walked toward it in silence and sat down side by side.

They were entirely alone. A gay young redbird, his head knowingly cocked on one side, perched in the branches just above them. A belated bumblebee, already heavy laden, hung over a cluster of wild flowers at their feet. A long-legged garrulous grasshopper, undismayed by their presence, uttered his clarion notes on the seat beside them.

The inquisitive young redbird looking down could only see a soft black hat and a white straw hat with flowers about its broad brim. He heard the black hat wondering if any one ever thought of him, to which the straw hat replied softly that it was sure some one did think of

him very often. Then the black hat wondered if some one, when it was away, would continue to think of it, and the flowered straw, still more softly, was very, very sure some one would.

Then the redbird saw such a remarkable thing happen that his bright eyes almost popped out of his little head. He saw a hand and a powerful arm suddenly steal out from below the black hat and move in the direction of the flowered straw—not hurriedly, but stealthily and surely. Having reached it, the hand and the arm drew the unresisting flowered straw in the direction of the black hat, until presently the hats came together. And then the redbird, himself desperately in love, knew what it all meant, and burst into jubilant song. And the hard-working bumblebee, who also had a sweetheart, took a moment's rest in honor of the event and buzzed his delight; and even the long-legged grasshopper, an admirer of the sex, but a confirmed bachelor, shouted his approbation until he was fairly hoarse.

It was some time before the adventurous hand could be put back where it properly belonged, and the face beneath the straw, when it came into view, was a very flushed face, but the brown eyes shone like stars. As they walked through the old street, the setting sun filling the air with a golden glory, they passed a sweet-faced old lady cutting flowers in her garden, and she smiled an indulgent smile, and they nodded and smiled back at her.

"I want you to promise me something," Miss Braxton said, suddenly stopping and looking up at him. "I want you to promise me," she continued, not waiting for his reply, "that you will not quarrel with my father. He is the best father in the world. My mother died when I was a child, and since then he has been father and mother and the whole world to me. I could never forgive myself if you exchanged a harsh word with him."

"If all the stories I hear are true," replied the Colonel, with a good-humored laugh, "your father is the one for you to see."

"My father says a great deal which he frequently regrets the moment afterwards," she responded, earnestly. "He is a warm-hearted and an impulsive man, and the dearest and best father in the world." The Colonel gave the desired promise, and they walked on in silence. When they reached the Elms, and her hand was on the big iron gate, she turned to him, an appealing look in her eyes. "Must you really go to-morrow?" she asked.

"I am compelled to go," he replied, sadly. "I have already remained here too long. I must start to-morrow night."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you are going away," she said, softly, extending her hand. He caught it up passionately.

"I must see you again!" he cried. "I can't go away until I do. It is hard enough to leave even then. I won't ask you to come away from your father's house to meet me, but you could be here, couldn't you?"

"When shall I come?" she asked, simply.

"The train leaves to-morrow night at twelve. Could you be here at eleven?"

"I will be here at eleven," she said; and then, with a brave attempt to smile, she turned away. Just at that moment General Braxton rounded the neighboring corner and came straight towards them.

In the hotel across the way the loungers leaning back in their cane-bottomed chairs straightened up with keenest interest and delight. Jule Chinn, in the Blue-grass Club upstairs, happening to glance out the window, turned his box over, and remarked that if any gentleman cared to bet, he would lay any part of $5000 on Bill. When the General was directly opposite him Colonel Bill gravely and courteously lifted his hat. For an instant the old man hesitated, and then, with a glance at his daughter, he lifted his own hat and passed through the gate.

"Well, I'll be ——!" cried Jule, with a whistle of infinite amazement. "Things is changed in Kentucky!"

"That," said Major Cicero Johnson, who had exchanged several hundred subscriptions to his paper for an ever-decreasing pile of Jule's blue chips—"that is the tribute which valor pays to beauty. Their pleasure has only been postponed. Colonel Chinn, you have overlooked that small wager on the ace. Thanks."

Ten minutes later Colonel Bill was galloping out to the race-track, gayly singing a popular love-song. Suddenly something occurred to him and he stopped,

reached back into his hip pocket, and drew out a long pistol. He threw it as far as he could into a neighboring brier-patch, and once more giving rein to his horse, began to sing with renewed enthusiasm.

When he reached the track he called old Elias into his room, and they remained together for a long time in whispered conference. That night any one who happened to have been belated on the Versailles 'pike might have passed Elias jogging along on his horse, looking very important, and an air of mystery enveloping him like a garment.

It was far into the night when he returned. As he started to creep up the ladder to the loft above his young master's room, his shoes in his hand so as not to awaken him, the Colonel, who had been tossing on a sleepless bed for hours, called out. Elias, who evidently regarded himself as a conspirator, waited until he had reached the loft, and then whispered back, "Hit's all right, Marse Bill," and was instantly swallowed up in the darkness.

It was one of those perfect June nights so often seen in central Kentucky. The full moon hung in a cloudless sky, filling the air with a soft white radiance. There was not a movement in the still, warm atmosphere, and to Colonel Bill, waiting beneath the shadows of the big oak-tree near the General's gate, it seemed that all nature was waiting with him. The leaves above his head, the gray old church steeple beyond the house, the long stretch of deserted streets—they all wore a hushed, expectant look.

It was several minutes past the appointed hour, and Miss Braxton had not come. He had begun to fear that perhaps her father, suspecting something, had detained her, when he saw her figure, a white outline among the rose-bushes, far up the walk. As she drew near he stepped out from the shadows, and she gave a little cry of delight.

"I know I am late, but I was talking with father," she said, apologetically, and the brown eyes became troubled. "He was very restless and nervous to-night, and when he is in that condition he says I soothe him." They had slowly walked towards the tree as she was speaking, and when she had finished they were completely hidden from any chance passer. She glanced up, and even in the gloom she noticed how white and tense was his face.

"Do you know," he cried, abruptly, "if I go away from Lexington to-night it will only be to return in a day, or two days? For weeks I have been able to think of nothing, to dream of nothing, except you. I haven't come here to-night to say good-by to you," he continued, passionately, "because I cannot say good-by to you, but to implore you to come with me—to marry me—to-night—now." She shrank back. "I have made all my arrangements," he continued, feverishly. "I have a cousin, a minister, living in Versailles. Once a month he preaches in a little church on the 'pike near there. I sent word by Elias last night for him to meet us there to-night, and he said he would. Elias has the horses under the trees yonder; they will be here in a moment, and in an hour we will be married. Come!" His arms were around her, and while he spoke she was carried away by the rush of his passion, and yielded to it with a feeling of languorous delight. Then there came the thought of the lonely old man who would be left behind. She slipped gently from her lover's arms and looked back at the house which had been her home for so many years. She saw the light in her father's room, and recalled how she went there when she was a little girl to say her prayers at his knee and kiss him good-night. He had always been so kind to her, so willing to sacrifice himself for her pleasure, and he was so old. What would he do when she had gone out of his life? No; she could not desert him. She covered her face with her hands. "I cannot leave father," she sobbed. "I cannot; I must not." They had moved out from the shadow of the tree into the moonlight. He had taken her hand, and had begun to renew his appeals, when they were both startled by the sound of footsteps on the gravelled walk, and the General's voice crying, "Sue! Sue, where are you?" At the same moment Elias came up, leading two horses. The Colonel and Miss Braxton stood just as they were, too surprised to move. They could not escape in any event, for almost as soon as the words reached them the General came into view. He saw them at once, and it required only a glance at the approaching horses to tell him everything. With an inarticulate cry of rage, his gray hair

streaming behind him, he rushed wildly back to the house. The Colonel looked after him, and then turned to Miss Braxton.

"He has gone to arm himself," he said, quietly. "He will be back with your brothers."

The girl looked up in his face and shivered. Then she glanced towards the house, where lights were flashing from room to room, and doors were being opened and shut, and she wrung her hands. In the stillness every sound could be heard — the rush of footsteps down the stairs, the fierce commands, the creaking of the great stable door in the rear of the house.

"They are getting out the horses," she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, calmly. "He thought we were running away." There was not a tremor in his voice. She was reared in a society where physical bravery is the first of virtues, and even in that terrible moment she could not help feeling a thrill of pride as she looked at him. She never thought of asking him to fly. She could hear the horses as they were led out of their stalls one by one, their hoofs echoing sharply on the stone flagging. Her excited imagination supplied all the details. Now they were putting on the bridles; now they were fastening the saddles; they were mounted; the gate was being opened; in another moment they would sweep down on them. Then she looked at her lover standing there so motionless, waiting—for what? The thought of it was maddening.

"Quick! quick!" she cried, wildly, catching his arm; "I will go with you."

Without a word he lifted her up in his arms and seated her on one of the horses. He carefully tested the saddle, although the hoofs of their pursuers' horses were already ringing on the street behind the house. Then he swung himself easily into the saddle, and was hardly there before the General and his two sons swept around the neighboring corner, not fifty yards away.

"Good-by, Elias," called the Colonel, cheerfully, as they shot out into the moonlit street; and Elias's "God bless you bofe, Marse Bill!" came to them above the rush of the horses.

As they went clattering through the quiet streets and past the rows of darkened houses, the horses, with their sinewy necks straightened out, speeding so swiftly that the balmy air blew a soft wind in their riders' faces, Colonel Bill, with a slight shade of disappointment in his voice, said:

"I guess you didn't get a good look at the horses, or you would have recognized them. That's old Beau Brummel you're on, and this is Queen of Sheba. They're both fit, although they haven't been particularly trained for these free-for-all scrambles, owners' handicap, ten miles straight away. But I don't believe there's a horse in Kentucky can catch us tonight," he concluded, proudly patting the neck of his thoroughbred. He glanced over his shoulder as he spoke, and noted that the distance between them and their pursuers was constantly widening, until, turning a corner, they could neither see nor hear them.

And now the Colonel's spirits fairly bubbled over. He was a superb rider, and swinging carelessly in his saddle, his hands hardly touching the reins, he kept up a running stream of jocular comment.

"It looks to me like the old gentleman's going to be distanced," he cried, with a chuckle. "He can't say a word, though, for he made the conditions of this race. The start was a trifle straggling, as Jack Calloway told me once when he left seven horses at the post in a field of ten, and perhaps the Beau and the Queen didn't have the worst of it."

In every possible way he sought to divert his companion's mind. Once or twice she delighted him by faintly smiling a response to his speeches. They had passed the last of the straggling houses, and the turnpike stretched before them, a white ribbon winding through the green meadow-lands. They had to wait while a sleepy toll-gate-keeper lifted his wooden bar, and straining their ears, they could just catch the faint, far-away sound of galloping horses.

"In another hour," he cried, pressing her hand, and once more they were off. A mile further on they stopped again. Before them was a narrow lane debouching from the turnpike.

"That lane," he said, reflectively, "would save us a good two miles, for the 'pike makes a big bend here. Elias told me that he heard it was closed up, and we might get in there and not be able to get out. We can't afford to take the chance," he concluded, thoughtfully, and they con-

tinued on their journey. For some time neither spoke. As they were about to enter the wood through which the road passed they stopped to breathe their horses.

"I don't hear them," said the girl. Then she added, joyfully, "Perhaps they have turned back."

He listened attentively. "Perhaps they have," he said at last.

As they rode forward more than once an anxious expression passed over his face, although his conversation was as cheerful as ever. Miss Braxton, from whose mind a great weight had been lifted, laughed and chatted as she had not done since the journey began.

They had passed through the wood and were out in the open country again. As they galloped on, only the distant barking of a watch-dog guarding some lonely farm-house, or the premature crowing of a barn fowl, deceived by the brilliancy of the moonlight into thinking that day had come, broke the absolute silence. They might have been the one woman and the one man in a new world, so profound was their isolation.

"Do you see that group of trees on the hill there just ahead of us," he asked, carelessly, as the horses slowed to a canter. "Well, just the other side of those trees the lane we passed joins the 'pike again. Now it is possible that instead of your amiable relatives going home, they may have taken to the lane. If it hasn't been closed, they may be waiting there to welcome us." For a moment the girl was deceived by the lightness of his manner; and then, as she realized what such a situation meant, she grew white to the lips. "The chances are," he continued, cheerfully, "that they won't be there, but we had just as well be prepared. If they are there we must approach them just as if we were going to talk to them, slowing up almost to a walk. They will be on my side, and I will keep in the middle of the 'pike. You remain as close to the fence as you can. When we get opposite them I'll yell, 'Now!' You can give your horse his head, and before they know what's happened we will be a hundred yards away. All my horses have been trained to get away from the post, and these two are the quickest breakers on the Western Circuit. Now let's go over the plan again." And the Colonel carefully repeated what he had said, illustrating it as he went along. Yes, she understood him. It was very simple. How could she forget it? As she told him this her frightened eyes never left his face, and she followed his movements with such a look of pain that he swore at her father, under his breath, with a vigor which did full justice to the occasion.

A few minutes' ride brought them to the top of the hill, and they both looked eagerly before them. A furlong away, standing perfectly still in the middle of the lane, their horses' heads facing the turnpike, were three mounted men. It required no second glance to identify the watchers. Colonel Bill's eyes blazed, and his right hand went back instinctively to his empty pistol-pocket. He regained his composure in a moment. "Go very slow," he whispered, "and don't make a move till I shout. Keep as far over to your side as you can." They approached the three grim watchers, their horses almost eased to a walk. Not a word was spoken on either side. When they had reached a point almost directly opposite their pursuers, Colonel Bill made a pretence of pulling up his horse, only to catch the reins in a firmer grip, and then, with a sudden dig of the spurs, he yelled, "Now!" and his horse sprang forward like a frightened deer. At the same instant Miss Braxton deliberately swung her horse across the road and behind his. Then there came the sharp report of a pistol, followed by the rush of the pursuing horses. But high above all other sounds rose General Braxton's agonized voice: "My God, don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Before the Colonel could turn in his saddle Miss Braxton was beside him.

"Why didn't you stay where you were?" he cried, sharply, the sense of her peril setting his nerves on edge. As he realized that it was for his sake she had come between him and danger, his eyes grew moist. "Suppose you had been hurt?" he added, reproachfully. She did not reply, and they rode on at full speed. They had once more left their pursuers behind; but as the church was now only a few miles away, and they needed every spare moment there, they urged their horses to renewed effort.

"There is the church now, and it's lighted up," cried the Colonel, joyfully, as they dashed around a bend in the road, pointing to a little one-story building

tucked away amid the trees and underbrush beside the turnpike. In the doorway the minister stood waiting for them—a tall young man, whose ruddy face, broad shoulders, and humorous blue eyes suggested the relationship the Colonel had mentioned. As they pulled up, the young minister came forward and was introduced by the Colonel as "My cousin, Jim Bradley." While they were both assisting Miss Braxton to dismount and fastening the horses, the Colonel, in a few words, told of the pursuit and of the necessity of haste. Mr. Bradley led the way into the church, the lovers following arm in arm. It was a plain whitewashed little room, with wooden benches for the worshippers, and a narrow aisle leading up to the platform, where stood the preacher's pulpit. Half a dozen lamps with bright tin reflectors behind them, like halos, were fastened to brackets high up on the walls. The young couple stopped when they reached the platform, and at Mr. Bradley's request joined their hands. He had opened the prayer-book at the marriage service, and was beginning to read it, when he gave a start. Far away down the turnpike, faint but unmistakable—now dying away into a mere murmur, now rising clear and bold—came the sound of galloping horses. The Colonel felt the girl's hand cold in his, and he whispered a word of encouragement. Mr. Bradley hurried on with the ceremony. The centuries-old questions, so often asked beneath splendid domes before fashionable assemblages to the accompaniment of triumphant music, were never answered with more truth and fervor than in that little road-side church, with no one to hear them but the listening trees and the heart of the night wind.

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

How he pressed the trembling little hand in his, and how devotedly he answered, "I will."

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

The downcast eyes were covered with the drooping lids, and the voice was faint and low, but what a world of love was in the simple "I will."

As the young minister, very solemn and dignified now, paused for each reply, there came ever nearer and ever louder the ringing of the hoof-beats. Once he stole a hurried glance through the window which gave on the turnpike. Not half a mile away, their figures black against the sky-line, fiercely lashing their tired horses to fresh effort, were three desperate riders. The couple before him did not raise their eyes.

And now the concluding words of the service had been reached, and the minister had begun, "Those whom God hath joined together—" when the rest of the sentence was lost in the old General's angry shout, as he flung himself from his horse, and, with his sons at his heels, rushed into the church. At the threshold they stopped with blanched faces, for, as they entered, the girl, uttering a faint cry, her face whiter than her gown, down which a little stream of blood was trickling, reeled and tottered, and fell senseless into her husband's arms.

A few days later Major Johnson's Lexington *Chronicle*, under the heading "Jarvis—Braxton," contained the following:

"Colonel William Jarvis, the distinguished and genial young turfman, and Miss Susan Braxton, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of General Thomas Anderson Braxton, the hero of two wars, whose name is a household word wherever valor is honored and eloquence is admired, were united in marriage Monday night. With the romance of youth, the young couple determined to avoid the conventionalities of society, and only the bride's father and two brothers were present. Immediately preceding the ceremony the lovely bride was accidentally injured by the premature explosion of a fire-arm, but her hosts of friends will be delighted to learn that the mishap was not of a serious character. The young couple are now the guests of General Braxton at the historic Elms. We are informed, however, that Colonel Jarvis contemplates retiring from the turf and purchasing a stock-farm near Lexington. As a souvenir of his marriage he has promised his distinguished father-in-law the first three good horses he raises."

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

IS it not time for the subordination of the dog in the United States? In a civilized society the dog ought to be civilized. Indeed, his position is a test of civilization. I judge Constantinople by its dogs. They are a terror. They have the vices both of a barbarous and of a decadent state. They are worse than the absolutely untamed dogs of a primitive and natural society, because they are educated in the astute viciousness of the Turk. They are cunning as well as savage. There is no greater evidence of the incapacity of the Sultan to rule, to bring all his subjects into order and to protect them in their rights, than his inability to control the Bosporus dogs; and the intervening great powers would make a great step towards the rehabilitation or the extinction of the Ottoman Empire if they would first force the Sultan to try conclusions with his savage dogs, who make his city unsafe. If he cannot subdue them, reduce them to order and good behavior, he is not fit any longer to rule, and ruin, the Armenians. This test would be conclusive. The proverb "Love me, love my dog," does not apply to the Sultan; it applies only to masters of well-bred dogs. Whatever affection we might cultivate for the inheritor of the Prophet's power, as a political necessity, it would be impossible to transfer it to the brutes that roam the streets of Constantinople, as unchecked as the wolves of the Russian steppes, and make them unsafe after sundown. No; Abdul as-is, or as-was, is unfit to rule an empire if he cannot, in his own capital, control the animal that is commonly most susceptible to good influences. I am not blaming the dog; I am not even satirizing the kind of favorite dog who is all body and no legs—a pretty survival of the saurians; for the dog is everywhere what society makes him; but I am seeking to understand any given civilization by the sort of dog it breeds, and the conduct, the subordination or insubordination, of the dog is a good test of the culture, the discipline, the respect for law, of that society. If the dog is unruly, not subordinated to the best interests of the community in which he lives, that community is too timid or too regardless of law to assert its own rights, and, in fact, in a way, reflects the dog lawlessness that it encourages or permits. And woe to the community in which the dog is on top!

In the United States, I am glad to say, the dog is partially subdued. He is often taxed and registered, sometimes collared, occasionally muzzled, and now and then pounded. He may be pounded for having no register-mark, and he is in certain seasons muzzled on account of his liability to go mad. But society does not willingly lend itself to his discipline; it keeps the dog-laws little better than the dog keeps them. I fancy that dog-madness is often the result of lack of discipline, just as lunacy in men and women is often the result of failure to assert the will power. But as a general thing the dog is too free, and has not learned his place. The democratic idea that every man may do as he pleases extends to the dog, and restraint upon his liberty is resented by his owner as much as it is by him. I know certain portions of the New England, which thinks itself as civilized as any part of the world, where it is impossible to keep sheep. The pastures are good, the hills are admirably adapted to grazing and nibbling, there is good water and air, and from time to time the attempt is made to keep a flock of sheep. The industry would be profitable, for the sake of the mutton as well as the wool, and the ground on which sheep would thrive most of the year is fit for little else. But the attempt has to be abandoned, and a natural and moderately profitable industry sacrificed, because the Legislatures will not adequately protect it, and there is not public spirit enough to enforce the laws that exist. The unrestrained dogs chase the sheep and harry and worry them to death, if they do not tear and bite and kill outright. It is sufficiently remarkable that a thrifty people will put up with such a nuisance, and will let themselves be dominated, to their pecuniary loss, by an animal that should be taught to be a guardian to the flock, or to subdue his savage instincts in the interest of man. But this is scarcely the worst aspect of

the case. This disregard of order and discipline, which should extend to all creatures not in a state of savagery, is a sign of a very incomplete civilization.

The English are fond of dogs, no people more so, and there are probably as many dogs to the square acre in England as in any part of the earth's surface—packs of hounds, bird-dogs, watch-dogs, ladies' dogs, as varied in name and appearance and ugliness as they are interesting companions of men and pets of women; there is a day for every dog, and every dog has his day. But the dog is strictly subordinate to the comfort and use of society. He walks abroad or he goes on a hunt in rule; when he is not travelling with his owner or guarding his premises he stays at a dog boarding-house. And when he dies, if he is good, he may be buried in London, in the little Dog Cemetery on Bayswater Road, by Kensington Gardens, with a small white marble head-stone, on which is recorded his name and age—alas, how brief his life usually is!—and his virtues. All the inscriptions are panegyrics inspired by grief and affection, and sometimes by hope, as in the case of the pet of a Russian ambassador, who expressed his faith of reunion by engraving *au revoir* under the dog's name. It is a select graveyard, for only good dogs lie there, if we may believe the inscriptions. It is a sweet little enclosure, where the relatives of any dog may be proud to have him rest, for it is carefully tended, and each little grave is a mass of blooming flowers. In short, the dog is provided for; he is an agreeable part of social life, but he is strictly subordinate. It is not good form to let him worry even cats. And the sheep? England is a paradise for sheep. The life of a dog that showed an anti-sheep disposition would not be worth an hour's purchase. Public opinion would not tolerate him. No owner would have influence enough to protect him from the law. And consequently fine sheep are seen grazing everywhere, in public parks, in private parks, on the downs, on the hills of Devon and Dorset, and adding everywhere to the charm of the always lovely English landscape, in the depths of the country, on the sea-cliffs, in the cathedral close, in the green places in the neighborhood of great towns. I do not know their money value; I know that a delicious chop costs a shilling, and that woollen goods are cheap, but above all this advantage I reckon the sense of calm, of peace, of security, of lawful enjoyment of one's own, which adds I know not what of order and completeness to English life.

II.

What is called the journalistic "silly season" in the United States is annually marked by the reappearance of the sea-serpent; in England it is distinguished by the discussion, in editorials and in endless communications, day after day, in column after column, of some sentimental topic. This year "The Age of Love" was a favorite theme, and hundreds of clever men and women wrote beautifully on the query whether love in men is a matter of youth or whether it exists in old age. But the perennial topic of which English newspapers and readers can never get enough is the "Yankee Twang." This year the *Times* led off, and the grave *Spectator* takes it up with the solemnity it uses in discussing the Armenian question; and assuming the existence of this malady, which is more a reproach than the cholera, and which some doctors think allied to catarrh, seeks to discover its origin, and if possible to quit England of all responsibility for it. The topic is a good one, because it is not a *casus belli*, and yet it is sufficiently irritating, and gives opportunity for writers to indulge in little slurs which are not actionable in international law. There is no danger in it, and it pleases the writers, and appears to give satisfaction to a large body of English readers. The twang is confessedly not so bad as the "Puritan snuffle," which was used to express dislike of prelacy and monarchy, though it is perhaps a descendant of that villanous form of speech. The topic has rather lost its interest for Americans; it seems a little childish to a people intent on building a great empire, and which is familiar in its vast domain with all the twangs and dialects of the known world. And yet the leisurely American is a little amused at the English sensitiveness when it is casually pointed out that nearly every peculiarity of speech and accent and of archaic use of words which is ridiculed as American has its exact counterpart in some English county, and was in use before America was settled. Why this fact should be irritating to the English, who own that they understand with difficulty

the various dialects of their pretty kingdom, the American, who derives one of the greatest pleasures of travel from the varieties of English life, cannot understand. He is interested, as he would be with similar phenomena in any part of the globe, in the broad speech of fair Devon, but he is not bitter about it, even when it is worse than anything he has heard at home, for his heart is kindled by being in the birthplace of those great sea-kings, Drake and Granville and Raleigh and Hawkins and Frobisher and the others, who laid the foundations of the New World. He has a certain pride in Devon, as he has in other countries, in discovering his origins; and the extreme flatness of speech ("graund-daun" for ground-down) which he hears in Essex and Lincolnshire, and which he has heard before in Philadelphia and on Cape Cod, does not seem to him so important a thing as certain ancient gravestones, whereon he reads familiar names, while he indulges in what I am sure is not an ignoble sentiment, which is less and less disturbed by the Yankee-twang darts of the *banderilleros* of the English press.

All nations, so far as I have seen, especially those important enough to be feared, have their disagreeable qualities, the English as much as any, according to the testimony of all other nations. I suppose that the more powerful America grows, the more disagreeable qualities, in the eyes of rivals, she will develop. It seems a pity that this should be so as we get on in civilization, and especially a pity that the two nations most allied in spirit and in purpose, and which may have more influence than any other in determining the future of the world, and which have so many great common interests, should fall to nagging about little things, and indulge in offensive personalities. Unfortunately gibes at personal habits and manners often outweigh in sentiment the recognition of the nobler traits that would draw peoples together. I for one do not believe that the occasional tone of part of the English press represents fairly the general English feeling about America and Americans, except where commercial rivalry is very strong. On our side I am certain there is a general hearty recognition of the desirability of the continuance and spread in the world of the noble English qualities, and I believe there is a general English wish to stand well with America. Nagging laid aside, Americans acknowledge many desirable things in English life. I have alluded to many of them in these occasional papers. Even in the minor matter of speech they find the English voice commonly agreeable, full, rich, and low, though the enunciation is occasionally thick and slovenly. The quality of voice is most pleasing to the ear. Without going to the extremes which imitators are apt to do, the broad English "a" could be adopted with great advantage. The shrill voice, the intolerable screaming in concert, of American ladies in company, which is often satirized, but not often enough, by American writers, shows at disadvantage beside the low, quiet English speech. When the English press have finished with the twang, perhaps they might take up the high pitch, which is very different from the twang, next season, when they need a topic which is safe, and the discussion of which urbanely might do some good.

III.

The year 1895 will be known in history as the great bicycle year. It marks a stage in the advance of women, and consequently in the evolution of society. It is true that women heretofore, here and there, have been trying the machines in an apologetic, shamefaced sort of way, but in this year they have boldly come to the front as riders, challenging male competition, and making a fashion of that which before was an eccentricity. Since the Queen of Italy took to the wheel there has been no doubt of the propriety of doing so; and although the Queen who is more widely respected and loved than any other ruler in her generation has, for reasons of weight and state, refrained from this pastime, lesser royalties and nobilities and leaders of fashion have taken it up enthusiastically, and there has been a sudden and general wheel movement of the sex, almost simultaneous all round the globe—a mounting in hot haste in England, on the Continent, and in the United States. It has not been done in a corner and in private, but has taken the character of a public exhibition. During the late London season there was every morning a display of equipoise, skill, and agility in Battersea Park, which thousands of both sexes assembled to witness. It was no novelty to see women

ride; that they do every day in Hyde Park, but that is on a side-saddle. To see them ride like men is another thing, and when was added to this the prospect of an overthrow and an accident the sport had increased attractions for the crowd. The American eagle already knows that the superior performer at Battersea Park was one of his own brood. The international effect of this was considerable, for the Briton argued that if the American women had so much prowess and skill the nation must be invincible. Bicycling is not a graceful performance for man or woman, neither in trousers nor skirts, nor in any hybrid costume which has been devised. But women are more graceful in it than men, because they sit more erect and have a regard for appearance, and do not hump the back and imitate the cunning attitude of the monkey on the ring pony. The treading action cannot be made graceful, however prettily and skilfully it may be done. It is doubtful whether the skirt, which gives the rider the appearance of "wallowing" along, is any addition to the attractiveness of the wheel. Women may ride in tights, but it is certain that men never will adopt the skirt. It is too dangerous. Man has not courage to risk the complications of an overthrow in a skirt. But whatever costume women may finally settle on for this arena, it is certain that they will not be driven from the wheel. They have joined the increasing army of those who are to roll about the world, and who are now numerous enough and powerful enough to assert their rights to the utmost limit. England is practically owned by the bicyclists. They have the right of way; roads are kept in order for them; inns advertise and cater for their patronage as they used to for the commercial traveller. The warning bell makes teams turn out to let them pass; when at speed everybody must get out of their way; even in crowded London they nonchalantly assert their rights in the press of vehicles, and on the country highways their safety is so considered that signs are conspicuously posted on the brow of a steep declivity: "Notice to Bicyclists. This road is Dangerous." And this dominating army woman has now joined.

It must, however, be said that the medical profession shakes its head. It is far from clear that the jolting wheel is a proper or healthful exercise for women. I understand that the doctors generally disapprove of it as not fitted to the physical constitution of most women. In theory they condemn, but in practice they like it well enough, for it brings them much business in the way of sprains, contusions, bruises, and more serious maladies. I heard one doctor say that he was attending a dozen ladies for injuries caused by the bicycle. This may be no argument against the practice, and will not be so long as it is the fashion. It may be argued that women ought to be in a physical condition to ride the wheel with as little liability to derangement of the nervous system and the vital organs as men. Perhaps bicycling will bring about a more vigorous and enduring physical condition, and the serious maladies which the physicians say afflict ten women out of every twelve may disappear in the next generation. This is very doubtful; but, at any rate, the Study is inclined to defend the bicycle as against the laced corset and the narrow-pointed shoes. It is a singular delusion that a woman's appearance is improved by destroying her natural shape, by compressing the waist so that all the vital organs are displaced, and by cramping the feet so that walking is a torture. Ladies who revolt against the latter cruelty say that it is impossible to get a shoemaker to make a boot in anything like the natural size and shape of the foot. If this is true, there ought to be a Parliamentary commission on the subject, for such wrong to woman ought not to go unredressed. The shoemaker gains no right to pinch because the corset-makers pinch. They both ought to be indicted for wanton cruelty to one of the fairest beings ever created. They might have toleration if they had the excuse of adding to the beauty of daily life. But they do not. I saw a gentleman, the other day, driving a four-in-hand, who wore a corset under his tightly buttoned coat. I do not know but the other sex admired him, but I am sure that the straight and rigid lines in which his body was held would not please a sculptor. His figure was neither natural nor artistic. Critics would say that he sacrificed his manly beauty. But is woman any wiser in sacrificing her womanly beauty by such a machine? Æsthetically considered, it is certainly a mistake. I am not saying that woman,

enfeebled by the requirements or the hardships of modern life, does not require "stays" to support her in her weight of apparel. A man has no business to criticise the mysteries of the toilet. It may be that the medical profession would agree that woman, as she at present is, ought to be in "stays," that she cannot, any more than a ship, go about without them. Let the point be yielded. But man looks at appearances, and however hypocritical he may be in praising a slender waist (and if the Lord made it he is not hypocritical in so doing), he does not in reality admire a deformed woman. If he does, he ought to be put into corsets himself. No; women have wrongs yet unrighted, and they never will be really emancipated, by the bicycle or the ballot, until they free themselves from the two curses that enfeeble them and incapacitate them for the enjoyment of life—the tight corset and the misshapen shoe.

IV.

There is good news for the lovers of Thackeray. Owing partially to the restrictions he placed upon a biography, there has never been an adequate life of the great novelist and the tender-hearted satirist. In the reaction from what was falsely called realism there has been revival of late, a new interest in the works of this genius, and an increased reading of him both in England and America, and the new generation, which will read him more and more, have a natural desire for more personal details in regard to the man and his life. This is evidenced by the avidity with which every newly discovered letter or drawing or reminiscence or anecdote is seized on. Nothing would be more popular in any magazine than the announcement of something new by or about Thackeray. Now his daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, is engaged in writing a series of introductions to all his novels, which may be extended to the miscellaneous volumes. These are drawn from her personal recollections of her father, and from a great mass of letters, memoranda, and other materials. These cannot but be of great value as legitimate biography, giving as they do the circumstances under which the works were composed, and the details of life which illustrate the works and the man himself. And they will satisfy a legitimate curiosity without any ruthless violation of the sanctity of private life. I hope that this will become the basis of a final and complete edition of Thackeray which will be a standard. There are interesting drawings by the master which have never been engraved, and many of those which were badly done by the cutter can now be reproduced by modern processes, at no great cost, in *fac-simile*, so that we shall have almost the touch of the artist. He never set up to be a great artist, but his drawings all have a personal quality which makes them delightful. An edition which should reproduce all his illustrations and contain all of value that he wrote, with Mrs. Ritchie's illuminating notes and introductions, would make a sensation in the literary world, and no doubt prove a profitable venture for the publisher.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record closed on November 10, 1895.—The Cotton States and International Exhibition opened at Atlanta, September 17th.

The State elections, November 5th, resulted in sweeping Republican victories in New York, New Jersey, Iowa, Massachusetts, Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The Republicans were also successful in Utah. New York State voted to expend $9,000,000 in improving the canals.

The massacre of many hundreds of Armenians by Turks led to a demand, on October 7th, by representatives of foreign governments at Constantinople, for an inquiry by the Porte into these outrages.

OBITUARY.

September 14*th.*—At Washington, Charles V. Riley, United States entomologist, aged fifty-two years.

September 28*th.*—At Paris, Louis Pasteur, the chemist and bacteriologist, aged seventy-three years.

October 4*th.*—At New York, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, the novelist, aged forty-seven years.

October 7*th.*—At Rome, William Wetmore Story, the sculptor, aged seventy-six years.

October 8*th.*—At Washington, ex-Senator William Mahone, aged sixty-nine years.

November 4*th.*—At Chicago, Eugene Field, the journalist, aged forty-five years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

MORIAH'S MO'NIN'.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

MORIAH was a widow of a month, and when she announced her intention of marrying again, the plantation held its breath. Then it roared with laughter.

So prompt a readjustment of life under similar conditions was by no means unprecedented in colored circles. But by a most exceptional mourning Moriah had put herself upon record as the most inconsolable of widows.

The rules governing the wearing of the mourning garb are by no means stringent in plantation communities. Anybody can collect a few black things, and there is often an added pathos in the very incongruity of some of the mourning toilettes that pass up the aisles of the "colored churches."

Was not the soul of artlessness expressed in the first mourning of a certain young widow who sewed upon her blue gown all the black trimming she could collect, declaring that she "would 'a' dyed de frock th'oo an' th'oo 'cep'n' it would 'a' swunked it up too much"? And perhaps her sympathetic companions were quite as *naïve* as she, for, as they aided her in these first hasty stitches, they poured upon her wounded spirit the healing oil of full and sympathetic approval, as the following remarks will testify.

"Dat frock mo'ns all right, now de black bows is on it."

"You kin put any colored frock in mo'nin' 'cep'n' a red one. Sew black on red, an' it laughs in yo' face."

"I'm a-sewin' de black fringe on de josey, Sis Jones, 'caze fringe hit mo'ns a heap mournfuler 'n ribbon do."

Moriah had proved herself in many ways an exceptional person even before the occasion of her bereavement, and in this, contrary to all precedent, she had rashly cast her every garment into the dye-pot, sparing not even so much as her underwear.

Moriah was herself as black as a total eclipse, tall, angular, and imposing, and as she strode down the road, clad in the vestments of sorrow, she was so noble an expression of her own idea that as a simple embodiment of dignified surrender to grief she commanded respect.

The plantation folk were profoundly impressed, for it had become known that her black garb was not merely a thing of the surface.

"Moriah sho' does mo'n for Numa. She mo'ns f'om de skin out." Such was popular comment, although it is said that one practical sister, to whom this "inward mo'nin'" had little meaning, ventured so far as to protest against it.

To which bit of friendly protest Moriah had responded, with a groan, and in a voice that was almost sepulchral in its awful solemnity, "*When I mo'n I mo'n!*"

And this woman it was who, after eight years of respectable wifehood and but four weeks of mourning her lost mate, calmly announced that she was to be married again.

The man of her choice—I use the expression advisedly—was a neighbor whom she had always known, a widower whose bereavement was of three months' longer standing than her own.

The courtship must have been brief and to the point, for it was positively known that he and his *fiancée* had met but three times when the banns were published.

He had been engaged to whitewash the kitchen in which she had pursued her vocation as cook for the writer's family.

The whitewashing was done in a single morning, but a second coating was found necessary, and it is said by one of her fellow-servants, who professes to have overheard the remark, that while Pete was putting the finishing touches to the bit of chimney back of her stove, Moriah, who stooped at the oven door beside him, basting a roast turkey, lifted up her stately head and said, archly, breaking her mourning record for the first time by a gleaming display of ivory and coral as she spoke,

"Who'd 'a' thought you'd come into my kitchen to do yo' *secon' co'tin'*, Pete?"

At which, so says our informant, the whitewash brush fell from the delighted artisan's hands, and in a shorter time than is consumed in the telling a surprised and smiling man was sitting at her polished kitchen table chatting cozily with his mourning hostess, while she served him with giblets and gravy and rice and potatoes "an' coffee b'iled expressly."

It was discovered that the kitchen walls needed a third coating. This took an entire day, "because," so said Pete, "de third coat, hit takes mo' time to soak in."

And then came the announcement. Moriah herself, apparently in no wise embarrassed by its burden, bore the news to us on the following morning. There was no visible change of front in her bearing as she presented herself, no abatement of her mourning.

"Mis' Gladys," she said, simply, "I come ter give you notice dat I gwine take fo' days off, startin' nex' Sunday."

"I hope you are not in any new trouble, Moriah?" I said, sympathetically.

"Well, I don' know ef I is or not. Me an'

Pete Pointdexter, we done talked it over, an' we come ter de conclusion ter marry."

I turned and looked at the woman—at her black garments, her still serious expression. Surely my hearing was playing me false. But catching my unspoken protest, she had already begun to explain.

"Dey ain't no onrespec' ter de dead, Mis' Gladys, in *marryin'*," she began. "De onrespec' is in de *carryin's on* folks does *when* dey marry. Pete an' me, we 'low ter have eve'ything quiet an' solemncholy—an' pay all due respects—right an' left. Of co'se Pete's chillen stands up fur dey mammy, an' dey proceeded dey don't take no stock in him ma'yin' ag'in. But Ca'line she been dead *long enough*—mos' six mont's, countin' fo' weeks ter de mont'. An' as fur me, I done 'ranged ter have eve'ything did ter show respec's ter Numa." (Numa was her deceased husband.) "De organ-player he gwine march us in chu'ch by de same march he played fur Numa's fun'al, an' look like dat in itse'f is enough ter show de world dat I ain't forgot Numa. An', tell de trufe, Mis' Gladys, ef Numa was ter rise up f'om his grave, I'd sen' Pete a-flyin' so fast you could sen' eggs to market on his coat tail. You see, de trouble is I done had my eye on Pete's chillen ever sence dey mammy died, an' ef dey ever was a set o' onery, low-down, sassy, no-'count little niggers dat need takin' in hand by a able-bodied step-mammy, dey a-waitin' fur me right yonder in Pete's cabin. My hand has des nachelly itched to take aholt o' dat crowd many a day, an' ever sence I buried Numa I see de way was open. An' des as soon as I felt dat I could bring myse'f to it, I—well— Dey warn't no use losin' time, an' so *I tol' you, missy, dat de kitchen need' whitewashin'.*"

"And so you sent for him—and proposed to him, did you?" I said.

"P'opose to who, Mis' Gladys? I'd see Pete in de sinkin' swamp 'fo' I'd p'opose to him."

"Then how did you manage it, pray?"

"G'way, Mis' Gladys! Any wide-awake widder 'oman dat kin get a widder man whar he can't he'p but see her move round at her work for two days hand-runnin', an' can't mesmerize him so's he'll ax her to marry him— Well! I'd undertake ter do dat, even ef I warn't no cook; but wid seasonin's an' flavors to he'p me— Law, chile! dey warn't no yearthly 'scape fur dem chillen!"

"I would 'a' waited," she added, presently—"I would 'a' waited a reas'nable time, 'cep'n' dat Pete started gwine ter chu'ch, an' you know yo'se'f, missy, when a well-favored widder man go ter seek consolation f'om de pulpit, he's might' ap' ter find it in de congergation."

As I sat listening to her quiet exposition of her scheme, it seemed monstrous.

"And so, Moriah," I said, finally, with a ring of real severity in my voice—"and so you are going to marry a man that you confess you don't care for, just for the sake of getting control of his children?"

"Well—partly, missy." She smiled a little now for the first time. "Partly on dat account, an' partly on his'n. Pete's wife Ca'line, she was a good 'oman, but she was mighty puny an' peevish; an' besides dat, she was one o' deze naggers, an' Pete he allus is had a purty hard pull, an' I lay out ter give him a better chance. Eve'y bit o' whitewashin' he'd git ter do 'roun' town, Ca'line she'd swaller it in medicine. But she was a good 'oman, Ca'line was. Heap o' deze heah naggers is good 'omans! Co'se I don't say I *loves* Pete, but I looks ter come roun' to him in time. Ef I didn't, I wouldn't have him."

"And how about his loving you?"

"Oh, Mis' Gladys, you is so searching!" She chuckled. "Co'se he *say* he loves me already better'n he love Ca'line, but of co'se a widder man he feels obleeged ter talk dat-a-way. An' ef he didn't have the manners ter say it, I wouldn't have him, save his life. But *ef he meant it*, I'd *despise* him—after Ca'line lovin' de groun' he tread fur nine long yeahs. He ain't got no right ter love *no* 'oman better'n he love her des 'caze he's *a-projec'in'* ter git married to 'er. But of co'se, Mis' Gladys, I ca'culates ter outstrip Ca'line in co'se o' time. Ef I couldn't do dat—an' she in 'er grave, *an' me a cook*—I wouldn't count myse'f much. An' den, time I outstrips her an' git him over, heart an' soul, I'll know it by de signs."

"Why will you know it more than you know it now? He can but swear it to you."

"Oh no, missy. When de rock bottom of a man's heart warms to a 'oman, he eases off f'om swearin' 'bout it. Deze heah men wha' swear so much, dey swear des as much ter convince deyselves as dey does ter ketch a 'oman's ear. No, missy. Time I got him heart *an'* soul, I looks for him to commence to th'ow up Ca'line's ways ter me. Heap of 'em does dat des ter ease dey own consciences an' pacify a dead 'oman's ghost. Dat's de way a man nachelly do. But he won't faze me, so long as I holds de fort! An' fur de chillen, co'se quick as I gits 'em broke in I'll see dat dey won't miss Ca'line none. Dat little teether, I done tol' Pete ter fetch her over ter me right away. Time I doctors her wid proper teas, an' washes her in good warm pot-liquor, I'll make a fus'-class baby out'n her."

Moriah had always been a good woman, and as she stood before me, laying bare the scheme that, no matter what the conditions, had in it the smallest selfish consideration, I felt my heart warm to her again, and I could not but feel that the little whitewasher—a kindly, hard-pressed family man of slight account—would do well to lay his brood upon the ample bosom of Mount Moriah.

Of course *she* was marrying *him*, and her acquisition of family would inevitably become pensioners upon our bounty; but this is not a great matter in a land where the so-called "cultivation" of the soil is mainly a question of pruning and selection, and if clothes



"HIS SECON' CO'TIN'."

do not grow upon trees, neither are they needed.

As she turned to go, I even offered her my best wishes, and when I laughingly asked her if I might help with her wedding-dress, she turned and looked at me.

"Bless yo' heart, Mis' Gladys," she exclaimed, "I ain't a-gwine out o' mo'nin'. I gwine marry Pete in des what I got on my back. I'll *marry* him, an' I'll take dem little no-'counts o' his'n, an' I'll make *folks* out'n 'em 'fo' I gits th'oo wid 'em, ef Gord spares me; but he nee'n't ter lay out ter come in 'twix' me an' my full year o' mo'nin' fur Numa. When I walks inter dat chu'ch, 'cep'n' fur de owange wreaf, which of co'se in a Christian ma'iage I'm boun' ter wear, folks 'll be a heap mo' 'minded o' Numa 'n dey will o' de bridegroom. An' dem chillen o' his'n, which ain't nuver is had no proper mo'nin' fur dey mammy, no mo' 'n what color Gord give 'em in dey skins, I gwine put 'em in special secon' mo'nin', 'cordin' to de time dey ought ter been wearin' it; an' when we walks up de island o' de chu'ch, dey got ter foller, two by two, keepin' time ter de fu'nal march. You come ter de weddin', Mis' Gladys, an' I lay you'll 'low dat I done fixed it so dat, while I'm a-lookin' out fur de livin', de dead ain't gwine feel slighted, right nur left."

She was starting away again, and once more, while I wished her joy, I bade her be careful to make no mistake. A note of sympathy in my voice must have touched the woman, for she turned, and coming quite up to me, laid her hand upon my lap.

"Missy," she said, "I don't believe I gwine make no mistake. You know I allus did love chillen, an' I ain't nuver is had none, an' dis heah seemed like my chance. An' I been surveyin' de lan'scape o'er tryin' ter think about eve'ything I can do *ter start right.* I'm a-startin' wid dem chillen, puttin' 'em in mo'nin' fur Ca'line. Den, fur Pete, I gwine ring de changes on Ca'line's goodness tell he ax me ter stop, so, in years ter come, he won't have nothin' ter th'ow up ter me. An' you know de reason I done tooken fo' days off, missy? I gwine on a weddin'-trip down ter Pine Bluff, an' I wants time ter pick out a few little weddin'-presents I gwine fetch home ter Pete."

"Pete!" I cried. "Pete is going with you, of course?"

"Pete gwine wid me? Who sesso? No, ma'am! Why, missy, how would it look fur me ter go a-skylarkin' roun' de country wid Pete, an' me in mo'nin'? No, indeedy! I gwine leave Pete home ter take care dem chillen, an' I done set him a job o' whitewashin' to do while I'm gone, too. The principles' weddin'-present I gwine fetch Pete is a fiddle—he been wantin' one all his life—but, of co'se, I don't 'low ter let him play on it tell de full year o' mo'nin' is out."

NEW FRIENDS, NEW WINE, NEW BOOKS.

"Old friends, old wine, old books."....The phrase
Sounds pessimistic in these days,
For good as old things are, one must
At last grow weary of the dust,
And long to find a rose all dew,—
Ephemeral,—but sweet and new!

Give me old friends, but don't deny
New-comers as the years go by;
I would not risk to hear it said—
"There's ——, and all his friends are dead."

Old wine I like, but when the cask
Will not yield up another flask,
Then this year's vintage let it be,
So long as it can comfort me;
For grapes, so far as I can learn,
Still give their souls to good Sauterne.

And so with books,—give me the old,
Such as I want; but don't withhold
The modern tomes of prose and rhyme,—
Good ones still come from time to time.

Shakespeare, I grant you, is the sun;
But I like stars when day is done.
They frequently are fair and bright,—
What matters the reflected light?
Omar and Keats and Shelley long
Have gemmed the firmament of song;
And Tennyson,—old, do you say?
Yet he was new but yesterday!

Ah, there are poets now who sing,
And shall be till the world takes wing.
And all the old tales,—good are some,
But constantly the good ones come.

Books, like one's friends, it seems quite clear
'Twere wise to keep one always near,
Lest by some fate it should befall
To have to say—"I've read them all";
Or like one's wine, 'twere sad to think
There's not another glass to drink;—
But, since there is,—A toast to those
Who write new books—new verse—new prose!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

WHY HE WAS SILENT.

Jules was the very acceptable courier of a small party of Americans travelling in Europe last summer. He was an accomplished linguist, and, as one of the party said, in the line of profanity, when needed, he was a perfect Napoleon.

"If I could swear in one language as comprehensively as he does in all, I should consider myself a past grand master of cussing," he said.

On the way over the St. Gothard Pass, after leaving Airolo, for some distance the train moved along opposite a tremendously high precipice, over which a tiny stream flowed, almost losing itself in mist before reaching its course below. Jules informed the party as to its peculiarities, and retired. Later on a traveller told the Americans a story about certain fish in that stream, to the effect that when they came to the edge of the precipice they curled themselves up, put their tails in their mouths, and rolled down like so many hoops.

"Curious Jules never told us that," said one. "I think I'll speak to him about it." And he did. "Why didn't you let us know about those fish, Jules?" he asked. "Hadn't you heard the story?"

"Yes, I had," said Jules; "but I don't neffer tell zat story to ze Americans. Zey can tell pooty goot lies deirselfs."

PAT'S READY WIT.

Two tourists were one day riding along through rural Ireland, disputing as to the native Hibernian's readiness of repartee, when Mr. A. offered to bet Mr. B. that the next Irishman they came across would prove more than a match for him in point of wit.

The wager was accepted. Pretty soon a peasant was descried at work in a field near the road.

Mr. B. "I say, Pat, if the devil should come now, which one of us three would he take?"

Pat (*unhesitatingly*). "Shure he'd take me, yer Honor."

Mr. B. "Why so, Pat?"

Pat. "Faix, an' ben't he shure o' yer Honors at anny time?"

ICE-COLD.

Nantucket is famous for auctions. They are held in the public square. Meat auctions, furniture auctions. There are few things one cannot buy at auction if one bides one's time. Whenever an old home is broken up or a resident leaves the island, the unwanted effects are closed out at auction for whatever they will bring.

At the last one I attended a refrigerator was put up.

"Too late. The season's over," shouted some one in the crowd.

"But there'll be another, and perhaps a hot one," said the auctioneer.

"But one may die before that," said the other.

"Well," replied the auctioneer, "if you die you'll be sorry that you hadn't bought a refrigerator and taken it along with you!"

John Paul.

AN UNFORTUNATE SIGN.

A French confectioner, proud of his English, and wishing to let patrons know that their wants should be attended to at once, without any delay, put out the sign—

SHORT WEIGHTS HERE.

A MILLINER'S COMPLAINT.

They call my bonnets poems!
What nonsense! I know well
Lord Tennyson could not have made
A bonnet that would sell.



A NEEDED PRECAUTION.

Hostess. "I should have let Mr. Parker know beforehand, Mabel, that he'd have two of us to take down to dinner. Forewarned is four-armed, you know."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE OF W. HIGBEE.

MR. WASHINGTON HIGBEE is a man who has never yet set the Thames or any other important stream on fire. But he is a worthy citizen—perhaps as worthy as if he had habitually run about the country freely applying the torch to navigable waterways. Mr. Higbee is in the cobblery line, and he lives in a town which we may adroitly disguise by calling it Poughkeepsie.

It has always been supposed that Mr. Higbee is without the sense of humor; it appears, however, that his sense of humor has only been hibernating. There was last fall at this town which we have euphoniously termed Poughkeepsie some sort of "doings" which called together a number of brass bands. In fact, for several days the rest of the State was almost free from them, while they raged with great virulence in this place. It was during the heat of the campaign, so between being churned by the brass bands and shredded by the political speakers the unfortunate air of the vicinity must have been glad when it was pumped into a pneumatic tire and rescued from the turmoil.

It happened on the last night of the outbreak that one of the bands from the neighborhood of Albany conceived the notion of serenading a prominent and popular local politician, who was a candidate for the Legislature. He had been in this body before, and the members of the band knew him. He was *not* running on the Prohibition ticket. Early in the evening they started on their errand. A native brother musician had volunteered as guide, but failed them at the last moment, and they sallied out alone, each bearing his implement of sound and fury. They knew in a general way where their victim lived, and duly arrived in that part of the town. They then paused for detailed information.

A man was made out through the darkness coming up the street. He walked somewhat wearily, as if he had been sitting on a bench pegging shoes all day, and as a man might walk who had never set the river afire, or as one whose sense of humor was quiescent.

"Hello, Old Sport!" called the leader of the band, cheerily. "Can you tell us where Jim Blank lives?"

"Right here," answered Washington Higbee (for it was indeed he), and he pointed to a large brick building, brightly lighted, and surrounded by stately shade trees, and then passed on.

"Corker, ain't it?" observed the man that played the big horn.

"Jim Blank has got money," said the snare-drummer, with solemn earnestness.

"He'll be a-roosting in a bigger house than that next winter," remarked the leader, decisively. "All together there now!" He waved his baton, and the band broke into a stirring air. When it was finished they paused a moment, casually glanced at the house, and began another. The pause at the end of this was rather longer, and one man stooped slightly to get a better view of the building under the spreading boughs. Then they struck up another tune. When this was done they moved about uneasily and looked and listened, but soon went bravely at another selection. There was a marked pause at the end of this, and the bass-drummer said, sarcastically,

"A-running on the Prohibition ticket this year, is he, Joe?"

"You just be calm," answered the leader, pettishly. "Now!" And off they all went again. At the end of this there was a long stop.

"Prohibition sure," said the bass-drummer, half under his breath.

"*Mebby* James Henry Hooker Blank thinks we're a set of billy-be-dasted chumps," said the cornet-player, with feeling.

"*Poss*ibly we be," returned the snare-drummer as he rose from his knees, after straining his eyes through the iron fence.

"*It's* all right for a Prohibitionist," remarked the bass-drummer, with greater boldness.

"One more, boys," said the leader, with a note of conciliation in his voice, "and then if he don't—"

The music struck up. But when it stopped again there was still no sign from the large and brilliantly lighted residence of the popular Blank.

"Come on," said the disgusted leader, and he started back up the street.

"*Mebby* we ought to leave our cards," said the cornet-player.

"Good plan," replied the leader.

They turned and filed up the gravel walk. A smiling colored boy opened the door.

"Give it to Mr. James Blank," said the leader.

"He don't live here, sah," said the boy.

"What is this?" demanded the man.

"Deef-'n'-dumb asylum, sah."

And away down on the next block Mr. Washington Higbee quietly ate his supper, and made no reply whatever when Mrs. Higbee casually "wondered what that pesky brass band was a-tooting round the neighborhood for."

H. C.

NO CHANCE FOR SUCH A MISTAKE.

A STORY was told on an ocean steamer returning from Europe last autumn to the effect that during a few moments' stop at a Swiss railway station an English girl emerged from the train and began to pace the platform. Attracted by a party of Americans not far away, similarly enjoying themselves, she started toward them. Her mother, perceiving her intention, called out of the window: "Gladys, come back here. People will think you're an American."

The provocation was too strong for a Colorado girl in the American party to resist.

"Taken for an American?" she cried. "Not with them feet!"



A SPECIALIST.

MISTRESS. "Bridget, have you cemented the handle on to the pitcher which you dropped yesterday?"

BRIDGET. "Oi started to, mum, but mosht unfortunately oi dropped the cement-bottle."

BOOKWORM BALLADS.

A LITERARY FEAST.

My Bookworm gave a dinner to a number of his set.
I was not there—I say it to my very great regret.
For they dined well, I fancy, if the menu that I saw
Was followed as implicitly as one obeys the law.

"'Twill open," he observed to me, "with quatrains on the half.
They go down easy; then for soup"—it really made me laugh—
"The poems of old Johnny Gay"—his words were rather rough—
"They'll do quite well, for after all soup's thin and sloppy stuff.

"For fish, old Izaak Walton; and to serve as an *entrée*,
I think some fixed-up morsel, say from James, or from Daudet;
The roast will be Charles Kingsley—there's a deal of beef in him.
For sherbet, T. B. Aldrich is just suited to my whim.

"For game I'll have Boccaccio—he's quite the proper one;
He certainly is gamey, and a trifle underdone;
And for the salad, Addison, so fresh and crisp is he,
With just a touch of Pope to give a tang to him, you see.

"And then for cheese, Max Nordau, for I think you'll find right there
Some things as strong and mushy as the best of Camembert;
And for dessert let Thackeray and O. Khayyám be brought,
The which completes a dinner of most wondrous richness fraught.

"For olives and for almonds we can take the jokes of *Punch*—
They're good enough for us, I think, to casually munch;
And through it all we'll quaff the wines that flow forever clear
From Avon's vineyards in the heart of Will of Warwickshire." JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.

THEY were discussing the trials of the missionary in savage lands, and after an hour's sifting of the obstacles in the way of those who give up home and comfort for duty, one of them rose up to leave.

"It all comes down to one point, after all," he said. "You can't force predestination and shirts on the heathen both at the same time."

VERBUM SAPIENTIBUS.

THE passion for philology and derivation-searching may occasionally make a man as hopelessly one-sided as the bicycle fever. There was an old professor up in Middletown, Connecticut, not long ago, whose love for philology was such that the broader principles of language were generally disregarded in a minute search for the orthographic particles binding an ordinary English word to its Aryan or Assyrian prototype. While all this was a source of exquisite pleasure to the good old Dr. Dryasdust, it was a germ of specific discontent to his classes. The men under him grew tired of the minute linguistic meanderings in which the good doctor indulged. Finally one of the bolder of the malcontents resolved to give the doctor a hint. With mock modesty he arose, and quietly said:

"Doctor, I have been thinking a good deal lately upon the derivation of 'Middletown.' What is your own idea of it?"

"Ahem!" said the doctor. "Really, sir, I am afraid that is a subject which will require much concentrated reflection. Now might I ask, sir, whether you have discovered any light on the subject?"

"Oh yes!" replied the young man, with a demure smile. "It is my firm belief that Middletown is derived from Moses, sir."

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor, with a hasty glance over his spectacles to assure himself that the young man was in earnest. "And pray, sir, how do you derive Middletown from Moses?"

"Easily enough, doctor," replied the student. "By dropping 'oses' and adding 'iddletown.'" WALTER C. NICHOLS.

A COURTEOUS FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

MISS HELEN H—— was lately taking a railroad journey in England. A suave old gentleman sitting opposite to her presently bent forward and said, with gentle reproof, "Excuse me, but do you think it wise, when there are so many thieves about, to carry your pocket-book so conspicuously?"

As he spoke he pointed to her purse, which was projecting slightly from her pocket.

Miss Helen, considering the stranger rather officious, thrust the porte-monnaie down into her pocket, and thanked him with stiff reserve, perhaps a trifle scornfully.

At the next station the old gentleman got out. As he did so he turned to his pretty vis-à-vis with a polite bow and the mischievous indulgence of his years: "Allow me to restore your pocket-book. You see it was not so hard to lose as you supposed."

So saying he held out to her the purse she had supposed safely reposing in her pocket.

Miss Helen received it, coloring with child-like mortification, thanked him profusely, and her old friend took his leave with a friendly smile.

A few minutes later, when the guard came around to collect tickets, Miss Helen discovered her purse to be minus tickets and cash —empty. MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR.



FOX-HUNTING OF THE FUTURE.

IF members of hunt clubs forsake the horse for the wheel, it must of necessity come to this.



See "The German Struggle for Liberty."

PRUSSIA'S PEASANT SOLDIERS, 1813.

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THE NEW BALTIMORE

BY

STEPHEN BONSAL

THERE are few so ignorant as not to know that Baltimore is a famous city. Those unlucky mortals who have not had the good fortune to enjoy its hospitality will yet have met Baltimoreans, and cannot have failed to notice in them that air and bearing of civic pride which Plutarch says somewhere is characteristic of the sons of famous cities, and which, as he remarks, is so enviable and makes so much for happiness. It is well known that the fame of Baltimore rests upon the valor of its citizens, the beauty of its women, the excellence of its cookery, the number and beauty of its historic monuments, and the possession of an excellent and irremovable Mayor, who has presided over the destinies of the city for sixteen years. In the following pages I shall attempt to dwell upon these and other features of the city's life, which excite always the admiration and sometimes the envy of the visitor from a less favored community.

Our traveller from the North or East we will surprise as he lands at the Union Station, a temporary structure which the Pennsylvania road has occupied for the past twenty years. We are not in Dixie yet; for the big policeman, who surveys closely all new-comers as though mentally wondering whether they are fit per-

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sons to enter the sacred precincts of the city, is white, and a recruit from the verdant island. The traveller is conveyed to the Camden Station, if he is bound south, in venerable barouches and landaus, and by drivers who are white in everything but their charges. When you reach the Camden Station, another temporary structure, that has been in use for fifty years, everything is black—hackmen and all. And it rushes vividly through your brain that now you have crossed the Mason and Dixon line and are in Dixie.

Emerging from the Union Station, the traveller should see the classic stream upon which Baltimore is situated, though



BROADWAY.

geography has it otherwise. And if you try to ignore it, your cabman will say, "That's Jones Falls," as one would say, "There flows the Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray," or, "There rolls the Oregon"; and you behold a green and yellow and halting stream which now flows to the north and now to the south, and then gives up flowing altogether, and dries up out of sight, leaving a bed of mud and variegated garbage behind it. Around about it and on every side rise solid granite walls, which run without interruption for miles and miles. An ignorant traveller cannot help wondering what a waste of energy there has been here, and what a shame it is to treat a poor little puny stream in this tyrannical way. And that is where the traveller would be deceived, as has been every traveller who has set eyes upon this sheet of water with cross-sections of mud since the early days when, according to Maryland's popular history, doughty John Smith, on his sixth voyage, descried the present site of Baltimore, and got stuck in the mud of Jones Falls. The idiosyncrasies, the power, the reserve force, of this puny stream are in themselves quite enough to make Baltimore famous without any auxiliary aids. In figures this power might be represented approximately by about 20,000,000 horse-power. It has flooded the town on innumerable occasions, and then dried up overnight, and remained dry, as though to despite and escape the vengeance of the citizens whose bridges it has carried away with provoking irregularity. These devastating floods continued, to the great detriment of the community, for over a century, till within the last decade it was determined to bridle the stream and compel it to lead a regular and well-conducted existence, even if the attempt should cost millions. And it has cost many millions. These



MOUNT VERNON SQUARE.

arrangements have now been completed. The Gunpowder River has been tapped, by which a volume of fresh water can be thrown into the muddy bed when the Falls sulk and won't flow; and then to control the stream when it takes the bit in its teeth and floods, the river-bed has been spanned with gigantic iron bridges, and diked with the solid walls of masonry, which are calculated to overawe even the muddy Missouri and the Mississippi thrown into one. On Centre and Liberty streets and on the low land around the Maryland Institute are to be seen other reminders of the historic floods and inundations, in which the Falls always played a peculiarly exasperating rôle. These historic relics are the stepping-stones of Baltimore. By these stepping-stones her citizens were deprived of any excuse for not returning to their residences as the shades of evening fell. Before they were invented the business men of the community were often kept willing prisoners far into the night on that lofty plateau of the city where their offices and clubs were situated. The stepping-stones are from two to three feet high and about eighteen inches apart, stretched across the streets that flood. They were the contrivance of a woman's fertile brain, and they have proved a factor in the making of Baltimore the city of happy homes.

The tourist now enters upon the most fashionable residential quarter of Baltimore, the district of handsome brownstone houses, which extends from Biddle Street on the north to Franklin on the south, and from Calvert to Park on the east and west. There are many pioneers and scattered colonies in many other districts of the city, but it is not hazardous to say that the inhabitants of this district, which covers not one-fiftieth of the city, control in a very great measure its destinies. This brownstone district, as indeed almost all northern Baltimore, is built on what was once the country home of Colonel John Eager Howard, the hero of the Cowpens and the commander of the Maryland line at Guilford Court House. His memory is preserved most inadequately in the names of Howard and Eager streets. Colonel Howard was the earliest benefactor of Baltimore. From his large estate he gave the open square upon which the Battle Monument was erected, and many other of the smaller parks and breathing-places were deeded by him to his fellow-citizens. Yet a few years ago neither the city nor a single inhabitant raised a voice or stretched out a saving hand to preserve Belvidere, the old colonial home of the Howards, which, with all its memories and associations, was improved off the face of the earth. The belles and the beaux who promenade Charles Street on Sunday when church has "let out" little

recall the classic memories of the place, or yet when planning the masquerades and the costume balls of the Wednesday and the Paint and Powder clubs remember that here too the beautiful and bewitching Polly Chew, who wedded the doughty hero of the Cowpens, presided over the *fêtes champêtres* and the masks and the revels which the republican court applauded.

But the city has some traditions and a history which are not all forgotten, and of which the traveller is pleasantly reminded, even when the quiet, dignified residential quarters are left behind and we dive down into the lowlands where are situated the busy marts of her trade. Coming from the station, the highest point of vantage is reached at the corner of Charles and Chase streets, from where the city can be seen stretching out fan-shaped and interminable to the south along the banks of the Patapsco, and to the east and to the west. From here also we catch a nearer view of Mount Vernon Place, which with its monument and public edifices, the stately private dwellings, the green open squares, and in its ensemble, certainly presents to the astonished tourist the most imposing site to be found in any American city. From the top of the Washington Monument, the first memorial worthy of the name that was erected to the Father of our Country, which rises to the majestic height of two hundred feet in the centre of Mount Vernon Place, the whole city can be surveyed. There stretches out before you a panorama of human activity, and a city which contains the homes and workshops of more than a half-million people.

The four open squares which flank the Monument are beautiful with flowers and fountains; and in the trees which shade the garden paths in the spring perch many singing birds making sweet music; and among them, though rarely, can be seen the Baltimore oriole, all yellow and black, as though designated to wear the Lord Proprietary's livery. These squares are ornamented—really ornamented—by statues of Chief-Justice Taney and of George Peabody, which happily can be viewed without regret by the friends and admirers of these distinguished men. Stretching for miles away to the left we enjoy a bird's-eye view of Old Town. It is not the tenement district of the city, for happy Baltimore brooks not these plague-spots upon our boasted civilization. There are not half a dozen tenements in the whole city. Old Town has now come to mean that part of the city which lies east of the Falls. It contains thousands of humble dwellings, all of which look exactly alike, and are exactly alike in a way that must be very perplexing to the laboring-man who is a householder as in the dusk of the evening he returns to his home.

The houses more recently built for working-men are well constructed and neat in appearance, while a law passed several years ago provides that each shall include a bath-room. The older houses are built of miscellaneous brick, have low basement entrances adorned with utensils of domestic activity, and a flight of rickety wooden steps which lead to the front door and the parlor floor. To some these endless grass-grown streets, these interminable rows of humble houses, these solitudes in which thousands and tens of thousands lead their unnoticed lives, appear hideously and depressingly ugly; and they are; but I am sure the greatness of Baltimore rests upon the homes of the well-to-do laboring classes, rather than upon the lofty and imposing palaces of the few who have attained great estate.

But, apart from the public edifices and the magnificent houses of prayer which cluster about this classic centre of the city's life, the private residences which line Mount Vernon Place are in themselves remarkable. Each one possesses a quaint, peculiar, and individual charm. With the exception of the Garrett mansion, which is a magnificent brownstone palace, comparing favorably with the most imposing ancestral homes to be seen on Vienna's Ringstrasse or London's Mayfair, these mansions were built some fifty or sixty years ago, and they are pleasantly significant of the cult of comfort and the appreciation of true dignity which obtained in the Baltimore of those days, together with the total absence of pretence and striving after spectacular effect. In Maryland, and particularly in Baltimore, the word "mansion" is used to designate the home and the seat of a family whose members count for something in the community at large. And it matters very little if the family has scattered or disappeared in the American way, which is not unknown even in

conservative Maryland, the house still remains the mansion of those who built it, and of those who consecrated it as the roof-tree and the hearth of the family. This explanation it will be well for the visitor to bear in mind, should he conclude to spend an afternoon in visiting the mansions which were or are the homes of the Purviances, the Winanses, the Latrobes, the Swans, the Spencers, the Gills, the Nicholsons, the Bonapartes, the Browns, the Carrolls, the Pattersons, the Reverdy Johnsons, the Fishers, the Bowies, the Williamses, the Brookses, the Fricks, the Gittingses, the Mays, the Whites, and the Whytes, and several scores of others of equal or greater prominence in a community which has a long memory and cultivates traditions.

Proceeding to the left around the Monument, we pass what appears at first to be a modest and unpretentious dwelling. It is, however, the home of the late William T. Walters, a famous sanctuary of art, still, as during his lifetime, kept open to the public, containing among its many treasures perhaps the most complete private collection of modern French and Spanish paintings in the world. The collections of etchings, water-colors, bronzes, and ceramics are equally famous, and represent the careful study and selection of an art-connoisseur, who had few equals and no superiors. Turning to the right of the Monument, we are fascinated by the bold outline of the Peabody Institute. This magnificent marble structure, of Athenian simplicity and dignity, is the outcome of the bequest of the late Anglo-New-England philanthropist, George Peabody, who resided in Baltimore many years of his active business life. The gifts which this foundation represents were made at various times, and amount in all to over a million and a half of dollars. With this money so generously given a great educational athenæum was built, and has been maintained during a period of forty years, including a school of lectures, library, and academy of music, and a gallery of art. The library numbers now over 120,000 volumes, and is one of the most carefully selected in the world.

Leaving the great marble column on the left, we proceed along the shady sidewalk towards Howard Street, where the astronomical observatory rises out of the midst of the Hopkins University buildings. In our walk we pass a modest brick mansion which will some day, I have no doubt, be dedicated by more appreciative generations as a temple to patriotic song. This house and those who have dwelt in it are singularly connected with the writing both of the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Maryland, my Maryland"—the best battle-hymns that have ever been penned, according to Dr. Holmes. In the quaint Queen Anne drawing-room within may be seen the rough draught of the "Star-spangled Banner," written on the back of an envelope, which Francis



THE CITY HALL.

Scott Key wrote while detained on board the British fleet which bombarded Fort McHenry.

We will now proceed down Charles Street for two minutes, until we come to the brow of another and higher hill, which is the seat of Roman Catholicism in America, and the site of the Cardinal's residence, the abode of the Church's most distinguished prelate and primate. Behind the residence on Cathedral Street we see the cathedral, which, to those who know nothing of its story and associations, may seem rather a plain edifice. It is of rough-hewn granite, and of no particular architecture. It was completed in the first decade of the century, the great granite rocks of which it is built being drawn laboriously by oxen through the muddy roads that lead from Howard County. In the church are some large paintings presented to the young diocese by kings of France. They are very bad. Beneath the marble slabs at our feet are resting Archbishops Carroll, Kenrick, and Spalding; and here, Sunday after Sunday and day after day, may be heard uplifted the voice of the present venerable Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore, inculcating the duties of American citizenship as well as loyalty to the Mother Church. Baltimoreans have to a remarkable degree a realizing sense of the greatness and goodness of this distinguished prelate, who was born and has grown old in body, though not in spirit, among them. They have heard how weighty his opinion is regarded at the Vatican, and how his voice is listened to in the Propaganda. But they are very selfish, and dislike the mention of the Cardinal's name for the papal chair. Should the Italian cardinals who will rule the Conclave, which in the course of nature cannot be far distant, prove themselves statesmen and elect Cardinal Gibbons to the Catholic succession of St. Peter, Baltimore would go into mourning, for the city would have lost its first citizen. Around the cathedral and the residence cluster a score or more of the Roman Catholic colleges, nunneries, and charitable institutions, many of which are noteworthy architecturally as well as in other ways. Another two minutes' walk, still down Charles Street, that main artery of the city's life, will bring us through the retail shopping district to where, about the court-house—a venerable structure, soon to be replaced by a $3,000,000 building—are still to be



AT THE FOOT OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



AN OLD BALTIMORE MANSION.

seen those strange cottagelike office buildings of the legal fraternity, about which cling memories of Taney, Luther Martin, Reverdy Johnson, Severn Teackle Wallis, and other great lawyers and forensic orators of Baltimore whose fame was national. The worthy successors of these intellectual giants live more comfortably housed now in the Equitable and the Law buildings—magnificent structures, which can be compared favorably in every way with the mammoth office buildings of New York and Chicago. In the centre of this district we discover Monument Square, in which was erected by private subscription the very satisfactory memorial to the citizens who fell in the battle of North Point, September 12, 1814.

Here we cross the great wholesale drygoods district of the city, proceeding up Baltimore Street, in the midst of a dangerous confusion of carts and drays, which gives one an idea of the immense carrying trade of the city, until we come to Paca Street, where from out of the district of mammoth modern stores we drop suddenly into an eighteenth-century colonial atmosphere. Here were the old hostelries and inns which housed in the olden days the travellers by coach along the old National Road. Returning again to the centre of the city, we visit the Enoch Pratt Free Library. The central building is on Mulberry Street near the cathedral. It is a handsome, commodious marble edifice, and, with the five branches in different sections of the city, supplies perhaps the demands of the reading public of Baltimore as well as does the notable Boston Public Library its clients. Mr. Pratt is a New-Englander, who in the course of an honorable business career of more than sixty years has amassed a large fortune. New England grit, intelligence, and capacity for work have accomplished this before, and will again, in Baltimore as well as elsewhere; but few millionaires have ever had the genial idea that came to Mr. Pratt some ten years ago, when he determined, to use his very words, "to become my own executor." He decided that his principal benefaction to the city should be a great free library, and with this purpose in view he offered the municipal authorities something over a million dollars to erect suitable buildings and purchase the books, provided the city would grant an annuity of fifty thousand dollars for the support and maintenance of the institution. This offer was promptly accepted, and for the last seven years the readers of Baltimore have had access to 400,000 books from which to pick and choose. Mr. Pratt delights in watch-

ing the supply wagons of his library dashing through the streets of Baltimore like express wagons during the Christmas season. He still continues with great dis-



THE CATHEDRAL.

cernment his philanthropic work as executor upon his own property. Last year he presented the Academy of Sciences with a handsome home.

Only two short decades ago Baltimore presented a still-life scene which, when compared with the breathless and disordered activity of adjacent cities, the jaded traveller from the Old World, at least, found most grateful and refreshing. It seemed for a time as though the city would never recover from the losses incident to the war, or ever again find its proper place in the new order of things. It seemed for a time as though the old spirit which here prevailed during the forties and the fifties, as is indicated by the fact that first in Baltimore steam railways and electricity were tried, was quenched and could not be relit. Still, during these years of apparent arrested development the city was advancing, and none the less surely for the absolute want of effort and rush which characterized its growth. Now the growth of the city has become conspicuous, and with her population increasing at the rate of 30,000 a year, and her manufacturing wealth far in excess of that of many States, Baltimore hears with horror her name mentioned as a "booming town." This great industrial growth, while quadrupling the wealth, the power, and the influence of the city, has not by any means diverted her citizens from the time-honored practice of culture and leisure, and those æsthetic and elevated pursuits which render the sharp edge of existence bearable and the times pleasant. The material growth and expansion of the city has been fairly uniform in all its departments of activity, with the exception of that of manufactures, where the development has been wellnigh miraculous. This new birth of the city dates from 1880, when her industries had only $38,000,000 capital. Now, at a conservative estimate, their capital is more than $120,000,000.

Since 1890 the growth of manufactories in Baltimore and in the suburbs of Canton, Sparrows Point, and Curtis Bay has added over $30,000,000 of capital, giving now in and about the city at least $125,000,000 invested in manufactures. The total number of men employed is over 100,000, and the wages aggregate more than $45,000,000 per year. In other words, the two great manufacturing States of the South, Georgia and Alabama, combined, have no more capital invested in manufactures than has the city of Baltimore, which, indeed, has more capital invested in manufacturing and employs more factory hands than the State of Rhode Island. In a recent address before a representative body of business men, Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, the editor of the *Manufacturers' Record*, put before his hearers, in the following terse way, the situation in the city, and I cannot do better than repeat here the very words of so competent an authority:

"Baltimore probably has a greater diversity of manufactures than any other city in the country.



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

"It is the leading oyster and fruit canning city of the world.

"It is a great flour-milling centre, one company alone having a capacity of over 2000 barrels a day.

"It makes 80 per cent. of all the cotton duck manufactured in this country, and 60 per cent. of all made in the world.

"Its foreign trade aggregates over $100,000,000 a year.

"It has more than a dozen steamship lines,—to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, Rotterdam, Bremen, and other points.

"Its annual grain trade runs from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels, making it, next to New York, the leading grain market on the Atlantic coast, while its flour trade handles about 3,500,000 barrels a year.

"The savings-banks of the city have deposits of about $41,000,000.

"The aggregate volume of the city's business is about $700,000,000.

"Two years ago rapid transit was introduced, and we have now about 250 miles of electric and cable roads, built at a cost of about $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. We are still building more, while a double-track electric road to Washington is now under construction.

While this great increase in manufacturing wealth is made up almost wholly by the creation of a great number of new and small industries, there have also been constructed in Baltimore great works which challenge comparison with those of other cities. Among these greater and more costly enterprises which the "boom" of the last ten years has called into being the works of the Maryland Steel Company at Sparrows Point are the most considerable. The plant cost something over $6,000,000, and it contains, with other important departments, the most modern rail-mill in the country. It is equipped to build the heaviest ironclads, and everything in the marine department, from an ocean greyhound to a tug-boat. The plant of the Columbian Iron-Works is equally considerable. Here have been constructed many of the recent additions to the new navy, among them the *Detroit* and *Montgomery*. It is in visiting by water these tremendous forges, where the hammer falls upon the anvil without ceasing night or day, that the visitor catches a glimpse of the harbor and of Fort McHenry, where Old Glory is flying to-day as on the night and that cheerless morning when Key peered through the smoke of the bombardment and saw it proudly waving over the free and brave. Here for the first time, I think, you can get an idea of what a quantity of food and breadstuffs we are pouring into the insatiable maw of hungry Europe. At Canton we find the heavens darkened and the loftiest spars of the shipping dwarfed by the great grain-elevators of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to which steamers and sailing-barks are always coming in an endless procession to be loaded. On the opposite side of the river, at Locust Point, are the elevators and coal-receivers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. And here again that same activity in loading grain-vessels is displayed, which in the aggregate makes of Baltimore one of the first grain-exporting ports of the country.



MARYLAND CLUB.

Since the beginning of the business reorganization of the South, Baltimore has become the financial centre of that section of the country.

The Board of Trade, which fosters new enterprises and supports others that have been launched, is composed of the representative business men of the city, and, by a judicious use of the power which the citizens have vested in it, has come to be a potent factor in national as well as in State legislation. In slightly different spheres, as their names imply, the Merchants and Manufacturers Association and the Corn and Flour Exchange exercise similar vigilance over the commercial well-being of the city and the advancement of its industries.

While the foreign commerce of the port of Baltimore has increased—notably with Cuba and South American coun-



GREAT HALL, MARYLAND CLUB.

tries, under the favoring reciprocity treaties—the growth has unhappily been in no wise commensurate with the progress which the city has made in other branches of activity. Still, the American flag can be seen in the harbor not infrequently, and there are fleets of Baltimore vessels engaged in the Brazilian and Central and South American trade, among which the dozen or so of great four-masted vessels which belong to that distinguished merchant of the olden school, C. Morton Stewart, Esq., are the legitimate and worthy successors of the Baltimore clipper ships of *ante bellum* fame.

While awaiting this return of commonsense in national legislation the port of Baltimore had fostered its coastwise and bay trade, until this factor in the city's prosperity has come to represent an investment and a source of profit which I should not like to estimate here, so large and seemingly incredible are the figures. I shall content myself by saying that the oyster-beds of the Chesapeake are more profitable than the mines of the Sierra Nevadas, and that the trade with the Eastern Shore of the State is alone worth $8,000,000. The best idea of how great is the concourse of shipping to the port may be gathered from the fact that during the blizzard of February, 1895, when navigation in the bay was interrupted for several days, 4000 craft, from the great ocean steamers to the domestic pungies and bugeyes, were stopped and frozen in by the floating fields of ice. An apparently trivial advantage, but one which counts for many hundred thousand dollars a year, and gives the city a great advantage over other Atlantic ports, is that the water of the harbor is entirely free from the *teredo*, or water-worm, and the piles of the wharves and docks do not have to be "treated" as in other places, and last much longer. The coastwise steamers to Boston, Halifax, Savannah, Providence, New York, and Philadelphia count for much in the prosperity of the city and the convenience of its merchants. In the bay and its tributaries are plying some eight or ten lines of steamers, and among these the most famous is the Old Bay Line to Norfolk. These steamers still furnish the most convenient entrance into Dixie, and an acquaintance with Old Dominion cooking, which the Northern traveller remembers with pleasure and regret.

Inspired by the example of that distinguished philanthropist the late George Peabody, and imbued in a large measure with the spirit of civic pride, which, as I have said, is a characteristic of his fellow-citizens, some twenty years ago Johns Hopkins, a merchant prince, and a member of the Society of Friends, a community from which many of Baltimore's most distinguished sons have sprung, determined to leave his large fortune to the foundation of a great university for the training and development of sound minds, and for the building of a hospital to succor the weak and the sick. Both institutions have prospered mightily. The university has won in its short career

world-wide fame and praise; the hospital, the blessings of thousands. Each in its sphere is a model institution, and has won success far beyond the most sanguine dreams of the founder. The university struck out upon new lines. It was not the purpose of the founder to compete with the work of any other educational institution, but rather to supplement and to enlarge the educational advantages and opportunities already within the reach of the young men of the country, and the founder was so fortunate as to select from among his fellow-citizens twelve trustees of equally lofty and progressive spirit. Daniel C. Gilman, then the head of the University of California, was elected president, and charged with the herculean task of organizing the faculty, and out of nothing creating a great school. President Gilman's scholarly achievements in many branches of literature and of science are well known, but in Baltimore he will always be best and gratefully remembered for his success as the architect, the organizer, and the builder of the great educational work over whose destinies he still presides. With the vast sums at the disposal of the president it was thought by many that the city would soon be adorned with university buildings which could bear comparison with the most imposing institutions of learning in the Old World. Appreciating, however, the spirit rather than the letter of the bequest which they were charged to execute, the president and trustees determined to give the people of Baltimore the life-giving bread of education rather than the stones and the hollow shell. With this end in view the university circles of the whole world were searched for the most eminent man in each branch of intellectual achievement, and within three years the list of professors and instructors who were lecturing in the unpretentious but adequate buildings that had been improvised compared favorably with the faculties of Oxford, Heidelberg, and Paris. It was thought best by those directing the fortunes of the new seat of learning to make first a great university, great in work, achievement, and power for good, and that then the proper architectural surroundings would follow from the grateful appreciation of the work done on the part of public-spirited citizens of Baltimore. The erection of Levering and of McCoy halls, both of recent date, and splendid edifices, which will carry to the generations to come the names of their generous donors, proved conclusively that the trustees judged rightly and with foresight.

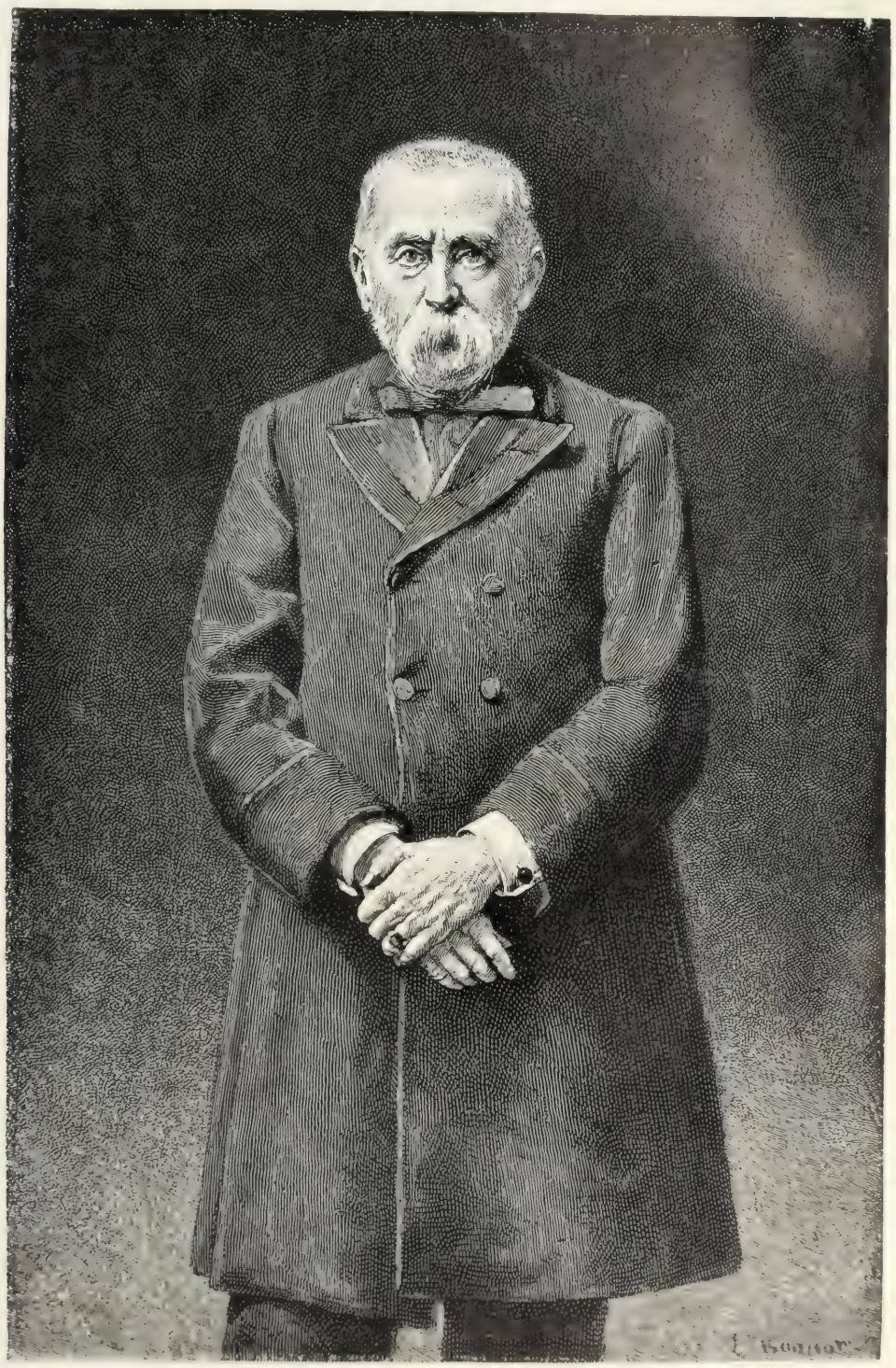
The great successes of the university have been won in fields of original work and advanced research—fields which in the stereotyped courses of most American colleges have been too rarely cultivated. The number of post-graduate students has always exceeded that of the undergraduates, and as the schools which feed the great university improve and are made more thorough, the college function may be suspended. The buildings of this great city university lie grouped in an apparent confusion, which is rather pleasing, between Howard and Eutaw streets and Monument and Franklin. McCoy Hall, the most recent addition to the university, is a handsome edifice, with appointments which are perfect in every way. With this beginning it should not be long before the university is housed in a manner worthy of the mission it is fulfilling in the intellectual life of the country.

During the last decade greatly increased facilities are offered to the women of the State for attaining the higher education, which their less fortunate sisters of the Old World so envy as the right and privilege of every American woman. The recent foundation of the Methodist Church, known as the Woman's College, is fast taking possession of the same field for the South and West that Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley occupy in the Middle and New England States.

In addition to these special features of education which are making Baltimore a great intellectual centre, the public-school system of this city, upon which more than a million dollars is spent annually, should not be overlooked. Under it the first Manual-Training School in the United States was established, and quite recently a similar institution for the colored has been started. The great increase of population during the last decade is due in a measure to the educational advantages which the city offers, together with the comparatively small expenditure with which comfortable homes can be secured.

The charm of social intercourse in Baltimore is a something which cannot be described. It pervades the assemblies and the germans, and more than all the

private balls, which are never given in public halls, and the dinner dances by the colonial family hearths. The seasons of social functions are longer and less broken by travel—for your Baltimoreans are stay-at-home folk—and the winter gayety is renewed in summer at the quaint country places which they possess on the hills outside the heated city. Some of these country homes, like Doughoregan and Hampton—the home of the Ridgelys and Homewood—are old manorial estates; the others are generally unpretentious country homes, very roomy and comfortable.



W. T. WALTERS.

Indeed, owing to their keen appreciation of open-air life, which is fostered mightily by the lower rate of taxation that there prevails, most wealthy Baltimoreans are really residents of the country, and hail from their rural homes when during the

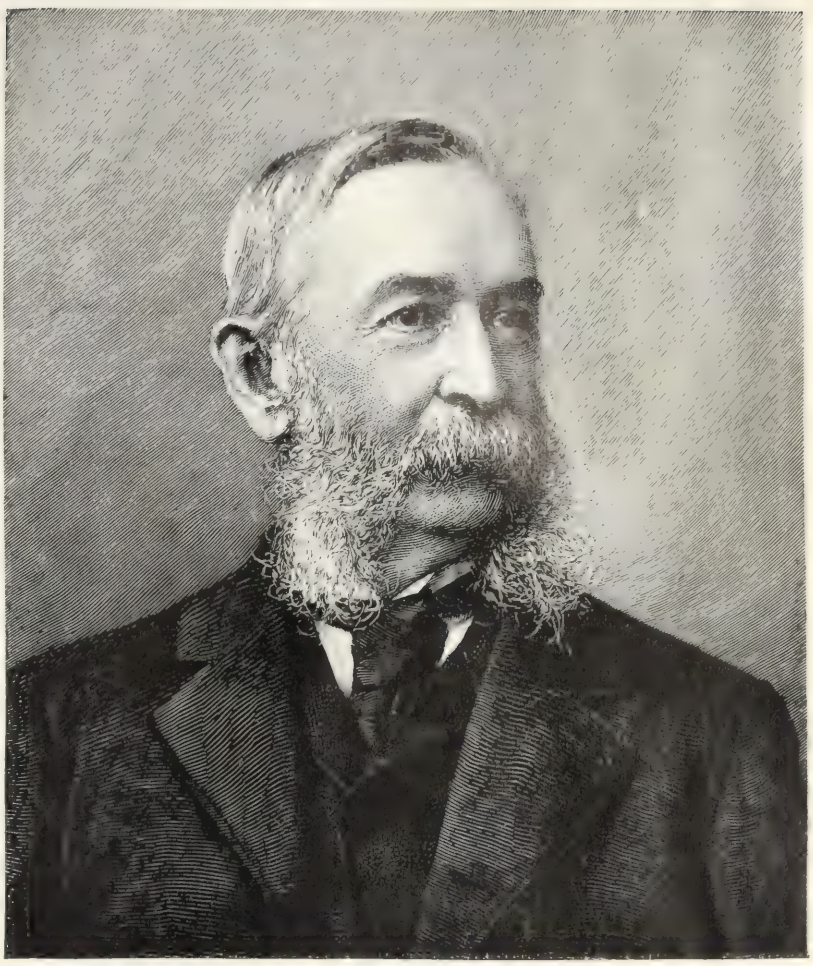
dog-days they brighten with their presence Newport, Narragansett, Mount Desert, and other summer resorts. As they have more time, they are less hurried than the social votaries of other cities, and there is nothing breathless in their pace. Perhaps here I should make an exception to this general rule for the sporting set, who work as hard and as fast as Wall Street men and Fifth Avenue women. They never sleep, and rarely eat, except now and again a bite at the Elkridge Kennels, or at a pig-roast of the Green Spring Valley Hunt in the graystone tavern. The hunting men and women, with the packs that have been mentioned and the Chevy Chase pack of Washington, can hunt four or five days a week, and with Mr. Murray Hanson's hounds in Howard County and Mr. S. S. Howland's at Annapolis Junction they can hunt as long and as often as flesh and blood, human and equine, can stand. When a hard day's run is over, the riders steal away from where the "kill" was made in broad low-lying buckboards, and drive through the darkness until midnight and the ducking shores of Carroll Island come in sight. They shoot ducks a couple of tides, and then return with renewed vigor to the pursuit of Reynard, or to a point-to-point race.

The foundation and expansion of the university has added to the social life of Baltimore a great number of charming and agreeable men and women, who have been made very welcome. The society of Baltimore is composite, and while the old colonists of the Calverts have distinctly held the ground which they first occupied, they have had to bear with and assimilate many incursions of New-Englanders and at least two distinct invasions from Virginia. But they have done it with a good grace, appreciating that Baltimore would not be half so pleasant a place to live in without the many and antagonistic races from which her inhabitants have sprung. The admirable side of this composition is that while these new effusions blend and work and play in perfect harmony with the colonial Marylanders, they retain tenaciously the characteristics of the race and place of their origin, even unto the fifth generation. The New-Englander still in his heart of hearts hails from Salem and the Old Colony, and the Virginian is a Virginian to the very last of his seed. Illustrative of this tenacity, which I have rarely noticed among the many strange tribes that have congregated on Manhattan Island, is the life and death of the late Henry Stickney, who came to Baltimore from Massachusetts some sixty years ago. Of all the wealthy descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, it remained for this Baltimore Puritan to raise their monument on Plymouth Rock. After remembering in his will the city of his adoption and its charities, his mind and thoughts returned lovingly to the old home, Plymouth, where he was born; he endowed it with a great library and a fine school.



THE PEABODY INSTITUTE.

The Maryland Club is the rendezvous of the leading citizens. While the present organization of this famous home of hospitality and good-fellowship dates back only to 1857, it has inherited the traditions and the wine-cellars of other social organizations running back to the Revolutionary period. And in this sense it is one of the oldest clubs in the country. Two years ago the club moved away from the old colonial mansion on Franklin Street — a change which even its present magnificent and worthy surroundings many of the oldest members will never cease to deplore. The new building, which was designed by Josiah Pennington, an architect who has greatly improved the appearance of his native city, is in the Romanesque style, and constructed entirely of white marble from the county.



DANIEL COIT GILMAN.
From a photograph by Werner and Son, Dublin.

The main parlor is on Charles Street, and runs the whole length of the building, which faces 70 feet on Charles and 150 feet on Eager Street. In the main hall are still preserved the arms of the Lords Proprietary of the ancient colony. As to this glorious escutcheon there has raged for hundreds of years a war which for bitterness and destruction would surprise even such a veteran in bloody encounters as, say, Achilles' Shield. It was while discussing this question that some one, a great anonymous, "struck Billy Patterson," and the present writer proposes to observe strict neutrality, merely observing that very much has been said on both sides as to whether the Calverts should have sported an earl's coronet or the arms of a prince palatine. The new club-house is very handsome, and in its appointments compares favorably with the best examples of London club-land. While travel in the present generation has brought with it a taste for what the fathers of the present members would have called pernicious French cooking, and while a number of *chefs* from Paillard's and Durand's are secreted on the premises, in the treatment of terrapin and the arrangement of chafing-dishes the colored cooks still retain undisputed sway.

The following will give the reader who has never enjoyed the actual experience an idea of what the Maryland Club dinner, as eaten and digested by the members of the older and original stock, really is. We will begin our Maryland dinner with oysters from Lynnhaven, Virginia—a step which will surprise those who do not know that six generations of surveyors have been unable to indicate the frontier lines between the two States, most probably because (alack! that this should have been said before, and in Congress) there are none. A consommé is then to be recommended, whereupon the terrapin in real Maryland style is ushered in with an air of becoming solemnity. Upon this mystery follows a saddle of mutton from the moun-

tains, which will have "hung" for two weeks; and then appears the second mystery of the repast—a wild-duck with celery, and hominy which has first been boiled and then fried—the hominy, and not the duck. Now do not be obstinate and insist upon the wild-duck being a canvas-back, if Tom whispers in your ear that the "hunter" of the club writes to say that this peerless bird is flying high and doing "poorly." A good red-head or a baldpate, or even a mallard in good condition, is much better eating than a canvas-back which has been doing poorly. As a matter of fact, the baldpate—better known to ornithologists as the sheldrake—is the best eating duck. He does not seem to have the nice nervous organization which worries the canvas-back thin, and you will understand his succulent plumpness, his easy-going eatable nature, when from your blind or sink-box you have watched the rogue steal the crisp wild-celery which the diving canvas-back has spent an afternoon in uprooting. Your feast should conclude with an Eastern Shore ham, two years old, and baked a rich claret-color, and then coffee, cigars, and liqueurs, according to your fancy. The wines with which you may decide to discuss your dinner will be very good, wherever your choice may fall, but the Maryland Club whiskey and Madeiras cannot be found elsewhere, and for the latter you can offer almost any price and yet not get a bottle, unless you have not only friends at court, but luck. The Maryland Madeiras have much in common with the wines of Shiraz which the Persian bard sang, and the Falernian in which Horace delighted. Your Baltimorean thinks of them in the most serious moment of his life, when making his will, and if he leaves you any of his Patterson, Donaldson, or "Fanny" Madeira, you will have lost a friend who loved you well.



JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL.

The Baltimore Club, a brownstone building on Charles Street, nearly opposite the Maryland, is the peculiarly attractive home of an organization composed exclusively of the sons of the old Maryland Club members, which was started in much more humble surroundings some eighteen years ago. These young men, as they were then, broke with the traditions in which they had been brought up by forbidding "treating" and gambling in the club-house. This courageous stand against the club ethics of the community was at first the subject of much ridicule, but it ended by causing a revolution in Southern club-land. The Westmoreland Club of Richmond and many other leading social organizations of the South followed the manly example set by the

young men of Baltimore, and since that day club life has been possible to those who care for the cultivation of good-fellowship but at the same time respect their livers. Among the many other clubs which adorn the city and fill places in the lives of its citizens are the University, the Merchants', the Athenæum, the Catholic, and the Germania clubs—the last the rendezvous of German-Americans, where excellent beer, good singing, and *Gemüthlichkeit* are always to be found.

The evidences of literary activity and æsthetic culture in Baltimore date back to the founding of the city. In this modern Athens, some years before the present century came of age, the Delphian Club was founded for the culture of pure literature; but not on the Scotch plan, and without any oatmeal. This club published for many years a periodical of great brilliancy known as the *Red Book*. This statement will surprise and grieve the young literary club men of London, who flatter themselves that this publication is now being done by them for the first time. Key, John Pendleton Kennedy, William Wirt, Robert Goodloe Harper, and Jared Sparks were among the prominent members, and in the club-house John Howard Payne was hidden and saved from the fury of a mob. The aggressive attitude of the mob had its origin in political and not poetical reasons. I do not believe "Home, Sweet Home," was even written at the time. Like poor Payne, one must have seen the dreary interminable days come and go on the sandy wastes of Tunis to write that, or perhaps even to appreciate it. Then fol-



JOHNS HOPKINS.



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH.



DRUID HILL PARK.

lowed Poe, and later Sidney Lanier, two sweet sad singers, who spent many years within the walls of Baltimore, though neither was native born. Both are buried there, and the posthumous appreciation, which is all the poet's guerdon, is coming to them slowly. When, twenty years ago, I first visited the grave of Poe, the Westminster Churchyard where he is sleeping was a weird and ghostly place. Great rank weeds grew to heroic size on and about the sunken mound, and out of the dense impenetrable jungle which they formed green ghoulish eyes peered out at you: the eyes were the eyes of hyenas, though belonging to a race of vagabond cats which had chosen the lonely spot as their lair. The old gray-haired sexton who helped to bury Poe is still here, and he tells you, with a grim smile, that he appreciated the distinguished dead from the first, and that now more people come in an hour to see the spot where moulders his mortal remains than came to his dreary and unnoticed funeral. Tennyson said that the only thing that made him wish to come to America was a desire to visit Baltimore and see Poe's grave. There can be no doubt about this statement, because it was made to a Baltimorean. And perhaps it was the anticipation of the distinguished visit that had something to do a few years ago with the cutting down of the rank luxuriant weeds, the banishment of the wild cats, and the erection of a monument over the grave—a pious thought which honors the schoolteachers of Baltimore who conceived it and carried out the work.

Severn Teackle Wallis was a many-sided genius, and remarkable as a lawyer and a wit, as a statesman and an orator, so that only those who have read his travels in Spain and other lighter works of his pen will understand and echo the regret that Mr. John K. Cowen, the distinguished Maryland Congressman, expressed at the memorial services held by the Bar Association on the occasion of Mr. Wallis's recent death, when he said that in taking Teackle Wallis and monopolizing all his time the American bar had robbed American literature of one of its most promising powers. Among the living, Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, whose stories of Southern life are so well known to the readers of *Harper's*, is the dean and best known. Among many others is the historian Dr. William Hande Brown, and Mr. William H. Carpenter, a distinguished author and critic. James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland, my

Maryland," is a native of Baltimore, and still spends much of his time there. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, before he sought wider fields, spent some time at the university, and left behind him, as the Arabs say, "a sweet name," and a host of friends who follow his course to higher things with much interest. Among the many souvenirs he carried away with him was the well-known Baltimore name of Van Bibber, which he gave to the now famous series of short society stories. The short stories of Lynn R. Meekins have attracted much favorable comment as being full of promise, and as interesting pictures of Maryland life. Among the many women of Baltimore whose literary work is well known, the names of Mrs. Elizabeth Latimer, Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud, Mrs. Charles W. Lord, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, and Miss Margaret Sutton Briscoe will occur to all. There are now being concluded in Baltimore the memoirs of Mr. Robert McLane, an octogenarian diplomat and statesman, whose sprightly step and quick intelligence defy the cold touch of advancing age.

The press of the city worthily represents and reflects the cultivated, progressive tendencies of civic life. The *American* is the oldest. George Washington, Esq., placed an advertisement in the first issue, and its columns have been patronized ever since by the best families. In its press-room were printed for the first time such historic documents as the Declaration of Independence and the "Star-spangled Banner." The *Sun* has been first in many fields, and is undoubtedly the best equipped paper of the South. The *Herald* is a breezy, enterprising penny paper, and is widely read. The *Evening News* is animated with the crusading spirit, and permeated through and through with the ideas of the new journalism. There are many other papers published in Baltimore, representing various classes and interests of the community. Among them the most notable are the *Manufacturers' Record*, published in the interest of development in the South, and housed in the finest building owned by any industrial paper in America, and the *Deutsche Correspondent*—the latter the organ of the wealthy and influential German population.

One of the greatest glories of the city is the number of beautiful parks within its limits. The city fathers of forty years ago, when first approached for the franchises of the city passenger railways, had the large and genial idea of granting the privileges desired conditional upon the railroad company handing over annually to the park fund twenty per cent of their gross receipts. This tax has now been reduced to nine per cent., but it brings to the fund the round sum of over two hundred thousand dollars per annum, which is spent exclusively in the support and maintenance of the parks. You should not fail to visit, at least, the Druid Hill Park, with all its woodland charms and pastoral beauty. Accustomed and hardened as many of us have become to the stiff and artificial features of many American parks, the first view of this great unspoiled pleasure-ground is sim-



ENTRANCE TO DRUID HILL PARK

ply enchanting. The natural charm and simplicity of the view awaken the recollection of the park of some famous English estate, such as Welbeck in the "Dukeries"; and, indeed, the park, which contains about seven hundred acres of land in the northwestern section of the city, was for many generations the seat of the Rogers family, by whom it was sold to the city some thirty years ago, with the proviso that the family burying-ground that occupies a little mound in the centre of the park should never be disturbed; that those who first penetrated into these primeval forests should ever sleep in their shades. Beneath these spreading oaks and over the rich pasture-land hundreds of sheep are herded, and along the byways and the bridle-paths the solitary seeker after the beauties of nature will now and again startle and send flying like mad through the crackling underbrush the many herds of noble antlered stags and gentle does that roam at liberty in the people's great pleasure-ground. The drive around the Druid Lake extends for a mile and a half, and is the rendezvous of fashion in the afternoon — the Baltimore Avenue des Acacias.

The charities of Baltimore are what we should expect to find in a city so enlightned and progressive. Ex-President Hayes, whose opinion was peculiarly valuable in all matters of practical philanthropy, said, after an inspection of the institutions of the city, that there was no place in the country where the charities were as well organized or conducted on such a just and generous scale as in Baltimore. This field is much too wide and important to merely touch upon, but I cannot refrain from pointing out the advantages which Baltimore babies possess over the children of other cities. Throughout the year the Day Nursery, which is supported solely by private subscription, takes maternal care of thousands of the offspring of the working classes, while in the summer the Baltimore babies are somewhat embarrassed to choose whether they will enjoy an outing on the bay at the expense of the late Thomas Wilson, or retire to the summer sanatorium on Mount Wilson, where there are healthful accommodations for a thousand babies with their tired mothers. Baltimore babies are so very healthy, and the Wilson fund so very large, that during the summer months the policemen are compelled to search around in the few tenements and narrow streets which Baltimore possesses to find sick babies to send on to the sanatorium to keep the others already there from getting lonely.

The Hebrew element in the city has always been prominent and influential. With characteristic foresight and appreciation of the advantages of healthful and artistic surroundings, they have purchased, and live, almost to the exclusion of others, in the handsome modern dwellings on ten or twelve city blocks which face the gardens of Eutaw Place, the Elysian Fields of Baltimore, which lead to Druid Hill Park. Here also are situated their synagogues. The tabernacle of the Hebrew congregation on Madison Avenue and the White Temple on Eutaw Place are truly magnificent and poetic conceptions, which have evidently been inspired by the sight of Santa Maria the White, and El Transito, the ruined synagogues of Toledo. Near by stands the Phœnix Club, an attractive structure in the Renaissance style. It is second to no club in the city in the completeness of its appointments.

The Johns Hopkins Hospital, an imposing edifice, of which a distant but very pleasing view can be obtained looking eastward from the Monument, is the model sick-house of the world, and covers fourteen acres of ground on Broadway. In addition to the large and imposing main building, there are some seven or eight great pavilions, in which special diseases are cared for and isolated. It does not come within the sphere of this article, nor am I competent to describe the special features of the hospital, such as the great surgical amphitheatre or the great pathological laboratory, in which so much original and daring work has been crowned with success. They have been fitly and fully described in the medical journals of the world, and the improvements and the innovations which distinguish them are being copied and imitated wherever the care of the sick and suffering is a concern to the humane.



PÆSTUM

BY

JOHN HAY

TWO THOUSAND YEARS THESE TEMPLES HAVE BEEN OLD,
YET WERE THEY NOT MORE LOVELY THE FIRST DAY
WHEN O'ER YON HILLS THE YOUNG LIGHT BLUSHED AND LAY
ALONG THESE TAPERING COLUMNS, AND EVE'S GOLD
OVER THE TYRRHENE SEA IN GLORY ROLLED.
BY POWER OF TRUTH, BY BEAUTY'S ROYAL SWAY,
WHILE MEN AND CREEDS AND KINGDOMS PASS AWAY,
THEIR GIFT TO CHARM AND AWE THEY CALMLY HOLD.
BEAUTY AND TRUTH! BY THAT HIGH GRACE DIVINE
THEY FORCE THE TRIBUTE OF THE VASSAL YEARS.
CLOUDS GLOOM; THE BLUE WAVE DIMPLES; THE STARS SHINE,
TO MAKE THEM FAIRER: EVEN TIME, THAT TEARS
AND SHAMES ALL OTHER THINGS, HERE CAN BUT BLESS
AND BEAUTIFY THIS CRUMBLING LOVELINESS.



A SNIPE-HUNT.

A STORY OF JIM-NED CREEK.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

I.

"I AIN'T sayin' nothin' ag'inst the women o' Jim-Ned Creek *ez women*," said Mr. Pinson; "an' what's more, I'll spit on my hands an' lay out any man ez 'll dassen to sass 'em. But *ez wives* the women o' Jim-Ned air the outbeatenes' critters in creation!"

These remarks, uttered in an oracular tone, were received with grave approbation by the half a dozen idlers gathered about the mesquite fire in Bishop's store. Old Bishop himself, sorting over some trace-chains behind the counter, nodded grimly, and then smiled, his wintry face grown suddenly tender.

"You've shore struck it, Newt," assented Joe Trimble. "You never kin tell how ary one of 'em 'll ack under any succumstances."

Jack Carter and Sid Northcutt, the only bachelors present, grinned and winked slyly at each other.

"You boys neenter be so brash," drawled Mr. Pinson's son-in-law, Sam Leggett, from his perch on a barrel of pecans; "jest you wait ontell Minty Cullum an' Loo Slater gits a tight holt! Them gals is ez meek ez lambs—now. But so was Mis' Pinson an' Mis' Trimble in their day an' time, I reckon. I know Becky Leggett was."

"The studdies'-goin' woman on Jim-Ned," continued Mr. Pinson, ignoring these interruptions, "is Mis' Cullum. An' yit, Tobe Cullum ain't no safeter than anybody else—considerin' of Sissy Cullum ez a wife!"

Mr. Trimble opened his lips to speak, but shut them again hastily, looking a little scared, and an awkward silence fell on the group.

For the shadow of Mrs. Cullum herself had advanced through the wide doorway, and lay athwart the puncheon floor; and that lady, a large, comfortable-looking, middle-aged person, with a motherly face and a kindly smile, after a momentary survey of the scene before her, walked briskly in. She shook hands across the counter with the storekeeper, and passed the time of day all around.

Bud Hines, the new clerk, shuffled forward eagerly to wait on her. Bud was a sallow-faced, thin-chested, gawky youth from the States, who had wandered into these parts in search of health and employment. He was not yet used to the somewhat drastic ways of Jim-Ned, and there was a homesick look in his watery blue eyes; he smiled bashfully at her while he measured off calico and weighed sugar, and he followed her out to the horse-block when she had concluded her lengthy spell of shopping.

"You better put on a thicker coat, Bud," she said, pushing back her sunbonnet and looking down at him from the saddle before she moved off. "You've got a rackety cough. I reckon I'll have to make you some mullein surrup."

"Oh, Mis' Cullum, don't trouble yourself about me," Mr. Hines cried, gratefully, a lump rising in his throat as he watched her ride away.

The loungers in the store had strolled out on the porch. "Mis' Cullum cert'n'y is a sister in Zion," remarked Mr. Trimble, gazing admiringly at her retreating figure.

"M-m-m—y-e-e-s," admitted Mr. Pinson. "But," he added, darkly, after a meditative pause, "Sissy Cullum is a wife, an' the women o' Jim-Ned, *ez wives*, air liable to conniptions."

Mrs. Cullum jogged slowly along the brown, wheel-rifted road which followed the windings of the creek. It was late in November. A brisk little norther was blowing, and the nuts dropping from the pecan-trees in the hollows filled the dusky stillness with a continuous rattling sound. There was a sprinkling of belated cotton bolls on the stubbly fields to the right of the road; a few ragged sunflowers were still abloom in the fence corners, where the pokeberries were red-ripe on their tall stalks.

"I must lay in some poke root for Tobe's knee-j'ints," mused Mrs. Cullum, as she turned into the lane which led to her own door-yard. "Pore Tobe! them j'ints o' his'n is mighty oncertain. Why, Tobe!" she exclaimed aloud, as her nag stopped and neighed a friendly greeting to the object of her own solicitude, "where air you bound for?"

Mr. Cullum laid an arm across the horse's neck. He was a big, loose-jointed



"YOU BETTER PUT ON A THICKER COAT, BUD."

man, with iron-gray hair, square jaws, and keen steady dark eyes. "Well, ma," he said, with a touch of reluctance in his dragging tones, "there's a lodge meetin' at Ebenezer Church to-night, an' I got Minty to give me my supper early, so's I could go. I—"

"All right, Tobe," interrupted his wife, cheerfully: "a passel of men prancin' around with a goat oncet a month ain't much harm, I reckon. You go 'long, honey; I'll set up for you."

"Sissy is that soft an' innercent an' mild," muttered Mr. Cullum, striding away in the gathering twilight; "that a suckin' baby could wrop her aroun' its finger—much lessen me!"

About ten o'clock the same night Granny Carnes, peeping through a chink in the wall beside her bed, saw a squad of men hurrying afoot down the road from the direction of Ebenezer Church. "Them boys is up to some devil*mint*, Uncle Dick," she remarked, placidly, to her rheumatic old husband.

Uncle Dick laughed a soft, toothless

laugh. "I ain't begrudgin' 'em the fun," he sighed, turning on his pillow, "but I wisht to the Lord I was along!"

The "boys" crossed the creek below Bishop's and entered the shinn-oak prairie on the further side.

"Nance ast mighty particular about the lodge meetin'," observed Newt Pinson to Mr. Cullum, who headed the nocturnal expedition; "she know'd it wa'n't the regular night, an' she suspicioned sompn, Nance did."

"Sissy didn't," laughed Tobe, complacently. "Sissy is that soft an' innercent an' mild that a suckin' baby could wrop her aroun' its finger—much lessen me!"

Bud Hines, in the rear with the others, was in a quiver of excitement. He stumbled along, shifting Sid Northcutt's rifle from one shoulder to the other, and listening open-mouthed to Jack Carter's directions. "You know, Bud," said that young gentleman, gravely, "it ain't every man that gets a chance to go on a snipe-hunt. And if you've got any grit—"

"I've got plenty of it," interrupted Mr. Hines, vaingloriously. He was, indeed, inwardly—and outwardly—bursting with pride. "I thought they tuk me for a plumb fool," he kept saying over and over to himself. "They 'ain't never noticed me before 'cepn to make fun of me; an' all at oncet Mr. Tobe Cullum an' Mr. Newt Pinson ups an' asts me to go on a snipe-hunt, an' even p'oposes to give me the best place in it. An' I've got Mr. Sid's rifle, an' Mr. Jack is tellin' of me how! Lord, I wouldn't of believed it ef I wa'n't right here! Won't ma be proud when I write her about it!"

"You've got to whistle all the time," Jack continued, breaking in upon these blissful reflections; "if you don't, they won't come."

"Oh, I'll whistle," declared Bud, jauntily.

Sam Leggett's snigger was dexterously turned into a cough by a punch in his ribs from Mr. Trimble's elbow, and they trudged on in silence until they reached Buck Snort Gully, a deep ravine running from the prairie into a stretch of heavy timber beyond, known as The Rough.

Here they stopped, and Sid Northcutt produced a coarse bag, whose mouth was held open by a barrel hoop, and a tallow candle, which he lighted and handed to the elate hunter. "Now, Bud," Mr. Cullum said, when the bag was set on the edge of the gully, with its mouth toward the prairie, "you jest scrooch down behind this here sack an' hold the candle. You kin lay the rifle back of you, in case a wild-cat or a cougar prowls up. An' you whistle jest as hard an' as continual as you can, whilse the balance of us beats aroun' an' drives in the snipe. They'll run fer the candle ever' time. An' the minit that sack is full of snipe, all you've got to do is to pull out the prop, an' they're yourn."

"All right, Mr. Tobe," responded Bud, squatting down and clutching the candle, his face radiant with expectation.

The crowd scattered, and for a few moments made a noisy pretence of beating the shinn-oak thickets for imaginary snipe.

"Keep a-whisslin', Bud!" Mr. Cullum shouted, from the far edge of the prairie.

A prolonged whistle, with trills and flourishes, was the response; and the conspirators, bursting with restrained laughter, plunged into the ford and separated, making each for his own fireside.

Mrs. Cullum was nodding over the hearth-stone when her husband came in. The six girls, from Minty—Jack Carter's buxom sweetheart—to Little Sis, the baby, were long abed. The hands of the wooden clock on the high mantel-shelf pointed to half past twelve. "Well, pa," Sissy said, good-humoredly, reaching out for the shovel and beginning to cover up the fire, "you've cavorted pretty late this time! What's the matter?" she added, suspiciously; "you ack like you've been drinkin'!"

For Tobe was rolling about the room in an ecstasy of uproarious mirth.

"I 'ain't teched nary drop, Sissy," Mr. Cullum returned, "but ever' time I think about that fool Bud Hines a-settin' out yander at Buck Snort, holdin' of a candle, and whisslin' fer snipe to run into that coffee-sack, I—oh Lord!"

He stopped to slap his thighs and roar again. Finally, wiping the tears of enjoyment from his eyes, he related the story of the night's adventure.

"Air you tellin' me, Tobe Cullum," his wife said, when she had heard him to the end—"air you p'intedly tellin' me that you've took Bud Hines *snipin'*? An' that you've left that sickly, consumpted young man a-settin' out there by hisse'f to catch his death of cold; or maybe git his blood sucked out by a catamount!"

"Shucks, Sissy!" replied Tobe; "nothin' ain't goin' to hurt him. He's sech a derned fool that a catamount wouldn't tech him with a ten-foot pole! An' him a-whisslin' fer them snipe—oh Lord!"

"Tobe Cullum," said Mrs. Cullum, sternly, "you go saddle Buster this minit and ride out to Buck Snort after Bud Hines."

"Why, honey—" remonstrated Tobe.

"Don't you honey me," she interrupted, wrathfully. "You saddle that horse this minit an' fetch that consumpted boy home."

Tobe ceased to laugh. His big jaws set themselves suddenly square. "I'll do no sech fool thing," he declared, doggedly, "an' have the len'th an' brea'th o' Jim-Ned makin' fun o' me."

"Very well," said his wife, with equal determination, "ef you don't go, I will. But I give you fair warnin', Tobe Cullum, that ef you don't go, I'll never speak to you again whilse my head is hot."

Tobe snorted incredulously; but he sneaked out to the stable after her, and when she had saddled and mounted Buster, he followed her on foot, running noiselessly some distance behind her, keeping her well in sight, and dodging into the



"THE BALANCE OF 'EM MUST OF GOT LOST."

deeper shadows when she chanced to look around.

"I didn't know Sissy had so much spunk," he muttered, panting in her wake at last across the shinn-oak prairie. "Lord, how blazin' mad she is! But shucks! she'll git over it by mornin'."

Mr. Hines was shivering with cold. He still whistled mechanically, but the hand that held the sputtering candle shook to the trip-hammer thumping of his heart. "The balance of 'em must of got lost," he thought, listening to the lonesome howl of the wind across the prairie. "It's too c-cold for snipe, I reckon. I wisht I'd staid at home. I c-can't w-whistle any longer," he whimpered aloud, dropping the candle-end, the last spark of courage oozing out of his nerveless fingers. He stood up, straining his eyes down the black gully and across the dreary waste around him. "Mr. T-o-o-be!" he called, feebly, and the wavering echoes of his voice came back to him mingled with an ominous sound. "Oh, Lordy! what is that?" he stammered. He sank to the ground, grabbing wildly for his gun. "It's a cougar! I hear him trompin' up from the creek! It's a c-cougar! He's c-comin' closter! Oh, Lordy!"

"Hello, Bud," called Mrs. Cullum, cheerily. She slipped from the saddle as she spoke and caught the half-fainting snipe-hunter in her motherly arms.

"Ain't you 'shamed of yourse'f to let a passel o' no-'count men fool you this-a-way?" she demanded, sternly, when he had somewhat recovered himself. "Get up behind me. I'm goin' to take you to Mis' Bishop's, where you belong. No, don't you dassen to tech any o' that trash!"

Mr. Hines, feeling very humble and abashed, climbed up behind her, and they rode away, leaving the snipe-hunting gear, including Sid Northcutt's valuable rifle, on the edge of the gully.

She left him at Bishop's, charging him to swallow before going to bed a "dost" of the home-brewed chill medicine from a squat bottle she handed him.

"He cert'n'y is weaker'n stump-water," she murmured, as she turned her horse's head; "but he's sickly an' consumpted, an' he's jest about the age my Bud would of been if he'd lived."

And thinking of her first-born and only son, who died in babyhood, she rode homeward in the dim chill starlight. Tobe, spent and foot-sore, followed warily, carrying the abandoned rifle.

II.

Consternation reigned the "len'th an' brea'th" of Jim-Ned. Mrs. Cullum—placid and easy-going Mrs. Tobe—under the same roof with him, actually had not spoken to her lawful and wedded husband since the snipe-hunt, ten days ago come Monday!

"It's plumb scan'lous!" Mrs. Pinson exclaimed, at her daughter's quilting. "I never would of thought sech a thing of Sissy—never!"

"As ef the boys of Jim-Ned couldn't have a little innercent fun without Mis' Cullum settin' in jedgment on 'em!" sniffed Mrs. Leggett.

"Shet up, Becky Leggett," said her mother, severely. "By time you've put up with a man's capers fer twenty-five years, like Sissy Cullum have, you'll have the right to talk, an' not before."

"They say Tobe is wellnigh out'n his mind," remarked Mrs. Trimble. "Ez fer that soft-headed Bud Hines, he have fair fattened on that snipe-hunt. He's gittin' ez sassy an' mischeevous ez Jack Carter hisse'f."

This last statement was literally true. The victim of Tobe Cullum's disastrous practical joke had become on a sudden case-hardened, as it were. The consumptive pallor had miraculously disappeared from his cheeks and the homesick look from his eyes. He bore the merciless chaffing at Bishop's with devil-may-care good-nature, and he besought Mrs. Cullum, almost with tears in his eyes, to "let up on Mr. Tobe."

"I was sech a dern fool, Mis' Cullum," he candidly confessed, "that I don't blame Mr. Tobe fer puttin' up a job on me. Besides," he added, his eyes twinkling shrewdly, "I'm goin' to git even. I'm layin' off to take Jim Belcher, that biggetty drummer from Waco, a-snipin' out Buck Snort next Sat'day night. He's a bigger idjit than ever I was."

"You ten' to your own business, Bud, an' I'll ten' to mine," Mrs. Cullum returned, not unkindly. Which business on her part apparently was to make Mr. Cullum miserable by taking no notice of him whatever. The house under her supervision was, as it had always been, a model of neatness; the meals were cooked by her own hands, and served with an

especial eye to Tobe's comfort; his clothes were washed and ironed, and his white shirt laid out on Sunday mornings, with the accustomed care and regularity. But with these details Mrs. Cullum's wifely attentions ended. She remained absolutely deaf to any remark addressed to her by her husband, looking through and beyond him when he was present with a steady unseeing gaze, which was, to say the least, exasperating. All necessary communication with him was carried on by means of the children. "Minty," she would say at the breakfast table, "ask your pa if he wants another cup of coffee;" or at night, "Temp'unce, tell your pa that Buster has shed a shoe"; or, "Sue, does your pa know where them well-grabs is?" et cætera, et cætera.

The demoralized household huddled, so to speak, between the opposing camps, frightened and unhappy, and things were altogether in a bad way.

To make matters worse, Miss Minty Cullum, following her mother's example, took high and mighty ground with Jack Carter, dismissing that gentleman with a promptness and coolness which left him wellnigh dumb with amazement.



"FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME."

"Lord, Minty!" he gasped. "Why, I was taken snipe-hunting myself not more'n five years ago. I—"

"I didn't know you were such a fool, Jack Carter," interrupted his sweetheart, with a toss of her pretty head; "that settles it!" and she slammed the door in his face.

Matters were at such a pass finally that Mr. Skaggs, the circuit-rider, when he came to preach, the third Sunday in the month, at Ebenezer Church, deemed it his duty to remonstrate and pray with

Sister Cullum at her own house. She listened to his exhortations in grim silence, and knelt without a word when he summoned her to wrestle before the Throne of Grace. "Lord," he concluded, after a long and powerful summing up of the erring sister's misdeeds, "Thou knowest that she is travelling the broad and flowery road to destruction. Show her the evil of her ways, and warn her to flee from the wrath to come."

He arose from his knees with a look of satisfaction on his face, which changed to one of chagrin when he saw Sister Cullum's chair empty, and Sister Cullum herself out in the back yard tranquilly and silently feeding her hens.

"She shore did flee from the wrath to come, Sissy did," chuckled Granny Carnes, when this episode reached her ears.

As for Tobe, he bore himself in the early days of his affliction in a jaunty debonair fashion, affecting a sprightliness which did not deceive his cronies at Bishop's. In time, however, finding all his attempts at reconciliation with Sissy vain, he became uneasy, and almost as silent as herself, then morose and irritable, and finally black and thunderous.

"He's that wore upon that nobody dassent to go anigh him," said Mr. Pinson, solemnly. "An' no wonder! Fer of all the conniptions that ever struck the women o' Jim-Ned, *ez wives*, Sissy Cullum's conniptions air the outbeatenes'."

But human endurance has its limits. Mr. Cullum's reached his at the supper table one night about three weeks after the beginning of his discipline. He had been ploughing all day, and brooding, presumably, over his tribulations, and there was a techy look in his dark eyes as he seated himself at the foot of the well-spread table, presided over by Mrs. Cullum, impassive and dumb as usual. The six girls were ranged on either side.

"Well, ma," began Tobe, with assumed gayety, turning up his plate, "what for a day have you had?"

Sissy looked through and beyond him with fixed, unresponsive gaze, and said never a word.

Then, as Mr. Cullum afterward said, "Ole Satan swep' an' garnish*eed* him an' tuk possession of him." He seized the heavy teacup in front of him and hurled it at his unsuspecting spouse; she gasped, paling slightly, and dodged. The missile, striking the brick chimney-jamb behind her, crashed and fell shivering into fragments on the hearth. The saucer followed. Then, Tobe's spirits rising, plate after plate hurtled across the table; the air fairly bristled with flying crockery. Mrs. Cullum, after the first shock of surprise, continued calmly to eat her supper, moving her head from right to left or ducking to avoid an unusually well-aimed projectile.

Little Sis scrambled down from her high chair at the first hint of hostilities, and dived, screaming, under the table; the others remained in their places, half paralyzed with terror.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Mr. Cullum, reaching out his long arms, had cleared half the board of its stone and glass ware. Finally he laid a savage hand upon a small old-fashioned blue pitcher left standing alone in a wide waste of table-cloth.

At this Sissy surrendered unconditionally. "Oh, Tobe, fer Gawd's sake!" she cried, throwing out her hands and quivering from head to foot. "I give in! I give in! *Don't* break the little blue-chiny pitcher! You fetched it to me the day little Bud was born! An' he drunk out'n it jest afore he died! Fer Gawd's sake, Tobe, honey! I give in!"

Tobe set down the pitcher as gingerly as if it had been a soap-bubble. Then, with a whoop which fairly lifted the roof from the cabin, he cleared the intervening space between them and caught his wife in his arms.

Minty, with ready tact, dragged Little Sis from under the table, and driving the rest of the flock before her, fled the room and shut the door behind her. On the dark porch she ran plump upon Jack Carter.

"Why, Jack!" she cried, with her tear-wet face tucked before she knew it against his breast, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh, just hanging around," grinned Mr. Carter.

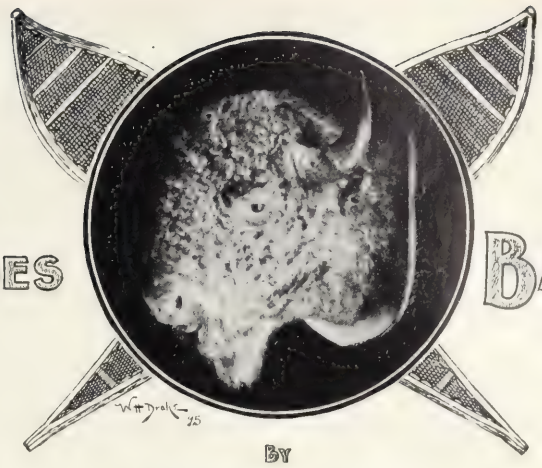
"Gawd be praised!" roared Tobe, inside the house.

"Amen!" responded Jack, outside.

"An' Tobe Cullum," announced Joe Trimble at Bishop's the next day, "have ordered up the fines' set o' chiny in Waco fer Sissy."

"It beats *me*," said Newt Pinson; "but I allers did say that the women o' Jim-Ned, *ez wives*, air the outbeatenes' critters in creation!"

On Snow Shoes To The Barren Grounds



By Caspar W. Whitney

III.—A WOOD-BISON HUNT.

CHIPEWYAN has many claims to distinction. Built substantially upon one of the numerous rocky points which break the one hundred and fifty miles of Athabasca Lake's north shore line, it is the most picturesquely situated and most populous oasis in this silent white country. It is headquarters of one of the four districts into which this vast fur-bearing land of one million square miles is divided by the Hudson Bay Company; the chief forwarding point for the merchandise which the company sends in for trade, and the fur the Indians send out as pay; a general distributing post-office of the four yearly mails which reach this land, where man is but a mere track upon the snow, and not above one hundred of the roughly approximated ten thousand read English writing. It is the most important North-land mission of the Roman Catholic Oblates Fathers, and it is practically the northern boundary of the Cree and the southern boundary of the Montagnaise Indian family, which in its various branches spreads toward the Arctic Ocean.

I am sure Dr. W. M. Mackay, the Hudson Bay Company officer in charge, and his right and left bowers, "Ned" Camsell and "Sam" Emerson, would consider that I had slighted Chipewyan if I failed to record the further eminence it enjoys in having two streets. I was never able, unaided, to discover more than the one which separates the post's dozen log cabins from the lake, but that may have been due to the deflection of my compass needle. At all events, after McMurray, with its four cabins, it seemed metropolitan, though of its "census" of four hundred men, women, and children only a small percentage is in actual residence. This is equally true of all the posts. The real dwellers within the settlements are a comparative handful, comprising chiefly the mission people, the company servants, and a few "freemen," as those who have served their five years' enlistment and set up a little independency of labor are called. Those that live within the company's gates are chiefly half-breeds. In summer they catch and dry the fish which forms the chief article of food for men and dogs, or work on the company flat-boats; and in winter they spend the short days in "tripping," and the long nights in smoking and talking about their dogs, or in dancing and sleeping. They have no other diversions; no indoor games, no out-door sports. Dancing and sleeping are the beginning and ending of their recreation, and I would not venture an opinion as to the more popular; certainly they have an abnormal capacity for either.

This applies to the men. Life is a more serious affair for the women. They too sleep and dance and smoke, but their sleeping comes as a well-earned respite after the day's toil; their dancing has the outward appearance of a sacrifice, to which they are silently resigned, and smoking is an accompaniment to work rather than a diversion in itself. The woman is the country drudge. Her work is never finished. She chops the firewood, dries the fish and meat, snares rab-

bits, and carries her catch into the post on her back; scrapes and tans the moose and caribou hides, from the latter of which she afterwards makes "babiche" by cutting it into strings an eighth of an inch wide; laces the snow-shoes, makes and embroiders with beads the mittens, moccasins, and leggings; yields the lion's share of the scanty larder to her husband when he is at home luxuriating in smoke and sleep, and, when he is away, gives her children her tiny *pret* (allowance) of fish and goes hungry without a murmur.

This is the woman of the post. She of the woods, the full-blooded squaw, and there are few Indians that ever take up a permanent abode in the settlement, does all this and more. In addition to chopping the firewood, she seeks and hauls it; not only dries, but catches the fish; goes after and quarters and brings in the game her master has killed; breaks camp, and pitches it again where the husband, who has gone on ahead with no load but his gun and no thought except for the hunt, and whose trail she has followed, indicates by sticking up brush in the snow. When there is plenty she makes her meal on that which her lord leaves, and when there is little she starves, along with her children and the dogs.

The Indian is the sybarite of the Northland, and the only genuine socialist on earth. He holds all the possessions of his country equally with his tribe, feasts and fasts and sorrows and rejoices in common, and roams where his legs carry and there is game for his gun. When there is abundance he smokes his pipe in happy indolence, and his wife does the work; when there is no meat for the kettle he shoulders his gun and goes out into the woods, leaving care and hunger at home with the squaw. But he by no means invariably escapes hunger. It is ever a feast or a famine with him, and it might always be a feast were he not so improvident and lazy. Clothing and food are at his very door. In the rivers and lakes there is fish in great quantity and variety; along their banks, fisher, otter, mink, beaver, and musk-rat; and in the forests, moose, caribou, bear, lynx, fox, wolf, wolverene, marten, ermine, and rabbits — to say nothing of the early spring and autumn migrations of ducks and geese, the packs of ptarmigan, which in their changing plumage of brown and white are to be seen summer and winter, and the several other species of the grouse family that may be found the greater part of the year. There is no occasion for an Indian to starve in this country, if he keeps out of the Barren Grounds; but hunting demands skill, of which he has less than any other red man I ever knew, and a never-failing cache presupposes foresight, of which he has none — so that, in truth, he fasts more often than he feasts.

The dogs share equally the good luck or misfortune of their masters. The Indian is more regardful of his dogs than of his women, for dogs are less numerous than squaws, and necessary to his support. The driver lashes them mercilessly with his whip and beats them brutally with clubs, but he never fails to include their rations in his sledge-load, nor to divide his last fish for their benefit. It is not goodness of heart that stirs his consideration, but fear for his own safety and the loss of an indispensable draught animal. Without his dogs he would be compelled to pack on his back what he now packs in the sledge, to drag his game out of the woods, and carry his furs to the post, while the loss of dogs *en route* might mean for him delay, starvation—possibly death.

In the great civilized world the dog has been called man's best friend; in this limitless stretch of snow and desolation and need he may be declared man's only friend; in the *grand pays* he has earned the trust without the test; here in this lone land he is being continuously tried, and never found wanting. He has no pedigree, and he may be of any color, but his usual appearance is that of a fairly long-headed, sharp-nosed mongrel, well tucked up behind, with big feet, and a coat of hair equal to that of a cub. To call these dogs "huskies" is an error common to nearly every one who has had anything to say on the subject. The word "husky" is North-land slang for Eskimo, and is generally applied to that arctic denizen himself, as well as to everything belonging to him. Their dogs are properly called huskies, and thus it has come about that all dogs used to drag a sledge are ignorantly so called. The genuine husky is a distinct species, larger, more powerful, and faster, and is not easily to be had, since the Eskimos, like the Indians, are somewhat indifferent to

their breeding, and good dogs are highly prized. Moreover, there is no communication between the Eskimos and the more southern Indians, so that a genuine husky is a *rara avis* below the arctic coast.

The Indians say their dogs are descended from the wolf, and certainly appearances do not belie the assertion. Names are more plentiful than dogs, and the most commonly heard are Castor, Cabry, Soldat, Cæsar, Cabrel, Coffee, Milord, the popular ones being always those of two syllables, with an R that may be rolled out to the whip's accompaniment. Nearly every post has a Bull and a Whiskey —only the name of that civilized stimulant can be found in all this land, though occasional hilarity is developed by some poor stuff made from sugar, and called beer. Whiskey was invariably the most forlorn-looking dog in the pack, while the laziest brutes I encountered were Bulls.



WAR-BONNET.

One would suppose that in a country literally dependent on dogs for winter transportation, quantity and at least some degree of quality would be kept up. And yet the facts are directly the reverse. Not only is quality wanting, but the quantity is limited. The Hudson Bay Company, strangely enough, seems to have made no effort to improve or even establish a breed, and at their more important posts rarely maintain more than one train, and never more than two. Throughout the length of my trip I saw just seven trains of dogs that could be called first class—Spencer's at McMurray; two belonging to the Hudson Bay Company at Chipewyan; McKinley's, the Hudson Bay Company officer at Fort Smith; Gaudet's, the company's officer at Resolution; the Roman Catholic mission's train at the same post; and that of Beniah, the Indian leader with whom I went into the Barren Grounds. Spencer and McKinley probably have the two best trains in the country, which they have bred from separate bitches that had some Newfoundland blood in them, and were the only dogs I saw that would come to harness on call.

Beyond the "foregoer," upon whom the meanings of *ma-a-r-r-che* (start), *e-u-u* (right), *ja* (left), and *whoa* are impressed by a club, and the steer-dog—as the one at, say, the wheel, to make it comprehensible, is called—there is no training. The foregoer follows the trail and sets the pace. The steer-dog keeps the sledge upon a slanting track, and guides it through trees and rocks. He must be strong, and is the most important of the four in rough country. As for competent drivers, they are even scarcer than good dogs, but the few are exceedingly skilful; and of these, Spencer, McKinley, Gaudet, François and his brother William at Chipewyan, Michael, the interpreter at Resolution, and the Catholic "brother," whose name I never knew, at Resolution, are easily the best. The difference between a good and a bad driver is that the former knows how and when to handle his sledge to ease the dogs, keeps them all up to their work, and does not "force" (urge) them at improper times. The bad driver spends his energy in throwing clubs at the foregoer and lashing the steer-dog, chiefly because the latter is within easy reach. He permits the sledge to slide hither and thither, to the exceeding wear and tear of the steer-dog. Now and then he stops the train

and lashes the dogs all round, and at all times he is forcing them. Only trains made up of exceptional dogs last more than a couple of seasons, and once their usefulness is passed the poor brutes are turned loose to seek a living where those for whom food is provided are more frequently hungry than satisfied. Their vagrancy is usually short-lived — death by starvation or freezing comes speedily to their relief.

The farther north, the better the dogs and more gaudy their harness and trappings. They are always savage and suspicious and noisy, but to the south, towards La Biche, they are miserable in body



HAND-WARMERS OF THE NORTH.

as well, and are hitched to the sledge with harness purely Indian, and utterly devoid of adornment. Strangely enough, the Indian, who likes to decorate his own person, as a rule utterly ignores that of his dog, though he may paint the moose-skin which covers the head of his sledge, or hang tufts of hair or yarn upon it, as he does sometimes on the toes of his snow-shoes. All harness is made of moose-skin, but at Chipewyan and north it is fashioned better, and there are, besides, loin-cloths, called *tapis*, covered with bells and embroidery, and vivid pompons stuck into the collars, and floating ribbons of many contrasting colors. Add to this a driver in beaded moccasins, leggings, and mittens, with a *L'Assumption* sash about his waist, a caribou-skin capote on his back, and a fancifully ornamented and betasselled "Tommy Atkins" cap on his head, and the North-land express is complete and at its best. Indeed, there is no combination more sprightly than a dog brigade, with its brilliant and many-hued *tapis*, its nodding pompons and streaming ribbons, and its picturesquely costumed driver. There is no sensation more exhilarating than running with the dogs on snow-shoes and a good track, to the jingling of the bells—when storm obscures the pompons, and wind drowns the jingle, and there is nothing in the sledge to eat, the sensation is not so enlivening.

These dogs are certainly notable travellers, from the best fed down to the puniest of the Indian species, which are contemptuously called *giddés* by the half-breeds, and are not a great deal larger than a big fox. They draw a heavier load, at a faster pace, on less food, and for a greater length of time than one would believe without seeing. The usual number to a train is four, and tandem is the mode of hitching them to the sledge, which is about seven feet long by fourteen inches wide, and made of either two or three birch slats held together by cross-bars, and turned over at the head like a toboggan. These four dogs will haul four hundred pounds on a fair track from twenty-five to thirty-five miles a day. In the woods where the snow is deep and the trail must be broken the day's trip will be fifteen to twenty miles. On a good lake or river track, drawing a *cariole* (a passenger sledge), they will go forty to fifty miles a day, and keep it up several days, and this on two white-fish weighing about three pounds apiece, and given to each dog at night. I saw Gaudet's train bring into Resolution five hundred pounds of caribou meat, which remained after supplying two men and four dogs during a four-day trip on Great Slave Lake. Some great stories are told of the loads drawn by the Mackenzie River dogs, whose tails are docked short, to give a more workmanlike appearance, and keep the meek and lowly from advertising their shrinking nature and spoiling the appearance

of the train by sticking the offending tail between their legs. It is said that eight or nine hundred, and even a thousand, pounds are commonly hauled in the Mackenzie district by four dogs. But I am inclined to class these stories with those I heard concerning the wonderful strength of the old-time packers. When I was going in on snow-shoes marvellous tales were related for my benefit of men who had carried five and six hundred pounds, and of one particular giant who had loaded himself with seven hundred pounds, and had written his name on the wall with three hundred pounds' weight tied to his wrist. When I was coming out on the Hudson Bay Company's flat-boat I discovered no Indian or half-breed who packed more than two hundred pounds on his back, while the name-writing Hercules had left no successor. Snow-shoe running, packing, and canoeing are the three most resourceful fields of the Indian story-teller; and of the three, running affords him greatest scope for his peculiar imagination.



THE NORTH-LAND SHOEMAKER.

The Indian of the North-land is neither an ingenious nor a picturesque Munchausen. He is just a plain liar, who seems not even to count on the credulity of his hearer for acceptance of his tales. He lies by choice rather than from necessity, and should the necessity occur he makes a virtue of his lying. Nor is he abashed if discovered. Really I believe he views every plain statement as a lost opportunity. Every camp fire, every meeting at the post, invariably becomes an excuse for the discussion of dogs and the recital of astonishing feats of snow-shoe running. The fact that no one of the assemblage ever did or ever could perform the extraordinary feats recounted does not detract a particle from the quality of the story or its enjoyment by the listeners. It's a case of the man with the last story having the best of it. Still, with all his vainglorious talk, the Indian is an unhesitating admirer of real prowess, and good runners are indeed plentiful in this country, where shanks' mare is the only mount.

To be a good dog-driver and to run forty miles a day is to be a great man in this land of vast distances. There are instances where men have gone farther, but in most cases the going has been exceptional, or the "day" stretched far into the night. In my effort to obtain authenticated information on big runs I found the "day" most elastic, extending, in fact, the full twenty-four hours, from midnight to midnight, and the "running" of the man to include riding on the sledge now and then when the going was extra good. The best day of actual running I was able to corroborate was sixty miles, done between 6 A.M. and 5.30 P.M. by Alexander Linkletter, an English-Cree half-breed now at Chipewyan, who made two fires *en route*. Another half-breed covered eighty miles between midnight and nine o'clock of the next night, and an Indian went seventy miles between 3 A.M. and 8 P.M., but these are notable chiefly because of the dogs' endurance, for both men rode most of the distance, and neither approaches the performance of Linkletter, who ran every foot of the way.

The condition of the going makes so great a difference in travelling that thirty miles on one occasion might easily be a more notable performance than fifty miles on another. Taking the average conditions of tripping, from twenty-five to thirty miles is considered a fair day, thirty-five miles a good day, and forty a big day's work. The *voyageur* considers he is travelling well if he makes two fires during



SQUAW LEGGING.

the day, at which he drinks tea, and sleeps thirty or thirty-five miles nearer his destination every night. Spring is popularly spoken of as the time when "the days are long and the dogs go well," and you travel longer and farther each day, but as a matter of fact the season has little to do with the length of time spent on the road if you are making a long journey and time is an object. Indeed, to me the days always seemed long enough, and the dogs to go well enough. In winter you start at three, make your first fire at seven, start again at eight, which is just about daybreak, have a second fire at eleven, and camp at three, which gives about an hour before dark to cut a supply of firewood. In spring it is daylight long before you start at six, and long after you camp at eight; in fact, in May I wrote in my note-book frequently at ten, and it was not really dark at midnight. In midsummer there is no night, and in midwinter the short days are of slight significance to the tripper, because the moon equalizes matters by shining full throughout the period in which the sun shines least.

I have said that Chipewyan is the practical dividing-point between two great Indian families, but the traveller who did not hear their speech, which is altogether dissimilar in intonation and word, would not appreciate it. There is no very noticeable outward distinction between the Cree and the Chipewyan Indian, except possibly the face of the latter is broader. Otherwise they have about the same physical characteristics — high cheek-bones, large mouth, African nose, dirty yellowish-ochre complexion, coarse straight black hair, and sparse mustache seen occasionally. They are never corpulent, and never clean. Ethically there is no choice between them: their capacity and prejudice for lying are equal, and one is as untrustworthy as the other. Generally speaking, neither the men nor the women are good to look upon; but of course there are exceptions to every rule, and I think the exceptions in this case are more often Cree. The half-breeds are generally more agreeable to the eye; some of the women are even good-looking; and one of them, a daughter of Michael Manderville, the interpreter at Great Slave Lake, has excellent features, a sweet expression, and is quite the belle of the north country, though the wives of Spencer and of Chipewyan François press her very closely for the honor.

As to philological differences, they are too intricate to understand without long study, and too many for exploitation here. It will answer our purpose to know that the Cree nation is one of the largest of the Lenni-Lennappe family, itself the most widely distributed of the three great divisions—Floridean, Iroquois, and Lenni-Lennappe. The Cree is really a plains Indian, and as such superior to the few of the family in the North-land who are called Wood Cree. The Tené, or Montagnaise, is the great nation which spreads between the Rocky Mountains and Hudson Bay, and extends in its various tribes and dialects down to the arctic. Of these tribes the chief are Chipewyan, Yellow Knives, Dog-Ribs, Slaveys, Hare, Caribou-Eaters, whose language has mere dialectic differences. Then there are the Loucheux, on the Mackenzie River, which have a more distinct tongue, sharper features, almond-shaped eyes, and are the most intelligent and thrifty Indians in the country; and the Eskimo, that never hunt more than a hundred miles south of the arctic coast, have their own variation of the Eskimo



PAPPOOSE IN ITS MOSS BAG.

speech, and, notably enough, average of greater stature than is commonly believed of this people.

Missionaries have now reached all these tribes from the different Hudson Bay Company posts, and their labors have been rewarded by the outward acceptance of their doctrines by a large number of the Indians that come into the posts to trade. The French half-breeds, and certainly seventy-five per cent. of the converted Indians, have adopted the Roman Catholic faith; the remainder have been won over to the Protestants. The most tangible evidences of church influence thus far seen are in the very general disappearance of the medicine-man and the suppression of polygamy and incest. So far as I could learn, the Indians never had any defined worship. Their religion was and is one of fear. They are ever propitiating the bad spirits, the demons of their dreams, and the imaginary "enemy" of the woods. I have seen burned leggings, worn-out moccasins, and broken snow-shoes hung up as peace sacrifices to change bad luck in hunting or a head-wind in tripping, and I never failed to note the predominant avarice stronger than the superstition, as revealed by the worthless character of the offerings. They lean to an inferior species of "totemism," although no religious ceremony was ever attached to its acceptance. Any animal or bird dreamed of used to be, and is yet in a minor degree, taken as the dreamer's totem. The medicine-man has gone, but has left the old superstitions and the pronounced fatalism, which the missionaries have not succeeded in destroying.

They conform to the ceremonies of religion, but little of true Christianity has been developed. It has been a change of method rather than of heart. Formerly female babies were killed on birth; now they live to become beasts of burden. Parents used to be strangled when they grew too old to seek a living; now they are left to slowly starve to death. In the old times men openly exchanged wives for a shorter or longer period; now the number of virtuous girls is very small, and wise indeed is the son who knows his father in this vale of unconventionality. The dead used to be swung in trees or hung from four posts, where the wind rocked them in their eternal sleep; now they are buried in shallow graves, and the wolverene guards them by day and feeds on them by night.

Priests have not yet taught the Indians the golden rule, nor implanted respect for virginity. Chastity is regarded as a virtue to be honored in the breach rather than in the observance, and fidelity seems by no means essential to the happiness of wedded life.



THE BELLE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

These people have not ventured far into civilization. Take from the Indian his copper kettle, steel knife, and .30-bore muzzle-loading gun, and give him his birch-bark "rogan," moose-bone, beaver-tooth, and flint-stone knives and bow, and he is just about where he was when the Hudson Bay Company brought the trinkets of the great world to him. Agricultural knowledge is of no use to him, because his country is not susceptible of cultivation, except in a few rare and isolated spots. And there are no native industries of any description, no weaving of blankets, no making of jewelry or pottery, absolutely nothing beyond some indifferent beading and porcupine-quill

work, which is done by several other tribes, and by none so well as by the Navajos.

As for sentiment, they have none beyond that torporific bliss caused by a full stomach. Yes, they have one other—fear. They are most abject cowards. In an earlier paper of this series I spoke of a gift of moccasins conveying indication of a tender sentiment; but that sentiment is relative. The men marry to have some one to make moccasins for them, and the women marry because, poor things, they have little choice in the matter, and that little probably suggests it is better to be the servant of one man than the drudge of a family. There are no playful displays of maternal affection. I think I saw just one instance of the kind on my trip; and, on the other hand, I saw one young mother take her crying and moss-bag enveloped baby out of the lodge and stand it up in the snow to weep itself into exhaustion! There are no gentle words to convey the tender solicitudes of courtship, no terms of ordinary politeness: only in the Loucheux tongue can thanks be expressed. The exposure to which they are subjected in their wanderings, and the withering of the famines and gluttony of the feasts, combine to break down health and shorten life. And the greatest blessing they enjoy probably is that they die comparatively young, and go, wherever it may be, to a place which they make sure cannot be more barren of comfort or pleasure.

It must not be supposed that my researches at Chipewyan taught me all this, or that all I have said applies to the country immediately about that post. But while I am figuratively resting my ankle under Dr. Mackay's roof I have told something of the people and the country into which I am pushing. I rested only one day at Chipewyan, and with the exception of a most interesting visit to the Roman Catholic mission, in charge of Bishop Grouard (who is pursuing the only practical course of Indian civilization by beginning with the children), I spent my time getting my feet and ankle in condition for the onward journey, and in talking with the doctor, who is one of the real and prominent "old-timers." Two others are J. S. Camsell, the Hudson Bay Company officer at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, one of the most popular factors and hardiest *voyageurs* in the country, and C. P. Gaudet, in charge of Fort Good Hope, on the same river.

Nothing commanded my earnest attention more completely than this mission of the Oblates Fathers, with its bishop, three brothers, six nuns, forty school-children, and a saw-mill. Here, hundreds of miles from skilled labor, they have whipped out the planks for their church, invented a written language, somewhat after the Egyptian in character, taught it with slight modifications to both Chipewyan and Cree, printed and bound the Testaments and the Bible for distribution, and gone out into the woods to hunt their meat, and to suffer from cold, perhaps to starve, along with the Indians to whom they would preach the Word of God. I care not whether one's form of belief be for or against the doctrine preached by these men, one must be petty indeed who does not respect these workers, who, East and West, North and South, have gone far in advance of the pioneer, far beyond the plaudits of civilization, to carry their faith into the very heart of the wilderness.

Of Chipewyan itself there is little to say, other than it was from this point, then a post of the Northwest Company, that Sir Alexander Mackenzie in 1789 took his departure for his voyage of discovery; and here, too, Sir John Franklin spent some time previous to embarking on the trip which resulted in the starvation of several of his party, and eventually in his own death.

I was given the same assurances here that I had received all along my trip, of not being able to get into the Barren Grounds and out again in winter, but Dr. Mackay was good enough to yield to my determination to make the attempt, and to aid me by advice, and, what was more to the point, to place two of the post's best trains of dogs at my disposal. One of these was for the luggage, and the other to carry me one day on my journey, and then turn back, in order that my ankle, still very sensitive, should have another day's rest. We left Chipewyan on January 24th, in greater style than I affected at any subsequent time, with Maurice, one of the celebrated Beaulieu family, running before the dogs, and Roderick Fleet and William Pini, English and French half-breeds respectively, doing the driving. I cannot declare my first experience in a cariole to have been one

THE "RABBIT CAMP."

of unalloyed pleasure. It saved my ankle, and for that I was of course grateful; but despite all the furs it is miserably cold travelling; and, what is equally as trying, the cariole keeps upsetting, unless you are on a well-worn lake or river track, and you, bundled up in furs, are dragged along face downwards, like a bag of meal, until the driver sets you up again. William was very attentive, but not all his care made me regret when the first day was over and my riding at an end.

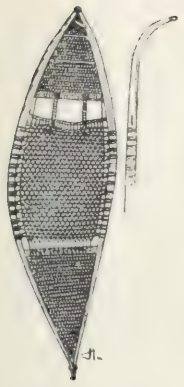
We camped that night at the junction of the Peace and Slave rivers, and when we started the next morning, long before daylight, the temperature was 35° below zero, and our route lay down the Slave River. I noted very little difference between the scenery of this and that of the Athabasca River—unless possibly the banks of the latter are somewhat higher and more heavily wooded. In fact, there is slight change in the scene anywhere in the country, except that caused by the gradual diminution of timber as you go north, until it dwarfs into the "land of little sticks," above Great Slave Lake, and disappears altogether at the Barren Grounds. It is a country where the watercourses are the highways—for canoes in summer and snow-shoes in winter. The land is without roads, and stray where you will, you may stand on unexplored soil. The river-banks are well timbered, but back of them stretches away, far beyond the Indians' ken, the trackless, uninhabitable muskeg.

My joy at being out of the cariole was brief, for the pain of my ankle was intensified by the hard track on which we were running, and the ice was full of cracks and holes, which in darkness are always dangerous to the *voyageur*, and were especially so to me in my crippled condition. We had the coldest weather I experienced before reaching the Barrens, the mercury touching 50° below the second night, and beginning at 42° and going to 48° on the third day. The only relief I had to the monotony of travel was afforded me by Roderick and Maurice in setting fox-traps, and my own experiment with a pair of Norwegian snow-shoes (skis), which I had made at Chipewyan, and that I found inferior to the web shoe.

Although we were, indeed, going along at a pretty lively gait, and quite fast enough for my physical condition, my mental half chafed at the pace, and was impatient to reach Fort Smith. My eyes had been on this post ever since I left the railroad. It seemed the Mecca of my trip, for here lived James McKinley, the only man who could really give me any information of the Barren Grounds, as he not only had been stationed at Great Slave Lake, but made a summer trip to that land of desolation with Warburton Pike. But the way was hard and the long stretches of river disheartening. It is an interesting fact that I always found I travelled easier where the river was tortuous, for, though knowing the distance to be none the less, the many bends gave heart to reach the point beyond, while when I came upon a long stretch the bare work of running stared me in the face, and the distance seemed twofold. We really made very good time, and arrived at Fort Smith on the morning of the 27th, having been three days and two hours doing the 118 miles.

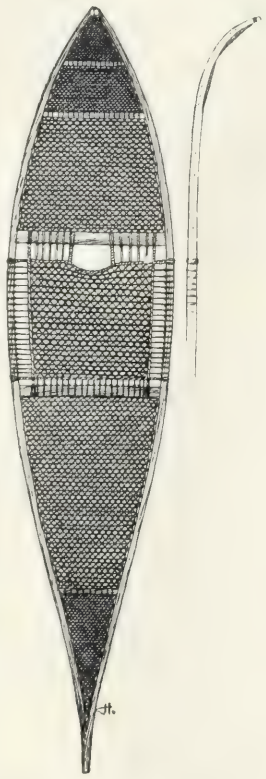
Though prepared for a cordial reception at the post, since McKinley's big heart and helping hand are known from end to end of the North-land, the heartiness of my welcome and the solicitude for my condition quite overpowered me. To one coming from the pulsing city, where it is "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," it seems curious to have strangers that know you but in the passing take an interest in your movements and exhibit concern for your comfort.

I was soon sitting in McKinley's unpretentious cabin, with the water he had brought soothing my swollen feet, and the tea his wife had brewed warming me. When I was refreshed, McKinley made me lie down, and then we talked of my proposed hunt for musk-ox. He reiterated the assurances I had received ever since starting that I could not get into the Barrens in midwinter and get out again. He doubted whether I could induce Indians to make the attempt for love or money, but as I was bent on the effort, advised me to try to secure Beniah, a Dog-Rib leader, and one of the best hunters and most courageous Indians in the country. He said none of the Indians would be at Slave Lake at this time, and that the only sure way of getting into communication with them was by sending a runner to Resolution with a letter to Gaudet, the Hud-



CHIPEWYAN TRIPPING-SHOE —THREE FEET LONG.

son Bay Company officer in charge, asking him to send after Beniah, who would very likely be hunting in the woods six or eight days' journey from Slave Lake. Meanwhile he was organizing a wood-bison hunt with Henry Toke Munn, an Englishman, who had been in the country a year, and made a summer and an autumn trip into the Barrens, with the hard luck of getting only a musk-cow head, after a most trying experience, and they would be glad to have me join them. This accorded with my plans nicely, for I had intended making a bison-hunt, and it could now be accomplished without loss of time—an important consideration—while Beniah was being found and brought to Resolution. Consequently an "express" was despatched to Resolution, and pending the return of Munn, who was in the woods trapping, and would be back the following day, I rested while "Mc" told me of the country and its people and its life, which he has learned so well in his twenty years' residence.



CREE HUNTING-SHOE— SIX FEET LONG.

The wood-bison is the once familiar species of our own Western plains, grown heavier in his retirement from the old life, when the trail of his hunter never grew cold, and he rested neither by day nor night. He is the same animal with a more rounded stern, acquired by his life of comparative restfulness, and a heavier, darker robe to protect him from the colder climate of his adopted home. How long he has been in this country there are no means of knowing. The present generation of Indians, and their fathers before them, have always hunted him in a desultory way, but there are no traditions of an earlier bison, and the country in which he roams tells no tales. There are no well-beaten trails, such as those which on the plains last even to the present day, to remind us of the vast herds that have been sacrificed to man's greed.

The muskeg where he ranges in the North-land shows no trail, and if it did, it would remain undiscovered, for it is impassable to the hunter in summer, and in winter is covered by snow to the depth of several feet. Really little is known of the wood-bison, except that he is gradually going the way of the plains species, from the difficulties of maintaining an existence where climate, pasturage, and man are all against him. Recently a law has been passed by the Canadian government prohibiting their killing, but it will be impossible to enforce it, since no mundane power could stop a starving Indian from shooting if he got the opportunity. A check can be put to sending out the hide, but that would not prevent killing for the meat. Moreover, my inquiry did not discover any wholesale slaughter of these animals.

Some thirty years ago a sudden and exceptional thaw in midwinter, followed by a severe storm and bitter cold, that covered the snow with ice which the bison could not break, caused the death of a very great many from starvation and freezing. Again, three years ago, another thaw and storm gave the Indians an opportunity for that diabolical diversion of crusting, by which method some men reared in the civilized world hunt deer and moose to this day, and about fifty bison were then run down and killed. But these were unusual occasions. Bison are not being killed in large numbers nor shot frequently as individuals. They range over a country too large and too difficult to reach, and require more skilful hunting than the average



LOUCHEUX SHOE— SIX FEET LONG.

Indian is capable of. When I was in the country last winter not even a bison track had been seen up to the time of our hunt, and the head I obtained through the kindness of Dr. Mackay was the last one shot, and that two years before. So the extermination of wood-bison through their hunting by Indians is not to be apprehended, while the remoteness of their country, the difficulties of access—to say nothing of the dangers of starvation and freezing once you get there—protect them from the white hunter.

How many wood-bison there are is not easily estimated. I made diligent inquiry from all sources of information, and their numbers as told off to me ranged from 150 to 300. Joseph Beaulieu, at Smith Landing, popularly called "Susie" by the natives that cannot master the English pronunciation, and another of the famous Beaulieu family, said he believed there must be a thousand; but then "Susie" has the common failing of the country, and, moreover, he delivered himself of this statement when he was persuading us to take a hunter of his recommendation, and whom we afterwards cursed with all the depth and breadth and warmth of English expletive.

The bison range in the country bounded by Peace, Slave, and Buffalo rivers, which has an area of a good many hundred miles. As they roam this territory from end to end, and are usually found in small herds, the one of fifty that was killed a few years ago being an exceptional congregation, and as the Indians never hunt more than a very small piece of this section in one winter, the difficulty of arriving at a close estimate of their total number may be understood.

Personally I am convinced that 150 comes very near representing their total. Munn and I in our hunt very thoroughly covered the larger portion of their more southerly range, and discovered the tracks of thirteen; Munn in a subsequent hunt in a more northerly part of their range saw the tracks of forty; neither of us heard of any signs between these two sections, or Peace River way; and I, while at Slave Lake preparing for my musk-ox hunt, set inquiry afoot for signs of them in the most northerly piece of their range, without getting enough encouragement to warrant delaying my start for the Barren Grounds for another attempt to bring out a bison head of my own killing. So that we two were the first to practically cover, one way and another, their entire range in one winter, and yet we heard of only fifty-three!

To plan a hunt was one thing, but to get started quite another. Half a dozen Indians told us by the hour how much they knew of the bison country and how undoubted their prowess, but whose knowledge, on close questioning, we found little more than our own. So we spent two days separating fact from fiction before finally deciding Calomé and Bushy to be the only two of the lot worth considering. But Calomé wanted a rifle for himself and a sack of flour for his wife before he would even discuss wages, and Bushy was uncertain of the section which we had decided to hunt. Meanwhile "Susie" sent word that he had secured a good hunter, Jeremi, who knew the country well, and was certain to find bison. We decided on Jeremi for our guide, and Smith Landing, sixteen miles south of the post, as our starting-point. It was 3.30 on the afternoon of February 1st when McKinley, Munn, and I got under way for the Landing, with two trains of dogs carrying our sleeping-robes, twenty pounds of bacon, fifty pounds of flour, three pounds of tea, and six pounds of tobacco, to last five of us for the eight days we expected would complete the hunt, and it was 6.30 when we had gone the eighteen miles that brought us to "Susie's" cabin. We limited our own supplies to the last degree, because we knew the going would be heavy and the fish for the dogs more than a load, and we counted on the snares we had taken to replenish our stock from the rabbits that swarm the woods. Hunting in this country is a very different affair from hunting in any other. It is impossible to take a supply of good provisions, or even a good supply of the poor provision the land affords. We were particularly luxurious in having bacon and flour, for usually dried fish and dried caribou meat are all that may be had. It is out of the question to be well fed or comfortable; fish for the dogs must be carried, distances are great, travelling fatiguing, and hunting hard. Then there is the extreme difficulty of getting good hunters—the Indians are great braggarts but poor hunters—and the annoyance of making terms with them. They invariably want everything in sight while negotiating, and sub-



CUTTING A WAY THROUGH THE SMALL FIRS.

sequently discover either a starving wife, whom you feed, or moccasinless feet, which you cover. But "Susie" assured us in Cree, Chipewyan, French, and in the limited English at his command, of which he is very proud, if uncertain, that we should have no trouble of any sort with Jeremi, or Joseph, his aide-de-camp. And so we accepted Jeremi in confidence, for "Susie" is an important personage among his people, who trade with him, and always refer to him as a *bourgeois*, which, curiously enough, in this country is a complimentary title indicating superiority.

Jeremi was one of the most unique tatterdemalions I beheld on my trip. Munn and I instantly dubbed him the Ancient Warrior; not that his appearance was forbidding, or that he ever revealed any predilection for the war-path, except perhaps when Joseph helped himself too generously to the grease in the frying-pan, but he looked as though he might have just come off a "march through Georgia," and there was a weariness about every motion that suggested long and arduous campaigning. He was tall and gaunt, with an appetite for tea and grease I never saw equalled, and a costume which baffled description. Two thick locks of hair hung forward of his ears and down to his chin, a turban whose original color had long since been lost to view encircled his head, and crowning all was a very small cap he had got from some trader many years before, and which sat rakishly on one side or the other of his head, and consistently fell off every time he departed from the perpendicular. His preparations for sleeping always afforded me a great deal of quiet amusement. He would squat Indian fashion (and Indian fashion differs from tailor fashion only in that the feet are crossed behind and are sat on) before the fire, warming his back and stomach alternately; then he would heap up a pile of frozen rabbits for a pillow, roll up in his robe, and lie down to snore. Very high pillows, by-the-way, are common to all these Indians; they gather everything loose about camp and stow it away under their heads, until they are raised a couple of feet. It was always a wonder to me how they slept at all, though I found in the Barren Grounds, where there is no brush to soften your bed, and you lie on rock chiefly, and always on your side, that a moderately high pillow is desirable, as it relieves the shoulder from bearing the entire weight of your body.

It was rather late in the afternoon of February 2d when we left the Landing on a southwest course, which took us to and up Salt River, and finally to a treeless twelve-mile stretch, on the edge of which we made a wretched camp in the increasing cold and with insufficient firewood. There "Susie," who had also decided to make a try for bison, joined us that night. This made us, all told, a company of seven, which was not to Munn's liking, and certainly not to mine, for of all things I have ever shunned, none has been avoided more studiously than a large hunting party. However, there was no way of mending matters. The wind grew stronger, and the mercury fell to 40° below, which not only froze the noses, ears, and chins of all of us the next morning crossing the open country, but, what was more serious, put such a crust on the snow that hunting an animal so wary as the bison was next to impossible. For two days we journeyed on toward the section Jeremi "knew so well," going through a fine game country of swamps covered with coarse grass, and surrounded by willows, small patches of pine, spruce, and poplar, and plenty of moose signs everywhere. In fact, this part of the country is one of the best game districts in the North. On the morning of the third day, being at the edge of the bison country, Munn, "Susie," Jeremi, and I went on ahead looking for signs, "Mc" preferring to remain with the outfit to bring up trains, and pitch camp where we might indicate, as we did seven miles farther on. In a very cold wind we tramped for about twenty-five miles—stopping once to build a fire, that the Ancient Warrior might warm his feet, and again to eat a frozen biscuit we had each fetched—across small lakes, over marshes cut up by creeks, and along thickly wooded ridges, but the sight of not a solitary bison track rewarded our search.

"Susie" and Jeremi were both much disappointed, for they had confidently expected to find signs in this particular section; so the next morning, our provisions having run low, McKinley, "Susie," and his Indian turned back for the Landing, while Munn and I set Jeremi and Joseph to making snares, determined to lay in supplies here before going deeper into the bison country. Then, too,

we knew two sons of Jeremi's would be passing on their way to a cache of dried moose meat. So we bettered our camp to protect us from the wind, and while our two Indians caught rabbits, Munn and I chopped firewood, and smoked, and drank tea.

What truly astounding quantities of tea and tobacco one consumes, and what a craving for grease one acquires in this uncongenial clime! I found the strong black plug traded to the Indians a desirable stimulant in the Barren Grounds, where a pipe and a cup of tea constituted one's bill of fare for several days at a time, and tea to be much more bracing than coffee. Coffee is the alleged luxury of the North-land, and only to be had at an occasional officer's table; but grease, in point of fact, is the real luxury. Only eternal vigilance will save your cache, and nothing less persuasive than a shotgun rescue it from the hands of its Indian discoverer. We staid in this camp two days, and in that time snared rabbits enough to last us and the dogs a week, and to fill me with revulsion at the very sight of one.

There is something peculiarly offensive in rabbit after continuous diet. I have lived at one time or another during my hunting experiences on one kind of game for periods of varying length, but nothing ever filled me with such loathing as rabbit. Indeed, it is commonly said by the Indians that they "starve on rabbit," and after my experience I can easily understand it; you may eat until you are surfeited, but after a couple of hours' hard travelling you feel as empty as though in the midst of a prolonged fast. There is neither nourishment nor strength in the meat, and yet the rabbit seems almost to be manna for the otherwise God-forsaken land. In countless numbers they skurry over the entire country, and are just the ordinary rabbit known everywhere, except that here they change to white in the winter, and on the lower Barren Grounds double in size, and become arctic hares. Every seventh year their numbers are decreased a good half by a mysterious and deadly disease, and then the Indians suffer, for no one can say how many depend on them for subsistence. If there is caribou or moose meat or fish at the lodge, it goes to the hunters, who must face the storms and withstand the hardships of travel; but the "squaw men," the old men, and certainly the women and children, more than once during the year owe their very lives to the rabbit. So, although despised by me, he is revered in this home of snow and hunger.

We moved only fifteen miles the first day we broke our rabbit camp, keeping a sharp lookout all the way, and passing over a country filled with curious bowl-shaped depressions that ranged from ten to fifty feet in depth and proportionately wide, and at night the Ancient Warrior's sons turned up to gladden our hearts and relieve our stomachs with dried moose meat. Dried meat, by-the-way, caribou or moose, when at its best, is about as thick as sole-leather, and of the same consistency; when it is poor it somewhat resembles parchment in thickness and succulence. It is made by cutting the fresh meat into strips, which are hung in the sun to dry, and subsequently over the fire to smoke, and is the ordinary food on these expeditions, because dried it is so much easier carried about. It is not toothsome, but it is filling, and that is the main desideratum in this country. Fresh meat is the hunter's luxury.

The coming of these two boys gave me my first insight into the relations between Indian parents and children. They arrived, one with a badly frozen cheek, the other with frozen fingers, and both shivering with cold, yet Jeremi scarcely turned his head in greeting, made no sign to give them room by his own warm place at the fireside, nor showed paternal solicitude for their sufferings. They scraped away a little snow at the edge of our camp, and there rolled up in their blankets, while their dogs and ours, by the light of a glorious moon, mingled in an animated fight that lasted a good part of the night, and was waged vigorously around and over us. The dog is the one member of the Indian family that is no respecter of age or sex. But the boys pay the penalty of youth, as their sisters and mothers do of womanhood.

We were now where the sight of bison was an hourly expectation; we had come over one hundred miles into their range without a glimpse of a track, new or old, and Munn and I decided our quarry to be, as indeed he is, the rarest of the rare. We travelled all day along and up and down ridges, where men and dogs could scarcely drag the sledge for fallen timber and sharp ascents, and where the



JEREMI WAS TOO QUICK WITH HIS GUN.

snow was deep, and breaking trail excessively hard, especially with tripping-shoes on which you sunk to the knee, and with the toe of which you barked your shins as you raised your foot after every step to shake off the shovelful of accumulated snow. In this fashion we worked our way for about twenty miles, and yet saw no signs. But we did have a fine camp in the woods that night, with a roaring, warming fire, and such a glorious auroral exhibition as I had never before beheld, nor ever afterwards saw surpassed. Now there were dancing waves of changing red and violet expanding and narrowing and whirling across the sky in phantom dances; then great radiant streaks of golden-greenish pierced the heavens like iridescent search-lights of incomparable power and brilliancy. It was all so startlingly brilliant and wonderfully beautiful. And I lay on my back, with the Indians on one side and the dogs all around, and stared at the magnificent spectacle, and forgot the rabbits.

The Indians have no definite idea touching the aurora; in their always apt nomenclature they call it the "lights that move quickly," and in general accept the exhibition as merely the sign of wind or fine weather. The Dog-Ribs say it is the spirits of their ancestors holding a dance; another tribe varies this only by substituting fighting for dancing; but there is really no attempt at solution. These

Indians are too thoroughly occupied in solving the problem of living. They do claim, however, that the aurora is at times audible, and some scientists bear them out. Personally I can add little certainty to the uncertain information on the question. Twice on my trip, at night, when there were auroral displays, I heard noises somewhat like the rustling or crackling of a silken banner standing out in the wind, but whether it was made by settling or cracking snow and ice, or by the aurora, I cannot affirm. There is little opportunity to test the matter in winter, for, what with storms and winds, an absolutely still night is as rare as a day in June.

The next, our ninth out from the Landing, was the memorable day of the hunt. It opened in hope—for we were in the heart of the bison country—and closed in despair, for in one short hour we had seen and chased and lost our game.

We broke camp at daylight, to reach on this day the lake about which we expected to find bison, and the country we penetrated had not before been hunted by the Indians. It was broken into numberless little gullies and ridges, none of which Jeremi missed in his wandering, and the snow was so deep, and dead timber and thickly grown small fir so formidable, we made haste very slowly. What with clearing a way for the sledge, disentangling the dogs, and keeping on our feet, we advanced but twelve miles all day. We were in an unexplored country, and the Ancient Warrior was lost. He invariably carried us to the top of the highest ridge that lay anywhere within striking distance of our course, and, once there, would send Joseph up a tree to scan the horizon, while he sank on his knees in what had the appearance of a supplication for light on the darkness of our way, but was in reality his habitual attitude when filling his pipe. From one of these ridges we saw Caribou Mountain near by, really not more pretentious than a foot-hill, but which in this flat country bears the distinction of great altitude.

So we travelled on, wearied by the very hard walking, and wondering if indeed there were any bison in the land. At one o'clock we crossed a lake, but not the lake, where we saw fresh moose and caribou tracks, which we could not of course afford to follow, at the risk of scaring the big game we were after, much as we should have liked fresh meat. Just after crossing the lake the Ancient Warrior bore to the right of a sharp little ridge, and Munn and I gave the dogs a spell of a few moments, while we lighted our pipes, and joked about the old man having overlooked the ridge, and concluded he must have gone snow-blind. But even as we talked he turned to the left and began slowly plodding up the ridge; whereupon we agreed he was about to send Joseph aloft again, and was seeking high ground. Perhaps he, in fact, was — I never asked him—but Munn and I had hardly reached the foot of the ridge when Jeremi came hurrying back as excited as a phlegmatic Indian ever gets, and we suggested he had seen the "enemy," which these superstitious creatures are ever encountering, to their utter demoralization.

But the Ancient Warrior had the joke on us this time, for he fairly whispered, "Buffalo." Instantly Munn and I were tingling. At last the game we had tramped so far to get was at hand; heart-breaking trails, leaden snow-shoes, and rabbits were forgotten as the hunter's blood swept through our veins at the mention of bison. We four gathered closely in a little circle, and then in subdued tones Jeremi told Joseph, in Chipewyan, and Joseph, a few words at a time, translated to us in North-land French, that the ridge was literally covered with tracks, that they were fairly fresh, that we would leave the dogs where they were under cover, and take up the bison trail at once.

I do not become stirred easily, but when we got on top of the ridge and the tracks were before me, my heart quickened, and there seemed no obstacles I could not surmount to reach my quarry. There were the tracks, sure enough, like those of cattle, quite fresh—probably yesterday's. We moved slowly along the ridge, Joseph, Jeremi, Munn, and I, in Indian file, scanning the willow-surrounded swamps on either side, each stepping in the other's shoe-prints, but making quite a bit of noise, nevertheless, for the snow was hard, and the shoes crunched and cracked it to an alarming effect on the nerves of the stalking hunter. Fortunately a strong wind blew in our faces. In half a mile the tracks multiplied, and were very fresh—made that day—so we took off our snow-shoes and continued on as noiselessly as possible.

And now the ridge, hitherto thickly covered with poplar and pine, became a bare backbone which stretched away for about 125 yards between swamps, and ended in a sharp rise thickly grown with small spruce.

We had not advanced ten yards farther when we discovered, simultaneously, I fancy, for we all crouched and drew our rifles out of their coats together, a shaggy head about 115 yards in front of us. A second and careful look told me it was a bison cow about two years old, with forehead sprinkled with either gray or white hair on a background of light brown. She was standing under the spruce, and just over the rise of the ridge, so I could see only her forehead, eyes, and horns, which were about six inches long, and straight out from her head, with slight curve at tips; I could not see her muzzle. The wind was in our favor, and she had not scented us, though from her vantage on the knoll she had heard and evidently seen us before we sighted her.

Munn and I had not before hunted bison, but our hunting experience was sufficient to make action under such conditions intuitive. We knew for sure there was a herd over the ridge. We wanted a bull, and had no idea of firing on a heifer. We expected, of course, Jeremi would work around to the side and under the ridge, and up to where we could view and get a shot at the herd; or retreat and camp several miles away, to make another approach next morning. The heifer might scamper back to the cow, but she could not put the herd to flight, and meanwhile we should make our way along the ridge, perfectly certain the herd would not run until they scented or saw us, or we made undue disturbance. It was a splendid chance for a skilful stalk, just the situation a hunter loves most dearly. I did not consider the possibility of the Indians' shooting, for they had agreed at the Landing not to fire until Munn and I had done so, and "Susie" said they would keep their word, and I trusted them. I know more of these Indians now than I did then.

All this of course ran through my head in the few seconds I was taking my look at the heifer, and Jeremi's stealing off to the right and a little ahead rather corroborated my mental survey of the situation. Suddenly, however, up went the guns of Jeremi and Joseph. There was no time for remonstrance, and Munn and I, in sheer desperation that luck might direct the bullets, threw up our guns also; those of the Indians exploded before we had ours fairly at shoulder, but we pulled trigger, chiefly because of that instinct which makes one's muscles at times work in sympathy with one's wishes.

I was so stunned by the sudden turn of affairs, so exasperated at the Indians, that I was sorely tempted to empty the magazine of my rifle into them. I knew I could not possibly have scored; I felt sure Munn had not, but hoped against hope that he might have got his gun up for a sight. I did not think the Indians had, for they can hardly hit a barn door a hundred yards off. If I thought at all of their scoring, it was that we might have meat, which we needed, but even that, I am sure, I did not consider.

The one miserable thought that we had lost what had been a good chance of getting a bison head was uppermost, for this herd would run for days, and entirely beyond our reach. Simultaneously with the shooting the heifer disappeared, and we ran to the top of the knoll in hopes of a shot at the flying herd, but not a hoof was in sight, so rapid had been their flight, although the ridge opened to view five hundred yards away.

We discovered a few small drops of blood where the heifer had stood, counted the beds of eleven cows, and noted the snow beaten down into paths leading toward the end of ridge and muskeg to the right; and then began a mad race along the faint trail of blood, in hopes that the heifer might have been more badly wounded than the blood showed, and turned aside (as is their custom when hard hit) from the fleeing herd. But we had only a hard run in the deep snow as recompense.

And then we returned to our sledge and sat down in silence, and with the bitter realization that the bison-hunt was at an end. We did not say much, Munn and I; words could not do our feelings justice. There is hunters' luck, and the sportsman who has sought big game, and experienced its operations for and against him, can sound the depths of our disappointment. To have got near bison at all was remarkable, but to have succeeded after a long hard hunt in getting so near, and actually seeing them, only to have our chance for a kill spoiled by the stupidity

or viciousness of our Indians was too keen a grief to be soothed by mutual condolence or by cursing Jeremi.

We went on another day, and saw more tracks of the same herd, but none others, and then we turned our faces Fort-Smithwards. For three days we travelled by the compass, for we were lost, cutting our way through forests of small fir, grown so closely as to render progress almost impossible to a man, much less for a train of worn-out dogs. The going was very hard, and hunger, our provisions being gone, less easy to bear now following upon our disappointment. On the fourth day we came out on our trail, and that night Munn and I reached McKinley's cabin, after covering forty-eight miles between 7 A.M. and 8 P.M. Before we slept we poured our tale of woe into "Mac's" sympathetic ears, and then we all decided the only chances of success in a bison-hunt to be—time enough to cover their entire range from north to south, and once on their tracks, binding the Indians hand and foot.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

I.

"ANOTHER child," murmured Judah Memlinger, "another sorrow."

"Shame on thee, Judah!" said Rachel, his wife, pressing the new-born babe to her breast. "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" her husband repeated, humbly, and with bowed head, as he stared with mournful eyes at the tiny intruder.

"The child is not well favored, I think," he remarked, at the end of a long pause.

"It is a male child. The Lord has done well by him," said Rachel, severely.

Baruch, the elder son, four years old, had stolen into the hushed sick-room in his father's wake, and stood near the door, biting his thumb with suppressed agitation.

"Come, Baruch, and see thy new brother," said his mother.

Baruch, with an acute sense of his unworthiness, sidled up to the bed. There lay a puny little yellow thing with black curly hair, and one small wrinkled fist clinched under an embryonic nose. Baruch stood long staring at him in silent wonder. Then, in a spirit of enterprise, he raised his hand and tentatively touched his cheek.

"Baruch," said the mother, warningly, "beware that thou dost not hurt thy new brother!"

Baruch withdrew his finger as if it had been burnt.

Judah Memlinger was by trade a furrier, and worked for a Jewish master who had the finest store in Odessa. He was neither a handsome nor a clever man; at least Gentile eyes would not have pronounced him either. He wore the two long side curls of the orthodox Jew, and his black forked beard was rusty and weather-bleached at the ends. There was in his eyes something shy and alert, as of a hunted thing, and a peculiarly anxious and uneasy look was habitual to his features. Of stature he was small, crooked, and round-shouldered, and the wide-skirted black caftan slouched about his thin legs. The waxen pallor of his face told of late hours and sedentary labor in the close, over-heated workshop.

Everybody wondered why Nathan Rosenhain, a physician and a scholar, gave his daughter in marriage to so humble a man as Judah. It was, indeed, whispered that he did it as a punishment for permitting her heart to stray beyond the Ghetto. Afterward, it was said, Nathan had relented somewhat, and had allowed her to move her piano to her new home. For that piano was the apple of her eye. It had come all the way from Paris, and it had a most lovely tone, and was beautifully inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The neighbors often paused under Rachel's windows and stood listening to her wonderful playing. Sometimes she poured forth a tempest of sound, with strange wailing, sighing, lamenting chords interspersed; and sometimes she lost herself in melodious musings, full of sorrowful resignation. Then, at the end of a year, a child arrived, and a change came over the spirit of Rachel's playing. A new tenderness awoke in her and drove away the fierce rebellion.

Four years after the birth of Baruch another son was born to Rachel, and she rejoiced again and thanked the Lord. She

called him David (though none of her kindred bore this name), after the great king of Israel, the music of whose harp has resounded through the ages in the hearts of numberless generations.

During the years while her children were small, Rachel devoted herself with unremitting zeal to their education. In a way she held herself responsible for their poverty and lowly station. It did not occur to her that if she had married another man, these children, Baruch and David, would never have come into the world. It was her fault, she thought, that they were born to contumely and deprivation, and she would, as far as it was in her power, atone to them for it. They were not to be journeymen mechanics, like their father. They were to be artists or lawyers or physicians, such as she had seen among the Jews in Moscow. They were to break the bondage of the close and filthy Ghetto and go out into the world, and become an honor to their people. It was with this in view that she dragged them in from their play and taught them to read French and German. She sat up late at night in order to refresh her own knowledge, so that she might impart it to them; nay, she began to study Latin by herself, in order that she might help to fit them for the university. It was of no use that her husband, being unable to sympathize with her ambition, tried to throw obstacles in her way, and even threatened to complain of her to the Rabbi. Obedient to her wishes as he was in most things, in this he remained sulkily obstinate.

If she had used his money for purchasing the dangerous books he could have pleaded his poverty, and perhaps persuaded her to desist. But she had obtained several pupils in music of late, and earned enough to be independent of him. Tall of stature, with a certain queenly unconsciousness of her own loveliness, she went her way, intent upon her task, and let the turbulent currents of life roll by her unheeded. Her bearing was simplicity itself, suggesting neither pride nor humility, but a beautiful self-respect and womanly dignity. To be a mother in Israel has from of old been a title to honor; and Rachel, in the midst of her poverty, felt an invisible crown of maternity upon her brow.

For eighteen years Rachel lived in peaceful obscurity, devoting herself to the education of her sons. Her husband never directly censured her or expressed his disapproval of her teachings; but he summoned to his aid the Rabbi, who was less considerate, and denounced with all the maledictions of the Prophets those who, deluded by vain ambition, strayed beyond the fold of Israel.

It was a terrible disappointment to Rachel when her sons, one after the other, were refused admission to the gymnasium which was to fit them for the university. There was a rule, which was enforced or not, according to official caprice, limiting the number of Jewish pupils which might be accepted, and it pleased the authorities in this case to include David and Baruch among those who had to be debarred. It was of no use that she called upon the rector of the school and implored him to relax the rule in their favor. Equally unavailing were her appeals to the other officials, all of whom advised her to apprentice her sons to their father's trade, and not foolishly to aspire beyond her station. The Rabbi, too, enforced this advice with awful biblical quotations, and one day Judah actually summoned courage to carry off the elder boy with him to the shop. She had long foreseen that this would have to come, and though it grieved her deeply, she did not dare interfere. The long-skirted Jewish caftan was to her the badge of the servitude of her race, and it cut her to the quick to see Baruch arrayed in it like his father, wearing the odious side curls, and unconsciously acquiring the stoop and the walk of the Ghetto. But if she could not save Baruch from the misery of ignorance, toil, and dreary resignation which fell to the lot of the Jewish mechanic in Russia, she would concentrate all her energy and all her hopes upon David. She read until her eyes ached and her head swam, but she could not disguise to herself the fact that she made but slight progress. With Baruch she had made some little headway, but with David her success was far from encouraging. He wept over Cæsar and sulked over Nepos, and when it came to Cicero and Sallust, she was herself completely at sea, and could offer him no assistance. Only in arithmetic was he more than her match. He could make a calculation in his head with extraordinary rapidity, and he could run up a column of figures with a sort of in-

stinctive correctness in less time than it took to write it down. But outside of this single department his intellect did not extend.

It was a touching sight to see Rachel sitting at her sewing-table dividing her attention between a colossal patch, which she was attaching to a pair of trousers, and the reluctant boy, who was writhing and wriggling and scratching his head in order to escape from the odious lesson.

Strange to say, she failed to perceive that Baruch, with his tall figure, fine open face, and the large intelligent eyes, was her own counterpart, while the small and stunted David, with his oldish face and curious gnomelike expression, was the very image of his father. The same shrewd, alert eyes, lying in ambush behind heavy black brows, as if to catch the unwary; the same narrow receding forehead and sharp commercial nose; the same tightly shut, thin-lipped mouth, with the mean, cramped, parsimonious lines about it.

She bribed him with cakes and culinary tidbits to practise on the piano, and to sit through his daily lesson without protest; and she displayed a patience that was simply heroic in pointing out to him for the twentieth time the same mistake which he had nineteen times repeated. Following the score with her knitting-needle, counting unweariedly one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four, striking a chord here and a chord there by way of correction, she expended an amount of energy which would have exhausted any one but a fond and deluded mother. However, David learned to play after a fashion; and Rachel shed tears of joy when for the first time he toiled through Schumann's "Träumerei" without any serious blunder. David might be an artist yet, if the Lord had deprived him of the chance of being a scholar. He would lift himself out of the bondage of the Ghetto and be the pride of his people. "O Lord, remember David!" was the beginning and end of all her supplications.

But Judah, too, though he used different language, included David in his prayers, and when the boy was sixteen years old he thought it was time to put an end to his idleness. He was old enough to make his own living now; it was a sin and a shame to fill his brain with vain dreams, which, in the position wherein God had placed him, could never be realized. Having for years dropped hints to this effect, and by surly mutterings manifested his displeasure at his wife's ambition, he came at last to the conclusion that his duty compelled him to act. He had had frequent attacks of vertigo of late, and had become apprehensive regarding his health. The doctor declared that he did not take enough exercise, and that unless he changed his mode of life his days were numbered. Particularly he must avoid all agitation, be sparing in his diet, and shorten his hours at the shop. There was an absolute necessity, therefore, to find some means of compensating for his decreased earnings.

Judah well knew that a battle was in store for him when he should broach this proposition, and in order to strengthen his authority he invited the Rabbi to sup with him. Dr. Rubinstein shared his sentiments, and had been his support in all his contentions with his wife. A light of apprehension was kindled in Rachel's eyes when she saw the tall and stern Rabbi enter with her husband. He looked to her a very personification of the law and a messenger of the wrath to come. When the simple meal was at an end he arose and read in Hebrew the 128th psalm, pronouncing slowly and in a voice of awful warning the divine injunction:

"Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.

"For *thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands:* happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."

Having finished the psalm, he turned solemnly to Rachel, who was standing on the opposite side of the table, clutching David's hand. "Daughter," he said, "thou hast heard the voice of the Lord. Thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread. Thy husband has, with my aid, found an honorable position for his son David. The shoemaker Abraham Cohn will take him as an apprentice, and will give him his board and lodging, even though he ought to have commenced at least three years ago."

Though Rachel's heart shot up into her throat at the Rabbi's words, and a deadly fear possessed her, she preserved an outward calm, and there was no break in her voice as she answered:

"Surely, Rabbi, the Lord did not mean all His people to eat the bread of manual toil. Has He not set up statesmen, teach-

ers, and artists among us, who are the pride of Israel?"

The Rabbi winced visibly at the reference to teachers, but recovering himself promptly, asked, in his sternest bass: "Hast thou ever heard the command, daughter, that a wife should be obedient to her husband? Thou knowest thy husband's will; if thou dost not know it, thou shalt hear it now. Speak, Judah!"

Judah, who had listened with obvious approval to the Rabbi's words, nodding emphatically at every pause, pushed aside his chair and advanced toward Rachel.

"Thou hast heard what the Rabbi says," he cried, in a voice that was hoarse with excitement. "I am the head of my household. I am the boy's father, and I command him and thee to obey."

"Judah," Rachel pleaded, with beautiful, sorrowful dignity, "I pray thee do not force me to disobey thee. Thou knowest this is my last hope — for which I have lived and toiled these many years."

"I know that thou hast nursed foolish dreams, and taught thy son to look down upon his father."

"No, so help me God, that I have never done!"

"I will have no more palaver! Give me the boy!"

He darted forward, grasping David's disengaged hand; but Rachel caught him to her heart, and clasped him with the desperation of terror.

"Thou wilt never leave me, David — never, never?" she implored, gazing with anxious tenderness into his eyes.

"No, mother, no," the boy murmured, striving to pull his arm away from his father.

"A curse on thee, thou rebellious wife!" screamed Judah, tugging away with all his might at his son's hand — "all the curses wherewith the Lord —"

His face grew purple. His eyes seemed to be starting out of his head. Suddenly releasing the boy's hand, he tumbled with a crash against a chair, and lay crouched in a heap. The Rabbi stooped over him and lifted him up, but with a groan he fell back dead.

"May the Lord of Israel forgive thee!" said the Rabbi to Rachel; "for thou hast sinned grievously."

II.

On the evening of the day after the funeral Rachel was sitting with her two sons in the scantily furnished parlor (which in the night also served for the brothers' bedroom) improvising upon the piano. Baruch, who always loved to hear his mother play, sat with his hand under his chin, gazing at her with affectionate solicitude, while David, like the spoiled child he was, was pulling his feet up under him and grumbling at the lateness of the supper. The great iron stove in the corner kept up its steady roar, and shot a tongue of flame out of its draught-hole whenever the door was opened. A dozen logs of beech-wood were piled up under it, perspiring moisture, and spreading a not unpleasant odor of singed bark through the room. An axe, with which Baruch had been splitting kindling, lay across the block; for outside it was so cold that an ungloved hand stuck to the door-knob if it unwarily seized it, and an unprotected nose would be in danger of freezing. Two tallow candles, in brightly polished pewter candlesticks, diffused a dim light about the piano, leaving the rest of the room in grateful dusk. As the same vague illumination fell upon Rachel's face it softened the lines of sorrow and care which the years had furrowed, and only the noble courage, strength, and devotion which dwelt in her soul shone out, with a gentle radiance.

"Mother," said Baruch, drawing her head backward and kissing her, "how beautiful you are!"

"Beautiful, my boy?" she repeated, sadly. "Well, I am glad if I look beautiful to you."

She ran her fingers over the worn yellow keys (two of which were mute), and they responded to her touch with a faint shivering sound. For twenty years this instrument had been her dearest friend and confidant, and given voice to all her voiceless aspiration and sorrow. For ten years at least it had endured the merciless hammering of David, when he indignantly practised to earn the promised bribe. No wonder it was a trifle decrepit. But, in spite of all, there was a strange pathos in its quavering tones, and when Rachel's fingers touched it she coaxed from it certain cadences and intonations which were strangely sweet and moving. She needed now, as ever, the consolation which expression afforded to the overburdened heart, and, after an exquisitely tender prelude, she began, in a clear, hushed voice, to intone the 38th psalm:

"O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure."

Baruch, feeling the significance of the prayer, joined with his strong, ringing bass, and the souls of mother and son seemed to rise together in sweet unison toward the Throne of Eternal Forgiveness. They had just reached the verse, "My heart panteth, my strength faileth me," when they were startled by a noise in the hall, and before they could turn about, the door was thrust open with a thump and three uniformed police officers entered.

Rachel broke off abruptly and rose with quiet dignity from the piano. But terror was upon her white face, and her limbs were so numb that she could not feel the touch of the floor. For in Russia a visit of the police calls up visions of Siberia, the gallows, and blood-curdling torture. Baruch seized hold of a chair to steady himself. A cold whirlwind seemed to sweep about him, and a dark abyss to be yawning at his feet. David fell down from the stool upon which he was sitting, and as he picked himself up, stared with a dawning fear at the intruders.

"Permit me to ask," began Rachel, tremulously, as she anxiously watched the movements of the men, "what errand brings you here at this hour? Is it not possible that you have made a mistake in the address?"

"No mistake, I assure you, madam," answered the officer who seemed to be in command, as he unfolded a formidable-looking document with red seals. "This is Mrs. Memlinger, I believe, relict of the late Judah Memlinger, journeyman furrier?"

"Yes, I am the widow of Judah Memlinger."

"Your late husband," continued the officer, in a harsh, businesslike tone, "had, as a mechanic, the right of residence in the city of Odessa. But, now that he is dead, his right of residence naturally terminates, and I give you hereby notice that, in accordance with the imperial ukase of February 2, 188–, you and your sons are commanded to leave this city within forty-eight hours."

Rachel stood as one stunned, gazing helplessly before her, while the officer began in a monotonous voice to mumble rapidly the contents of the document. She heard dimly the mention of certain awful penalties in case of disobedience, and her blood ran cold. But forty-eight hours! How was it possible for her to tear up in forty-eight hours the very roots of a life which had sprung from this soil, and for forty years had grown in it and drawn its nurture from it?

"Pardon me, sir," she said, conquering her tremulousness, "but where shall we go, and how? We have no money; and in forty-eight hours I cannot sell my furniture and get anything for it. We are poor people and have laid up nothing. It is midwinter, and we shall fall down and perish by the way-side."

"Madam," the officer replied, in a tone of angry dismissal, "that is not my affair. All I have to do is to notify you, in the name of the imperial government, that you are commanded to leave the Russian Empire, you and your sons, within forty-eight hours. The decree is not mine, and I cannot alter it. These officers are my witnesses that I have properly fulfilled my duty."

He folded up the paper, and was about to bestow it in an inner pocket of his capacious military cloak, when suddenly he paused, and by the dim light took a survey of the contents of the room.

"I will give you ten rubles for that piano," he said, carelessly; "it is a decrepit old thing, but it is probably worth that for kindling-wood."

"Ten—ten—rubles?" cried Rachel. She well remembered the day, twenty-five years ago, when her father had presented her with this most precious of all her possessions, having paid five hundred rubles for it in Paris. How her eyes had feasted on the inlaid mosaic figures in the lid, of ivory and mother-of-pearl! She did not know that it was old-fashioned now, and its decrepitude had overtaken it so gradually that she had scarcely perceived it. To her it was yet, in the midst of its humble surroundings, a magnificent *chef-d'œuvre*—a masterpiece of artistic craftsmanship. Had it not wept with her grief and sighed with her sadness and laughed with her joys for a quarter of a century, as if it had a human heart in its resonant breast—a tender, sympathetic soul, that trembled in melodious sympathy with her unspoken emotion? And now to part with it—and for ten rubles—to a cruel officer of police who wished to take advantage of her misfortune.

She stood for a moment as if para-

lyzed, while the officer raised the lid of the piano, struck a couple of chords, inspected the interior, and withdrew, with a contemptuous smile. "Well," he said, "I'll stand by my bid, and pay you cash, though it isn't worth half of what I offered."

Rachel fixed a strange distressed stare upon the officer while he spoke, and her eyes looked vacant, puzzled, vaguely questioning. But all of a sudden there flared up a wild glow in them, of wrath, of passion, of outraged dignity. Without a word she sprang toward the block by the stove, and seizing the axe, swung it above her head, and brought it down with a tremendous blow upon the piano lid, which split into fragments. Once more the axe flashed in the air, and the keyboard gave a discordant shriek, while the ivory keys rattled on the floor. A third blow, which rang with a wailing resonance through the cracked sounding-board—and the whole precious instrument was a shapeless wreck.

With trembling hands she raised the axe once more; but she lacked the strength to guide it, and it fell on the floor at her feet. Then she sank down upon a chair, and sat staring with a dim, unseeing gaze at the ruin she had wrought. Baruch, who comprehended her motive, stooped over her and strove to console her; but to all he said she only shook her head with a weary smile, and now and then wrung her hands until the joints cracked.

The officers, thinking that she had gone mad with grief, withdrew in silence.

III.

During the next day Baruch called upon the Rabbi and the leaders of the synagogue, and they made up a purse, sufficient to pay the expenses of Rachel Memlinger and her sons as far as Hamburg. It was expected that thence they would be forwarded to the United States by the agents of the Hirsch fund. This expectation was, in fact, fulfilled. There is no need of dwelling upon the incidents of the journey, which were such as fall to the lot of every poor immigrant who, with empty hands and a courageous heart, claims the hospitality of the great republic.

They were not cordially received at Castle Garden, which was then the great immigrant depot of the Western World. The question was even raised as to whether, as assisted emigrants, they would not have to be returned to Hamburg. But a Hebrew benevolent society took up their cause, and procured them the right of residence. It was not a very enviable right, perhaps; for the residence which they procured was in a sky-scraping tenement in Baxter Street, where human beings were stowed together like herrings in a barrel. To Rachel and her sons was assigned a single room, sixteen feet by eight, for the rent of which, for one month, the benevolent society made itself responsible. They divided it in the middle with a sheet, which did service as a curtain, and disposed therein their mattresses and the scanty articles of furniture which they had been able to carry with them from Russia.

The next problem was to devise means to support existence. They held a solemn family council; and after much discussion it was resolved that Rachel and Baruch were to scour the town in search of employment. As they knew no English beyond a few indispensable phrases, this seemed a hopeless undertaking. To Rachel this huge monster of a foreign city, with its deafening noises overhead and below, was terrifying, appalling.

She stood on the front steps of the tenement on the morning after her landing, clutching Baruch's arm, while her heart was beating in her throat. Baruch, feigning a courage which he was far from feeling, returned the pressure of her hand, gazed with a resolute cheerfulness at the Italian banana and orange dealers pushing their carts before them, and the hundreds of venders thronging the sidewalks, hawking their wares at the tops of their voices. Half a dozen wailing hand-organs and the hoarse shrieks of the ferry-boats on the North River added to the uproar, and a blockade of street cars, trucks, and drays at the corner, calling forth volleys of oaths from the drivers, gave the finishing touches to a scene the like of which could probably not be found outside of New York or the Inferno.

For an instant the forced cheerfulness died out of Baruch's face, and mother and son stood gazing at each other with baffled hearts, and a mute dismay which was pitiful.

"What shall we do, Baruch?" she asked at last, with quivering lips. "We seem like wreckage adrift upon the vast ocean. Has God forgotten to be gracious?" she

added, in an anguished whisper; "has He in anger shut up His tender mercies?"

"Nay," replied the son, devoutly; "He will make us glad according to the days wherein He has afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil."

"Amen!" murmured Rachel; and clutching again her son's arm, she plunged into the human torrent.

They encountered many co-religionists, some of whom they stopped to address, but the reception they met with was not encouraging. Most of them shrugged their shoulders, and were only anxious to get out of the way. Russian Jews in search of work were altogether too plentiful, and every Hebrew who had a dollar to his name had his benevolence strained to the utmost. At the offices of the various charitable associations to which they appealed they were treated with obvious suspicion, as if they were sharpers, and subjected to a cross-examination which was a sore trial to their self-esteem. Wherever they went they found some one who could speak German, and the linguistic difficulty proved less than they had anticipated. Up Broadway they trudged, hand in hand, feeling intensely conscious of their foreignness, and taking refuge, as it were, in the crowd from the crowd's mocking observation. With anxious, strained attention they read the signs displayed on the huge buildings, and whenever they discovered a Jewish name they entered and begged for an interview with the head of the firm. But the bond of race kinship evidently did not count for so much in wealthy America as in the poor and persecuted Russian Ghetto. In many instances they were denied admittance by the janitor, who took them to be beggars or peddlers; sometimes the elevator-man refused them conveyance; and if they reached the outer office of the merchant, the clerks bade them in harsh language to be gone.

Never in their lives had they passed a day more crowded with insults, humiliation, and suffering. A desperate kind of pariah feeling took possession of Baruch, and a deep hostility to the world, with all its gilded shams, began to glow and smoulder in his heart. Upright and industrious as he was, he could not comprehend why he should be singled out for contumely and hate; and when he thought of his mother, so noble, wise, and beautiful, the hot indignation flushed his cheek. For Baruch worshipped his mother. She represented the only sweet and elevating influence with which his harsh life had come in contact, and with the divination of love he began to read, in broken glimpses, the tragic story of her marriage.

For three days Baruch and his mother continued their search for work, and on the evening of the third day they were both so weary and disheartened that they could scarcely drag themselves along. After having encountered the usual reception in an office, they had seated themselves on the marble stairs outside, and Baruch was gently stroking his mother's hand, and she was smiling sadly at him with tear-filled eyes. Out of her pale, patient face there shone a spiritual beauty, like that of St. Augustine's mother, Monica, when she declared that a child of so many prayers could never be lost. And there was at that moment some one besides her son who was struck with the nobility of that face, and whose heart was touched by its pathos of suffering. The merchant—his name was Aaron Mosenthal—was just leaving his office; and as he reached the door his attention was arrested by the strange group on the stairs.

"What do you want, my good woman?" he asked, in German.

"We want work, sir," Rachel replied, rising hastily.

"What kind of work?"

"We would do any kind of work that would enable us to support life."

"You are Russian Jews?"

"Yes."

"Then I think perhaps I can help you. I am interested in a colony of your countrymen which was planted last year near Vineland, New Jersey. The terms are very favorable. If you will come here with your son to-morrow at ten o'clock, I will give you all the information you may desire."

"I have two sons, sir."

"Well, then, so much the better. Bring them both."

It was a hard battle Rachel had to fight with Aaron Mosenthal when she returned with Baruch and David the next morning. She made him very angry when she told him that she would go nowhere where she could not procure a university education for her youngest son. It was of no use that he informed her that beggars could not be choosers; but he repented in the

next moment, and seemed anxious to make amends. And the end of it was that he gave her a note of introduction and begged her to call upon his wife, who perhaps might be of use to her.

Rachel lost no time in availing herself of this permission. She was admitted by a servant to a large rectangular mansion in Sixty-fifth Street; and when she produced her note of introduction she was shown into a dim and gorgeously decorated parlor, filled with gilt and carved furniture and costly bric-à-brac. There was something in her face which proclaimed the lady, in spite of her poor attire, and the servant obeyed a correct impulse in not directing her to the kitchen. Mrs. Mosenthal, who presently made her appearance, proved to be a large, handsome woman, with brilliant black eyes, who came sailing into the room like a frigate with all her colors flying. She was a merry and rather thoughtless woman, condescendingly benevolent, with a flighty, harum-scarum way of flitting from one subject to another, without ever arriving at any result. It took fully half an hour before she could be pinned down to a definite proposition, and then it was only an offer—to do the family washing. She had recently dismissed her laundress, and would now try to have the washing done out of the house. She would pay a dollar a dozen, and there were usually twelve to fifteen dozens a week. Rachel, though she was deeply disappointed, did not feel at liberty to refuse, and Mrs. Mosenthal forthwith introduced her to her housekeeper, who intrusted to her two large bags of soiled linen.

IV.

A very valuable acquaintance which Baruch made in the Baxter Street tenement was a Polish Jew named Ephraim Vollmann, a doctor of philosophy from the University of Warsaw. They met repeatedly on the stairs, and finally fell into conversation. Dr. Vollmann was a tall, ascetic-looking man, whose lean, stooping figure was closely buttoned into a threadbare, single-breasted coat of a markedly foreign cut. His keen beardless face was full of refinement and sad austerity. He was the modern equivalent for such a prophet as Jeremiah, who must have been a gaunt ascetic with a deep bass voice and a poor digestion. There was something extraordinarily impressive about Vollmann. Meeting him in the street, you would naturally stop and look after him, for there was in his glance a potency which was startling. Baruch felt strongly attracted to him from the moment he first saw him fitting a key into the lock of a bare and miserable hall bedroom. They made rapid progress in each other's acquaintance, and soon became friends. Vollmann, who was a great scholar, and profoundly versed in classical lore, volunteered to give David gratis instruction, for which Rachel was deeply grateful. It was the one ray of light in the midst of the gloom that was threatening to engulf her. It was at his suggestion, too, that Baruch took up the trade of a peddler, having been introduced by his friend to a Jewish merchant, who gave him his first stock of neck-ties, suspenders, collar-buttons, etc., on credit. But unhappily Baruch lacked the genius of his race for peddling. He came home night after night with a heavy heart, and his stock almost undiminished. He burned with a generous ardor to lighten his mother's burden by taking upon himself the support of David while he was fitting himself for his learned career. It grieved him deeply to see her stand bent over the washtub until her beautiful hands were wrinkled and cracked, and the hot, malodorous steam inflamed her eyes. Never did he hear her complain; never did a word of impatience or of bitterness escape her lips. But Baruch, because of his veneration and love for her, revolted against fate on her account, and all the assurances of the Old Testament that whomsoever the Lord loveth he chasteneth failed to soothe or console him.

Yet in the midst of their toil and tribulation there was a gleam of joy. When Dr. Vollmann came in the evening to instruct David, Rachel would cease from her labor, and with a face that seemed glorified with maternal pride and happiness listen to the poetic legends of Greece, or hear her David repeat (though with many blunders) the sonorous verse of Ovid and Virgil. She had no conception, of course, of the task which the doctor had assumed; and he, when he had taken the soundings of David's intellect, had not the heart to enlighten her. He saw how she lived and breathed and had her being in this one hope, and he could better afford to pour his knowledge into the sieve of the Danaides than to deprive this noble

and heroic mother of her beautiful delusion. It occurred to him, not once, but a hundred times, that Baruch, as he sat with his hand under his chin, following with eager eyes and intelligent animation the explanation of a grammatical principle or a historic allusion, was a far apter scholar and more generously endowed than his lazy, apathetic brother.

Dr. Vollmann, strange to relate, was by profession a clerk in a Ninth Avenue grocery store, where he earned seven dollars a week. This profound philosopher, whose printed thesis on "The Republic of Plato" had made no little stir in the learned world, was applying his dearly acquired scholarship in weighing out sugar and molasses, and keeping watch over the turnips and cabbages on the sidewalk, which were in constant danger of being carried off by piratical bands of street boys. He was living in a state of perpetual warfare with a predatory organization known as "The Wharf-Rats," who spared no effort to render his life as miserable as combined ingenuity and malice could make it. If he had spoken better English, it is possible that he might have improved his lot; and if he had been anything but what he was—a Polish Jew—he might have found somewhere a more congenial niche, which would not have involved daily collision with the Wharf-Rats. But, though few of us know it, there is in this city of New York a large foreign proletariat of culture, and it is by no means so rare a thing as most of us fancy to find a doctor of philosophy selling red herring and cabbage, or an ex-professor of Hebrew wielding the broom as janitor of a downtown office building.

About the middle of April an incident occurred which was not without consequences. Baruch was taken ill, and David begged leave to try his hand at peddling until his brother recovered. Dr. Vollmann persuaded Rachel to give her consent, though she was on the point of again withdrawing it when she saw David starting out with his pack, and, with an admirable commercial instinct, reducing his whole person to a walking advertisement. Rachel had never seen him display so much interest in anything, nor had she ever witnessed such alertness and vivacity as he exhibited as he flung a dozen pair of suspenders over his shoulders, and decorated his hat with collar-buttons and tinsel jewelry. But a still greater surprise was in store for her when he returned in the evening, almost breathless with joyous excitement. He had actually sold nearly half of his stock, and had struck various profitable bargains with fellow-peddlers, who had taken him to be a greenhorn, but who presumably by this time had changed their opinion of him. David laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks as he related how he outwitted this one and cheated that one; and he had about as much moral scruple about it as a halibut has in swallowing a herring.

Rachel sat listening with an unutterable dismay to the recital of his adventures, and she repented bitterly of her weakness in yielding to his desires. It did not surprise her when he found it impossible to concentrate his attention upon Dr. Vollmann's lesson, but sat half distracted, biting his nails, and answering at random. But she was startled when suddenly he broke off in the midst of a Greek declension, exclaiming,

"What is the good of all this Greek stuff, anyway?"

His mother, with exemplary patience, explained for the hundredth time the ennobling and liberalizing influences of culture, drawing a vivid contrast between the uneducated man, with his low pleasures, cramped vision, and earth-bound existence, and the cultured man with his nobler pleasures, wider vision, and far-reaching power and usefulness.

When she had exhausted her argument she appealed to Dr. Vollmann, who had sat silent during the discussion, saying: "Am I not right, doctor? Do you not agree with me?"

The doctor did not immediately answer. He looked at Rachel, and seemed amazed at the fervor and determination revealed in this patient and gentle matron.

"Am I not right, doctor? Do you not agree with me?" she repeated, anxiously.

"No," answered the doctor, in his deep bass; "I agree with David."

The next morning, when Rachel awoke, she called David, but received no reply. She called again, and with a dawning terror drew the curtain aside. David's bed was empty, and Baruch's peddler's pack was also gone. In a fever of agitation she waited for him in the evening, but she waited in vain. Three days passed, and she gave notice to the police. But whether the police were baffled in

their inquiries, or they thought that one Jewish peddler more or less made little difference, they failed to furnish a clew to his whereabouts. He was reported in the newspapers among "mysterious disappearances," but nothing came of it except some anonymous letters, designed to extract money.

Baruch recovered from his indisposition just in time to nurse his mother through a long and serious illness. If it had not been for the aid they received from Aaron Mosenthal and the Hebrew benevolent society they would both have starved to death. But Dr. Vollmann bestirred himself in their behalf, and made their wants known.

"I have deprived your mother of her dearest hope," he said one evening to Baruch. "I did it deliberately, because I was right. I could not do otherwise. It would have ended in a bitterer disappointment than the present one. But you, Baruch—you could make amends to her for disappointment."

"How so?" cried Baruch, his eyes ablaze with enthusiasm.

"You have the scholarly temperament, which David had not. I will undertake to teach you more in one year than I could have taught him in four."

"But I am too old," Baruch objected.

"No, you are not. There is such a beautiful resonance in your soul for all that is great and good. That proves that you are young."

And so, after long and earnest discussion, it was resolved that Baruch should take David's place.

V.

Baruch entered Columbia College when he was twenty-two years old, and he was graduated at twenty-six. It was conceded by all that he was the most brilliant scholar in his class, and he was appointed to deliver the valedictory. Dr. Vollmann, who in the mean while had become instructor in Greek in an uptown school (where no Wharf-Rats annoyed him), was extremely proud of his pupil's accomplishments, and prophesied for him a great career.

Nevertheless, Rachel, who yet grieved over the disappearance of David, found it hard to substitute the older for the younger son as the object and bearer of her ambition. The star of her hope had gone out, and she found it difficult to kindle it again. She looked long with incredulity and doubt upon Baruch's efforts, believing that he and Dr. Vollmann had entered into a benevolent conspiracy to deceive her. Not that she loved Baruch less than David, but the habit of years to pin all her expectations to the latter had produced a certain rigidity of attitude from which she could not easily unbend. Not until Baruch had actually entered the university did she begin to have faith in him, and to find a certain consolation in watching his development. But it was with a sore and bruised heart —not with her old joyous confidence— that she began timidly to nurse this new, faint, and uncertain hope, for she could not afford a second disappointment. Another blow like the first would make an end of her.

Pale, tremulous, and strangely wrought up, she sat in a box in the second tier in the Academy of Music on the Commencement day, when Baruch was to pronounce his valedictory. Dr. Vollmann, who was occupying the seat next to her, watched her face with a smile of quiet triumph. It was he, no less than Baruch, who was to-day celebrating a great victory. A young collegian in cap and gown came on the stage, bowed to the president and trustees, and proceeded to salute them in Greek hexameters. Then there was music from an orchestra of horns and stringed instruments, whereupon there were more speeches, in prose and verse. Rachel sat as in a blissful trance, seeing and hearing but vaguely what was going on about her, but realizing at last, with a burning and throbbing intensity, that the great dream of her life was on the eve of fulfilment. It was for this she had lived; it was her will alone—her indomitable purpose, in the face of discouragement, persecution, and suffering — which had kindled this ideal in her son's soul, though it was not she who had helped him to realize it. She remembered with profound emotion Baruch's words in her moment of despair, when the God of her fathers seemed to have withdrawn His hand from her: "He will make us glad according to the days wherein He has afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil."

The venerable president of the university arose and called out the name of Baruch Memlinger. There came a burst of applause from the students. Rachel

leaned eagerly forward, with eyes aflame and a deep glow in her cheeks. Where was he? What became of him? Slowly Baruch disentangled himself from the crowd of his classmates and mounted the stage. He was tall and straight, and even the most prejudiced could not deny that he was handsome. There was something open and candid in his face which was very attractive, and in his eyes a noble resolution and courage which Jews rarely acquire outside of the United States of America. "The very image of his mother," thought Dr. Vollmann, as he gazed with a glow of pride at his pupil.

As Baruch mounted the stage, arrayed in cap and gown, another burst of applause greeted him; and after having saluted the president, he began to recite his Latin valedictory poem. To Rachel, though she did not understand a word, it was beautiful, ravishing, glorious. It sounded in her ears like the sweetest music. Her eyes were bent upon the stage, and her half-open lips seemed eagerly to inhale every syllable. How his strong, clear voice rolled away with a fine manly ring! It was the speech, the thought, the look of the gentleman, the man of culture — the free, strong, wide-visioned man, who has in him the growth that will enable him to reach in time the full stature of manhood. God had hearkened to her prayer. She had not lived in vain.

All was blurred to Rachel's vision, and a luminous mist seemed to pervade the air about her. She felt faint and strangely tremulous. She heard a voice in her ears, and turned about as in a dream. There stood two men before her. Baruch in his academic gown, pressing and kissing her hand, and at his side stood a small, flashily dressed man with huge seals on his watch-chain. He was holding his head on one side, and smiling at her out of a pair of shrewd, alert eyes, which seemed singularly familiar.

"Mother," she heard him say — "mother, I really believe you don't know me. I'm a broker now, in Chicago. Lots of chink! You shall have an easy time now, mother."

"David! my David!" she cried, and stretched out her hands. But the hands fell limp at her sides. A deathly pallor overspread her face. Her heart had ceased to beat. She had died of joy.

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

BY THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE attitude of the United States and Great Britain, as they faced each other in the Western wilderness at the beginning of the year 1791, was one of scarcely veiled hostility. The British held the lake posts at Detroit, Mackinaw, and Niagara, and more or less actively supported the Indians in their efforts to bar the Americans from the Northwest. Nominally they held the posts because the Americans had themselves left unfulfilled some of the conditions of the treaty of peace; but this was felt not to be the real reason, and the Americans loudly protested that their conduct was due to sheer hatred of the young republic. The explanation was simpler. The British had no far-reaching design to prevent the spread and growth of the English-speaking people on the American continent. They cared nothing, one way or the other, for that spread and growth, and it is unlikely that they wasted a moment's thought on the ultimate future of the race. All that they desired was to preserve the very valuable fur trade of the region round the Great Lakes for their own benefit. They were acting from the motives of self-interest that usually control nations; and it never entered their heads to balance against these immediate interests the future of a nation many of whose members were to them mere foreigners.

The majority of the Americans on their side were exceedingly loath to enter into aggressive war with the Indians, but were reluctantly forced into the contest by the necessity of supporting the backwoodsmen. The frontier was pushed westward not because the leading statesmen of America or the bulk of the American people foresaw the continental greatness of this country or strove for such greatness, but because the bordermen of the West and the adventurous land-speculators of the East were personally interested

in acquiring new territory, and because, against their will, the governmental representatives of the nation were finally forced to make the interests of the Westerners their own. The people of the seaboard, the leaders of opinion in the coast towns and old-settled districts, were inclined to look eastward rather than westward. They were interested in the quarrels of the Old World nations; they were immediately concerned in the rights of the fisheries they jealously shared with England, or the trade they sought to secure with Spain. They did not covet the Indian lands. They had never heard of the Rocky Mountains—nobody had as yet; they cared as little for the Missouri as for the Congo, and they thought of the Pacific slope as a savage country, only to be reached by an ocean voyage longer than the voyage to India. They believed that they were entitled, under the treaty, to the country between the Alleghanies and the Great Lakes; but they were quite content to see the Indians remain in actual occupancy, and they had no desire to spend men and money in driving them out. Yet they were even less disposed to proceed to extremities against their own people, who in very fact were driving out the Indians; and this was the only alternative, for in the end they had to side with one or the other set of combatants.

The governmental authorities of the newly created republic shared these feelings. They felt no hunger for the Indian lands; they felt no desire to stretch their boundaries, and thereby add to their already heavy burdens and responsibilities. They wished to do strict justice to the Indians; the treaties they held with them were carried on with scrupulous fairness, and were honorably lived up to by the United States officials. They strove to keep peace, and made many efforts to persuade the frontiersmen to observe the Indian boundary lines, and not to intrude on the territory in dispute; and they were quite unable to foresee the rapidity of the nation's westward growth. Like the people of the Eastern seaboard, the men high in governmental authority were apt to look upon the frontiersmen with feelings dangerously kin to dislike and suspicion. Nor were these feelings wholly unjustifiable. The men who settle in a new country and begin subduing the wilderness plunge back into the very conditions from which the race has raised itself by the slow toil of ages. The conditions cannot but tell upon them. Inevitably, and for more than one lifetime —perhaps for several generations—they tend to retrograde, instead of advancing. They drop away from the standard which highly civilized nations have reached. As with harsh and dangerous labor they bring the new land up towards the level of the old, they themselves partly revert to their ancestral conditions; they sink back towards the state of their ages-dead barbarian forefathers. Few observers can see beyond this temporary retrogression into the future for which it is a preparation. There is small cause for wonder in the fact that so many of the leaders of Eastern thought looked with coldness upon the effort of the Westerners to push north of the Ohio.

Yet it was these Western frontiersmen who were the real and vital factors in the solution of the problems which so annoyed the British monarchy and the American republic. They eagerly craved the Indian lands; they would not be denied entrance to the thinly peopled territory, wherein they intended to make homes for themselves and their children. Rough, masterful, lawless, they were neither daunted by the prowess of the red warriors whose wrath they braved, nor awed by the displeasure of the government whose solemn engagements they violated. The enormous extent of the frontier dividing the white settler from the savage, and the tangled inaccessibility of the country in which it everywhere lay, rendered it as difficult for the national authorities to control the frontiersmen as it was to chastise the Indians.

If the separation of interests between the thickly settled East and the sparsely settled West had been complete, it may be that the East would have refused outright to support the West, in which case the advance would have been very slow and halting. But the separation was not complete. The frontiersmen were numerically important in some of the States, as in Virginia, Georgia, and even Pennsylvania and New York, and under a democratic system of government this meant that these States were more or less responsive to their demands. It was greatly to the interest of the frontiersmen that their demands should be gratified, while other citizens had no very concrete concern in the matter one way

or the other. In addition to this, and even more important, was the fact that there were large classes of the population everywhere who felt much sense of identity with the frontiersmen, and sympathized with them. The fathers or grandfathers of these people had themselves been frontiersmen, and they were still under the influences of the traditions which told of a constant march westward through the vast forests, and a no less constant warfare with a hostile savagery. Moreover, in many of the communities there were people whose kinsmen or friends had gone to the border, and the welfare of these adventurers was a matter of more or less interest to those who had staid behind. Finally, and most important of all, though the nation might be lukewarm originally, and might wish to prevent the settlers from trespassing on the Indian lands or entering into an Indian war, yet when the war had become of real moment, and when victory was doubtful, the national power was sure to be used in favor of the hard-pressed pioneers. At first the authorities at the national capital would blame the whites, and try to temporize and make new treaties, or even threaten to drive back the settlers with a strong hand; but when the ravages of the Indians had become serious, when the bloody details were sent to homes in every part of the Union by letter after letter from the border, when the little newspapers began to publish accounts of the worst atrocities, when the county lieutenants of the frontier counties were clamoring for help, when the Congressmen from the frontier districts were appealing to Congress, and the Governors of the States whose frontiers were molested were appealing to the President —then the feeling of race and national kinship rose, and the government no longer hesitated to support in every way the hard-pressed wilderness vanguard of the American people.

The situation had reached this point by the year 1791. For seven years the Federal authorities had been vainly endeavoring to make some final settlement of the question by entering into treaties with the Northwestern and Southwestern tribes. In the earlier treaties the delegates from the Continental Congress asserted that the United States were invested with the fee of all the land claimed by the Indians. In the later treaties the Indian proprietorship of the lands was conceded. This concession at the time seemed important to the whites; but the Indians probably never understood that there had been any change of attitude; nor did it make any practical difference, for, whatever the theory might be, the lands had eventually to be won, partly by whipping the savages in fight, partly by making it better worth their while to remain at peace than to go to war.

The Federal officials under whose authority these treaties were made had no idea of the complexity of the problem. In 1789 the Secretary of War, the New-Englander Knox, solemnly reported to the President that if the treaties were only observed and the Indians conciliated, they would become attached to the United States, and the expense of managing them for the next half-century would be only some fifteen thousand dollars a year. He probably represented not unfairly the ordinary Eastern view of the matter. He had not the slightest conception of the rate at which the settlements were increasing. Though he expected that tracts of Indian territory would from time to time be acquired, he made no allowance for a growth so rapid that within the half-century a dozen populous States were to stand within the Indian-owned wilderness of his day. He utterly failed to grasp the central feature of the situation, which was that the settlers needed the land, and were bound to have it within a few years, and that the Indians would not give it up, under no matter what treaty, without an appeal to arms.

As a matter of fact the red men were as little disposed as the white to accept a peace on any terms that were possible. The Secretary of War, who knew nothing of Indians by actual contact, wrote that it would be indeed pleasing "to a philosophic mind to reflect that, instead of exterminating a part of the human race by our modes of population .... we had imparted our knowledge of cultivation and the arts to the aboriginals of the country," thus preserving and civilizing them; and the public men who represented districts remote from the frontier shared these views of large though vague beneficence. But neither the white frontiersmen nor their red antagonists possessed "philosophic minds." They represented two stages of progress, ages apart, and it would have needed many

centuries to bring the lower to the level of the higher. Both sides recognized the fact that their interests were incompatible, and that the question of their clashing rights had to be settled by the strong hand.

In the Northwest matters culminated sooner than in the Southwest. The Georgians and the settlers along the Tennessee and Cumberland were harassed rather than seriously menaced by the Creek war parties; but in the North the more dangerous Indians of the Miami, the Wabash, and the lakes gathered in bodies so large as fairly to deserve the name of armies. Moreover, the pressure of the white advance was far heavier in the North. The pioneers who settled in the Ohio basin were many times as numerous as those who settled on the lands west of the Oconee or north of the Cumberland, and were fed from States much more populous. The advance was stronger, the resistance more desperate; naturally the open break occurred where the strain was most intense.

There was fierce border warfare in the South. In the North there were regular campaigns, and pitched battles were fought between Federal armies as large as those commanded by Washington at Trenton or Greene at Eutaw Springs, and bodies of Indian warriors more numerous than had ever yet appeared on any single field.

The newly created government of the United States was very reluctant to make formal war on the Northwestern Indians. Not only were President Washington and the national Congress honorably desirous of peace, but they were hampered for funds, and dreaded any extra expense. Nevertheless, they were forced into war. Throughout the years 1789 and 1790 an increasing volume of appeals for help came from the frontier countries. The Governor of the Northwestern Territory, the Brigadier-General of the troops on the Ohio, the members of the Kentucky Convention, all the county lieutenants of Kentucky, the lieutenants of the frontier counties of Virginia proper, the representatives from the counties, the field-officers of the different districts, the General Assembly of Virginia—all sent bitter complaints and long catalogues of injuries to the President, the Secretary of War, and the two Houses of Congress—complaints which were redoubled after Harmar's failure. With heavy hearts the national authorities prepared for war.

Their decision was justified by the redoubled fury of the Indian raids during the early part of 1791. Among others, the settlements near Marietta were attacked, a day or two after the new year began, in bitter winter weather. A dozen persons, including a woman and two children, were killed, and five men were taken prisoners. The New England settlers, though brave and hardy, were unused to Indian warfare. They were taken by surprise, and made no effective resistance; the only Indian hurt was wounded with a hatchet by the wife of a frontier hunter. There were some twenty-five Indians in the attacking party; they were Wyandots and Delawares, who had been mixing on friendly terms with the settlers throughout the preceding summer, and so knew how best to deliver the assault. The settlers had not only treated these Indians with much kindness, but had never wronged any of the red race, and had been lulled into a foolish feeling of security by the apparent good-will of the treacherous foes. The assault was made in the twilight on the 2d of January, the Indians crossing the frozen Muskingum, and stealthily approaching a block-house and two or three cabins. The inmates were frying meat for supper, and did not suspect harm, offering food to the Indians; but the latter, once they were within-doors, dropped the garb of friendliness, and shot or tomahawked all save a couple of men who escaped, and the five who were made prisoners. The captives were all taken to the Miami or Detroit, and, as usual, were treated with much kindness and humanity by the British officers and traders with whom they came in contact. McKee, the British Indian agent, who was always ready to incite the savages to war against the Americans as a nation, but who was quite as ready to treat them kindly as individuals, ransomed one prisoner; the latter went to his Massachusetts home to raise the amount of his ransom, and returned to Detroit to refund it to his generous rescuer. Another prisoner was ransomed by a Detroit trader, and worked out his ransom in Detroit itself. Yet another was redeemed from captivity by the famous Iroquois chief Brant, who was ever a terrible and implacable foe, but a great-hearted and kindly victor. The fourth

prisoner died, while the Indians took so great a liking to the fifth that they would not let him go, but adopted him into the tribe, made him dress as they did, and in a spirit of pure friendliness pierced his ears and nose. After Wayne's treaty he was released, and returned to Marietta to work at his trade as a stone-mason, his bored nose and slit ears serving as mementos of his captivity.

The squalid little town of Cincinnati also suffered from the Indian war parties in the spring of this year, several of the townsmen being killed by the savages, who grew so bold that they lurked through the streets at nights, and lay in ambush in the gardens where the garrison of Fort Washington raised their vegetables. One of the Indian attacks, made upon a little palisaded "station" which had been founded by a man named Dunlop, some seventeen miles from Cincinnati, was noteworthy because of an act of not uncommon cruelty by the Indians. In the station there were some regulars. Aided by the settlers, they beat back their foes; whereupon the enraged savages brought one of their prisoners within ear-shot of the walls and tortured him to death. The torture began at midnight, and the screams of the wretched victim were heard until daylight.

Until this year the war was not general. One of the most bewildering problems to be solved by the Federal officers on the Ohio was to find out which tribes were friendly and which hostile. Many of the inveterate enemies of the Americans were as forward in professions of friendship as the peaceful Indians, and were just as apt to be found at the treaties, or lounging about the settlements; and this widespread treachery and deceit made the task of the army officers puzzling to a degree. As for the frontiersmen, who had no means whatever of telling a hostile from a friendly tribe, they followed their usual custom, and lumped all the Indians, good and bad, together, for which they could hardly be blamed. Even St. Clair, who had small sympathy with the backwoodsmen, acknowledged that they could not and ought not to submit patiently to the cruelties and depredations of the savages: "they are in the habit of retaliation, perhaps without attending precisely to the nations from which the injuries are received." A long course of such aggressions and retaliations resulted, by the year 1791, in all the Northwestern Indians going on the war-path. The hostile tribes had murdered and plundered the frontiersmen; the vengeance of the latter, as often as not, had fallen on friendly tribes; and these justly angered friendly tribes usually signalized their taking the red hatchet by some act of treacherous hostility directed against settlers who had not molested them.

In the late winter of 1791 the hitherto friendly Delawares, who hunted or traded along the western frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia proper, took this manner of showing that they had joined the open foes of the Americans. A big band of warriors spread up and down the Alleghany for about forty miles, and on the 9th of February attacked all the outlying settlements. The Indians who delivered this attack had long been on intimate terms with the Alleghany settlers, who were accustomed to see them in and about their houses; and as the savages acted with seeming friendship to the last moment, they were able to take the settlers completely unawares, so that no effective resistance was made. Some settlers were killed and some captured. Among the captives was a lad named John Brickell, who, though at first maltreated, and forced to run the gauntlet, was afterwards adopted into the tribe, and was not released until after Wayne's victory. After his adoption he was treated with the utmost kindness, and conceived a great liking for his captors, admiring their many good qualities, especially their courage and their kindness to their children. Long afterwards he wrote down his experiences, which possess a certain value as giving from the Indian stand-point an account of some of the incidents of the forest warfare of the day.

The warriors who had engaged in this raid on their former friends, the settlers along the Alleghany, retreated two or three days' journey into the wilderness to an appointed place, where they found their families. One of the Girtys was with the Indians. No sooner had the last of the warriors come in, with their scalps and prisoners, including the boy Brickell, than ten of their number deliberately started back to Pittsburg, to pass themselves as friendly Indians, and trade. In a fortnight they returned, laden with goods of various kinds, including whiskey. Some of the inhabitants, sore from dis-

aster, suspected that these Indians were only masquerading as friendly, and prepared to attack them; but one of the citizens warned them of their danger, and they escaped. Their effrontery was as remarkable as their treachery and duplicity. They had suddenly attacked and massacred settlers by whom they had never been harmed, and with whom they preserved an appearance of entire friendship up to the very moment of the assault. Then, their hands red with the blood of their murdered friends, they came boldly into Pittsburg, among the near neighbors of these same murdered men, and staid there several days to trade, pretending to be peaceful allies of the whites. With savages so treacherous and so ferocious it was a mere impossibility for the borderers to distinguish the hostile from the friendly, as they hit out blindly to revenge the blows that fell upon them from unknown hands. Brutal though the frontiersmen often were, they never employed the systematic and deliberate bad faith which was a favorite weapon with even the best of the red tribes.

The people who were out of reach of the Indian tomahawk, and especially the Federal officers, were often unduly severe in judging the borderers for their deeds of retaliation. Brickell's narrative shows that the parties of seemingly friendly Indians who came in to trade were sometimes —and, indeed, in this year 1791 it is probable they were generally — composed of Indians who were engaged in active hostilities against the settlers, and who were always watching for a chance to murder and plunder. On March 9th, a month after the Delawares had begun their attacks, the grim backwoods Captain Brady, with some of his Virginian rangers, fell on a party of them who had come to a block-house to trade, and killed four. The Indians asserted that they were friendly, and both the Federal Secretary of War and the Governor of Pennsylvania denounced the deed and threatened the offenders; but the frontiersmen stood by them. Soon afterwards a delegation of chiefs from the Seneca tribe of the Iroquois arrived at Fort Pitt and sent a message to the President complaining of the murder of these alleged friendly Indians. On the very day these Seneca chiefs started on their journey home another Delaware war party killed nine settlers, men, women, and children, within twenty miles of Fort Pitt, which so enraged the people of the neighborhood that the lives of the Senecas were jeopardized. The United States authorities were particularly anxious to keep at peace with the Six Nations, and made repeated efforts to treat with them; but the Six Nations stood sullenly aloof, afraid to enter openly into the struggle, and yet reluctant to make a firm peace or cede any of their lands.

The intimate relations between the Indians and the British at the lake posts continued to perplex and anger the Americans. While the frontiers were being mercilessly ravaged, the same Indians who were committing the ravages met in council with the British agent, Alexander McKee, at the Miami Rapids, the council being held in this neighborhood for the special benefit of the very towns which were most hostile to the Americans, and which had been partially destroyed by Harmar the preceding fall. The Indian war was at its height, and the murderous forays never ceased throughout the spring and summer. McKee came to Miami in April, and was forced to wait nearly three months, because of the absence of the Indian war party, before the principal chiefs and head men gathered to meet him. At last, on July 1st, they were all assembled; not only the Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Pottawattamies, and others who had openly taken the hatchet against the Americans, but also representatives of the Six Nations, and tribes of savages from lands so remote that they carried no guns, but warred with bows, spears, and tomahawks, and were clad in buffalo-robes instead of blankets. McKee in his speech to them did not incite them to war. On the contrary, he advised them, in guarded language, to make peace with the United States, but only upon terms consistent with their "honor and interest." He assured them that, whatever they did, he wished to know what they desired, and that the sole purpose of the British was to promote the welfare of the confederated Indians. Such very cautious advice was not of a kind to promote peace; and the goods furnished the savages at the council included not only cattle, corn, and tobacco, but also quantities of powder and balls.

The chief interest of the British was to preserve the fur trade for their merchants, and it was mainly for this reason that they clung so tenaciously to the lake

posts. For their purposes it was essential that the Indians should remain lords of the soil. They preferred to see the savages at peace with the Americans, provided that in this way they could keep their lands; but, whether through peace or war, they wished the lands to remain Indian, and the Americans to be barred from them. While they did not at the moment advise war, their advice to make peace was so faintly uttered and so hedged round with conditions as to be of no weight, and they furnished the Indians not only with provisions, but with munitions of war. While McKee and other British officers were at the Miami Rapids, holding councils with the Indians and issuing to them goods and weapons, bands of braves were continually returning from forays against the American frontier, bringing in scalps and prisoners; and the wilder subjects of the British King, like the Girtys, and some of the French from Detroit, went off with the war parties on their forays. The authorities at the capital of the new republic were deceived by the warmth with which the British insisted that they were striving to bring about a peace; but the frontiersmen were not deceived, and they were right in their belief that the British were really the mainstay and support of the Indians in their warfare.

Peace could only be won by the unsheathed sword. Even the national government was reluctantly driven to this view. As all the Northwestern tribes were banded in open war, it was useless to let the conflict remain a succession of raids and counter-raids. Only a severe stroke delivered by a formidable army could cow the tribes. It was hopeless to try to deliver such a crippling blow with militia alone, and it was very difficult for the infant government to find enough money or men to equip an army composed exclusively of regulars. Accordingly preparations were made for a campaign with a mixed force of regulars, special levies, and militia; and St. Clair, already Governor of the Northwestern Territory, was put in command of the army as Major-General.

Before the army was ready the Federal government was obliged to take other measures for the defence of the border. Small bodies of rangers were raised from among the frontier militia, being paid at the usual rate for soldiers in the army—a net sum of about two dollars a month while in service. In addition, on the repeated and urgent request of the frontiersmen, a few of the most active hunters and best woodsmen, men like Brady, were enlisted as scouts, being paid six or eight times the ordinary rate. These men, because of their skill in woodcraft and their thorough knowledge of Indian fighting, were beyond comparison more valuable than ordinary militia or regulars, and were prized very highly by the frontiersmen.

Besides thus organizing the local militia for defence, the President authorized the Kentuckians to undertake two offensive expeditions against the Wabash Indians, so as to prevent them from giving aid to the Miami tribes, whom St. Clair was to attack. Both expeditions were carried on by bands of mounted volunteers, such as had followed Clark on his various raids. The first was commanded by Brigadier-General Charles Scott; Colonel John Hardin led his advance-guard, and Wilkinson was second in command. Towards the end of May, Scott crossed the Ohio at the head of eight hundred horse-riflemen, and marched rapidly and secretly towards the Wabash towns. A mounted Indian discovered the advance of the Americans, and gave the alarm, and so most of the Indians escaped just as the Kentucky riders fell on the towns. But little resistance was offered by the surprised and outnumbered savages. Only five Americans were wounded, while of the Indians thirty-two were slain, as they fought or fled, and forty-one prisoners, chiefly women and children, were brought in, either by Scott himself, or by his detachments under Hardin and Wilkinson. Several towns were destroyed, and the growing corn cut down. There were not a few French living in the towns, in well-finished log houses, which were burned with the wigwams. The second expedition was under the command of Wilkinson, and consisted of over five hundred men. He marched in August, and repeated Scott's feat, again burning down two or three towns, and destroying the goods and the crops. He lost three or four men killed or wounded, but killed ten Indians and captured some thirty. In both expeditions the volunteers behaved well, and committed no barbarous act, except that in the confusion of the actual onslaught a few

non-combatants were slain. The Wabash Indians were cowed and disheartened by their punishment, and in consequence gave no aid to the Miami tribes; but beyond this the raids accomplished nothing, and brought no nearer the wished-for time of peace.

Meanwhile St. Clair was striving vainly to hasten the preparations for his own far more formidable task. There was much delay in forwarding him the men and the provisions and munitions. Congress hesitated and debated; the Secretary of War, hampered by a newly created office and insufficient means, did not show to advantage in organizing the campaign, and was slow in carrying out his plans, while there was positive dereliction of duty on the part of the quartermaster, and the contractors proved both corrupt and inefficient. The army was often on short commons, lacking alike food for the men and fodder for the horses; the powder was poor, the axes useless, the tents and clothing nearly worthless, while the delays were so extraordinary that the troops did not make the final move from Fort Washington until mid-September.

St. Clair himself was broken in health; he was a sick, weak, elderly man, high-minded, and zealous to do his duty, but totally unfit for the terrible responsibilities of such an expedition against such foes. The troops were of wretched stuff. There were two small regiments of regular infantry, the rest of the army being composed of six months levies and of militia ordered out for this particular campaign. The pay was contemptible. Each private was given three dollars a month, from which ninety cents were deducted, leaving a net payment of two dollars and ten cents a month. Sergeants netted three dollars and sixty cents, while the lieutenants received twenty-two, the captains thirty, and the colonels sixty dollars. The mean parsimony of the nation in paying such low wages to men about to be sent on duties at once very arduous and very dangerous met its fit and natural reward. Men of good bodily powers and in the prime of life, and especially men able to do the rough work of frontier farmers, could not be hired to fight Indians in unknown forests for two dollars a month. Most of the recruits were from the streets and prisons of the seaboard cities. They were hurried into a campaign against peculiarly formidable foes before they had acquired the rudiments of a soldier's training, and of course they never even understood what woodcraft meant. The officers were men of courage, as in the end most of them showed by dying bravely on the field of battle, but they were utterly untrained themselves, and had no time in which to train their men. Under such conditions it did not need keen vision to foretell disaster. Harmar had learned a bitter lesson the preceding year; he knew well what Indians could do and what raw troops could not, and he insisted with emphasis that the only possible outcome to St. Clair's expedition was defeat.

As the raw troops straggled to Pittsburg they were shipped down the Ohio to Fort Washington; and St. Clair made the headquarters of his army at a new fort some twenty-five miles northward, which he christened Fort Hamilton. During September the army slowly assembled—two small regiments of regulars, two of six months levies, a number of Kentucky militia, a few cavalry, and a couple of small batteries of light guns. After wearisome delays, due mainly to the utter inefficiency of the quartermaster and contractor, the start for the Indian towns was made on October the 4th.

The army trudged slowly through the deep woods and across the wet prairies, cutting out its own road, and making but five or six miles a day. On October 13th a halt was made to build another little fort, christened in honor of Jefferson. There were further delays, caused by the wretched management of the commissariat department, and the march was not resumed until the 24th, the numerous sick being left in Fort Jefferson. Then the army once more stumbled northward through the wilderness. The regulars, though mostly raw recruits, had been reduced to some kind of discipline, but the six months levies were almost worse than the militia. Owing to the long delays, and to the fact that they had been enlisted at various times, their terms of service were expiring day by day, and they wished to go home, and tried to, while the militia deserted in squads and bands. Those that remained were very disorderly. Two who attempted to desert were hanged, and another, who shot a comrade, was hanged also; but even this severity in punishment failed to stop the demoralization.



"A MOUNTED INDIAN DISCOVERED THE ADVANCE OF THE AMERICANS."

With such soldiers there would have been grave risk of disaster under any commander, but St. Clair's leadership made the risk a certainty. There was Indian sign, old and new, all through the woods, and the scouts and stragglers occasionally interchanged shots with small parties of braves, and now and then lost a man killed or captured. It was therefore certain that the savages knew every movement of the army, which, as it slowly neared the Miami towns, was putting itself within easy striking range of the most formidable Indian confederacy in the Northwest. The density of the forest was such that only the utmost watchfulness could prevent the foe from approaching within arm's-length unperceived. It behooved St. Clair to be on his guard, and he had been warned by Washington, who had never forgotten the scenes of Braddock's defeat, of the danger of a surprise. But St. Clair was broken down by the worry and by continued sickness; time and again it was doubtful whether he could do so much as stay with the army. The second in command, Major-General Richard Butler, was also sick most of the time, and, like St. Clair, he possessed none of the qualities of leadership save courage. The whole burden fell on the Adjutant-General, Colonel Winthrop Sargent, an old Revolutionary officer; without him the expedition would probably have failed in ignominy even before the Indians were reached; and he showed not only cool courage, but ability of a good order; yet in the actual arrangements for battle he was of course unable to remedy the blunders of his superiors.

St. Clair should have covered his front and flanks for miles around with scouting parties; but he rarely sent any out, and, thanks to letting the management of those that did go devolve on his subordi-

nates, and to not having their reports made to him in person, he derived no benefit from what they saw. He had twenty Chickasaws with him, but he sent these off on an extended trip, lost touch of them entirely, and never saw them again until after the battle. He did not seem to realize that he was himself in danger of attack. When some fifty miles or so from the Miami towns, on the last day of October, sixty of the militia deserted; and he actually sent back after them one of his two regular regiments, thus weakening by one-half the only trustworthy portion of his force.

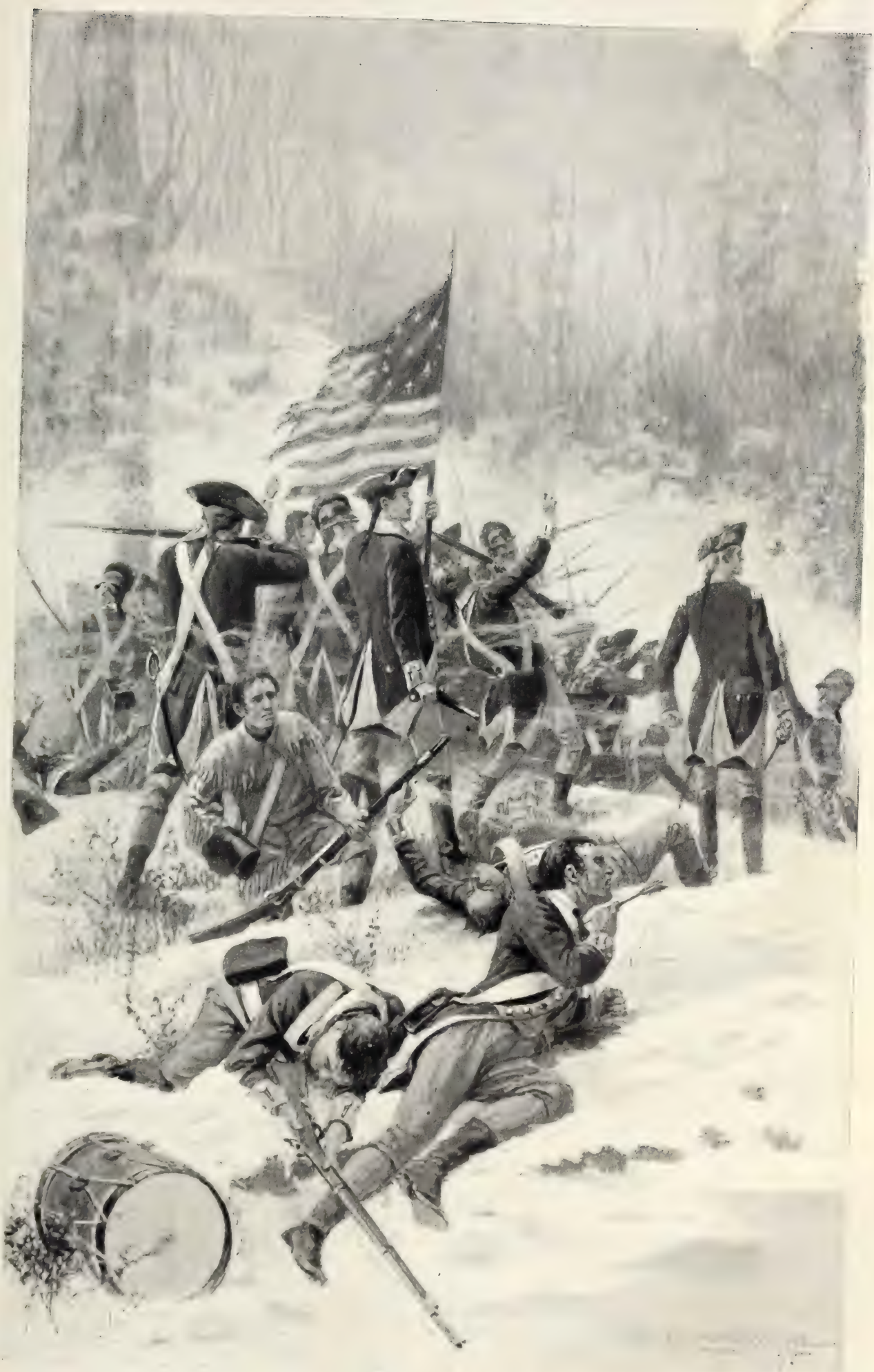
On November 3d the doomed army, now reduced to a total of about fourteen hundred men, camped on the eastern fork of the Wabash, high up, where it was but twenty yards wide. There was snow on the ground, and the little pools were skimmed with ice. The camp was on a narrow rise of ground, where the troops were cramped together, the artillery and most of the horse in the middle. On both flanks and along most of the rear the ground was low and wet. All about the wintry woods lay in frozen silence. In front the militia were thrown across the creek, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the rest of the troops. Parties of Indians were seen during the afternoon, and they skulked around the lines at night, so that the sentinels frequently fired at them; yet neither St. Clair nor Butler took any adequate measures to ward off the impending blow. It is improbable that, as things actually were at this time, they could have won a victory over their terrible foes, but they might have avoided overwhelming disaster.

On November 4th the men were under arms, as usual, by dawn, St. Clair intending to throw up intrenchments and then make a forced march in light order against the Indian towns. But he was forestalled. Soon after sunrise, just as the men were dismissed from parade, a sudden assault was made upon the militia, who lay unprotected beyond the creek. The unexpectedness and fury of the onset, the heavy firing, and the wild whoops and yells of the throngs of painted savages threw the militia into disorder. After a few moments' resistance they broke and fled in wild panic to the camp of the regulars, among whom they drove in a frightened herd, spreading dismay and confusion.

The drums beat, and the troops sprang to arms as soon as they heard the heavy firing at the front, and their volleys for a moment checked the onrush of the plumed woodland warriors. But the check availed nothing. The braves filed off to one side and the other, completely surrounded the camp, killed or drove in the guards and pickets, and then advanced close to the main lines.

A furious battle followed. After the first onset the Indians fought in silence, no sound coming from them save the incessant rattle of their fire as they crept from log to log, from tree to tree, ever closer and closer. The soldiers stood in close order in the open; their musketry and artillery fire made a tremendous noise, but did little damage to a foe they could hardly see. Now and then, through the hanging smoke, terrible figures flitted, painted black and red, the feathers of hawk and eagle braided in their long scalp locks; but, save for these glimpses, the soldiers knew the presence of their sombre enemy only from the fearful rapidity with which their comrades fell dead and wounded in the ranks. They never even knew the numbers or leaders of the Indians. At the time it was supposed that they outnumbered the whites; but it is probable that the reverse was the case, and it may even be that they were not more than half as numerous. It is said that the chief who led them, both in council and battle, was Little Turtle the Miami. At any rate there were present all the chiefs and picked warriors of the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, and Miamies, and all the most reckless and adventurous young braves from among the Iroquois and the Indians of the upper lakes, as well as many of the ferocious whites and half-breeds who dwelt in the Indian villages.

The Indians fought with the utmost boldness and ferocity, and with the utmost skill and caution. Under cover of the smoke of the heavy but harmless fire from the army they came up so close that they shot the troops down as hunters slaughter a herd of standing buffalo. Watching their chance, they charged again and again with the tomahawk, gliding in to close quarters, while their bewildered foes were still blindly firing into the smoke-shrouded woods. The men saw no enemy as they stood in the ranks to load and shoot; in a moment,



"THE MEN SAW NO ENEMY AS THEY STOOD IN THE RANKS."

without warning, dark faces frowned through the haze, the war-axes gleamed, and on the frozen ground the weapons clattered as the soldiers fell. As the comrades of the fallen sprang forward to avenge them, the lithe warriors vanished as rapidly as they had appeared, and once more the soldiers saw before them only the dim forests and the shifting smoke wreaths, with vague half-glimpses of the hidden foe, while the steady singing of the Indian bullets never ceased, and on every hand the bravest and steadiest fell, one by one.

At first the army, as a whole, fought firmly; indeed, there was no choice, for it was ringed by a wall of flame. The officers behaved very well, cheering and encouraging their men, but they were the special targets of the Indians, and fell rapidly. St. Clair and Butler, by their cool fearlessness in the hour of extreme peril, made some amends for their shortcomings as commanders. They walked up and down the lines from flank to flank, passing and repassing one another; for the two lines of battle were facing outward, and each general was busy trying to keep his wing from falling back. St. Clair's clothes were pierced by eight bullets, but he was himself untouched. He wore a blanket coat with a hood; he had a long queue, and his thick gray hair flowed from under his three-cornered hat; a lock of his hair was carried off by a bullet. Several times he headed the charges, sword in hand. General Butler had his arm broken early in the fight, but he continued to walk to and fro along the line, his coat off, and the wounded arm in a sling. Another bullet struck him in the side, inflicting a mortal wound, and he was carried to the middle of the camp, where he sat propped up by knapsacks. Men and horses were falling around him at every moment. St. Clair sent an aide, Lieutenant Ebenezer Denny, to ask how he was; he displayed no anxiety, and answered that he felt well. While speaking, a young cadet, who stood near by, was hit on the knee-cap by a spent ball, and at the shock cried aloud, whereat the general laughed so that his wounded side shook. The aide left him, and there is no further certain record of his fate, except that he was slain; but it is said that in one of the Indian rushes a warrior bounded towards him and sunk the tomahawk in his brain before any one could interfere.

Instead of being awed by the bellowing artillery, the Indians made the gunner a special object of attack. Man after man was picked off, until every officer was killed but one, who was wounded, and most of the privates also were slain or disabled. The artillery was thus almost silenced; and the Indians, emboldened by success, swarmed forward and seized the guns, while at the same time a part of the left wing of the army began to shrink back. But the Indians were now on comparatively open ground, where the regulars could see them and get at them, and under St. Clair's own leadership the troops rushed fiercely at the savages with fixed bayonets, and drove them back to cover. By this time the confusion and disorder were great, while from every hollow and grass-patch, from behind every stump and tree and fallen log, the Indians continued their fire. Again and again the officers led forward the troops in bayonet charges, and at first the men followed them with a will. Each charge seemed for a moment to be successful, the Indians rising in swarms and running in headlong flight from the bayonets. In one of the earliest, in which Colonel Darke led his battalion, the Indians were driven several hundred yards across the branch of the Wabash; but when the colonel halted and rallied his men he found that the savages had closed in behind him, and he had to fight his way back, while the foe he had been driving at once turned and harassed his rear. He was himself wounded, and lost most of his command. On re-entering camp he found the Indians again in possession of the artillery and baggage, from which they were again driven; they had already scalped the slain who lay about the guns. Major Thomas Butler had his thigh broken by a bullet, but he continued on horseback in command of his battalion until the end of the fight, and led his men in one of the momentarily successful bayonet charges. The only regular regiment present lost every officer, killed or wounded. The commander of the Kentucky militia, Colonel Oldham, was killed early in the action, while trying to rally his men.

The charging troops could accomplish nothing permanent. The men were too clumsy and ill trained in forest warfare to overtake their fleet, half-naked antag-

onists. The latter never received the shock; but though they fled, they were nothing daunted, for they turned the instant the battalion did, and followed firing. They skipped out of reach of the bayonets and came back as they pleased, and they were only visible when raised by a charge.

Among the pack-horse men were some who were accustomed to the use of the rifle and to life in the woods, and these fought well. One named Benjamin Van Cleve kept a journal, in which he described what he saw of the fight. He had no gun, but five minutes after the firing began he saw a soldier near him with his arm swinging useless, and he borrowed the wounded man's musket and cartridges. The smoke had settled to within three feet of the ground, so he knelt, covering himself behind a tree, and only fired when he saw an Indian's head, or noticed one running from cover to cover. He fired away all his ammunition, and the bands of his musket flew off; he picked up another just as two levy officers ordered a charge, and followed the charging party at a run. By this time the battalions were broken, and only some thirty men followed the officers. The Indians fled before the bayonets, until they reached a ravine filled with down timber, whereupon they halted behind the impenetrable tangle of fallen logs.



"AGAIN AND AGAIN THE OFFICERS LED FORWARD THE TROOPS."

The soldiers also halted, and were speedily swept away by the fire of the Indians, whom they could not reach; but Van Cleve, showing his skill as a woodsman, covered himself behind a small tree, and gave back shot for shot, until all his ammunition was gone. Before this happened his less skilful companions had been slain or driven off, and he ran at full speed back to camp. Here he found the artillery had been taken and retaken again and again. Stricken men lay in heaps everywhere, and the charging troops were once more driving the Ind-

ians across the creek in front of the camp. Van Cleve noticed that the dead officers and soldiers who were lying about the guns had all been scalped, and that "the Indians had not been in a hurry, for their hair was all skinned off." Another of the packers who took part in the fight, one Thomas Irwin, was struck with the spectacle offered by the slaughtered artillerymen, and with grewsome homeliness compared the reeking heads to pumpkins in a December corn-field.

As the officers fell, the soldiers, who at first stood up bravely enough, gradually grew disheartened. No words can paint the hopelessness and horror of such a struggle as that in which they were engaged. They were hemmed in by foes who showed no mercy, and whose blows they could in no way return. If they charged they could not overtake the Indians, and the instant the charge stopped the Indians came back. If they stood, they were shot down by an unseen enemy; and there was no stronghold, no refuge, to which to flee. The Indian attack was relentless, and could neither be avoided, parried, nor met by counter-assault. For two hours or so the troops kept up a slowly lessening resistance, but by degrees their hearts failed. The wounded had been brought towards the middle of the lines, where the baggage and tents were, and an ever-growing proportion of new wounded men joined them. In vain the officers tried, by encouragement, by jeers, by blows, to drive them back to the fight. They were unnerved. As in all cases where large bodies of men are put in imminent peril of death, whether by shipwreck, plague, fire, or violence, numbers were swayed by a mad panic of utterly selfish fear, and others became numbed and callous, or snatched at any animal gratification during their last moments. Many soldiers crowded round the fires and stood stunned and confounded by the awful calamity; many broke into the officers' marquees and sought for drink, or devoured the food which the rightful owners had left when the drums beat to arms.

There was but one thing to do. If possible the remnant of the army must be saved, and it could only be saved by instant flight, even at the cost of abandoning the wounded. The broad road by which the army had advanced was the only line of retreat. The artillery had already been spiked and abandoned. Most of the horses had been killed, but a few were still left, and on one of these St. Clair mounted. He gathered together those fragments of the different battalions which contained the few men who still kept heart and head, and ordered them to charge and regain the road from which the savages had cut them off. Repeated orders were necessary before some of the men could be roused from their stupor sufficiently to follow the charging party, and they were only induced to move when told that it was to retreat.

Colonel Darke and a few officers placed themselves at the head of the column, the coolest and boldest men drew up behind them, and they fell on the Indians with such fury as to force them back well beyond the road. This made an opening, through which, said Van Cleve the packer, the rest of the troops "pressed like a drove of bullocks." The Indians were surprised by the vigor of the charge, and puzzled as to its object; they opened out on both sides, and half the men had gone through before they fired more than a chance shot or two. They then fell on the rear and began a hot pursuit. St. Clair sent his aide, Denny, to the front to try to keep order, but neither he nor any one else could check the flight. Major Clark tried to rally his battalion to cover the retreat, but he was killed and the effort abandoned.

There never was a wilder rout. As soon as the men began to run, and realized that in flight there lay some hope of safety, they broke into a stampede, which became uncontrollable. Horses, soldiers, and the few camp-followers and the women who had accompanied the army were all mixed together. Neither command nor example had the slightest weight; the men were abandoned to the terrible selfishness of utter fear. They threw away their weapons as they ran. They thought of nothing but escape, and fled in a huddle, the stronger and the few who had horses trampling their way to the front through the old, the weak, and the wounded, while behind them raged the Indian tomahawk. Fortunately the attraction of plundering the camp was so overpowering that the savages only followed the army about four miles; otherwise hardly a man would have escaped.

St. Clair was himself in much danger,

for he tried to stay behind and stem the torrent of fugitives; but he failed, being swept forward by the crowd; and when he attempted to ride to the front to rally them, he failed again, for his horse could not be pricked out of a walk. The packer Van Cleve in his journal gives a picture of the rout. He was himself one of the few who lost neither courage nor generosity in the rout.

Among his fellow-packers were his uncle and a young man named Bonham, who was his close and dear friend. The uncle was shot in the wrist, the ball lodging near his shoulder; but he escaped. Bonham, just before the retreat began, was shot through both hips, so that he could not walk. Young Van Cleve got him a horse, on which he was with difficulty mounted; then, as the flight began, Bonham bade Van Cleve look to his safety, as he was on foot, and the two separated. Bonham rode until the pursuit had almost ceased; then, weak and crippled, he was thrown off his horse and slain. Meanwhile Van Cleve ran steadily on foot. By the time he had gone two miles most of the mounted men had passed him. A boy, on the point of falling from exhaustion, now begged his help, and the kind-hearted backwoodsman seized the lad and pulled him along nearly two miles farther, when he himself became so worn out that he nearly fell. There were still two horses in the rear, one carrying three men and one two; and behind the latter Van Cleve, summoning his strength, threw the boy, who escaped. Nor did Van Cleve's pity for his fellows cease with this, for he stopped to tie his handkerchief around the knee of a wounded man. His violent exertions gave him a cramp in both thighs, so that he could barely walk; and in consequence the strong and active passed him, until he was within a hundred yards of the rear, where the Indians were tomahawking the old and wounded men. So close were they that for a moment his heart sunk in despair; but he threw off his shoes, the touch of the cold ground seemed to revive him, and he again began to trot forward. He got round a bend in the road, passing half a dozen other fugitives; and long afterwards he told how well he remembered thinking that it would be some time before they would all be massacred and his own turn come. However, at this point the pursuit ceased, and a few miles farther on he had gained the middle of the flying troops, and, like them, came to a walk. He fell in with a queer group, consisting of the sole remaining officer of the artillery, an infantry corporal, and a woman called Red-headed Nance. The latter two were crying, the corporal for the loss of his wife, the woman for the loss of her child. The worn-out officer hung on the corporal's arm, while Van Cleve "carried his fusee and accoutrements and led Nance, and in this sociable way arrived at Fort Jefferson a little after sunset."

Before reaching Fort Jefferson the wretched army encountered the regular regiment which had been so unfortunately detached a couple of days before the battle. The most severely wounded were left in the fort, and then the flight was renewed, until the disorganized and half-armed rabble reached Fort Washington and the mean log huts of Cincinnati. Six hundred and thirty men had been killed, and over two hundred and eighty wounded; less than five hundred, only about a third of the whole number engaged in the battle, remained unhurt. But one or two were taken prisoners, for the Indians butchered everybody, wounded or unwounded, who fell into their hands. There is no record of the torture of any of the captives, but there was one singular instance of cannibalism. The savage Chippewas from the far-off North devoured one of the slain soldiers, probably in a spirit of ferocious bravado; the other tribes expressed horror at the deed. The Indians were rich with the spoil. They got horses, tents, guns, axes, powder, clothing, and blankets — in short, everything their hearts prized. Their loss was comparatively slight; it may not have been one-twentieth that of the whites. They did not at the moment follow up their victory, each band going off with its own share of the booty. But the triumph was so overwhelming and the reward so great that the war spirit received a great impetus in all the tribes. The bands of warriors that marched against the frontier were more numerous, more formidable, and bolder than ever.

In the following January Wilkinson with a hundred and fifty mounted volunteers marched to the battle-field to bury the slain. The weather was bitterly cold; snow lay deep on the ground, and some of the volunteers were frost-bitten. Four miles from the scene of the battle, where



"ON THE BATTLE-FIELD ITSELF THE SLAIN LAY THICK."

the pursuit had ended, they began to find the bodies on the road, and close alongside in the woods, whither some of the hunted creatures had turned at the last to snatch one more moment of life. Many had been dragged from under the snow and devoured by wolves. The others lay where they had fallen, showing as mounds through the smooth white mantle that covered them. On the battle-field itself the slain lay thick, scalped, and stripped of all their clothing which the conquerors deemed worth taking. The bodies, blackened by frost and exposure, could not be identified, and they were buried in a shallow trench in the frozen ground. The volunteers then marched home.

When the remnant of the defeated army reached the banks of the Ohio, St. Clair sent his aide, Denny, to carry the news to Philadelphia, at that time the national capital. The river was swollen, there were incessant snow-storms, and ice formed heavily, so that it took twenty days of toil and cold before Denny reached Wheeling and got horses. For ten days more he rode over the bad winter roads, reaching Philadelphia with the evil tidings on the evening of December 19th. It was thus six weeks after the defeat of the army before the news was brought to the anxious Federal authorities.

The young officer called first on the Secretary of War; but as soon as the Secretary realized the importance of the information he had it conveyed to the President. Washington was at dinner, with some guests, and was called from the table to listen to the tidings of ill fortune. He returned with unmoved face, and at the dinner and at the reception which followed he behaved with his usual stately courtesy to those whom he was entertaining, not so much as hinting at what he had heard. But when the last guest had gone, his pent-up wrath broke forth in one of those fits of volcanic fury which sometimes shattered his iron outward calm. Walking up and down the room, he burst out in wild regret for the rout and disaster, and bitter invective against St. Clair, reciting how

in that very room he had wished the unfortunate commander success and honor, and had bidden him above all things beware of a surprise. "He went off with that last solemn warning thrown into his ears," spoke Washington, as he strode to and fro, "and yet to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise, the very thing I guarded him against! Oh God! Oh God! he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country?" Then, calming himself by a mighty effort, "General St. Clair shall have justice . . . he shall have full justice." And St. Clair did receive full justice, and mercy too, from both Washington and Congress. For the sake of his courage and honorable character they held him guiltless of the disaster, for which his lack of capacity as a general was so largely accountable.

BRISEIS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER IX.

"WITH HEY, NONNY, NONNY."

AND something did happen. For towards midnight a wind began to come up out of the west, moaning across the solitudes of the forest; the trees around the Castle were no longer talking among themselves, instead there was an angry and ominous portent in the swaying branches; presently the first heavy drops came pattering on the window-panes; and then, after a wild and spectral glare that lit up all the dark, the growl of the thunder went booming along the hollow glens, followed by rain that came down in sheets, and continued to do so, hour after hour. Blissful tidings, no doubt, for the half-dozing salmon-fisher; for of all the rivers in Scotland none rises more quickly than the Skean; and so it was that he who looked abroad on the next morning — on the tossing and dripping branches of beech, and ash, and rowan, on the stormy sunlight flooding the wide strath, and on the hills grown a heavy purple under the surcharged skies—found also that the stream was careering down in full spate, its ruddy-indigo surface streaked here and there with threads of foam. Everywhere motion, and vivid color, and restless, incessant, fugitive life and change: the startled curlews calling from the distant slopes, the peewits wheeling and circling with sudden alterations of flight, the swallows darting hither and thither over the oily eddies of the pools. All the world was transformed, and full of an eager activity; all shining brilliantly, too, after this new baptism.

And here was Miss Georgie Lestrange flying through the house, from corridor to corridor, knocking at the rooms she knew.

"Honnor! Honnor! Haven't you heard? The river has risen two feet; and Malcolm says you ought to get down at once, before the spate becomes too heavy."

And again — at Lady Rosamund's chamber:

"Rose! — Rose! Do you know what you are missing? — the most wild and beautiful pictures you ever beheld—changing from minute to minute—Landseers—Peter Grahams—Mac Whirters—on every hand. Come along!—the clouds are down almost to the foot of Aonach Môr, and Ben-na-Vân looks thirty miles away—you never saw such splendid effects of sunlight and mist—get up, you lazy!"

And again—at Lady Sibyl's room:

"Sib! — Sib! — it's monstrous you should be so late! Now is your chance for your storm-symphony, if ever there was one—you should hear the river thundering down through the rocks—and you should hear the fir-woods on the hill. Wake up out of your snoozling! I declare if only I had a broomstick I could go whirling across the whole breadth of Inverness-shire in about five-and-twenty seconds!"

The next person she encountered somewhat moderated her mad enthusiasm: it was young Gordon of Grantly, who was on the terrace outside, engaged in fixing together an eighteen-foot rod. Here in the early light he looked a wholesome kind of a lad; and the clear gray-blue of his eye and the sun-tan of his fair complexion caught the open glow of wind

* Begun in December number, 1895.

and weather, for he wore no overshadowing cap on his head.

"Oh, Sir Francis," said she—after salutations—"of course you're going down to the river. And are you taking the Upper Beat, or the Lower Beat?"

"The Upper, I believe," he answered her. "Malcolm is waiting to go to the Lower Beat with Lady Rockminster. I understand that is the arrangement."

"Then you will have that extraordinary old man with you—what is his name?"

"Tod—John Tod—and as ill-conditioned an old scoundrel as ever came up from the south country to malign the gentle Highland folk." Young Gordon could talk a little more freely now, for he had taken the last of the bits of silk thread from between his lips.

"Because," said Miss Georgie, in a very shy and ingenuous way, "I have been quite anxious to see this side of the river—the Upper Beat, I mean; and I have never dared—and for a very good reason. Do you know the forester's cottage just beyond the burn? Well, there's a bull there; and not more than three weeks ago he hunted a man up a tree, and kept him there for over an hour. Of course I daren't go near such a beast; and he roams wild all about the neighborhood, so they say; but if you and the old fisherman are going up that way, and you would let me walk with you until I was well past the cottage—then, you see—"

And naturally he pitied her soft embarrassment, and hastened to assure her that he would be delighted if they could be of any assistance whatever to her: only, what time would she be ready to start? Whereupon the young lady with the pert nose, and the pince-nez, and the tangled golden-red hair blurted out a still more audacious proposal.

"I've been trying to rouse this household up," said she, "but it's no good at all. And it's past the proper breakfast hour: what do you say—shall we go in and forage for our two selves? We are quite entitled to do it; and Hallett is a great pal o' mine: he'll look after us—you'll see."

So this impudent boy and girl went boldly into the dining-room; and rang for tea and boiled eggs; and began to cadge for themselves from off the sideboard. And meanwhile the fisherman, John Tod, had turned up in the portico: an extraordinary-looking, black-a-vised, elderly man, whose broad and stooping back, and long arms, and short legs gave him something of the appearance of a gigantic crustacean. He was muttering to himself, too, as he began to overhaul the casting-lines, the reels, and salmon-flies that Frank Gordon had left lying on the table: it was clear that this Dee-side tackle did not wholly commend itself to his professional mind.

And then, when all was ready, away through the wild, wet world went these three; with the sunlight showering diamonds on the leaves of the birches, and the river roaring down between the steep banks, and the far cloud-wreaths, sweeping in from the Atlantic, intertwisting themselves along the lower hills, darkening here and lightening there, and occasionally showing, through the higher mists, a pale silver thread—a mountain-torrent sprung into existence after the long night's rain. Miss Georgie was in the happiest of spirits; she had forgotten all about the bull; perhaps there was no bull; at all events, when her companions left the pathway and plunged into certain woodland glades to make down for the stream, she unconcernedly went with them, laughing and talking the while. These glades, by-the-way, were not a bit like Scotland; they rather resembled the Forest of Arden, as it is presented on the stage—wide-branching oaks, tall ferns, masses of meadowsweet, and the like; while as for the Rosalind who walked by his side—but indeed she was too slight and slim for the part—there was not much of the swashbuckler about this light-hearted little Rosalind with the ruddy hair. And now they were come to the nearest of the swift-rushing pools.

Here Miss Lestrange contentedly sat herself down on a big stone at the foot of an alder-tree, in placid expectation. Nor had she long to wait for the performance to begin; for young Gordon—not wading very far in, because of the height of the water—had only made one or two casts when, just as he was about to recover his line, there was a ringing whir of the reel; he stumbled backwards (nearly throwing himself into the river) so as to preserve the strain; and Miss Georgie clapped her hands in delight.

"Well done!" she called to him. "A thirty-pounder? I'll bet you, a thirty-pounder!"

And in truth this invisible creature, so great was the force of the current, did pull like a thirty-pounder; but that was only for a couple of seconds; the next moment there was a gleam of silver in the air—and a sea-trout of little over a pound and a half had flashed into the sunlight, and splashed again into the hurrying stream. The angler turned to the young lady, and there was a rueful smile on his face.

"How's that for a thirty-pounder?" he called to her.

"Better than nothing!" she replied, courageously. "I must have a bit of it for breakfast to-morrow."

The sea-trout got short shrift; it was hauled in by brute force, knocked on the head, and thrown contemptuously on the shingle; while in a minute or two the long line was again going whistling out. But the body of water in this pool was too great; in vain he thrashed and better thrashed—always with a careful eye towards the shallows; his assiduous labor met with no reward; and at last he reeled up, and returned to the pensive maiden at the foot of the alder-tree.

"Oh, for rain!" said she, looking at him imploringly as he drew near. "Why doesn't it rain! Why doesn't it pour a deluge!"

"What do you want rain for?" he demanded.

"To drown the midges! Oh, they're dreadful! Rain, rain!—come rain!—come rain! Just look at this."

And therewith and piteously she held out her two wrists, where undoubtedly there were a number of tiny swellings between the delicate blue veins. Of course he expressed his sorrow; but what else could he do?

"I've got a little bottle of eau-de-Cologne with me," said Miss Georgina, rather timidly, "and if you wouldn't mind taking my handkerchief, and soaking it, and trying whether that would be of any use—"

Well, he was not accustomed to wait upon damsels in distress; but this seemed a simple matter; and accordingly he took her handkerchief, and steeped it, and tenderly and softly bathed those grievous wounds. It did not occur to him to reflect (1) that she might just as well have done this for herself; and (2) that if she had been looking forward to midges—as the bottle of eau-de-Cologne appeared to suggest—she might have adopted the precaution of putting on a pair of gauntleted gloves. No matter: she expressed herself as profoundly grateful; and then they set out on their travels again, this time in the direction of the Linne nan Nighean,* where there might be a more practicable chance.

And as they proceeded through this tangled wilderness—the breckans breast-high, the dells of meadowsweet scenting all the humid air — Miss Georgie was amusing him with her gay and careless prattle; nor did she pause for an instant to receive answers to her artless questions.

"I do hope Honnor will get a fish—don't you? She's awfully nice — isn't she? And there's a firmer vein of character in her than in Lady Adela and her sisters; you wouldn't find Lady Rockminster paying court to all sorts of nobodies in order to get paragraphs about herself put into the weekly papers. It's a little undignified—don't you think so? But all the three sisters are just wild after notoriety—there's nothing they wouldn't do to bring themselves before the public—they would take an engagement at the Folies Bergère—to shoot glass balls—any mortal thing. Mind, I'm saying this in strict confidence — you understand? I wouldn't say it to any one else; of course not. And at the same time, you know, in spite of that one little weakness, they are the very dearest people—so generous—they would do anything for you; besides, they are so bright, and clever, and perfectly accomplished—why can't they be satisfied with themselves?—without little newspaper notices about their books, and their pictures, and their music? And I'm certain these caravansérai dinners—that's what Sir Hugh calls them — ill-dressed women and ugly men—are just as often thrown away as not. I am convinced of it. Do you suppose Miss Penguin goes to Aivron Lodge to help Lady Adela with her novels? Not likely! She goes there for her own purposes—wants to get glimpses of fashionable people, so that she may lash the whole tribe of them for their fearful iniquities. Poor old thing, I suppose she's rather dotty on the crumpet—"

"What?"

"Slate off, don't you know? Oh, by-

* Pronounced *Leeny nan Nyean* — the Maiden's Pool.

the-way, Sir Francis," continued this debonair lass, but somewhat more demurely, "Miss Penguin has just sent me the new number of the *Unmuzzled Magazine;* and the first article in it is from her pen. Well, it is—yes, it is—precisely so—"

"What do you mean?"

"There's some plain talk," she observed.

"You must let me see it!"

But at this she burst out laughing.

"Show such a thing to you, Sir Francis?" she cried. "To an innocent boy like you? I couldn't accept the responsibility! Why, do you know the title of her essay?—'On the Radical Incompatibility of the Sexes.' And do you know how it begins?—'Let the reader imagine for a moment what Eve must privately have thought about Adam'—"

"Oh, that's nothing," said he, lightly. "I can imagine, too, that Adam had his own little opinions about Eve, when he was smoking his pipe in a quiet corner—"

"Ye'll begin jist here, sir," said John Tod, in a fine, broad, Lowland accent; and with that the colloquy ended.

They were now at the top of the Linne nan Nighean—a long, wide, deep pool formed by the junction of the rivers Skean and Rua. And indeed it was an extremely picturesque scene that Miss Georgie found before her—after she had, so to speak, evaded the bull; for the Rua was roaring and racing over its shallows of yellow-red gravel; the darker Skean went headlong by, tossing tawny wavelets here and there; the enormously tall larches on the opposite bank swayed in the varying gusts; while now and again a burst of sunlight broke over the brilliant green pastures. But Miss Georgie, when she had called aloud for the rain to come and destroy the midges (which it cannot do) had not counted on her prayer being so speedily answered; and she had not observed that in the wild mist-land heavy masses were trooping up from the Atlantic, each with a wine-stain of shadow underneath it as it stole along the darkening hills. And then this darkness increased; there was no longer anything of azure or indigo in the further reaches of the river; the gloom deepened and deepened; until all at once the storm burst—in torrents of rain that thrashed the surface of the stream into a white smoke, and that even drowned the rush and roar of the Rua channels. Miss Lestrange fled and took shelter under some thick alder-trees; and, after a brief space, young Gordon, unable to withstand this whelming downpour, laid his fishing-rod on the bank, and made for the same cover.

"Why have you no water-proof?" she demanded, in panting and breathless and reproachful tones.

"Because I can't be bothered with it," he answered her. "It makes casting too hot work. Why haven't you one?"

"Oh, this cape will keep out anything."

They were silent for a minute or so—while the wind howled, and the rain tore the river into a silver-gray spindrift. At length Miss Lestrange said, in a most pathetic way—

"I shouldn't mind—I really shouldn't mind—if it didn't trickle down my neck."

He turned to her.

"Why don't you put up the collar of your cape, then?"

"Because my back hair is all wet, and if I put up my collar, it would only be more miserable." And then she said—oh! so sweetly, and shyly, and prettily: "Sir Francis, I am quite ashamed to trouble you again—but would you be so very kind—so awfully kind—as to take my handkerchief, and see if you could dry my hair a little, and then perhaps I could put up my collar? I can't get at it very well myself—would you be so awfully kind?—here is my handkerchief—"

"But it is soaking wet, with the eau-de-Cologne," said he, "whereas I happen to have two with me, both perfectly dry. And if you don't mind my making the attempt—"

Nevertheless this new service she had required of him was a very different matter from merely sponging a few midge bites. It was with something more than timidity that he approached the unwonted task; when he had to fold back an inch or two of the cape, and when he could not choose but notice the beautiful pure whiteness of her neck, and the pretty waifs and wisps of the dishevelled ruddy-golden hair that clustered around it, a kind of sensation of awe and fear came over him; nay, it was literally with half-averted eyes that he proceeded to do what he could, while she kept murmuring—"So sorry to trouble you—awfully good of you—I'm ever so much more comfortable already." And then, when he had

in a manner finished, he folded a dry handkerchief into a band, and put that round her neck, and raised the collar, and asked her to fasten it in front, so that at length she was quite secure and warm and happy. By this time the sudden storm was perceptibly lessening; the clouds were lifting, and there was a gleam of silver here and there, though nothing of blue had come back to the river; presently the pasture-lands on the other side of the stream shone out with a vivid and golden radiance: it was time for him to be back at his work. And perhaps—though the Gordons are not supposed to be deficient in courage—he may have felt a certain subtle relief in being once more on the bank, with the long line whistling out. There are experiences—a thrilling, inadvertent touch or two, for example—which are bewildering, and even alarming, to a modest youth.

What happened next was this: Miss Georgie had wandered on a few yards to have a word with the black-a-vised and round-shouldered gillie when all at once she saw Frank Gordon stagger back in a wild endeavor to keep his line taut, while he was reeling in in a frantic manner, the mere haste and desperation causing an occasional bungle. For the fact is, the fish he had hooked had run directly towards him; and for a flurried second or two there was extreme danger; but rapid manipulation—or perhaps a change in the salmon's tactics—soon restored the safety-giving curve to the top of the rod: they could all of them breathe again, for the moment at least.

"And—and what is it, John?" she said, almost in a whisper—and with her eyes intent. "A salmon?"

"Weel, I didna get glint or glimmer," said John, composedly, "though I jalouse it's but a bit sea-trout, being so near the bank. Ay, and where is he off for now?—what ails the crayture?—fegs, he'll find oot what a Skean spate is like, if he makes for the middle." But as John stared and stared, he became more interested, and even excited. "Losh bless me, d'ye see yon? That's nae sea-trout—that's a fish!—ay, and a heavy fish—d'ye see'm makkin steady across, and him wi' the whole wecht o' the Skean on 'm! Ay, and borin up a' the time—borin—borin—the dour rascal that he is—dod, if he keeps on that gait, a' the tackle in Scotland winna haud him—"

And now a startling thing befell. Her eyes had been fixedly watching that thin gray thread of a line as it slowly cut its way through the swinging torrent; but it was fifteen or twenty yards higher up stream that a huge fish—looking about as big as a pig—threw himself out of the water, and fell again with a mighty souse.

"Oh, John, is he off!" she exclaimed in heart-broken accents.

"No, no, he's no off," replied John, "but soon he will be. Eh, my, my, a fine fish—a grand fish!—five-and-thirty pounds, I'm thinking—a fine fish—and nae chance wi' him ava—"

"But why no chance?" she demanded, in almost feverish agitation. "There must be a chance! I tell you, Sir Francis must get that salmon—he must get him—oh, he must get that splendid salmon—or—or I declare I shall cry with vexation—"

"Ye needna fash," said John, in a more resigned way—the resignation of despair. "Sir Francis is doin' his best, but it's no a bit o' use. There's thirty yards o' a bagging line ahint that fish, wi' a' the wecht o' the watter on it; and there's forty yards oot forbye; and how is onybody to pit a strain on 'm? It's the spate that's pitten the strain on—and it's the spate that 'll—ay, I thocht sae—"

At first she did not understand what had taken place, for the long and heavy line, held by the current, had not released the top of the rod; but the next moment she perceived that the angler was quietly reeling up. She ran to him.

"Oh, Sir Francis, is he gone?"

"He's gone, and no mistake," was the sufficiently cheerful reply. "I had little hopes of him, so long as he kept away to the other side, and would go boring up stream. I had no control over him—"

"It is enough to make one cry with disappointment!" she exclaimed, almost stamping the ground.

"Oh, you get used to these things in salmon-fishing," he said, placidly. "And now we'll move on and see if there's any better luck waiting for us at the Milldam; or perhaps we might go right up to the Priest's Bridge Pool, for it's a pretty place to have luncheon—"

"Oh, luncheon?" said she, rather drawing back. "I was quite forgetting. I shall have to go away home now—"

"You can't."

"Why not?"

"Because of the bull."

"Oh, well—" She hesitated—and it was a winning kind of hesitation. "If you could spare me a biscuit—just one biscuit," she said, with a most becoming bashfulness.

"But your luncheon is in the bag!" he informed her. "I made sure you would come up the river with us, if there was any amusement going on—not that there's much; and I told Hallett; and I myself saw the packets put in—"

"Oh, then, if I may!" said she, promptly and blithely—and there was no more talk of a return to the Castle during the remainder of this day's excursion.

The Priest's Bridge Pool—which they arrived at after a devious meandering by ferny glades and through copses of oak and hazel—lies in a long and deep hollow; and here the waters of the Skean, having come dashing, and boiling, and foaming through the narrow and rocky chasms above, collect themselves, and (in ordinary seasons) begin to moderate their headlong pace. The banks are lofty and steep; that on the north covered with heather and short birch bushes; that on the south with hanging woods that descend almost to the river's edge. And here, on the trunk of a felled tree, young Gordon discovered a comfortable seat for his fair companion, while he proceeded to help John Tod to get out the contents of the luncheon-bag. This done, John withdrew to a little dingle hard by, where unseen he could hastily get through with his mid-day meal, the sooner to reach the far more important solace of a smoke.

And thus it was that these two young people, seated side by side on the trunk of the felled ash, found themselves practically alone in this strange and solitary world—alone with the wet and silent woods, the surging and swinging river, the steep banks of heather and green birch burning in the sunlight, the silvery cloud-phantoms of the sky, and the mysterious distances of unnamed hills. And it may have been some sense of this isolation and remote seclusion that made Miss Georgie begin to talk of the crowded gayeties of the London season now left so far behind.

"Just to think," said she—as she briskly munched her sandwich of salmon-and-lettuce-leaf, and daintily sipped her claret and water—"just to think that it is only a matter of weeks since you and I were in the big whirl—and meeting very often too—I don't know how it happened we were always coming together—at dances, dinners, theatres, garden parties—the Academy Soirée, the Grosvenor Club—up at Lord's, too—and several times in the Park, and once or twice at the Zoo—why, we were meeting everywhere: it almost looked like a fate, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes," he added, inadvertently—for a fish had shown itself at the end of the pool.

"Ill-natured people," continued Miss Georgie, with her eyes downcast, "might have said there was more contrivance than accident in it—mightn't they?"

"Oh, yes," he answered her—still watching for the fish.

"I wonder if you recollect that night at Lady Coltsborough's, when Cardinal Pepys took Madame Varitza in to dinner? I've never seen such a tall combination of color at any table—the Cardinal's gorgeous scarlet robes and Madame Varitza's white satin dress embroidered with silver, and her jet-black hair—rather a startling combination, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes; oh, certainly," he replied; and then he got quickly to his feet. "You won't mind," he said, "if I go along and put a fly over a fish I have seen gambolling about down there? You keep on with your lunch—I shall be back in a few minutes."

Now if Miss Georgie was at all inclined to be vexed and cross over his desertion of her, she soon had her revenge. For young Gordon, beginning well up, and working down to the fish, was wholly absorbed in his occupation; and the nearer and nearer he got to the spot where he had seen the salmon leap, the more and more careful and concentrated he became; so that what now occurred could hardly have been guarded against. For he had just made a good long cast, and was allowing the fly to come quietly across the water, when out of the smooth-rolling flood there suddenly and silently arose an awful and terrifying object that had been hitherto quite invisible. It was a branch of an oak-tree sweeping down with the current; and the moment that Gordon saw this hideous thing going right on to his line, he made a violent effort to jerk the fly into the air. But in vain. He was fast. Then he tried another sharp tug, to see if the leaf or leaves would not come away: they would not.

Then he attempted to haul by main force that brutal branch in to the side; this also was clearly hopeless, by reason of the strength of the stream. Nay, there was nothing for him but to run madly along the bank, reeling in a yard or two when he had the opportunity, while he kept yelling—

"John!—John!—where the devil are you!—bring the gaff, man!"

Indeed it was Miss Georgie herself who had to rout John out of his secret shelter; and then he, too, set off in pursuit, with his unwieldy, crablike movements; but eventually they did get hold of that maleficent branch, and managed to drag it ashore, and release the fly, without much harm being done. Then Frank Gordon came slowly back to his companion.

"Nothing but mishaps to-day," he said. "This pool's spoiled, at any rate; so we may as well go down to the Mill-dam now."

"Oh, do you think I have brought you bad luck?" asked Miss Georgie, with the air of an erring and repentant child.

"You?" he made answer. "I should think not! Besides, what does it matter? There are other things than salmon-fishing—and the whole of this morning has been delightful!"

"It's rather nice of you to say so," remarked this demure maiden, as she moved aside to let John pack up. "I thought you cared for nothing but fishing and flies."

At a somewhat late hour that afternoon the Prince and Princess, the Rockminsters, and Sir Hugh were all of them seated out on the terrace, having tea—Lady Adela and her sisters had doubtless been detained in-doors by their earnest devotion to literature and the arts. This side of the Castle, facing east, was now in cool, clear, silver-gray shadow; but beyond the plateau and the policies all the wide valley was filled with a warm and mellow radiance; for away in the west—over Loch Eil, and Morven, and Arisaig—the heavens had entirely opened, and the golden-white light was streaming across the hills by Glen Loy and Clunes, and even touching here and there a shoulder or peak of the lofty Aonach Môr. And it was amid these pleasant surroundings —and with the grateful hush of the evening not far distant—that the Princess was entertaining her friends with an account of the celebrated dinner at which the young King Alexander of Servia, then a boy of seventeen, tricked his grave and elderly Ministers and threw off the yoke of the Regency. Of course she must have had the main story at second-hand; but she was able to embellish it with many particulars derived from personal knowledge; and a very amusing tale it turned out to be—how the unsuspecting Regents and Ministers sat down to dinner; how, while they were at the soup, their houses were occupied by soldiers; how, midway through the banquet, guards were placed outside; and how, as dessert was about to be served, the youthful Alexander rose and announced to his guests that he rather wanted to be King on his own account now, and that he would be much obliged if the Regents would forthwith resign. Then consternation—refusal—the doors thrown wide, and the officers and soldiery calling "Long live the King!" while the point to be considered by the Regents and Ministers was whether they should rush out into the corridor to meet an almost certain death, or whether they should sit quietly down and go on with their fruit, and cigarettes, and coffee and cognac. The Princess was making maliciously merry over this legend when of a sudden the expression of her face slightly changed.

For beyond the carriage-drive there was an extended avenue of ash and rowan; and as this part of the roadway was out in the open it was barred across by bands of alternate sun and shade. And into this picturesque setting came two figures, followed by a third; the two leading figures—a tall and handsome young fellow, and a laughing-eyed lass—looking rather well in the glow of light.

"Lady Rockminster," said the Princess, with something of a calm air, "has Miss Lestrange been away all day with Frank?"

"I suppose so," was the answer, "for I saw them start in the morning. And she has had distinctly the best of it."

"In what way?"

"Well, he can have had but little fishing, the river being so high; while she has had a fine picnic excursion."

At this moment the two young people came up; and Miss Georgie was easily persuaded to take a seat at the tea-table; while her companion had to give a report of the persistent ill luck of the day.

Then he left, to get his brogues and waders hauled off; and as he was going, his mother called to him—

"Frank, I see there's a letter waiting for you from Grantly. If Aunt Jean has anything to say that concerns me, don't forget to let me know."

Aunt Jean, however, had but little news to send from Dee-side. What held his prolonged attention most was the postscript—

"P.S. No, I have never heard of the old botanist and that beautiful Greek girl you have asked about once or twice. Of course I assumed that I should meet them again; for you said they were going to ramble about the neighborhood for some time; but they seemed to have disappeared altogether, leaving no trace behind. I am sorry — I was interested in both of them.—J. G."

CHAPTER X.

FROM MORN TILL EVE.

Olga Elliott flounced up from the piano, and went and threw herself on to an adjacent couch.

"Bother that trash!" she said, impatiently. "Brilliancy—delicacy of touch —expression: rubbish! I can't play; and I never shall be able to play; and I don't want to be able to play. You sit down yourself, Bry, and bang; hammer as badly as you can manage—and Ma 'll think it's me. Oh, I suppose you consider it's my duty. It's my duty to practise so many hours a day—and read 'Paradise Lost'—and darn my own stockings—and twenty dozen other things. But I know what all these duties are; they're simply a lot of ridiculous nonsense invented by the elderly people to keep the younger people within strict bounds. And I'm not going to be kept within strict bounds; I must have my freedom; I mean to have my whack, if I can get it. Sounds selfish?—but it's honest. You've got to fight for your own hand in this wicked world. It's all very well to say, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you'; that's all very fine; but I want to see the others begin. They don't appear to be in a hurry, do they? Now, Bry, I wish you'd sit down and bash away at the piano—or else Ma 'll be here."

She had hardly uttered the words when the door was opened; and Mrs. Alexander Elliott, finding Briseis standing irresolute by the piano, while Olga lay supine on the couch, looked reproachfully from one to the other.

"Really, Briseis," said she, "on a day like this — when every minute is of value—"

But the poor, tried widow with the careworn face and sad eyes was no termagant, notwithstanding her thin and resolute mouth; besides, she was much too dependent on the alacrity and good-will of her niece to risk giving offence. So she altered her tone.

"I wish you would come down to the school-room, Briseis, dear, and help me with Olga's and Brenda's dresses that they are going to wear at dinner to-night. When Mr. and Mrs. Bingham come here this evening, I hope they will see that everything is done properly in the house. And you have such taste, Briseis, dear—such natural good taste—and you are so clever with your needle — and familiar with the best styles, in different countries —it will be so easy for you to plan out a few little alterations that will bring the dresses up to the present fashion. There's not much time, to be sure—it was so inconsiderate of Mrs. Bingham to give us such short notice—"

The clock on the chimney-piece struck a silver chime: the alabaster cherub, swinging in his golden swing, had arrived at the hour of half past ten. She glanced at the dial.

"But I must first go and take Brenda's temperature—"

"Mayn't I do that for you, Aunt Clara?" said Briseis, promptly.

"If you would—if you would!" said the much-harassed mother, and she handed over the little glass instrument to Briseis, who thereupon left the room. And then Mrs. Elliott went to her daughter, and patted the dull flaxen hair.

"I hope my pretty Olga isn't going to be ill too," she said, in caressing tones.

"Oh, no, Ma, dear," replied the pasty-faced young lady, with great suavity. "I had only one helping of toasted cheese at the end of dinner last night. But Brenda had two; and then she went to sleep, as usual; and only woke up in time to ring for her glass of port wine and biscuit; and then she went to bed—and I wonder her temperature this morning isn't 140."

"At six o'clock it was 100.2," said the mother, half absently. "And that's not

very high. If there are any signs of a decrease, then we needn't send for Dr. Thomas—doctors' visits do mount up so!" She turned again to the procumbent damsel. "So you are resting, dearest, to prepare yourself for the bustle of the evening?" she said, affectionately. "Quite right—quite right. For my two bonny darlings must be at their very best and brightest to-night, to show the Binghams what happy companionship their daughter enjoys. And I shouldn't wonder if they asked us all to dine with them at the Langham—"

Miss Olga jumped up from her prostrate position—her gray-green eyes staring wide.

"Oh, would they? Are they likely to?" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"It is at least probable," said the mother. "But lie down again, dear one, if you are really tired; and send Briseis to me the moment she comes back with the report."

So in a little while thereafter Briseis found herself, in the so-called schoolroom, busily occupied in snipping, altering, and stitching at her cousins' dinner gowns; and very well content was she with the solitary task—solitary, because her aunt had almost immediately been summoned away by other domestic duties. Moreover, she knew she had a free hand in these embellishments. The two sisters were not likely to complain, whatever she did. They had formed a dim idea that she was endowed with a certain distinction and refinement; she had seen far cities and stately ceremonies; nay, had she not in her possession, at this very moment, what was the very summit of their souls' desires—a fancy dress? Again and again they had begged her to show them once more this wonderful treasure—though it was only the festival costume of a Greek peasant girl; and with longing eyes they had regarded the pale blue Albanian jacket and its elaborate silver embroidery, the head-gear of rows of pendulous coins, the silken veil showing tremulous threads of gold through the diaphanous texture, with girdle, bracelets, and necklace all complete. When they went out shopping together, her cousins would, if somewhat reluctantly and sulkily, defer to her taste. Not unfrequently they would ask her to choose for them ribbons, neckerchiefs, gloves, and what not—especially as she had a common trick of paying for such trifles, out of her slender pocket-money. And they were not likely to take umbrage at any of the alterations she was now making: they would be satisfied to be spared the trouble.

At noon there came a slight tap at the door.

"Master Adalbert is ready, Miss," said the maid, who immediately hurried on.

She went to the door, and found her boy cousin in the hall.

"I'm afraid we can't go out to-day, Adalbert," said she, "every one is so busy—"

"But look at this, Briseis—look—look!" he cried; and he was regarding with an intense curiosity a fine assortment of golf clubs, all burnished and shining, that lay on the hall table, the shafts strapped up in the brown canvas bag. "I suppose they're Edward's," he added, wistfully.

"Oh, no, they're not," she answered him, in her gentle fashion. "They're yours."

"Why, what do you mean, Briseis?"

"They're a little birthday present I got for you," she explained, "only I did not expect them to be sent home so soon. You may as well have them now as to-morrow."

He was an extremely sensitive lad. He could not speak. It was a brief twitching of the muscles of his face that told how hard he was trying to keep the water from welling into his eyes. And then, mastering himself, he pretended not to be overwhelmed by her kindness; he pretended to be wholly engrossed and delighted with the clubs.

"Look, Briseis," he said, as he undid the strap, and drew one after the other out, "aren't they splendidly made! Did you ever see such finish? This is the driver, you know—he's the fellow to send the ball whizzing!—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, you count, and then it drops—clean away over all the dangers. And this is the cleek—and this is the iron niblick—that's the one if you're in a fearful bunker!—and this is the brassey—and this is the putter—"

But at this point Mrs. Elliott, bustling through the house on her manifold errands, made her appearance; and when the whole situation was explained to her, she thought that Briseis might after all take her cousin out for a turn in the Park,

if only for half an hour; so, in a few minutes, these two set forth together, the tall, slim, beautiful Greek girl pushing the invalid-chair as usual. And while as yet they were amid the noise of the streets, he was silent; but when they had crossed the Marylebone Road, and passed through York Gate, and entered into the quietude of the Park, he said—

"Briseis, I never thanked you for the clubs."

"Why should you?"

"I wanted to tell you something," he went on. "You are so different from any one else. You seem to know what other people are thinking; and you take the trouble to find out; and you think along with them. And that's why you bought me the golf clubs. It was to keep me imagining that some day I might be a golfer."

Now it was quite true that she had a profound sympathy with the pathetic enthusiasms of this poor lame lad—about golf, cricket, football, and all manner of athletic exercises; but she was not going to allow him—even at this moment of confession and almost of appeal—to assume that there could be anything fictitious or hopeless about his passionate interest in such affairs.

"And what better can there be than imagining?" she said, boldly. "Look at me. I can't play cricket. I can't play football. I have never even seen a game at golf. And do you think it probable I shall ever pull in a college boat at Henley? But all the same, merely through reading the accounts to you, I have become as deeply interested in them as any one—as even you yourself; I know the names of all your heroes; and I follow the doings of the various teams—why, I can almost understand a game at football now—from the report, I mean—"

"It's a shame I should ask you to read for me, Briseis," said he. "But this is how it is. If I read for myself, I see little except the newspaper; but when you read for me, I can make up the picture before my eyes—"

"Very well, then," said she, "and who objects to my reading to you? And do you think I don't like to hear of brilliant achievements—and all the people at Lord's clapping their hands at a good catch—"

"But I wanted you to know, Briseis," said he, still unsatisfied, "that I quite understand what you were thinking of when you bought me the golf clubs—"

"And you will hang them up on the back of your bedroom door," said she, cheerfully. "And every morning, when you awake, you will wonder whether Mr. Ball, or Mr. Horace Hutchinson, or Willie Park is likely to be out on the links, and what kind of weather he is going to have."

These brief excursions with her boy cousin were the one break in the continuous drudgery of the long and dreary day—the one opportunity permitted her of getting a glimpse of the sky, the clouds, the trees, and the pale London sunlight shimmering on the placid lake. And by this time she and he had explored all the secret nooks and byways of the Park; and they had chosen their favorite retreats—one, in particular, fronting a kind of back-channel, where there was a wooden bench sheltered by bushes, and whither they could easily, when they chose, summon a congregation of clamorous ducks, that would come breasting through the rippling waters, and even waddle up the grassy banks in jealous competition for crumbs. But on this occasion they had brought no bread with them; so, when the invalid-chair had been placed by the side of the bench, Briseis took out a newspaper from the capacious pocket.

"Well, what shall I read to you this morning, Adalbert? There will be the First Round for the Association Challenge Cup—"

"No, no, never mind about that," he said, hastily. "I've got something better for you, Briseis—something that will stir you; I found it last night in a volume of Tennyson that Miss Bingham lent me, and I copied it: if you take out my MS. book, you'll see it is the last piece. I want to hear you read it aloud—I know it will be splendid, Briseis—just splendid!"

She was a willing slave to this poor chap; she humored him, petted him, and obeyed his every whim; and if he was occasionally a little exacting she did not mind very much. She got out the copy-book, and turned to the last piece; and a single glance down the page told her something of the proud indignation of the opening verses, so that she was in a measure prepared when she began—

"My Lords, we heard you speak: you told us all
That England's honest censure went too far;
That our free press should cease to brawl

Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.
It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words."

He listened in absolute silence, though already he seemed somewhat breathless; but when she had finished the fifth verse—

"Shall we fear *him?* our own we never fear'd.
From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.
Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second James.
I say, we *never* fear'd! and as for these,
We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas"—

he could restrain his enthusiasm no longer.

"How grandly you read, Briseis—how grand—grand!" he cried. "You ought to be in a great hall—and multitudes—cheering you and cheering you—"

"But who are 'these'?" she asked—for her edition of Tennyson did not contain this poem.

"'These'?" he repeated, triumphantly. "Why, the French!

'as for these,
We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.'

Yes; and that's what England could do again to-morrow, if there was need! But, Briseis," he went on, "would you mind turning back a few pages, and you'll find another piece called 'The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava'—I won't ask you to read it all—I'm quite ashamed, you know, to trouble you—but only one verse, the one beginning 'The trumpet, the gallop, the charge'—for one of the three who followed Scarlett right in amongst the Russian cavalry was an Elliot—Scarlett's aide-de-camp, you know—"

Again she followed his directions; and she knew, rather than saw, that his face was mantling with color and his large eyes "glowering" as she declaimed the swinging lines—

"The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left, and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
All in a moment follow'd with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade."

"For you are an Elliot too," he said—perhaps as a kind of vague apology for demanding so much of her.

But this breathing-space had to be curtailed, for they had come out late; and soon they were leaving these misty glades, and the wooded islands, and the shimmering water, and were returning to the roar of the streets again. They got home just in time for luncheon—which, indeed, was an ordeal that Briseis would fain have avoided; for she had not been living long in this house before it became apparent to every one that she had found favor in the eyes of the supercilious and cadaverous medical student; and the patronage that he bestowed upon her, especially at lunch-time, took the form of asking her incessant and idiotic conundrums, and propounding all sorts of fatuous quips and catches. Now conundrums only bewildered her; she never could find the proper answer; and especially was she unable to perceive the simian japes that depend for their point on an imitation of Cockney speech. Then the young gentleman who was dallying on his way to Caius addressed her and her alone; he would take no notice of the others at table; so that they were forced to become spectators—amused and malicious spectators—of her desperate embarrassment. Sometimes the face of the small lame boy flushed with anger; but he dared not dispute with his elder brother.

And on this morning, as usual, the lanky, gray-faced student had allowed the whole of them to take their places before he deigned to saunter in with his hands in his pockets; then, the moment he was seated, he called down the table to Briseis.

"Briseis," said he, "are you good at finding rhymes?"

"Oh, no—oh, not in the least," she answered, involuntarily shrinking back—for she knew that all eyes would be upon her, in wait for her confusion.

"You must try," he proceeded—but whether to torment her or to entertain her who could say?—"I'll give you three lines of a verse; and you must find the fourth; and the fourth must rhyme and scan with the second; only, you are lim-

ited to two words: do you understand? Now, listen—

'She took some tea—a pound of tea—
And put it in a kettle;
And then she went and boiled it—'

Do you understand? You've got to find a fourth line that will rhyme and scan with the second — seven syllables — but only two words, mind—only two words—"

"Oh, I'm sure I can't!" Briseis protested—conscious of the prevailing giggle.

"Well, I'll give you until to-morrow," said he, gayly, "and then, if you haven't the answer, there must be a forfeit. Always a forfeit in such cases; it's a law of the game; the forfeit to be named by the propounder of the riddle."

"Edward, dear," the poor widow put in, plaintively, "I wish you wouldn't worry your cousin so."

"But I must be off now, if you will excuse me, Aunt Clara," Briseis said, rising from her place. "There is so much to do to those dresses."

"My dear child, you have had no luncheon at all!" the widow cried.

"Oh, yes, yes," she made answer, blithely enough—and indeed she had had two spoonfuls of soup and a bit of bread.

She was glad to get back to the musty and dusky school-room; nor did her task seem so very monotonous, once she had got everything planned out, with only the mechanical sewing to be got through; for in this still seclusion there were many pictures rising before her brain, however she may have been occupied with the swift stitches — tremulous and nebulous pictures that came before her in an unknown and unsummoned fashion, and that carried her leagues and leagues away from this lonely chamber. The glancing blue waters of the Gulf of Aegina; the saffron-white columns of the Parthenon, dim and far on their high plateau; the steep slopes of Pentelicus, glaucous-green and scarred; the solitary Santa Maura, and the out-jutting golden cliff that heard Sappho's farewell cry; Corfu, and the luxuriant palms and magnolias of Mon Repos; the brown plains surrounding Acro-Corinth; the ruddy soil, the rich vegetation, the forts and bastions bristling with cannon at the Euxine mouth of the Bosporus: these and many another magic-lantern slide passed slowly before her eyes as she worked on at Olga's and Brenda's gowns. Sometimes her ears deceived her; it was as if she could hear a distant singing — "When we set out from Megara — Megara — Megara" — and the white fustanellas were twirling about with frantic energy, and there were laughing faces under the tasselled caps, out there in the blaze of the sun. Or rather was it not the lapping of waves along the side of a boat—with the moonlight silvering all the wide bay of Phalerum—and Hymettus black against the stars—and some one, delicate-fingered, touching the tightened strings — while there stole into the listening air the low cadences of a love-song of Zante? Cape Colias gray and distant in the ghostly radiance—and all the long line of shore murmuring like a sea-shell—

"How are you getting on now, Briseis?" said Aunt Clara, bustling into the room. "My bonny darlings must come down and look at what you have done, just to make sure. I wish all our other difficulties could be as easily got over. What to do I hardly know. You see," she continued, and now she was regarding Briseis with something more of hesitation, "it is of such importance that Mr. and Mrs. Bingham should be favorably impressed with Ada's surroundings; and yet, if there is only the one maid waiting at table, I am afraid to think what awkwardness may happen. Of course there are the two; but one of them must—simply must—be told off to bring the dishes up from the kitchen to the hall table. Cook can't be expected to do more than her own work; she can't keep running up the stairs; and old Wilkinshaw is useless—she'd tumble and bring destruction on everything. Yet if it could only be managed that we had both the maids in the dining-room, what a relief it would be—even as regards the handing of vegetables—"

"But, Aunt Clara," said Briseis, glancing up from her needle—and there was usually a touch of wonder in the beautiful, dark, friendly eyes when she raised her head in this way, "why should you have any difficulty? Meeting those strangers wouldn't interest me, I'm sure: why not let me carry up the things from the kitchen to the hall table?—then you can have both maids to wait in the dining-room."

"Do you mean that, Briseis?" said Aunt Clara, almost too quickly. "It is so kind of you!—so thoughtful!—so considerate! And your own suggestion too

—that makes it all the more good-natured; for of course I never would have proposed such a thing — not for worlds would I have proposed such a thing; but when it comes so naturally and spontaneously from yourself, why, then I say that I have no right to refuse such a—such a — magnanimous offer. Oh, I know. It isn't every one who would do it—and who would be the first to suggest it. Thank you, thank you ever so much! And then, when it comes to dessert, you see, Briseis, you will have time to slip up stairs, and get dressed, and be waiting for us in the drawing-room. For we must have you in the drawing-room—we could not do without you in the drawing-room, you know—you play so exquisitely. And Briseis, there's still another thing: if you saw your way, in the general conversation, to bring in an occasional sentence of Italian or Greek—"

But at this the pale, clear forehead of the girl flushed a little; and Aunt Clara instantly perceived that she had made a mistake.

"Oh, I didn't mean pretence—I didn't mean any vulgar show-off," she said, somewhat hastily. "Far from that. For how could there be any pretence in your case? Every one knows you are such a wonderful linguist; and how could there be any affectation in your making use of such phrases? To Adalbert, for example: haven't I heard you and Adalbert talking Greek together?"

"Adalbert," responded Briseis, calmly, "can say *nai, alēthōs—agapēte moi phile* —and a few words like that. But I am quite sure he is much too honest and straightforward to pretend to know a language that he doesn't know."

"Oh, yes, of course — you are quite right—quite right—certainly: only—only —I did so wish the Binghams to understand that their daughter was living among people of culture—though, as you say, one wouldn't have any pretence—oh, no—not on any account. But at least you will play for us, Briseis?"

"Whatever you please, Aunt Clara!"

So Briseis was once more left alone, with her patient toil; but she was gradually getting to the end of it; and eventually —as the dusk of the autumn day was stealing over—she had finished; and Olga and Brenda were summoned. They condescended to express a cold approval. Nay, there was more than that; for having asked of their cousin what dress she herself meant to wear at dinner, and having been informed as to the share in that festivity that had been allotted to her, Olga at least showed some trifle of indignation.

"It's a beastly shame," said she, frowning angrily. "You're being put upon, Bry; and you don't see it. It's too bad —it's simply disgusting — the way Ned rots you at lunch-time. And as for carrying these things up from the kitchen, why wasn't Ada Bingham's maid turned on to it?—she can't always be frizzing the hair of that spitfire cat!"

"Never mind," said the sullen-mouthed Brenda—whose temperature was no longer alarming her—"you'll be able to snick the best of the pastry when it's waiting on the hall table."

And now Briseis, who was completely overwrought—for she had been at these unceasing occupations and employments ever since seven o'clock that morning—now she thought she might steal away to her own little den and lie down for a few minutes, before the labors of the evening began. But she had not taken into account the indomitable activity of her ubiquitous aunt.

"Where are you going, Briseis, dear? Will you come here for a moment? I've arranged the flowers on the dining-room table—in a kind of a way; but you have such excellent taste, you know—if you wouldn't mind putting a finishing touch —I shall just have time to dress now. And you might have a look round the drawing-room, too—do just as you like—just as you like—it's sure to be an improvement—"

Which was all very well; but in the ornamentation of her house Mrs. Alexander Elliott acted on these two fundamental principles—first, that each and every article in the drawing-room must be adorned with a large bow of silk ribbon, as if it were a white poodle-dog, and, secondly, that flowers, whether cut or potted, were simple, feeble, ineffective things, and must therefore be swathed round about with masses of satin, either pink or yellow. And as Briseis did not know how far she might dare to impinge upon these traditions, her tentative little efforts at decoration were considerably restricted; however, she proceeded as well as she could; and, in fact, had only done restoring some measure of freedom to the cramped-up flowers of the dining-room

table when a ringing of the door-bell warned her to fly and seek shelter down in the kitchen.

The carrying up of the dinner dishes did not prove to be much of a hardship, after all; and when, at intervals, she caught some glimpse or echo of the rather funereal banquet going forward in the dining-room, she did not much regret being on the wrong side of the door. Then by-and-by dessert arrived; and this was the signal for her to get off to her own apartment, to dress for the later ceremony. When she descended to the drawing-room she found herself alone; so she occupied the spare moments in loosening out a few of the bows of ribbon, and in shaking free some of the tied-up curtains.

Miss Bingham's papa and mamma turned out to be a rather distinguished-looking couple, both of them of a countrified complexion, with good manners, and considerable reticence of speech. But, well-bred as they may have been, neither could altogether conceal a slight glance of surprise when they were introduced to Briseis Valieri. Who was the mysterious stranger, then, who had not been granted a place at the dinner table? A niece? But she was so singularly unlike the rest of the family; she was tall—dark-eyed—and gracious of bearing; and when, at her aunt's request, she went to the piano and began to play something—soft and low, so as not to disturb the conversation—Mrs. Bingham at least knew that that was no school-girl's touch, no, nor any music-mistress's either. And then, when Briseis had done what had been demanded of her, she rose and retired into an adjacent corner, where there chanced to be a small side table, and a lamp, and some photographs; and here no one interfered with her; indeed she even ventured to open and read a note that had stealthily been placed in her hand by the little lame boy. It contained only these words—"The line is 'On Popocatapetl'; but don't tell Edward I told you.—A." She had a vague impression that this might refer to some one or other of the medical student's fatuities; but which of them she couldn't recall at the moment.

The Binghams did not stay late; but there was much to do after they had gone; and it was not until well past eleven that Briseis was allowed to retire finally to the solitude of her own room. By this time she was about done to death; and perhaps inclined to be a trifle hysterical after the long and unintermittent strain; and to calm herself she went and sat by the window (the stars were faintly visible above the roofs of the opposite houses), and repeated to herself—and repeated more than once, too—Goethe's pathetic Nachtlied. The translation (of the untranslatable) was her own, and no doubt was bald and bare enough; but she had used the little fragment ere now as a kind of spell or charm in moments of despondency.

Over all the mountains
Is peace;
Along the far summits
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are hushed in the forest.
Wait thou only, and soon
Thou also shalt sleep.

This time the charm proved to be of no avail. She was restless—nervously excited—sleep was out of the question—"ihr war, sie wusste nicht wie." And at length, hardly knowing what she did, she went to the side of the bed, and threw herself on her knees, and laid her forehead on her clasped hands. It was an attitude of prayer—though this was a strange kind of prayer:

"Mother—father—uncle—where are you all?" she murmured, amid wild tears and wilder sobbing. "Where are you? Can you hear me? Do you know that—that I am trying to do my best?—I try—to do what you would approve—but—but I am so lonely—so lonely. Mother—mother—surely you can hear me—cannot you say something—to let me know—that you approve?—"

But there was no answer from the wide, and sad, and silent spaces of the stars.

CHAPTER XI.

A SECRET OF THE WOODS.

Now no one who had met Miss Georgie Lestrange coming lightly down the staircase and across the hall of Glen Skean Castle, on this fresh, and brilliant, and sweet-scented morning, would have suspected that there was aught of evil, or mischief, or malice in her extremely pretty eyes. And perhaps there was not. Perhaps she had only the natural wish to get out-of-doors for a minute or two—to look abroad on the wide valley with its azure ribbon of a river, on the rose-

purple slopes of heather stained to a claret color here and there by the passing clouds, and on the sunlight weaving silver into the mists of Aonach Môr. That was simple and natural enough. The dew was trembling and glinting on the grass; the rowan-trees were a glory of scarlet; the black shadows of the limes and beeches moved slowly, this way and that, on the vivid green of the lawn: there were plenty of things to engage her pleased attention, out here in the open air. But Miss Georgie did not at once step forth into the sunshine.

For it so happened that in passing through the portico she caught sight of the luncheon-bag, already packed and lying on the table; and as this bag was made of netting, the contents of it were for the most part visible, among these being a couple of small tumblers, one within the other for safer carrying. She paused only for a second; and even now there was no indication that any devilment had occurred to her nimble brain. Nay, it was with a fine affectation of carelessness that she went outside and looked all about her—her dark blue Tam o' Shanter set jauntily on the rebellious tangles of her golden-red hair. And then she passed across the terrace; and tripped down the wide steps; and strolled along to the nearest flower-plot, and proceeded to gather a few pansies. These pansies were of an uncommon kind—dusky orange and russet, with manifold streaks and blotches; and perhaps that was why she wanted them; at all events, when she had secured the little nosegay she returned with it to the portico, and placed it for a moment on the table. Then, and more rapidly (and after a quick and furtive glance into the interior of the hall), she undid the clasp of the luncheon-bag; she took out the two tumblers, and separated them; she wrapped the paper round one of them and restored it to its place; the other received the tiny bouquet; and with that in her hand she walked into the spacious and empty dining-room, where breakfast was laid. This was but a trifling decoration to place on the massive Elizabethan sideboard, in front of the great salvers and tankards; nevertheless she seemed satisfied; and when she went out once more to the terrace, she was demurely whistling to herself as she walked up and down—with a watchful eye for any new-comer.

And that, as it chanced, was none other than Frank Gordon, who had been down to see what the river was like.

"I'm afraid, Miss Georgie," said he, as he came up, "it's no use your going with us to-day. The water has dwindled away to nothing. Not a ghost of a chance—"

"But you said you would show me the big fish in the pools above the Priest's Bridge," said Miss Georgie, in rather an injured fashion.

"Oh, well, if you like to go as far, for the pleasure of sitting and looking at them—"

"And the photographs," she continued. "You said you would help me to get some instantaneous views of salmon-fishing—you casting, you know, out at the end of the jetty—and John standing by you, with the gaff—"

"Oh, certainly, by all means," he said, "if you think it's worth while coming for that."

"And you promised to try the new rod the Prince has had sent him—"

"Taking a salmon-rod out to Monteveltro!"

"But you promised. And besides," she added, triumphantly and conclusively, "the luncheon-bag is already packed for us—for some of the English servants have been allowed to go off to see the Highland Games at Fort Mary, and they did everything they could before they left. What time would you like to start?"

"Whenever you please."

"Oh, well, I'll go and get the plates put in my camera; and if we set out immediately after breakfast, I dare say there will be plenty of time for us to photograph all the way up to the Priest's Bridge."

It seemed a satisfactory arrangement; but it did not so entirely commend itself to all the members of this household. Some little while after the setting forth of the expedition, Lady Rockminster went along to her sister-in-law's boudoir, knocked, and was bidden to enter.

"Adela," said she, when she had shut the door behind her, "I want to speak to you."

"What is it?" asked Lady Adela in reply, looking up from her writing. She was dressed in a most charming tea gown: it was a compliment she paid to her work, and indirectly to the public.

"Do you know that Georgie Lestrange



"AND PERHAPS THAT WAS WHY SHE WANTED THEM."

has gone away up the river again, with Frank Gordon?"

"Yes?"

"Well, that's nothing in itself, perhaps," continued Lady Rockminster, who seemed somewhat vexed, "but really the way she is going on is too bad—"

"She is a mischievous wretch," observed Lady Adela, calmly.

"It is really outrageous!" the tall and handsome young matron protested. "And I am certain the Princess is deeply annoyed, though she is too proud to say anything. Why, do you know that more than once I have caught the maids sniggering among themselves? Now that is abominable. That is perfectly abominable."

"Really, Honnor," her sister-in-law retorted, "I don't see how you can blame Georgie for the bad manners of your servants. And as for her little frolics, what harm is in them? It's only her fun."

"It's a kind of fun that sometimes has

very serious consequences," said Lady Rockminster, impatiently.

Her sister-in-law laid down her pen.

"What is it you are afraid of, Honnor? A boy and girl amusing themselves, like a pair of kittens: what harm can come of that? Is it Master Frank you are concerned about? Leave him alone: he can take care of himself — trust him! He wasn't born yesterday. Nor was she, for the matter of that. Georgie has had at least one little affair of a more serious kind. There was Jack Cavan—the Cavans of Kilcrana — I never quite knew how that was broken off—"

"All the same," rejoined Lady Rockminster, "I do say that Georgie Lestrange is carrying things too far; and I consider that you ought to interfere. I cannot. I am her hostess. But you are her particular friend—"

"And I will give you a very sufficient reason why I cannot interfere," Lady Adela made answer, with not a little dignity. "Are you aware that I am making a study of the situation? These two are my models, at present. I am drawing from the life—"

"And do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Lady Rockminster, with only half-concealed indignation, "that you are ready to sacrifice the interests of your friend—that you refuse to warn her of her danger—because of the requirements of your novel?"

Lady Adela Cunyngham was not in the least put out.

"My dear Honnor," she said, with much self-possession, "you mistake the point of view. I am trying to make my book a minute and faithful picture of English life as it is lived to-day, in all its varied phases; and I trust that the record may have a permanent value long after temporary escapades are forgotten."

In asserting her position the authoress had become almost convincingly sententious: Lady Rockminster hardly knew what to say. She left the room wondering whether she herself would have to ask Miss Georgie to be a little more circumspect in her methods, or whether those gay cantrips were to go on entirely unchecked.

And at this very moment Miss Georgie Lestrange was out in the middle of the river Skean, cautiously making her way along a knifelike edge of rock, while Frank Gordon was by her side, splashing through the shallows, and holding on by her arm to balance her. Presently she stopped.

"I think we are far enough," she said, looking back towards the bank they had left behind — where John Tod was in charge of the little black box of a camera perched on a big gray bowlder. "Yes, this will about do. Now you get up on that stone."

He did as he was bid.

"You must reach over and grasp my hand," she continued, "as if you were going to help me to jump on to the rock beside you—do you see? And take a firm grip—my fingers aren't made of whipped cream—and that will steady us both. If we're all in focus, castle and hills and all, I think it will be rather nobby."

'Nobby' is not perhaps the word one would have chosen; but there is no doubt she had planned this composition with considerable skill. For here were the foreground figures, out on the rocks amid the silver-glancing waters; and behind them was a still, clear, tea-brown pool that made a perfect mirror for the overhanging rowan-trees and hazel-bushes; beyond that, in the distance, rose the plateau on which the gray walls of the Castle stood out from their background of dark green pine; while over all towered the peaks of Aonach Môr, the threads of snow in the shadowed crevices losing themselves in the hovering clouds. That, at least, was what she had arranged through the medium of the 'finder'; and there remained now but to signal to John Tod to press the spring.

"Sure you won't wobble?" she said to her companion, as she reached out her hand. "Hold on firm now. Sure you won't wobble when I cry 'Go!'?"

"I have braced up my nerves," he answered her.

"Go!" she called—and the sound rang clearly away across the soft murmuring of the stream.

The next moment she had straightened herself up again, still clinging to his hand; and then he stepped down from the stone into the water, to pilot her ashore; and in a little while they had resumed their leisurely pilgrimage along the river-bank.

It was quite wonderful the number of picturesque backgrounds that Miss Georgie managed to discover, on this idle morning; and there was no need to ini-

tiate John Tod into the mysteries of time-exposure, for the sunlight was vivid on bank and brae; so that here, there, and everywhere she was forming her little group of two, and having it snapped for her. But there was one spot in especial that she set her heart on; just below the Priest's Bridge it was—a deep and slumberous pool dark almost to an ebony blackness, on the further side a wall of water-worn rock with overhanging woods, on the hither side steep slopes smothered in heather and bracken and scrub-oak, while out into the glassy surface of the stream ran a small russet-yellow jetty, rudely constructed of split pine, for the convenience of the fisherman.

"Now, Sir Francis," said she, "you must go right to the end of the jetty, for your gray figure will do splendidly against the black shadow, and there will be the reflection in the water as well. You must take your rod, too, and pretend to be casting—"

"And you?" said he.

"Oh, I am coming out, too," she answered, blithely. "I am going to stand by you as your gillie, gaff in hand—"

"That's rather reversing the natural order of things, isn't it?" he made bold to remark.

"Now be a good boy, and do as you're told," said she, in a businesslike manner, as she proceeded to poise the camera. "This is the very last one I am going to take—and it must be perfect."

Of course the result of all these experiments could not be known until much later on; but in the mean time she seemed well content; and as they continued on their way up through the woods to the heights above the Priest's Bridge, she appeared to be in excellent spirits. And yet she said—as she absently plucked a bit of heather and began to nibble at it—

"It's horrid to have no soul—positively horrid. Don't you think so? I call it loathsome—distinctly loathsome."

"No soul?" he repeated in amazement. "Who has no soul?"

"I," she rejoined, deliberately. "I am conscious of it all the time I am with Lady Adela, and Sibyl, and Rose. Their aspirations, their passionate yearnings, their noble ambitions—all that arises from their having souls; they are in earnest, and enjoy a kind of spiritual exaltation; and I feel so awfully ashamed—and mean—and—and empty. I am convinced I have no soul; and it's really and truly horrid."

"Oh, but there are other qualities," said he, boldly (for he must needs comfort this poor creature in her vague despondency). "You wouldn't have everybody writing, and painting, and composing music? You wouldn't have the world filled with people of that kind? Surely there are qualities in human life quite as valuable as the enthusiasm of amateurs! There's cheerfulness, for example; and there's good-nature—and good-comradeship—and straightforwardness—and brightness—and merriment—"

"Oh, is that me?" she said. "Do you mean me? Really? Perhaps, after all, I may be a blessing in disguise!"

"I don't see the disguise," said he.

"Hm!—that's rather nice," she observed, reflectively; and by this time they were out in the open again—high above the Skean Narrows.

And then, and cautiously, he led her forward to the brink of the deep and sombre chasm; and, resting his hand on a birch-tree, he peered over, and continued his intense scrutiny, for a few seconds. Then he withdrew his head.

"I can only see two down there, but they are huge brutes."

"Where—where—where?" she exclaimed excitedly; and she also would crane her head and neck, gazing down through the bushes into the deeps of the river far below.

But at first she could see nothing at all—nothing save the dark, clear, still water, with here and there some faint indication of the gravel or rock at the bottom. She stared and better stared—eager—impatient—and then she uttered a slight cry.

"Oh, I see him!—I see him!—"

For a dull-hued, olive-green object, hitherto lying motionless above a flat yellow stone, had made a slight movement; there was an obscure gleam for the fiftieth part of a second; but that was sufficient to direct the eye—and now she could dimly make out the enormous fish, which was almost motionless again, and not too easily discernible unless one's attention were kept steady.

"There's another about a yard and a half further down," Frank Gordon said to her, "but he's closer in to the rock: you won't make him out until your eyes get better accustomed. In the mean time, what do you say to having lunch, just

here? You can sit and watch the fish: very likely you may see one or other of them throw himself out of the water—and these two are forty-pounders if they're anything."

Well, she was nothing loth; for the long rambling by glade and stream had made her hungry; John was summoned to bring along the bag; the little white parcels were opened; and there was a display of tongue and turkey sandwiches, vinegared lettuce, and other commodities. Then he drew the cork of the claret-bottle; and proceeded to remove the paper that ought to have enwrapped two tumblers. There was only one.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed angrily. "Did you ever see such carelessness! Hallett has sent us only one tumbler!"

Not the faintest tinge of color appeared on the shell-like purity of her forehead.

"Oh, really?" she said, with great sweetness. "But it doesn't matter, does it?"

"Of course it doesn't matter," said he, gloomily. "I can get the loan of the cup from Tod's flask."

This startled her: it was an unforeseen check.

"Oh, Tod's flask?" she repeated. "Some battered old zinc thing—why should you want to have that? Surely this tumbler can do for both of us? I am not too proud, if you are not."

It was a challenge—a command, rather.

"If you don't mind—" he said.

"Of course I don't mind!" she said, with robust good-nature; and therewith they set to work on the small packets; and when it came to the question of claret, they drank alternately, like two lovebirds, from the same cup. The familiar hobnobbing, here in these remote and sylvan solitudes, seemed to delight her; she picked the nicest sandwiches for him; she recommended this and recommended that; and finally, luncheon over, she cleverly pared an apple, and duly presented him with his proper half.

And yet she was not wholly happy. Ever and anon she had been glancing down towards the still pools at the bottom of the wooded gorge, where she could now make out, not only the two large salmon, but three or four smaller ones, equally immobile in the shadows of the rocks.

"It's an awful swizz seeing those fish lying there, isn't it?" she said, somewhat enigmatically. "Makes you want to throw stones at them, doesn't it? They're no use to anybody, are they?" Then she looked him straight in the face. "Sir Francis," said she, "did you ever hear of such a thing as 'snatching' a salmon?"

"A shabby trick," he said, as he lit a cigarette.

"Oh, yes, that's all very well," she proceeded, undauntedly. "I know that snatching is considered to be very disgraceful—at least, that is what people pretend—and you wouldn't do it while there was a keeper or a gillie near by. But if I were a man, I would not be afraid of the opinion of keepers and gillies!"

"I am not afraid of the opinion of keepers and gillies," he humbly protested. "I am afraid of my own opinion."

"Oh, that is all quixotism," she insisted. "Now just let me count up the reasons why you should snatch one of these fish, so that we may take it home with us. First of all, I want to see how it's done: that's one reason. Then I know the housekeeper at the Castle, or the cook, or whoever it is, will be glad to have a salmon for the kitchen—that's two more: three reasons. Then the fish for the time being belong to Lord Rockminster: eight reasons. Are you counting? Then it's a secluded place: no one can possibly see us: twelve reasons. That's already twelve undeniable reasons. But the twenty-first, and the original and imperative one, is that I must and shall see how it's done!"

Now if he had looked any other way he might have been saved; but he looked the very worst way of all; he looked at her eyes—and these were full of a malicious and audacious mirth. He fell.

"Do you mean it?" he said.

"Of course I do!" she answered him.

"John!" he called aloud. "Bring me my fly-book, and a small japanned box you will find in the fishing-bag, and the Prince's rod."

"Why the Prince's rod?" she demanded.

"Do you think I would contaminate my own rod with any such iniquity?—whereas the Monteveltrin conscience won't mind." Then, when John Tod had brought the japanned box, he opened it. "I wish to draw your attention, Miss Georgie, to the fact that I have not a triangle in my possession: I shall have to make one by destroying three valuable flies."

"And why not?" said she. "Haven't I given you thirty-seven sound reasons why it is right and just and absolutely necessary that you should snatch a salmon!—"

"Oh, let that go—let that go," he said, doggedly. "When one is embarking on wild wickedness, it's no good trying to salve one's soul with excuses."

He took three large Jock Scotts, and ruthlessly cut the dressing off them; he placed them back to back, and bound them together with brass wire; he affixed a bit of string and a leaden sinker; he ran a piece of gut through the eyed shanks—But enough: the execrable implement was at length complete. And by this time the Prince's brand-new rod had been put together.

"Now, John," he said, "you go away down to the water-side, and hide behind a rock; and you needn't see what's going on till I yell to you to be ready with the gaff."

He himself descended the steep bank some little way, clambering through tall heather, and broom, and birch; and ever at his elbow was Vivien the temptress, far more resolute and set on this atrocious enterprise than he was.

"Try for one of the big ones," she whispered eagerly. "Won't it be splendid to take a forty-five-pounder back to the Castle!"

Which was all very well; but the difficulty of swinging and pitching that unholy implement, in this narrow chasm, was much greater than she understood; besides, it is not suggested that he was an adept. At last, however, he managed to drop the triangle on to the smooth-worn face of the opposite rock—he kept jerking it slightly—and finally it flopped into the water, just beyond one of the great salmon. The next moment there was a vacancy where that fish had been. It made no wave; it showed no sudden flash; it simply vanished; and the yellow stone over which it had been hanging was a yellow stone, and nothing more.

"Sir Francis, swear for me!" said Miss Georgie, with her teeth set.

"We must try further down," said he, more calmly. "But those rowan-trees are the very mischief."

They were the very mischief; for more than once he got caught up, and had to risk the whole of his tackle in hauling away the triangle by main force; but eventually most unmerited success crowned his efforts—he was fast into a fish, that first dashed up the pool, and then dashed down again, and then went to the bottom and dourly remained there.

This was but the beginning of the most desperate series of adventures that ever befell an unfortunate angler. To start with, he was surrounded with difficulties. He dared not move from his place, so sheer was the descent beneath him. Bushes hemmed him in on this bank; on the other were overhanging trees. Worst of all, the long and dark pool, towards its lower extremity, narrowed until the water flowed between two almost contiguous walls of rock; and it was a matter of certainty that if the salmon entered that channel, he would depart on a farewell voyage. And of course, as is the wont of salmon, as soon as this fish had tired of sulking, it was for the neck of that channel that he deliberately made. More and more strain was put on him; and more and more strain; and still the brute kept boring down; ruin seemed inevitable—

When there was a most appalling crack: the rod had snapped clean in two!—halfway up the middle joint. Gordon (with an inward 'O mother of Moses, what's going to happen now!') had just time to seize the upper half before it slid down the slackened line, so that he now found himself with half a rod in each hand, the line being the only connecting link.

"Here," he said quickly to his companion, "take this—and reel up when I tell you—and let out when I tell you—"

With trembling fingers Miss Georgie received the lower half of the rod, and breathlessly awaited commands. The marvellous thing was that the sudden slackening of the strain had apparently altered the determination of the fish to go down the narrow channel: he began to come steadily back—while the fisherman, holding his half of the rod with the left hand, with the right pulled in the line through the rings.

"Reel up!—reel up!" he cried to his companion—and Miss Georgie, with her heart in her mouth, and her eyes hot as fire, and her fingers shaking, fought with the small horn handle as best she could.

"Oh, Frank," she said (not knowing what she said), "what's going to happen?"

"Yes, that's what I want to know," he answered her, grimly, with his eye fixed

on the gray thread that was slowly cutting the water. "I never before played a fish with the top half of a broken rod. I suppose it's a judgment— Let out! let out!" he suddenly called to her—for now the salmon was making a vigorous dash for the head of the pool, and the poor, quaking lass had to let the line run free, though her knees were now almost unable to support her.

"Oh, what's it going to do!" she said, pantingly. "Oh, I can't hold this thing any longer—I cannot--I cannot—"

And then she uttered a piercing shriek. In her blind agitation and terror she had somehow managed to get the reel released from the rod; the moment it was loose it fell away from her tremulous grasp; and then in helpless dismay she saw it gradually and beautifully roll down the steep incline, ending by a splash into the water.

"Well, I think that has about settled the matter this journey!" observed young Gordon, with a rueful laugh.

But not yet. The crustacean gillie, his back bent double, came swiftly and crouchingly along; he caught the line and tried to jerk the reel to the surface; he failed at first, but ultimately, by gentler means, succeeded; and then he rapidly wound in.

"Will I fling it up t' ye!" he called.

"No, no!" she screamed in her alarm. "Keep it yourself, and do what Sir Francis tells you!"

"Slide the butt down to him," young Gordon said to her, quietly, and without even looking at her: all his attention was concentrated on the point where the scarcely moving gray thread met the mysterious brown deeps of the pool. "The butt," he exclaimed,—"your end of the rod—let it slip down the line, and he'll get hold of it."

Then she understood; the butt was launched, and safely delivered; John Tod reaffixed the reel; and then stood awaiting orders—in the most astounding predicament that had ever fallen to his lot.

And what was the salmon about all this time? Well, the salmon, not knowing that a single decisive movement must almost certainly have ensured its escape, had again gone below to sulk; and there it had remained, perhaps trying to persuade itself that nothing had occurred. And then, getting tired of the monotony of this performance, it began slowly to return to the middle of the pool, while Master Frank pulled in the line through the rings, keeping such strain on as he dared.

"Reel in, John, reel in!" he shouted to his henchman underneath—so that the line between the two pieces of the rod should be kept taut. And again: "Let go!—let go!"—for the salmon had now taken it into its head to wander away down by the opposite bank, where the water was deep and black-brown under the smooth gray rock. And all this while the fish had not shown itself once: they could form no idea of its possible size.

"If we ever land this fellow," said young Gordon to his companion, "there'll have to be a poem written about it."

"Oh, don't talk, Sir Francis, don't talk!" said she, piteously. "Get him!"

"Yes, that's all very well," he answered her, coolly enough. "But what control do you suppose I have over him, with this bit of stick? I wish the Prince had tried his rotten old rod for himself. There must have been a flaw right in the middle —O thunder!"

This ejaculation, under his breath, was quite inadequate to meet the exigencies of the case; for what happened now was simply bewildering. The salmon, suddenly resolved upon freeing itself from this vicious thing that had got hold of it, rushed up stream for some dozen yards or so; then threw itself thrice into the air, in rapid succession, each time coming down with an amazing report; then it lashed out on the surface—head and tail going—sides gleaming—the churned water flying about in every direction. And still, through all this, the gray line held! —and still it held through subsequent and weariful periods of sulking—and still it held until the fish, roving again, came incautiously near the bank and the crouching John Tod: there was a wary reaching out of the gaff—a quick stroke of the steel—and here, on the stones, lay and struggled a magnificent, brilliant-shining creature—near to thirty pounds, they guessed. Miss Georgie sank down on the heather: she had not breath left for the faintest 'hurrah!'

There ought to have been a reaction after all this wild excitement, especially as they were 'far, far frae hame,' with the afternoon wearing on. Nevertheless, as they made their preparations for the

return journey, it was with a light heart; and when at length they set out to seek their way through the woods, and along by the still pools and silver shallows, back to Glen Skean Castle, Miss Georgie had quite recovered her breath and also her considerable powers of speech, while she was unmistakably proud of the share she had taken in this achievement. 'Blithe, blithe, and merry was she;' and the evening was fair, and clear, and golden: when they got through the woods and out into the open, they found that the distant hills about Clunes and Glen Loy had become mere roseate transparent films against that glow in the west; only up by Aonach Môr was there something of a darker bulk and grandeur, in the sterile shadows facing the east.

"What a story I shall have to tell at dinner to-night!" cried Miss Georgie Lestrange, her laughing eyes and cherry lips radiant and smiling.

Her companion was less enthusiastic.

"If you're wise," said the young laird of Grantly, to his partner in crime, "you'll keep the whole affair a profound and ghastly secret. And you'll find out how John Tod can smuggle that fish into the kitchen, by some back way."

CHAPTER XII.

"WHERE THE DUN DEER LIE."

It was the religious scruples of the Margravine of Pless-Gmünden that threatened to break up the house party at Glen Skean Castle. For it appeared that a certain youthful Monarch, recently elevated to the throne, had been casting about for a bride; and as chance would have it, his fancy had fallen on the daughter of the said Margravine—the beautiful Alexia; the only drawback being that before any formal betrothal could take place it was necessary that the young lady should change her religion, or at least the outward form of it. She, having a practical turn of mind, was perfectly willing; but her mother, dévote to the last degree, recoiled; while during this period of suspense a considerable section of the King's ministers were secretly endeavoring to get the match broken off altogether, hoping that their master would form a much more important alliance. Now as the Margravine of Pless-Gmünden and the Princess of Monteveltro were known to be bosom-friends—indeed they had been so ever since their school-girl days in Dresden—and as the compelling and resolute character of the Princess was also well known, it was but natural that those whose interests favored the marriage should turn to her, with the idea that her frank remonstrances and her personal influence might induce the hesitating mother to do her duty by her daughter. Hence urgent messages and telegrams—from Buda-Pesth—from Belgrade—from Orsova; insomuch that the poor lass in the post-office at Skean Bridge, laboriously and mechanically spelling out the foreign words, had well-nigh taken leave of her wits.

But on the other hand the Prince was desperately loth to leave, just as the deer-stalking was about to begin. This was the summit of his ambition now: an honest, uncompromising, legitimate stalk: no blazing into detachments of driven animals—with that he was abundantly familiar; but an honest piece of circumvention, and skill, and nerve. He thought he could stand the test; at all events he was anxious to try; and eventually a compromise was effected between the importunate Princess and her dilatory husband. Rumors came in one evening of a large stag—a splendid beast of twelve points or more—having been seen in the neighborhood of the Corrieara burn; it was arranged that the Prince should attempt his first stalk the next morning; while on the following day he and the Princess were to set out on their return to eastern Europe—though, to be sure, they were first of all going round by Grantly on Dee-side, to pay at least a few hours' visit to Aunt Jean.

And thus it was that on this fateful morning, while as yet the great gray building seemed plunged in profoundest slumber, a small procession set forth from the front of the Castle: at its head the red-bearded gillie, Roderick, riding a shaggy brown pony; then there was the stalwart young lad, Hughie, on foot, with a bag slung over his shoulder; and finally came the Prince, mounted on the white mare Maggie, the rein hanging loose on her neck, for Monseigneur was engaged in lighting a cigar to cheer him on his lonely road. And a lonely road it was, when once they had got away from the Castle and had entered upon the solitudes of the forest: oppressively and mournfully silent too, for they had soon

left behind them the familiar sounds of the valley—the continuous murmur of the stream, the velvet "whuff-whuff" of the peewit's wings, the startled "coo-ee!" of the long-beaked whaup. None the less was it an auspicious morning. The sky was veiled over by a net-work of silvery-gray, the clouds receding in soft gradations of perspective until they almost seemed massed together over the billowy mountains about Glen Loy; and if the interstices appeared to be widening—if there were further and further gleams of blue—if the sunlight began to lend a warmer tone to the rose-purple of the heather—still, there was a cool air stirring that promised to temper the heat. Above all, the hills towards which they were bound were clear to the top; there was little chance of their being baffled by slow-descending mists.

What dark premonitions of 'buck-ague'—what stern resolves—what recurrent misgivings—what wild visions of a stag Royal—were now warring with each other in Monseigneur's brain it is unnecessary to guess; perhaps it would have been better for his nerve if Ronald the head forester, who was a companionable kind of man, had been with him; but Ronald had left long before daybreak on a reconnoitring expedition; and it was to the rendezvous he had appointed that they were now making their way. And so the mute little procession toiled on—across these voiceless wastes of peat-hag, and bog-myrtle, and heather—until the rude track they were following began gradually to ascend; and now the wise mare Maggie, craning her neck forward, was left to pick her own footing, for ever and anon the bridle-path would seem to disappear in this rough wilderness of rock and scanty herbage. Up and up they went, into the silences of the hills; and the higher they got the wider and wider grew the great world beneath them, spreading out on every hand to the horizon, until far in the west the ethereal mountainous ramparts were visible all the way from Ardgour to Glengarry, and in the east the shadows of Ben Alder had become of a pale and clear and perfect ultramarine beyond the undulating, intervening straths.

Mile after mile they traversed in this fashion—splashing through swampy hollows, and climbing up barren heights—until on the summit of one of these ridges the gillie on the brown pony began to go more warily, with whispered communications, in Gaelic, to his companion Hugh. And then of a sudden, as it seemed to the startled eyes of Monseigneur, a man sprung out of the ground—a short, thick-set man, with bushy black eyebrows and extraordinarily clear gray eyes; and he was shutting up his telescope-case as he stepped forward and touched his cap.

"Have you seen him?" said the Prince, eagerly. "Have you seen the big stag?"

Ronald answered in a slow, and measured, and depressed manner—as if he were speaking of some calamity that had befallen him or his in bygone times.

"Yes, I am thinking that. Anyway there's a grand beast, along with a wheen more, on the other side of Ben-na-crasg; but before we could get to them, they will be lying down, and mebbe they will not be rising to feed again for hours yet. But there's a lot of hinds and two or three small beasts just beyond the water-shed; and we would be going in that direction whatever. Will ye please to get down now, Monsenior?"

So this was the arrangement, then?—the two ponies were led off by the red-bearded gillie towards some unknown destination; the stalwart young lad put a rifle over each of his shoulders; the head forester proceeded to lead the way, Monseigneur obediently following. And little indeed did the hapless Prince know what was now before him. For first they went down these steep and rugged slopes until they reached the glen below; then they got into a winding channel filled with oozy peat-water, and that they followed for half a mile—sinking into the dark brown mud at every step; then (after vigilant circumspection) they crossed an open piece of morass that was more of a quaking bog than anything else, with patches of bright green that spoke of holes ready to engulf them; and at last they found comparative shelter in a rocky ravine, up which they painfully toiled. By this time the spick-and-span attire with which Monseigneur had started away in the morning was in a deplorable condition, and he himself was little better. He was black up to the thighs; his face was bespattered (for he had stumbled once or twice on hidden stumps and come down heavily); his hair was matted and streaming with perspiration; his long mustache was now all loose and ragged

and forlorn. And yet he held on courageously, with never a word of complaint; now and again he was forced to pause in order to take breath and mop his forehead, but it was with no thought of remonstrance; and not once had there even been a suggestion as to the opening of a flask.

For over an hour not a syllable had been uttered, nor was there any uttered now as the deep-chested forester stopped, took the rifles from Hughie, put cartridges into the barrels, gave one of the weapons to the Prince, retaining the other for himself, while again their laborious onward progress was resumed. Presently, however, after a long and cautious survey of the ground, he left the bed of the ravine, and began to clamber up the sheer incline—an operation that was rendered doubly difficult for Monseigneur, for the reason that he, having some one in front of him, was bound to keep his rifle in a transverse position as he clutched and climbed from one stone to another, from one heather-tuft to that just above. And even here the same overwhelming silence prevailed. A deathlike stillness: not a bird chirped, not a leaf stirred: there was a curious impression that one could hear sounds miles and miles away, only that there were no sounds to listen to, in this forgotten land. And so it was that when all of a sudden into this mysterious hush and peace there sprang an appalling

"BRAH!"

surely that was enough to shake the heart of any mortal man! The terrified Prince grasped the heather to steady himself, and looked up—for the astounding roar or snort seemed to proceed from just over his head; and there for one wild second he beheld on the sky-line above him an awful creature—a dark creature with large and startled eyes and pricked-up ears—that was intently gazing down upon him. The next instant the apparition had vanished—dissipated itself into air—without a rustle or the patter of a hoof.

"Was that—a stag?" Monseigneur gasped, with his heart thumping and thumping as if it would burst out of his chest.

"Na, na, just a hind," replied the forester, in a low voice. "I was seeing a good big herd of them close by here—and mebbe she'll no have frightened them much—"

"Hinds?—hinds?" said Monseigneur, with impatience. "I do not wish to shoot hinds!—"

"But there's two or three stags I was seeing as well—smahl beasts—if Monsenior would try a shot before going on—"

"Small—small, did you say?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, but Monsenior might get an easy shot—"

"Come, come, now, Ronald," the Prince said, imperatively—for he had not suffered all this indescribable torture in order to waste his attention on 'rubbish'—"it's the big stag we're after, and nothing else—"

"As ye please, Monsenior," responded Ronald, coolly. "We'll just haud on, then." And therewith their heavy labor was resumed—Monseigneur blindly following, resolved upon enduring to the end, so long as a breath was left in his body.

But at length, towards noon, they had arrived at the crest of a hill, or ridge of hills, overlooking a wide extent of lonely and featureless country—featureless save for a small and sluggish burn that crept noiselessly through these sterile wastes; and here Ronald, lying on his back, and balancing his telescope on his knees, began a careful scrutiny of the ground. Presently, with his forefinger, he beckoned Monseigneur to worm himself up to his side.

"They're in a terrible bad place—"

"And the big stag?" the Prince whispered, eagerly.

"Ay, he's there—he's a bit nearer the burn than the others. Take the glass, Monsenior."

It was no easy matter to manage this unwonted instrument; but eventually, after long searching, the Prince did come upon the herd—hardly distinguishable from the dun hue of the valley except by reason of their antlers that were here and there in motion, lazily flicking off a fly. All these stags were lying down, out there in the open; while the monarch of them, of a somewhat darker color than the others, lay a little distance apart. It was on him, of course, that Monseigneur directed the wavering glass; and it was in an awe-stricken kind of fashion that he turned to Ronald with smothered questions as to the chances of their being able to get anywhere near that splendid quarry.

"They're in a terrible bad place," Ron-



"AND LITTLE INDEED DID THE HAPLESS PRINCE KNOW WHAT WAS NOW BEFORE HIM."

ald repeated, musingly, as he scanned every feature of the country and watched the "carry" of every shred of cloud. "But there's no hinds wi' them; and that's in our favor. And mebbe we could get down to the bed of the burn. Anyway, Monsenior, they'll no be getting up to feed for a good hour or two yet; and you might as well be having your luncheon."

A terribly tantalizing meal this was; and equally tantalizing was the period of weary waiting that ensued — while the cold wind of these altitudes was steadily and mercilessly freezing blood and bone. When finally Ronald deemed it prudent to make a move—lying on his back, and pushing himself feet first down the hillside.—Monseigneur could hardly follow his example, so stiffened had his joints become; nevertheless he manfully persevered; and in course of time, by a circuitous route, they managed to reach the bed of the stream, where their progression took another and still more agonizing form. Face down it was now; and water that runs in at one's neck and chest is colder than any other kind of water.

More crawling and spying; and now even the professional Ronald was beginning to betray a little subdued excitement.

"A grand beast!" he muttered, dipping down again from one of those guarded surveys. "Just a famous head! And they're all up and feeding now—if they draw over the ridge, ye ought to have a chance, Monsenior. A grand beast—thirteen or fourteen points, I'm thinking —and a fine span: a noble beast indeed."

Monseigneur could hardly listen: he knew that the crisis of his life was approaching. And as it happened, at this perilous juncture, they were favored by singular good fortune; for as they stealthily got nearer and nearer, slouching along by the bed of the burn, they found that the herd were slowly withdrawing over the ridge, while the big stag, with two smaller ones, seemed rather inclined to keep to the valley. And at last the fateful signal was given. Monseigneur, his head scarcely raised above the sandy grass and the knobs of heather, drew himself forward, pushing his rifle in front of him; he paused to take breath, for he was like to choke with apprehension; warily he crawled on again; and now he could make out a little plateau, russet-hued in the warm afternoon sunlight, and quietly feeding there a magnificent and graceful creature with great wide-branching horns. He raised himself slightly on his elbows. He put the rifle to his shoulder. He tried to steady the trembling barrels; then he held his breath; he pulled the trigger— and the dull, soft thud of the bullet into the slope beyond proclaimed that he had missed clean.

What followed now was so sudden, so unexpected, and so brief that it gave no opportunity for consideration. The stag, alarmed by the loud report, and not seeing where his enemies lay hid, dashed forward, and as luck would have it came galloping directly down upon them. Ronald, having no time to think, thrust his head into the heather, and put his arms round the back of his neck; Monseigneur — well, Monseigneur did not know what was happening to him, as this huge animal came bounding along: the next moment the stag had sprung right over them, and was making straight for the burn.

"Now, sir!—now!" yelled Ronald; and the bewildered Prince mechanically obeyed — he swung himself round — he took aim—he fired—and the stag was seen to go crashing down, right in the middle of the shallow stream. But again the gallant brute was on his legs—he struggled through the pool—he tried and again tried the opposite bank—and that was the end of him: all at once he lurched heavily on to his knees, and then fell of a heap, apparently stone-dead. The face of Monseigneur was of the color of vellum.

The next minute the three men were in the water, splashing their way across to the other side; but it was Hughie who had first grip of the branching antlers.

"Fourteen points, sir!" he called, with a grin.

"Fourteen points!—du lieber!—fourteen—fourteen points!" And indeed when the Prince got up to the noble prize he had secured (by an infamous fluke) his recent paralysis of consternation completely fell away from him, and he broke into an absolute paroxysm of delight. He went daft. He threw his cap in the air. He was loudly laughing and chuckling. "Fourteen points!" he cried — and he also would raise the massive head, to examine and admire. "I tell you, Ronald, that is fourteen sovereigns in your pocket the moment we get home—and seven in

yours, Hughie: so that's a fair day's work for all of us! A grand beast?—yes, you were right there, Ronald, you rascal! And how far away are the ponies now? —and will you be able to get him down to the Castle to-night? Why don't you cry hurrah, man?—why don't you cry hurrah?"

"Monsenior," said Ronald, shyly, "if there was a smahl tasting of whiskey that no one would be caring for—"

Monseigneur got out from the luncheon-bag his capacious flask.

"There," said he, with sovereign magnanimity, "take what there is—divide it between you—I shall not want a drop—not a drop. Only, Ronald, I rely on you to get this splendid fellow down to the Castle to-night."

It was just about this time of the afternoon that the young laird of Grantly, Miss Georgie Lestrange, and John Tod were returning from a fruitless expedition up the river, and they had arrived at the mouth of the Corrieara burn, when it occurred to Frank Gordon that if Tod were to be sent off home with the fishing impedimenta, these other two—Miss Georgie and himself, that is—might go for a bit of a stroll into the forest to meet the stalking-party on their way back to the Castle. Now there was nothing that the blithe damsel with the pince-nez was not ready for; the arrangement was forthwith made; and presently the two of them were scrambling up through bushes and bracken until they were in sight of the vast, treeless plain and the surrounding hills. But on the crest she paused, and turned, and in tragic tones she addressed the river they were leaving behind them.

"Farewell, dear, dear stream!" she said. "Farewell, farewell! 'No more by thee my steps shall be, forever and forever!'"

"Why?" asked her more prosaic neighbor.

"Why?" she repeated. "Why? And you leaving to-morrow morning with the Prince and Princess!"

"Yes, but there's Lady Rockminster," said he. "You could go down to the pools with her."

"Honnor has lost all her enthusiasm," Miss Georgie replied. "She won't budge a foot while the water's as low as it is at present. And yet I do think it's so jolly to sit on the bank—and eat apples—and watch the big salmon—whether there's any fishing going on or no." By this time they were crossing the morass, making for one of the bridle-tracks leading into the hills. "I say, it's rather nice to be quite by ourselves, isn't it?" Miss Georgie proceeded, as she picked her steps among the rough heather and peat-hags. "I call it spiffing, don't you? John Tod is a nuisance. I detest him. He's quite unlike the others—don't you think so? All the others—I mean the Highland keepers, and gillies, and servants—are so reserved and polite, and they have so much quiet self-respect too; but Tod—Tod considers himself clever, and attempts to make fun of them—"

"Yes," observed her companion, "and a facetious Lowlander trying to be humorous at the expense of the Highlanders is about the most painful sight that Providence permits in this unfortunate universe."

"And his imitations—imitations, indeed! 'Her nainsel's a shentlemans': did ever any one hear a Highlander talk like that?" Miss Georgie demanded, indignantly.

"Stop, stop!" he cried, laughing. "So far I have refrained—"

"Refrained from what?"

"From throwing him into the river. You see, it's a delicate matter. If he were your own gillie, a ducking in the Priest's Bridge pool might have an excellent effect on his little pleasantries—"

They had now struck upon the rude bridle-path, and could continue their route without paying so much attention to their footsteps. And if as yet they could make out no sign of the return of the stalking-party, they wandered on very contentedly through this golden evening, the still air around them sweetened with the honey-fragrance of the heather and the resinous perfume of the bog-myrtle. Already, among the lonely corries of Aonach Môr, shadows of a wan and pale purple were beginning to draw over; but far in the west the heavens were all aglow; and the hills around Glen Loy had become almost transparent—they seemed like huge phantom billows receding outwards and outwards to the sea.

It was a wild and solitary scene; and the silence was impressive; but Miss Georgie Lestrange did not allow herself to be overawed. She was laughing, talking, jesting, with occasional little touches

of pensive sentiment; and if there was any mischief in her mind, her manner betrayed nothing but a demure and attractive innocence.

"Where can those people be?" he kept asking; but her eyes refused to follow his to the distant slopes and heights: she seemed to care as little for the return of the stalkers as she did for the shadows slowly gathering on Aonach Môr.

"Say now, Sir Francis," she proceeded, "wouldn't you like a little souvenir—a souvenir that might sometimes recall to you the happy days we have spent on the banks of the Skean? I've been thinking, you know. Do you remember telling me about the keeper on the Awe, who wanted to dress a new salmon-fly, and part of the dressing he used was a bit of red hair from the head of a girl in the neighborhood? Awfully clever of him, wasn't it? And the fly turned out successful, didn't you say? Didn't they call it the 'Highland Lassie'?"

He was hardly heeding her—so intent was his scrutiny of the remote undulations and gullies.

"They must have gone back by some other way," he said, "unless they've had a long chase after a wounded stag."

But her next abrupt question brought him to his senses.

"Is my hair red enough?" she demanded.

"Miss Georgie," said he, reprovingly, "questions like that provoke indiscreet answers. Your hair isn't red. I daren't say what I think it is—because you would think me impertinent."

"Is it red enough to put on a salmon-fly?" she persevered. "Because, if it is, you're quite welcome to cut off as much as would dress three or four flies; and then, in days to come, you know, you might think of the happy times on the Skean."

He did not accept her invitation: he was frightened.

"You don't happen to have a pair of scissors?" she asked next, in an off-hand way. "I think I saw a small pair—in your fly-book—"

"Well, yes, I have," he admitted. "But I couldn't clip off any of your hair—it would be a disfigurement—"

"Not at all," she insisted. "Have you your fly-book in your pocket? Very well; take out the scissors. Behind the ears, don't you understand—underneath—you can easily snip bits that will never be noticed."

"But really," said he, "I—I could not take such a liberty—"

"It appears to me," she said, proudly, "that I am as much entitled to have a salmon-fly called after me as any red-headed girl at Taynuilt. Why not the 'English Lassie' as well as the 'Highland Lassie'?"

Well, his fingers were not very steady as he took out the scissors and set about this unnerving task; and he was extremely modest in the exactions he made on those ruddy-golden wisps and tangles that curled and clustered about her milk-white neck; but at length he had put the tiny quantities together, and carefully smoothed them, and with a religious care had placed them in one of the pockets of his fly-book. She, also, seemed to be satisfied as they resumed their walk.

"The 'English Lass,'" she repeated, lightly. "But no names, mind—no names—should any stranger be turning over the leaves of your fly-book. A secret is between two. And you can write and tell me if I have brought you any luck."

Meanwhile there was no trace of the stalkers; and the golden glow in the west was paling; and a strange, clear, metallic-hued twilight was stealing over the land.

"Come, we must get away back now," he said to her, with something more of authority; and she was obedient; so they turned and set out for the Castle—the gray towers of which were just visible above the belt of dark green firs.

And yet their solitary walk home was not to be without an adventure, of its kind. As they were following this rough track across the wild moorland, he stopped of a sudden, and began to peer earnestly into the mysterious dusk.

"Do you see them?" he whispered.

Her eyes took the direction indicated; and as they grew more and more accustomed to the faint haze hanging over the russet-brown of the plain, she could make out certain spectral creatures, that were apparently motionless. But they were not quite motionless; and as she gazed they grew more and more distinct—seven hinds and a stag, quietly feeding, and wholly unconscious of the presence of any stranger.

"Stand where you are, and watch," he whispered to her again, "and I will see how near I can get to them."

Thereupon he set out to crouch and steal along by the deeper of the peat-hags, this being the only method of approach possible, the deer feeding right out in the open. Of course, if he had been engaged on a real, instead of an imaginary, stalk, he would have crawled along serpent-wise, shoving his rifle before him; but he was only making a little experiment, out of curiosity, and perhaps hoping to interest the solitary onlooker.

And still the children of the mist remained unsuspicious of any danger, so that he had ample opportunity of watching them and admiring their elegant proportions and graceful movements. Then, after a while, he rose to his full height. At that, one of the hinds, standing some distance apart from the others, suddenly tossed up her small head, pricked her ears, and "glowered" at him. She stared for about three seconds; then, with her slender legs scarce seeming to touch the heath, she tripped lightly across to her comrades, and turned, and stared again. But by this time they were all of them on the alert; even the stolid stag had raised his antlered head and shaggy neck, and was fixedly regarding the intruder. This was the point Frank Gordon had sought to reach; and so long as he remained perfectly still, moving neither hand nor foot, they also were immobile, the group of upthrown heads strikingly picturesque in the dim twilight. He knew what would happen next. The moment he turned away to rejoin his companion, they were off like arrows from a bow, and almost instantly had disappeared in the pale blue mists lying along the base of the hills.

Miss Georgie he found seated on a clump of heather, her face somewhat averted: had she not been watching the deer, then, after all? She rose as he approached, and they at once set out on their homeward way.

"A pretty sight, wasn't it?" he said.

There was no answer.

"Didn't the stag look grand when he threw up his antlers and stared?" he continued.

"Yes—I suppose so—"

There was something unusual in her tone. He ventured to cast a sidelong glance towards her; and to his amazement discovered she had been crying.

"Why, what is it?" said he, stopping short. "What is the matter?"

"It is nothing," she said, in a low and choked voice. "Only—this is the last day of our being together—and—and I have been looking back—and I know what you must think of me."

"If you knew what I think of you," he said, gravely, "it would be nothing for you to cry over. I should hope not!—"

"Ah, but I do know—I do know!" she said, vehemently; and then she went on in a kind of half-reckless, half-despairing fashion: "Well, we've come to the end of the game!—the play is played out!—and if you go away now thinking me bad and wicked, it's no more than I deserve. Sometimes—I thought I would try to amuse you—but—but a plaything is easily cast aside—and forgotten. Easily enough—it is easy to throw aside—a plaything—and serves her right—"

She burst into tears, and broke away from him, and hid her face. But he took her hand, and put both of his round it, and held it, as though he would convey to her some pacifying, some reassuring influence.

"I don't in the least understand you," he said, soothingly. "Why, what can you have to reproach yourself with—you of all people!—"

"Oh, don't speak to me so!" she sobbed. "I have seen all along that you are not like the rest—you are so unselfish—and forgiving—and generous—and that made it all the worse. Never mind! Think of me—what you please: you will soon forget—"

She raised her eyes, tear-filled and piteous, to his; and then somehow—who shall say at whose instigation or under what mad, uncontrollable impulse?—somehow their lips met, in a passionate, delirious kiss. And so two lives were signed away.

There was no further speech between them just then. Perhaps his brain was overmastered by the wild wonder and joy of this unexpected—and unthought-of—conquest and possession; as for her, her maiden fears and vague alarms and foreshadowings might well hold her in silence at such a crisis. They passed through the grounds and entered the Castle: in the hall, as they were about to go their several ways, she once more raised her eyes to his, and there was the strangest wistfulness and questioning in them. He saw her no more that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOW these were nobles, you know, by decree of the King!—these precious old infants. But they did not realize it; they could not be called conscious of it; it was an abstraction, a phantom; to them it had no substance; their minds could not take hold of it. No, they did not bother about their nobility; they lived in their horses. The horses were solid; they were visible facts, and would make a mighty stir in Domremy. Presently something was said about the Coronation, and old D'Arc said it was going to be a grand thing to be able to say, when they got home, that they were present in the very town itself when it happened. Joan looked troubled, and said—

"Ah, that reminds me. You were here and you didn't send me word. In the town, indeed! Why, you could have sat with the other nobles, and been welcome; and could have looked upon the crowning itself, and carried *that* home to tell. Ah, why did you use me so, and send me no word?"

The old father was embarrassed, now, quite visibly embarrassed, and had the air of one who does not quite know what to say. But Joan was looking up in his face, her hands upon his shoulders—waiting. He had to speak; so presently he drew her to his breast, which was heaving with emotion; and he said, getting out his words with difficulty—

"There, hide your face, child, and let your old father humble himself and make his confession. I—I—don't you see, don't you understand?—I could not know that these grandeurs would not turn your young head—it would be only natural. I might shame you before these great per—"

"Father!"

"And then I was afraid, as remembering that cruel thing I said once in my sinful anger. Oh, appointed of God to be a soldier, and the greatest in the land! and in my ignorant anger I said I would drown you with my own hands if you unsexed yourself and brought shame to your name and family. Ah, how could I ever have said it, and you so good and dear and innocent! I was afraid; for I was guilty. You understand it now, my child, and you forgive?"

Do you see? Even that poor groping old land-crab, with his skull full of pulp, had pride. Isn't it wonderful? And more—he had conscience; he had a sense of right and wrong, such as it was; he was able to feel remorse. It looks impossible, it looks incredible, but it is not. I believe that some day it will be found out that peasants are people. Yes, beings in a great many respects like ourselves. And I believe that some day *they* will find this out, too—and then! Well, then I think they will rise up and demand to be regarded as part of the race, and that by consequence there will be trouble. Whenever one sees in a book or in a king's proclamation those words "the nation," they bring before us the upper classes; only those; we know no other "nation"; for us and the kings no other "nation" exists. But from the day that I saw old D'Arc the peasant acting and feeling just as I should have acted and felt myself, I have carried the conviction in my heart that our peasants are not merely animals, beasts of burden put here by the good God to produce food and comfort for "the nation," but something more and better. You look incredulous. Well, that is your training; it is the training of everybody; but as for me, I thank that incident for giving me a better light, and I have never forgotten it.

Let me see—where was I? One's mind wanders around here and there and yonder, when one is old. I think I said Joan comforted him. Certainly, that is what she would do—there was no need to say that. She coaxed him and petted him and caressed him, and laid the memory of that old hard speech of his to rest. Laid it to rest until she should be dead. Then he would remember it again—yes, yes!

* Begun in April number, 1895.



JOAN DRILLS HER FATHER.

Lord, how those things sting, and burn, and gnaw — the things which we did against the innocent dead! And we say in our anguish, "If they could only come back!" Which is all very well to say, but, as far as I can see, it doesn't profit anything. In my opinion the best way is not to do the thing in the first place. And I am not alone in this; I have heard our two knights say the same thing; and a man there in Orleans—no, I believe it was at Beaugency, or one of those places—it seems more as if it was at Beaugency than the others—this man said the same thing exactly; almost the same words; a dark man with a cast in his eye and one leg shorter than the other. His name was—was—it is singular that I can't call that man's name; I had it in my mind only a moment ago, and I know it begins with—no, I don't remember what it begins with; but never mind, let it go; I will think of it presently, and then I will tell you.

Well, pretty soon the old father wanted to know how Joan felt when she was in the thick of a battle, with the bright blades hacking and flashing all around her, and the blows rapping and slatting on her shield, and blood gushing on her from the cloven ghastly face and broken teeth of the neighbor at her elbow, and the perilous sudden back surge of massed horses upon a person when the front ranks give way before a heavy rush of the enemy, and men tumble limp and groaning out of saddles all around, and battle-flags falling from dead hands wipe across one's face and hide the tossing turmoil a moment, and in the reeling and swaying and laboring jumble one's horse's hoofs sink into soft substances and shrieks of pain respond, and presently—panic! rush! swarm! flight! and death and hell following after! And the old fellow got ever so much excited; and strode up and down, his tongue going like a mill, asking question after question and never waiting for an answer; and finally he stood Joan up in the middle of the room and stepped off and scanned her critically, and said—

"No—I don't understand it. You are so little. So little and slender. When you had your armor on, to-day, it gave



THE PALADIN TELLS HOW HE WON PATAY.

one a sort of notion of it; but in these pretty silks and velvets, you are only a dainty page, not a league-striding war-colossus, moving in clouds and darkness and breathing smoke and thunder. I would God I might see you at it and go tell your mother! *That* would help her sleep, poor thing! Here—teach me the arts of the soldier, that I may explain them to her."

And she did it. She gave him a pike, and put him through the manual of arms; and made him do the steps, too. His marching was incredibly awkward and slovenly, and so was his drill with the pike; but he didn't know it, and was wonderfully pleased with himself, and mightily excited and charmed with the ringing, crisp words of command. I am obliged to say that if looking proud and happy when one is marching were sufficient, he would have been the perfect soldier.

And he wanted a lesson in sword-play, and got it. But of course that was beyond him; he was too old. It was beautiful to see Joan handle the foils, but the old man was a bad failure. He was afraid of the things, and skipped and dodged and scrambled around like a woman who has lost her mind on account of the arrival of a bat. He was of no good as an exhibition. But if La Hire had only come in, that would have been another matter. Those two fenced often; I saw them many times. True, Joan was easily his master, but it made a good show for all that, for La Hire was a grand swordsman. What a swift creature Joan was! You would see her standing erect with her ankle-bones together and her foil arched over her head, the hilt in one hand and the button in the other—the old general opposite, bent forward, left hand reposing on his back, his foil advanced, slightly wiggling and squirming, his watching eye boring straight into hers—and all of a sudden she would give a spring forward, and back again; and there she was, with the foil arched over

her head as before. La Hire had been hit, but all that the spectator saw of it was a something like a thin flash of light in the air, but nothing distinct, nothing definite.

We kept the drinkables moving, for that would please the Bailly and the landlord; and old Laxart and D'Arc got to feeling quite comfortable, but without being what you could call tipsy. They got out the presents which they had been buying to carry home—humble things and cheap, but they would be fine there, and welcome. And they gave to Joan a present from Père Fronte and one from her mother—the one a little leaden image of the Holy Virgin, the other half a yard of blue silk ribbon; and she was as pleased as a child; and touched, too, as one could see plainly enough. Yes, she kissed those poor things over and over again, as if they had been something costly and wonderful; and she pinned the Virgin on her doublet, and sent for her helmet and tied the ribbon on that; first one way, then another; then a new way, then another new way; and with each effort perching the helmet on her hand and holding it off this way and that and canting her head to one side and then the other, examining the effect, as a bird does when it has got a new bug. And she said she could almost wish she was going to the wars again; for then she would fight with the better courage, as having always with her something which her mother's touch had blessed.

Old Laxart said he hoped she would go to the wars again, but home first, for that all the people there were cruel anxious to see her—and so he went on:

"They are proud of you, dear. Yes, prouder than any village ever was of anybody before. And indeed it is right and rational; for it is the first time a village has ever had anybody like you to be proud of and call its own. And it is strange and beautiful how they try to give your name to every creature that has a set that is convenient. It is but half a year since you began to be spoken of and left us, and so it is surprising to see how many babies there are already in that region that are named for you. First it was just Joan; then it was Joan-Orleans; then Joan-Orleans-Beaugency-Patay; and now the next ones will have a lot of towns and the Coronation added, of course. Yes, and the animals the same. They know how you love animals, and so they try to do you honor and show their love for you by naming all those creatures after you; insomuch that if a body should step out and call 'Joan of Arc—come!' there would be a landslide of cats and all such things, each supposing it was the one wanted, and all willing to take the benefit of the doubt, anyway, for the sake of the food that might be on delivery. The kitten you left behind—the last estray you fetched home—bears your name, now, and belongs to Père Fronte, and is the pet and pride of the village; and people have come miles to look at it and pet it and stare at it and wonder over it because it was Joan of Arc's cat. Everybody will tell you that; and one day when a stranger threw a stone at it, not knowing it was your cat, the village rose against him as one man and hanged him! And but for Père Fronte—"

There was an interruption. It was a messenger from the King, bearing a note for Joan, which I read to her, saying he had reflected, and had consulted his other generals, and was obliged to ask her to remain at the head of the army and withdraw her resignation. Also, would she come immediately and attend a council of war? Straightway, at a little distance, military commands and the rumble of drums broke on the still night, and we knew that her guard was approaching.

Deep disappointment clouded her face for just one moment and no more—it passed, and with it the homesick girl, and she was Joan of Arc, Commander-in-Chief again, and ready for duty.

CHAPTER XV.

In my double quality of page and secretary I followed Joan to the council. She entered that presence with the bearing of a grieved goddess. What was become of the volatile child that so lately was enchanted with a ribbon and suffocated with laughter over the distresses of a foolish peasant who had stormed a funeral on the back of a bee-stung bull? One may not guess. Simply it was gone, and had left no sign. She moved straight to the council table, and stood. Her glance swept from face to face there, and where it fell, these it lit as with a torch, those it scorched as with a brand. She

knew where to strike. She indicated the generals with a nod, and said—

"My business is not with you. You have not craved a council of war." Then she turned toward the King's privy council, and continued: "No; it is with you. A council of war! It is amazing. There is but one thing to do, and only one, and lo, ye call a council of war! Councils of war have no value but to decide between two or several doubtful courses. But a council of war when there is only *one* course? Conceive of a man in a boat and his family in the water, and he goes out among his friends to ask what he would better do? A council of war, name of God! To determine what?"

She stopped, and turned till her eyes rested upon the face of La Tremouille; and so she stood, silent, measuring him, the excitement in all faces burning steadily higher and higher, and all pulses beating faster and faster; then she said, with deliberation—

"Every sane man—whose loyalty to his King is not a show and a pretence—knows that there is but one rational thing before us—*the march upon Paris!*"

Down came the fist of La Hire with an approving crash upon the table. La Tremouille turned white with anger, but he pulled himself firmly together and held his peace. The King's lazy blood was stirred and his eye kindled finely, for the spirit of war was away down in him somewhere, and a frank bold speech always found it and made it tingle gladsomely. Joan waited to see if the chief minister might wish to defend his position; but he was experienced and wise, and not a man to waste his forces where the current was against him. He would wait; the King's private ear would be at his disposal by-and-by.

That pious fox the Chancellor of France took the word now. He washed his soft hands together, smiling persuasively, and said to Joan:

"Would it be courteous, your Excellency, to move abruptly from here without waiting for an answer from the Duke of Burgundy? You may not know that we are negotiating with his Highness, and that there is likely to be a fortnight's truce between us; and on his part a pledge to deliver Paris into our hands without cost of a blow or the fatigue of a march thither."

Joan turned to him and said, gravely—

"This is not a confessional, my lord. You were not obliged to expose that shame here."

The Chancellor's face reddened, and he retorted—

"Shame? What is there shameful about it?"

Joan answered in level, passionless tones—

"One may describe it without hunting far for words. I knew of this poor comedy, my lord, although it was not intended that I should know. It is to the credit of the devisers of it that they tried to conceal it—this comedy whose text and impulse are describable in two words."

The Chancellor spoke up with a fine irony in his manner:

"Indeed? And will your Excellency be good enough to utter them?"

"Cowardice and treachery!"

The fists of all the generals came down this time, and again the King's eye sparkled with pleasure. The Chancellor sprang to his feet and appealed to his Majesty—

"Sire, I claim your protection."

But the King waved him to his seat again, saying—

"Peace. She had a right to be consulted before that thing was undertaken, since it concerned war as well as politics. It is but just that she be heard upon it now."

The Chancellor sat down trembling with indignation, and remarked to Joan—

"Out of charity I will consider that you did not know who devised this measure which you condemn in so candid language."

"Save your charity for another occasion, my lord," said Joan, as calmly as before. "Whenever anything is done to injure the interests and degrade the honor of France, all but the dead know how to name the two conspirators-in-chief."

"Sire, sire! this insinuation—"

"It is not an insinuation, my lord," said Joan, placidly, "it is a charge. I bring it against the King's chief minister and his Chancellor."

Both men were on their feet now, insisting that the King modify Joan's frankness; but he was not minded to do it. His ordinary councils were stale water—his spirit was drinking wine, now, and the taste of it was good. He said—

"Sit—and be patient. What is fair for one must in fairness be allowed the

other. Consider—and be just. When have you two spared her? What dark charges and harsh names have you withheld when you spoke of her?" Then he added, with a veiled twinkle in his eye, "If these are offences I see no particular difference between them, except that she says hard things to your faces, whereas you say yours behind her back."

He was pleased with that neat shot and the way it shrivelled those two people up, and made La Hire laugh out loud and the other generals softly quake and chuckle. Joan tranquilly resumed—

"From the first, we have been hindered by this policy of shilly-shally; this fashion of counselling and counselling and counselling where no counselling is needed, but only fighting. We took Orleans on the 8th of May, and could have cleared the region roundabout in three days and saved the slaughter of Patay. We could have been in Rheims six weeks ago, and in Paris now; and would see the last Englishman pass out of France in half a year. But we struck no blow after Orleans, but went off into the country—what for? Ostensibly to hold councils; really to give Bedford time to send re-enforcements to Talbot—which he did; and Patay had to be fought. After Patay, more counselling, more waste of precious time. O my King, I would that you would be persuaded!" She began to warm up, now. "Once more we have our opportunity. If we rise and strike, all is well. Bid me march upon Paris. In twenty days it shall be yours, and in six months all France! Here is half a year's work before us; if this chance be wasted, I give you twenty years to do it in. Speak the word, O gentle King—speak but the one—"

"I cry you mercy!" interrupted the Chancellor, who saw a dangerous enthusiasm rising in the King's face. "March upon Paris? Does your Excellency forget that the way bristles with English strongholds?"

"*That* for your English strongholds!" and Joan snapped her fingers scornfully. "Whence have we marched in these last days? From Gien. And whither? To Rheims. What bristled between? English strongholds. What are they now? French ones—and they never cost a blow!" Here applause broke out from the group of generals, and Joan had to pause a moment to let it subside. "Yes, English strongholds bristled before us; now French ones bristle behind us. What is the argument? A child can read it. The strongholds between us and Paris are garrisoned by no new breed of English, but by the same breed as those others—with the same fears, the same questionings, the same weaknesses, the same disposition to see the heavy hand of God descending upon them. We have but to march!—on the instant—and they are ours, Paris is ours, France is ours! Give the word, O my King, command your servant to—"

"Stay!" cried the Chancellor. "It would be madness to put this affront upon his Highness the Duke of Burgundy. By the treaty which we have every hope to make with him—"

"Oh, the treaty which we hope to make with him! He has scorned you for years, and defied you. Is it your subtle persuasions that have softened his manners and beguiled him to listen to proposals? No; it was *blows!*—the blows which *we* gave him! That is the only teaching that that sturdy rebel can understand. What does he care for *wind?* The treaty which we hope to make with him—alack! *He* deliver Paris! There is no pauper in the land that is less able to do it. He deliver Paris! Ah, but that would make great Bedford smile! Oh, the pitiful pretext! the blind can see that this thin pourparler with its fifteen-day truce has no purpose but to give Bedford time to hurry forward his forces against us. More treachery—always treachery! We call a council of war—with nothing to counsel about; but Bedford calls no council to teach him what our one course is. He knows what he would do in our place. *He would hang his traitors and march upon Paris!* O gentle King, rouse! The way is open, Paris beckons, France implores. Speak! and we—"

"Sire, it is madness, sheer madness! Your Excellency, we cannot, we must not go back from what we have done; we have proposed to treat, we *must* treat with the Duke of Burgundy."

"And we *will!*" said Joan.

"Ah? How?"

"*At the point of the lance!*"

The house rose, to a man—all that had French hearts—and let go a crash of applause—and kept it up; and in the midst of it one heard La Hire growl out: "At the point of the lance! By God, that is

the music!" The King was up, too, and drew his sword, and took it by the blade and strode to Joan and delivered the hilt of it into her hand, saying—

"There, the King surrenders. Carry it to Paris."

And so the applause burst out again, and the historical council of war that has bred so many legends was over.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was away past midnight, and had been a tremendous day in the matter of excitement and fatigue, but that was no matter to Joan when there was business on hand. She did not think of bed. The generals followed her to her official quarters, and she delivered her orders to them as fast as she could talk, and they sent them off to their different commands as fast as delivered; wherefore the messengers galloping hither and thither raised a world of clatter and racket in the still streets; and soon were added to this the music of distant bugles and the roll of drums—notes of preparation; for the vanguard would break camp at dawn.

The generals were soon dismissed, but I wasn't; nor Jean d'Arc; for it was my turn to work, now. Joan walked the floor and dictated a summons to the Duke of Burgundy to lay down his arms and make peace and exchange pardons with the King; or, if he *must* fight, go fight the Saracens. "Pardonnez-vous l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrément, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux chrétiens, et, s'il vous plait de guerroyer, allez contre les Sarrasins." It was long, but it was good, and had the sterling ring to it. It is my opinion that it was as fine and simple and straightforward and eloquent a state paper as she ever uttered.

It was delivered into the hands of a courier, and he galloped away with it. Then Joan dismissed me, and told me to go to the inn and stay; and in the morning give to her father the parcel which she had left there. It contained presents for the Domremy relatives and friends and a peasant dress which she had bought for herself. She said she would say good-by to her father and uncle in the morning if it should still be their purpose to go, instead of tarrying awhile to see the city.

I didn't say anything, of course; but I could have said that wild horses couldn't keep those men in that town half a day. *They* waste the glory of being the first to carry the great news to Domremy—*the taxes remitted forever!*—and hear the bells clang and clatter, and the people cheer and shout? Oh, not they. Patay and Orleans and the Coronation were events which in a vague way these men understood to be colossal; but they were colossal mists, films, abstractions: *this* was a gigantic reality!

When I got there, do you suppose they were abed? Quite the reverse. They and the rest were as mellow as mellow could be; and the Paladin was doing his battles over in great style, and the old peasants were endangering the building with their applause. He was doing Patay now; and was bending his big frame forward and laying out the positions and movements with a rake here and a rake there of his formidable sword on the floor, and the peasants were stooped over with their hands on their spread knees observing with excited eyes and ripping out ejaculations of wonder and admiration all along:

"Yes, here we were, waiting—waiting for the word; our horses fidgeting and snorting and dancing to get away, we lying back on the bridles till our bodies fairly slanted to the rear; the word rang out at last—'*Go!*' and we went!

"Went? There was nothing like it ever seen! Where we swept by squads of scampering English, the mere wind of our passage laid them flat in piles and rows! Then we plunged into the ruck of Fastolfe's frantic battle-corps and tore through it like a hurricane, leaving a causeway of the dead stretching far behind; no tarrying, no slacking rein, but on! on! on! far yonder in the distance lay *our* prey—Talbot and his host looming vast and dark like a storm-cloud brooding on the sea! Down we swooped upon them, glooming all the air with a quivering pall of dead leaves flung up by the whirlwind of our flight. In another moment we should have struck them as world strikes world when disorbited constellations crash into the Milky Way, but by misfortune and the inscrutable dispensation of God I was recognized! Talbot turned white, and shouting, 'Save yourselves, it is the Standard-bearer of Joan of Arc!' drove his spurs home till they met in the middle of his horse's entrails, and fled the field with his billowing multitudes at his back! I could have cursed myself for not putting on a disguise. I saw reproach in the eyes of her Excel-

lency, and was bitterly ashamed. I had caused what seemed an irreparable disaster. Another might have gone aside to grieve, as not seeing any way to mend it; but I thank God I am not of those. Great occasions only summon as with a trumpet-call the slumbering reserves of my intellect. I saw my opportunity in an instant—in the next I was away! Through the woods I vanished—*fst!*—like an extinguished light! Away around through the curtaining forest I sped, as if on wings, none knowing what was become of me, none suspecting my design. Minute after minute passed, on and on I flew; on, and still on; and at last with a great cheer I flung my Banner to the breeze and burst out in *front* of Talbot! Oh, it was a mighty thought! That weltering chaos of distracted men whirled and surged backward like a tidal wave which has struck a continent, and the day was ours! Poor helpless creatures, they were in a trap; they were surrounded; they could not escape to the rear, for there was our army; they could not escape to the front, for there was I. Their hearts shrivelled in their bodies, their hands fell listless at their sides. They stood still, and at our leisure we slaughtered them to a man; all except Talbot and Fastolfe, whom I saved and brought away, one under each arm."

Well, there is no denying it, the Paladin was in great form that night. Such style! such noble grace of gesture, such grandeur of attitude, such energy when he got going! such steady rise, on such sure wing, such nicely graduated expenditures of voice according to weight of matter, such skilfully calculated approaches to his surprises and explosions, such belief-compelling sincerity of tone and manner, such a climaxing peal from his brazen lungs, and such a lightning-vivid picture of his mailed form and flaunting banner when he burst out before that despairing army! And oh, the gentle art of the last half of his last sentence—delivered in the careless and indolent tone of one who has finished his real story, and only adds a colorless and inconsequential detail because it has happened to occur to him in a lazy way.

It was a marvel to see those innocent peasants. Why, they went all to pieces with enthusiasm, and roared out applauses fit to raise the roof and wake the dead. When they had cooled down at last and there was silence but for their heaving and panting, old Laxart said, admiringly—

"As it seems to me, you are an army in your single person."

"Yes, that is what he is," said Noël Rainguesson, convincingly. "He is a terror; and not just in *this* vicinity. His mere name carries a shudder with it to distant lands—just his mere name; and when he frowns, the shadow of it falls as far as Rome, and the chickens go to roost an hour before schedule-time. Yes; and some say—"

"Noël Rainguesson, you are preparing yourself for trouble. I will say just one word to you, and it will be to your advantage to—"

I saw that the usual thing had got a start. No man could prophesy when it would end. So I delivered Joan's message and went off to bed.

Joan made her good-byes to those old fellows in the morning, with loving embraces and many tears, and with a packed multitude for sympathizers, and they rode proudly away on their precious horses to carry their great news home. I had seen better riders, I will say that; for horsemanship was a new art to them.

The vanguard moved out at dawn and took the road, with bands braying and banners flying; the second division followed at eight. Then came the Burgundian ambassadors, and lost us the rest of that day and the whole of the next. But Joan was on hand, and so they had their journey for their pains. The rest of us took the road at dawn, next morning, July 20th. And got how far? Six leagues. Tremouille was getting in his sly work with the vacillating King, you see. The King stopped at St. Marcoul and prayed three days. Precious time lost—for us; precious time gained for Bedford. He would know how to use it.

We could not go on without the King; that would be to leave him in the conspirators' camp. Joan argued, reasoned, implored; and at last we got under way again.

Joan's prediction was verified. It was not a campaign, it was only another holiday excursion. English strongholds lined our route; they surrendered without a blow; we garrisoned them with Frenchmen and passed on. Bedford was on the march against us with his new army by this time, and on the 25th of July the hostile forces faced each other

and made preparation for battle; but Bedford's good judgment prevailed, and he turned and retreated toward Paris. Now was our chance. Our men were in great spirits.

Will you believe it? Our poor stick of a King allowed his worthless advisers to persuade him to start back for Gien, whence we had set out when we first marched for Rheims and the Coronation! And we actually did start back. The fifteen-day truce had just been concluded with the Duke of Burgundy, and we would go and tarry at Gien until he should deliver Paris to us without a fight.

We marched to Bray; then the King changed his mind once more, and with it his face toward Paris. Joan dictated a letter to the citizens of Rheims to encourage them to keep heart in spite of the truce, and promising to stand by them. She furnished them the news herself that the King had made this truce; and in speaking of it she was her usual frank self. She said she was not satisfied with it, and didn't know whether she would keep it or not; that if she kept it, it would be solely out of tenderness for the King's honor. All French children know those famous words. How naïve they are! "De cette trève qui a été faite, je ne suis pas contente, et je ne sais si je la tiendrai. Si je la tiens, ce sera seulement pour garder l'honneur du roi." But in any case, she said, she would not allow the blood royal to be abused, and would keep the army in good order and ready for work at the end of the truce.

Poor child, to have to fight England, Burgundy, and a French conspiracy all at the same time—it was too bad. She was a match for the others, but a conspiracy—ah, nobody is a match for that, when the victim that is to be injured is weak and willing. It grieved her, these troubled days, to be so hindered and delayed and baffled, and at times she was sad and the tears lay near the surface. Once, talking with her good old faithful friend and servant the Bastard of Orleans, she said—

"Ah, if it might but please God to let me put off this steel raiment and go back to my father and my mother, and tend my sheep again with my sister and my brothers, who would be so glad to see me!"

By the 12th of August we were camped near Dampmartin. Later we had a brush with Bedford's rear-guard, and had hopes of a big battle on the morrow, but Bedford and all his force got away in the night and went on toward Paris.

Charles sent heralds and received the submission of Beauvais. The Bishop Pierre Cauchon, that faithful friend and slave of the English, was not able to prevent it, though he did his best. He was obscure then, but his name was to travel round the globe presently, and live forever in the curses of France! Bear with me now, while I spit in fancy upon his grave.

Compiègne surrendered, and hauled down the English flag. On the 14th we camped two leagues from Senlis. Bedford turned and approached, and took up a strong position. We went against him, but all our efforts to beguile him out from his intrenchments failed, though he had promised us a duel in the open field. Night shut down. Let him look out for the morning! But in the morning he was gone again.

We entered Compiègne the 18th of August, turning out the English garrison and hoisting our own flag.

On the 23d Joan gave command to move upon Paris. The King and the clique were not satisfied with this, and retired sulking to Senlis, which had just surrendered. Within a few days many strong places submitted — Creil, Pont-Saint-Maxence, Choisy, Gournay-sur-Aronde, Remy, La Neufville-en-Hez, Moguay, Chantilly, Saintines. The English power was tumbling, crash after crash! And still the King sulked and disapproved, and was afraid of our movement against the capital.

On the 26th of August, 1429, Joan camped at Saint Denis; in effect, under the walls of Paris.

And still the King hung back and was afraid. If we could but have had him there to back us with his authority! Bedford had lost heart and decided to waive resistance and go and concentrate his strength in the best and loyalest province remaining to him—Normandy. Ah, if we could only have persuaded the King to come and countenance us with his presence and approval at this supreme moment!

CHAPTER XVII.

COURIER after courier was despatched to the King, and he promised to come, but didn't. The Duke d'Alençon went to him

and got his promise again, which he broke again. Nine days were lost thus; then he came, arriving at St. Denis September 7th.

Meantime the enemy had begun to take heart: the spiritless conduct of the King could have no other result. Preparations had now been made to defend the city. Joan's chances had been diminished, but she and her generals considered them plenty good enough yet. Joan ordered the attack for eight o'clock next morning, and at that hour it began.

Joan placed her artillery and began to pound a strong work which protected the gate St. Honoré. When it was sufficiently crippled the assault was sounded at noon, and it was carried by storm. Then we moved forward to storm the gate itself, and hurled ourselves against it again and again, Joan in the lead with her standard at her side, the smoke enveloping us in choking clouds, and the missiles flying over us and through us as thick as hail.

In the midst of our last assault, which would have carried the gate sure and given us Paris and in effect France, Joan was struck down by a crossbow bolt, and our men fell back instantly and almost in a panic—for what were they without her? *She* was the army, herself.

Although disabled, she refused to retire, and begged that a new assault be made, saying it *must* win; and adding, with the battle-light rising in her eyes, "I will take Paris now or die!" She had to be carried away by force, and this was done by Gancourt and the Duke d'Alençon.

But her spirits were at the very top notch, now. She was brimming with enthusiasm. She said she would be carried before the gate in the morning, and in half an hour Paris would be ours without any question. She could have kept her word. About this there is no doubt. But she forgot one factor — the King, shadow of that substance named La Tremouille. The King forbade the attempt!

You see, a new Embassy had just come from the Duke of Burgundy, and another sham private trade of some sort was on foot.

You would know, without my telling you, that Joan's heart was nearly broken. Because of the pain of her wound and the pain at her heart she slept little that night. Several times the watchers heard muffled sobs from the dark room where she lay at St. Denis, and many times the grieving words "It could have been taken! — it could have been taken!" which were the only ones she said.

She dragged herself out of bed a day later with a new hope. D'Alençon had thrown a bridge across the Seine near St. Denis. Might she not cross by that and assault Paris at another point? But the King got wind of it and broke the bridge down! And more—he declared the campaign ended! And more still — he had made a new truce and a long one, in which he had agreed to leave Paris unthreatened and unmolested, and go back to the Loire whence he had come!

Joan of Arc, who had never been defeated by the enemy, was defeated by her own King. She had said once that all she feared for her cause was treachery. It had struck its first blow now. She hung up her white armor in the royal basilica of St. Denis, and went and asked the King to relieve her of her functions and let her go home. As usual, she was wise. Grand combinations, far-reaching great military moves were at an end, now; for the future, when the truce should end, the war would be merely a war of random and idle skirmishes, apparently; work suitable for subalterns, and not requiring the supervision of a sublime military genius. But the King would not let her go. The truce did not embrace all France; there were French strongholds to be watched and preserved; he would need her. Really, you see, Tremouille wanted to keep her where he could balk and hinder her.

Now came her Voices again. They said, "*Remain at St. Denis.*" There was no explanation. They did not say why. That was the voice of God; it took precedence of the command of the King; Joan resolved to stay. But that filled La Tremouille with dread. She was too tremendous a force to be left to herself; she would surely defeat all his plans. He beguiled the King to use compulsion. Joan had to submit — because she was wounded and helpless. In the Great Trial she said she was carried away against her will; and that if she had not been wounded it could not have been accomplished. Ah, she had a spirit, that slender girl! a spirit to brave all earthly powers and defy them. We shall never know why the Voices ordered her to stay. We only know this: that if she could have

obeyed, the history of France would not be as it now stands written in the books. Yes, well we know that.

On the 13th of September the army, sad and spiritless, turned its face toward the Loire, and marched—without music! Yes, one noted that detail. It was a funeral march; that is what it was. A long, dreary funeral march, with never a shout or a cheer; friends looking on in tears, all the way, enemies laughing. We reached Gien at last—that place whence we had set out on our splendid march toward Rheims less than three months before, with flags flying, bands playing, the victory-flush of Patay glowing in our faces, and the massed multitudes shouting and praising and giving us God-speed. There was a dull rain falling now, the day was dark, the heavens mourned, the spectators were few, we had no welcome but the welcome of silence, and pity, and tears.

Then the King disbanded that noble army of heroes; it furled its flags, it stored its arms; the disgrace of France was complete. La Tremouille wore the victor's crown; Joan of Arc the unconquerable, was conquered.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YES, it was as I have said: Joan had Paris and France in her grip, and the Hundred Years' War under her heel, and the King made her open her fist and take away her foot.

Now followed about eight months of drifting about with the King and his council, and his gay and showy and dancing and flirting and hawking and frolicking and serenading and dissipating court—drifting from town to town and from castle to castle—a life which was pleasant to us of the personal staff, but not to Joan. However, she only *saw* it, she didn't live it. The King did his sincerest best to make her happy, and showed a most kind and constant anxiety in this matter. All others had to go loaded with the chains of an exacting court etiquette, but she was free, she was privileged. So that she paid her duty to the King once a day and passed the pleasant word, nothing further was required of her. Naturally, then, she made herself a hermit, and grieved the weary days through in her own apartments, with her thoughts and devotions for company, and the planning of now forever unrealizable military combinations for entertainment. In fancy she moved bodies of men from this and that and the other point, so calculating the distances to be covered, the time required for each body, and the nature of the country to be traversed, as to have them appear in sight of each other on a given day or at a given hour and concentrate for battle. It was her only game, her only relief from her burden of sorrow and inaction. She played it hour after hour, as others play chess; and lost herself in it, and so got repose for her mind and healing for her heart.

She never complained, of course. It was not her way. She was the sort that endure in silence. But—she was a caged eagle just the same, and pined for the free air and the alpine heights and the fierce joys of the storm.

France was full of rovers—disbanded soldiers ready for anything that might turn up. Several times, at intervals, when Joan's dull captivity grew too heavy to bear, she was allowed to gather a troop of cavalry and make a health-restoring dash against the enemy. These things were like a bath to her spirits.

It was like old times, there at Saint-Pierre-le-Moutier, to see her lead assault after assault, be driven back again and again, but always rally and charge anew, all in a blaze of eagerness and delight; till at last the tempest of missiles rained so intolerably thick that old D'Aulon, who was wounded, sounded the retreat (for the King had charged him on his head to let no harm come to Joan); and away everybody rushed after him—as he supposed; but when he turned and looked, there were we of the staff still hammering away; wherefore he rode back and urged her to come, saying she was mad to stay there with only a dozen men. Her eye danced merrily, and she turned upon him crying out—

"A dozen men! name of God, I have fifty thousand, and will never budge till this place is taken! Sound the charge!"

Which he did, and over the walls we went, and the fortress was ours. Old D'Aulon thought her mind was wandering; but all she meant was, that she felt the might of fifty thousand men surging in her heart. It was a fanciful expression; but, to my thinking, truer word was never said.

Then there was the affair near Lagny, where we charged the intrenched Burgundians through the open field four



THE CAPTURE OF JOAN AT COMPIÈGNE.

times, the last time victoriously; the best prize of it Franquet d'Arras, the freebooter and pitiless scourge of the region roundabout.

Now and then other such affairs; and at last, away toward the end of May, 1430, we were in the neighborhood of Compiègne, and Joan resolved to go to the help of that place, which was being besieged by the Duke of Burgundy.

I had been wounded lately, and was not able to ride without help; but the good Dwarf took me on behind him, and I held on to him and was safe enough. We started at midnight, in a sullen downpour of warm rain, and went slowly and softly and in dead silence, for we had to slip through the enemy's lines. We were challenged only once; we made no answer, but held our breath and crept steadily and stealthily along, and got through without any accident. About three or half past we reached Compiègne, just as the gray dawn was breaking in the east.

Joan set to work at once, and concerted a plan with Guillaume de Flavy, captain of the city—a plan for a sortie toward evening against the enemy, who was posted in three bodies on the other side of the Oise, in the level plain. From our side one of the city gates communicated with a bridge. The end of this bridge was defended on the other side of the river by one of those fortresses called a boulevard; and this boulevard also commanded a raised road, which stretched from its front across the plain to the village of Marguy. A force of Burgundians occupied Marguy; another was camped at Clairoix, a couple of miles *above* the raised road; and a body of English was holding Venette, a mile and a half *below* it. A kind of bow-and-arrow arrangement, you see: the causeway the arrow, the boulevard at the feather-end of it, Marguy at the barb, Venette at one end of the bow, Clairoix at the other.

Joan's plan was to go straight per causeway against Marguy, carry it by assault, then turn swiftly upon Clairoix, up to the right, and capture that camp in the same way, then face to the rear and be ready for heavy work, for the Duke of Burgundy lay behind Clairoix with a reserve. Flavy's lieutenant, with archers and the artillery of the boulevard, was to keep the English troops from coming up from below and seizing the causeway and cutting off Joan's retreat in case she should have to make one. Also, a fleet of covered boats was to be stationed near the boulevard as an additional help in case a retreat should become necessary.

It was the 24th of May. At four in the afternoon Joan moved out at the head of six hundred cavalry—on her last march in this life!

It breaks my heart. I had got myself helped up on to the walls, and from there I saw much that happened, the rest was told me long afterward by our two knights and other eye-witnesses. Joan crossed the bridge, and soon left the boulevard behind her and went skimming away over the raised road with her horsemen clattering at her heels. She had on a brilliant silver-gilt cape over her armor, and I could see it flap and flare and rise and fall like a little patch of white flame.

It was a bright day, and one could see far and wide over that plain. Soon we saw the English force advancing, swiftly and in handsome order, the sunlight flashing from its arms.

Joan crashed into the Burgundians at Marguy and was repulsed. Then we saw the other Burgundians moving down from Clairoix. Joan rallied her men and charged again, and was again rolled back. Two assaults occupy a good deal of time—and time was precious here. The English were approaching the road, now, from Venette, but the boulevard opened fire on them and they were checked. Joan heartened her men with inspiring words and led them to the charge again in great style. This time she carried Marguy with a hurrah. Then she turned at once to the right and plunged into the plain and struck the Clairoix force, which was just arriving; then there was heavy work, and plenty of it, the two armies hurling each other backward turn about and about, and victory inclining first to the one, then to the other. Now all of a sudden there was a panic on our side. Some say one thing caused it, some another. Some say the cannonade made our front ranks think retreat was being cut off by the English, some say the rear ranks got the idea that Joan was killed. Anyway our men broke, and went flying in a wild rout for the causeway. Joan tried to rally them and face them around, crying to them that victory was sure, but it did no good, they divided and swept by her like a wave. Old D'Aulon begged her to retreat while there was yet a

chance for safety, but she refused; so he seized her horse's bridle and bore her along with the wreck and ruin in spite of herself. And so along the causeway they came swarming, that wild confusion of frenzied men and horses—and the artillery had to stop firing, of course; consequently the English and Burgundians closed in in safety, the former in front, the latter behind their prey. Clear to the boulevard the French were washed in this enveloping inundation; and there, cornered in an angle formed by the flank of the boulevard and the slope of the causeway, they bravely fought a hopeless fight, and sank down one by one.

Flavy, watching from the city wall, ordered the gate to be closed and the drawbridge raised. This shut Joan out.

The little personal guard around her thinned swiftly. Both of our good knights went down, disabled; Joan's two brothers fell wounded; then Noël Rainguesson—all wounded while loyally sheltering Joan from blows aimed at her. When only the Dwarf and the Paladin were left, they would not give up, but stood their ground stoutly, a pair of steel towers streaked and splashed with blood; and where the axe of the one fell, and the sword of the other, an enemy gasped and died. And so fighting, and loyal to their duty to the last, good simple souls, they came to their honorable end. Peace to their memories! they were very dear to me.

Then there was a cheer and a rush, and Joan, still defiant, still laying about her with her sword, was seized by her cape and dragged from her horse. She was borne away a prisoner to the Duke of Burgundy's camp, and after her followed the victorious army roaring its joy.

The awful news started instantly on its round; from lip to lip it flew; and wherever it came it struck the people as with a sort of paralysis; and they murmured over and over again, as if they were talking to themselves, or in their sleep, "The Maid of Orleans taken! . . . Joan of Arc a prisoner! . . . the Savior of France lost to us!"—and would keep saying that over, as if they couldn't understand how it could be, or how God could permit it, poor creatures!

You know what a city is like when it is hung from eaves to pavement with rustling black? Then you know what Tours was like, and some other cities. But can any man tell you what the mourning in the hearts of the peasantry of France was like? No, nobody can tell you that; and, poor dumb things, they could not have told you themselves; but it was there—indeed yes. Why, it was the spirit of a whole nation hung with crape!

The 24th of May. We will draw down the curtain, now, upon the most strange, and pathetic, and wonderful military drama that has been played upon the stage of the world. Joan of Arc will march no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

SINCE first I knew it our divine employ
To beat beyond the reach of soiling care,
As at Philippi, well of doom aware,
The Prætor called and heard the singing-boy;
Since first my soul so jealous was of joy
That any facile linden-bloom in air,
Or fall of water on a wildwood stair,
Annulled for me all dragging dull annoy;

Tho' word of thanks I lacked, tho', dumb, I smiled
Long, long, at such august amends up-piled,
Let this the debt redeem: that when ye drop
Death's aloe-leaf within my honeyed cup,
On thoughtful knee your much-beholden child,
Immortals! unto you will drink it up.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XXVII.

THE GERMAN FREE CORPS OF LÜTZOW.

IN the spring of 1813 sentiment became a military force, and poetry occupied a place in war second only to generalship. The highest expression of this poetic influence was the Free Corps of Major Lützow.

The name Free Corps has suggested to some that Lützow's men were of a guerilla or bashi-bazouk character, but this was not so. He and his men were enrolled by their King with the same official regularity that marked recruiting in other departments of the Prussian army.

When Napoleon forced upon Prussia the humiliation of 1807, Scharnhorst and Stein at once began to prepare the ground for the next war, which patriotic Germans felt must soon come. Openly the army could not exist beyond 42,000 men, but in secret plans were made for a war strength surpassing anything achieved in the days of Frederick the Great.

Each year between 1807 and 1813 the patriotic party, represented by Blücher and Gneisenau, Stein and Scharnhorst, hoped that the King would give the order to march once more against the French. It was arranged that in the event of war there should be created a number of independent small corps, who should operate on the French lines of communications, and arouse to insurrection the German states recently conquered by Napoleon.

The King of Prussia was openly opposed to every military movement that could irritate his French ally, but Scharnhorst found excuses for maintaining correspondence with a large number of patriots who lived in many parts of Germany, and who made it their business to prepare in every possible way for the coming struggle. They sent information to Berlin regarding the movements of French troops, the sentiment of the people, the storage of war munitions, and the chances of insurrection.

Among the officers whom Scharnhorst watched with particular interest was Major Adolph von Lützow. He had fought at Auerstädt in the great disaster, and in 1807 was under the walls of Colberg with Schill making raids upon the besieging French. He had only a handful of troopers, but with these he did so much harm to the enemy that his name became dear to his country, and particularly to Gneisenau.

In 1808 he left the army, along with a great many other good men, and in the next year started off with Schill to make war on his own account against Napoleon. How that raid ended we have already seen. Lützow was wounded, and disgraced in the eyes of the court, but more than ever a hero amongst the people.

He would have been court-martialled, with the rest of Schill's guerillas, had he not been on the retired list at the time of joining that expedition. On account of this special plea the King was induced to overlook his share in Schill's revolutionary conduct, and in 1811 took him back again into the Prussian service.

When, therefore, in 1813, the government once more entertained plans for launching independent bodies of guerilla troops against the French, Lützow was the natural choice, for obvious reasons.

Scharnhorst and Lützow were in perfect accord touching the composition and objects of this corps. Already on February 9th, only six days after the call for volunteers, Lutzow presented to the King a humble petition begging that he might organize an independent corps. He laid stress upon recruiting not merely Prussians, but many who would be eager to serve the cause of Prussia, though subject to other sovereigns.

He carefully avoided stating against whom he proposed to fight, and notably omitted to say that he expected his best recruits from the countries then subject to the ally of his King. However, there was no deception as between Scharnhorst and Lützow.

On the 18th February the King granted this humble petition for the formation of what was officially designated "The Royal Prussian Free Corps." In the royal permit it was carefully stipulated that the crown was to furnish nothing save pay, and arms only in so far as the corps was not able to procure them on their own account.



LÜTZOW CAPTURES TWO HUNDRED RECRUITS FOR THE FRENCH ARMY AT RODA.

The King granted them also authority to wear a special uniform of black—a favor which enabled these volunteers to dress themselves at a smaller cost than would otherwise have been the case.

Thus at the outset we have the most complete evidence that Lützow and his men formed a recognized part of the King's army, and we shall see that in the progress of the war they never forfeited this character, though Napoleon chose to speak of them as brigands. They were a "free corps" only in so far as they enjoyed a species of local self-government among themselves, and operated separately from the main army. But their officers had to be approved by the King, and the movements of the corps were guided by the Prussian war department as completely as though they were a regiment

of the guards. They were not the kind of guerillas who are one day in arms, and the next are masquerading as peasants. On the contrary, they were uniformed soldiers operating under orders from headquarters.

This much is necessary to explain the feelings Germans entertained towards them in that beautiful spring of 1813.

The ink on the King's permit was little more than dry when Lützow commenced enrolling the men who sought admission to this corps. In Breslau he made his headquarters at the famous Golden Sceptre tavern, and all day he and Jahn and other patriots struggled with the problems before them.

To begin with, there was no war, and no one dared to say that there would be. The students were the first recruits, and they came only to fight France.

Secondly, there was no money, and the chief business of the recruiters was to get contributions from people who had already given more than their share.

Thirdly, Lützow did not enjoy the favor of his King; neither did the Free Corps.

There was much talking and singing of liberty in this corps, and the students who wore its uniform talked much about Germany and very little about Prussia. Their colors were those of Germany—not of Prussia; they even attempted to carry a flag symbolic of German unity, but this the King sternly stopped.

Thus at the outset Lützow had to combat with circumstances far from encouraging. Nor was the difficulty of his task made easier by the fact that the Prussian army was at the same time actively recruiting volunteers under equally liberal provisions.

But Lützow and Jahn were not ordinary men, and by the 19th of March, two days after the formal announcement of war, the Free Corps was declared fit to take the field, armed and equipped.

That did not mean much, to be sure. Many of the infantry had no guns, and had to be drilled with pikes; the muskets were of every imaginable pattern. Jahn congratulated himself upon having secured a lot from Thuringia at eight dollars apiece. Most of them were useless beyond fifty yards, and of no value in wet weather. The sabres of the cavalry were mostly manufactured by the village blacksmiths, and, in short, the Lützow corps bore more resemblance to the minute-men of Concord and Lexington than to the correctly drilled and equipped battalions that take part each autumn in the grand field operations conducted by William II. of our time.

On March 27, 1813, Lützow marched away from Breslau. The corps increased in numbers as it marched along, numbering 1400 men, infantry, and 340 men, cavalry, as they entered Leipzig on the 17th of April, just one month after the formal declaration of war. Their march had been by way of Dresden, the birthplace of Körner.

Wherever they showed themselves they were the objects of patriotic demonstrations.

The spirit in which these young men started out to wage war against the common enemy is well preserved to us in a letter of the poet Körner, telling how Lützow marched his men of the Free Corps into the Lutheran church of Rogau, near Breslau, in order that they might, in such a place, solemnly dedicate themselves to their high purpose:

"It was a grand, a worthy hour that I lived through on Saturday. We marched in parade dress from Zobten to Rogau, a Lutheran Protestant village, whose church had been simply but tastefully decorated for the consecration of our guerilla corps.... After singing a hymn which your friend [Körner] had written for the occasion, the local pastor gave us a vigorous and effective sermon. Not a single eye remained dry.... Finally he administered the oath — to spare no drop of blood in the cause of humanity, country, and religion, and to conquer or die. He then fell upon his knees and prayed God's blessing on his soldiers.... By the Almighty, it was a moment when consecration to death flamed in every breast, and every heart beat with heroic pulse. The solemn oath was then repeated by all—sworn upon the swords of the officers. Then was sung Luther's hymn, 'A strong fortress is our God,' which closed this noble ceremony. At the end these warriors for German liberty gave a thundering hurrah.... Every blade sprang from its scabbard, and the house of God was lighted with the myriad sparks."

Surely never was village church surprised by so strange a service, nor ever did men march away to war with more exaltation of spirit. It was a glorious Easter in the hearts of Germans, and wherever they marched they kindled into flame the love of country, which some professed to sneer at as a thing beneath the dignity of educated men.

The Lützowers were few in number; they never at any time exceeded 3000 men. But amongst them were men of every class, every profession, and, above all, every state of the great German Empire. In the popular mind the Lützow corps was the symbol of German unity—the poetry of the army—and in this respect alone the men of Lützow were worth to their King as much as a full army corps of "regulars."

On crossing the Prussian frontier into Saxony, Körner, on April 5th, issued a glorious manifesto, calling upon his fellow-countrymen to cease being vassals of Napoleon, and to help in founding a great free Germany.

After enumerating the sins of France against Germany, he calls upon the young men of Saxony to enroll themselves with the Free Corps. "In our ranks is no distinction of birth, of class, of country. We are all free men. We defy hell and her allies, and we shall drown them, though it be with our own blood!"

There were students and teachers, shopkeepers and mechanics, officials of the crown and professors of the university, all marching together through the beautiful villages of Saxony in that spring of 1813. But the greatest of them all was the young poet Körner, who wrote down in his note-book the soldier songs that made men fly to arms with patriotic passion.

Lützow made a famous march down into the heart of Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine. On the 3d of June he marched over the road leading from Weimar to Jena, a classic road to those who had fought in 1806, and in the afternoon reached Roda, a little town about seven miles southeasterly from Jena. Here were assembled 200 German recruits belonging to Napoleon's army. They were being actively drilled by officers belonging to the Confederation of the Rhine, and little dreamed that a Prussian uniform could be within a hundred miles of them.

Lützow did not hesitate a moment, but galloped into the town at the head of a few hussars. He drew up before the amazed enemy, and gave them the word to ground arms, as though he and not Napoleon was their commander. And, strange to say, he was obeyed at once. The officers were made prisoners on parole, and the men went to swell the ranks of the Free Corps.

He was now in the enemy's country, and had to be exceedingly wary, for he was a long way from Breslau and far from support. But he determined to push on, and help Blücher by cutting off French supplies, capturing their messengers, and otherwise making their communications uncertain.

On June 8th his men were in Bavaria, a state whose monarch was then intensely devoted to Napoleon, and whose troops were all pledged to the service of France. Here Lützow had made such a disposition that the important town of Hof was practically in his hands. Hof is about halfway on a line between Nuremberg and Leipzig, and an important military point for an army moving from France—as we saw in 1806.

We are here anticipating somewhat the main movements of the campaign in order to remind the reader that on June 5th Napoleon made a truce with the allies.

Lützow heard of this truce only on June 11th, and was compelled, therefore, much against his will, to surrender at once the great prize already within his reach, and to hand back all the prisoners he had made since the date when the truce was officially published.

The truce provided that all troops belonging to the allies should be withdrawn across the Elbe by the 12th of June. Now it was physically impossible for Lützow to obey this provision, seeing that he was then about one hundred miles from the Elbe, with only twenty-four hours at his disposal. Nor had he even then received the announcement of the armistice in an official form. Hof is on the border of Bohemia, and Lützow had nearly completed his junction with the Austrian forces, which were moving on the line of Prague and Carlsbad.

Not until June 14th, two days too late, did Lützow receive official notice from Napoleon's officials in Dresden that a truce had been made, and that he must retire beyond the Elbe. Accordingly on the very next day he started for the Elbe, choosing the shortest route by way of Leipzig. He felt free from anxiety regarding the personal safety of his command, because the enemy had sent a young Saxon officer to act as guide and protector to him while going through the enemy's lines. On June 17th he avoided Zeitz, twenty miles southwesterly of Leipzig, because it was

occupied by a Würtemberg garrison, allies of Napoleon. For the sake of avoiding misunderstanding, however, he sent his Saxon protector to the commanding general there, notifying him of the circumstances under which he was seeking to obey the terms of the armistice.

Towards evening they made preparations to spend the night at a little village close to Lützen, about ten miles southwest of Leipzig. This is classic ground. Here in 1632 Gustavus Adolphus gave up his noble life in defence of Protestantism, and here, but a few days before, at Gross Goerschen, Scharnhorst received a fatal wound in the first great battle fought by the new German army he had created.

Lützow had sent two of his troopers to forage, and these had been taken prisoners. Thinking that the arrest was the result of a mistake, he forbade every form of reprisal. But when close to the spot selected for camp it was reported that he was being followed by a column of Napoleonic South Germans, marching with all the appearance of being at war. Lützow at once sent a flag of truce to the commander, and received in return instructions to halt and await a message from the French commanding general, who had, it was stated, made arrangements for escorting him from this point. Lützow then exchanged solemn promises with the Napoleonic agent that neither would meanwhile undertake any breach of the peace.

Pending the arrival of the expected message from Leipzig, where Napoleon's kinsman, the Corsican General Arrighi, held court, Lützow despatched one of his officers to the French headquarters to demand the surrender of the two troopers who had been seized. Arrighi had been himself a guerilla in Corsica, and was prepared to associate with that name all the crimes which his countrymen perpetrated under the cloak of military license. Napoleon had made him Duke of Padua. But no honors that he wore can make us forget the meanness of his behavior towards the gallant men of the Free Corps.

When the Lützow uniform appeared on the streets of Leipzig it was at once recognized, and the officer with the flag of truce was cheered all the way to the headquarters of Arrighi. But here his triumph ceased. Six policemen brought him into the presence of the Corsican, and he was treated as a prisoner. Arrighi declined to receive him as the bearer of a flag of truce, and pronounced him an outlaw and a brigand. He was disarmed and locked up in jail.

Now let us go back to the Free Corps, who were at about one hour's sharp ride from the town. They had gone into camp at about six o'clock, and by seven the horses had been tethered and were getting their evening meal. At that moment Lützow received word that dust was observed, which indicated the approach of a hostile column. He at once sent a bugler to inquire the cause, and ordered his men to prepare for action.

Even now, when from opposite sides hostile forces presented themselves, Lützow would not allow a counter-demonstration to be made by his subordinates, hoping against hope that the word of honor given by Napoleon's officer would shield his men from outrage. And it seemed so for a time. Lützow had an interview with the French general commanding (Fournier), explained to him his desire to reach the Elbe as rapidly as possible, and asked categorically whether the French intended to attack him or not.

To this General Fournier answered:—"I give you my word of honor that I shall not attack you, provided you keep to the Leipzig highway. I shall follow you with my corps."

Hereupon Lützow at once ordered his men to march on to Leipzig. But no sooner had the march commenced than he noticed a column of French dragoons break into a trot.

He demanded an explanation of this and got it:

"*L'armistice pour tout le monde, excepté pour vous*"—"Truce for all, but not for you"—was the answer of the Frenchman, who had just given his word of honor that he would not attack.

The fight was soon over. The men of Lützow were huddled together in marching order on the highroad, and were cut down like sheep. Some few sought to make a stand, but resistance under the circumstances was hopeless. Lützow's horse was shot under him, and he effected his escape in the night with the greatest difficulty. Three hundred and five horsemen were either killed or taken prisoners.

The poet Körner was severely wounded, and escaped capture only by the aid

CHEERING LÜTZOW'S FLAGS OF TRUCE IN LEIPZIG.

of patriotic peasants, to whose hands he confided himself.

A remnant of the Free Corps had succeeded in cutting their way through the French lines, thanks to the gathering darkness, and had made their way to Leipzig. They persisted in thinking that the wanton attack was the result of a misunderstanding, and would be promptly disavowed by General Arrighi. And, indeed, the officer in command at the town gates promised them safe escort. But they had proceeded but a short distance in the streets when they were seized and locked up in jail, along with the flag of truce that had preceded them. They here learned for the first time that Napoleon himself had given orders that the men of Lützow should be treated, not as soldiers, but as highwaymen. No medical attendance was given to the wounded, who were all locked up separately in a church. These would have died of neglect had not the warm-hearted citizens begged permission to look after them.

As the wounded got well, they were locked up in jail with the rest until such time as it was found convenient to send them off in gangs, chained together like malefactors. They were sent off by way of Erfurt, Mainz, Metz, across France to the most extreme fortresses on the Mediterranean, there to do forced labor, which corresponded to what was called being sent to the galleys.

It would be well for Napoleon's name as a man if we could exonerate him from knowledge of what passed in Leipzig during those days.

The French commandant of a town through which Lützow had passed on his return journey to the Elbe had entertained him at dinner—as a matter of courtesy to a fellow-soldier during an armistice. Napoleon heard of this, and immediately ordered him to Dresden, there to explain his conduct. The French commandant hurried to his master, and at once sought to justify himself by showing that Lützow had acted in perfect accord with the rules of war. But Napoleon interrupted him with violence, and heaped upon him gross insults. He told him he should have seized "*ce brigand Lützow, chef du corps de la Vengeance*," that he should at once have tried him for highway robbery, or, better still, ordered him shot at once without a trial. The poor commandant, who had done nothing but his duty as a soldier and a man of honor, sought in vain to justify himself. But Napoleon was mad with anger. Lützow at the moment seemed to have escaped him, and his Corsican love of vengeance clouded every other feeling. Though his commandant was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, so furious was the Emperor that he snatched the epaulets from his shoulders and ordered him "to go to the devil."

This circumstance was related to Lützow by the French commandant after the allies had entered Paris and Napoleon had been removed to Elba.

But Napoleon was still more angry when he heard that these Lützow "brigands" had been received with demonstrations of sympathy after their capture by the troops of Arrighi. He made an order, dated June 20th, placing Leipzig under military law, making all the police subject to the military authority, and providing for a forced contribution by way of punishment.

Two days later the Corsican kinsman Arrighi announced that "the town of Leipzig has incurred the displeasure of his Majesty the Emperor to a high degree, on account of the bad behavior in connection with recent military and political events. Therefore be it enacted that whosoever shall hereafter show *aversion* towards the French, or incur suspicion for behavior towards their allies, shall be treated as a traitor, be arrested at once, and brought before the French military authorities for the severest punishment."

Six days were allowed in which the citizens should give up every weapon they had. All provisions were confiscated by authority, and Leipzig was still further punished by being forced to furnish all supplies to the fortress of Wittenberg on the Elbe—the Wittenberg of Martin Luther.

The city fathers of Leipzig came humbly to Dresden and begged an audience of their mighty conqueror, but they begged long before they were allowed even to see him. Finally they were admitted, and at once he turned upon them the same character of abuse he had heaped upon the French commandant of a few days before. He called them dunces and sleepy-heads, and said they did not know what was going on under their noses; that they should have seized the Lützow men and sent them to the galleys, or, better still, have hung them.

Each time that the city fathers attempted to say anything, Napoleon broke in with renewed abuse, until he deemed his time exhausted, when he turned his back upon them, slammed the door in their faces, and sent them home to ponder over the relative merits of different forms of government.

If ever there was a military murder with malice prepense, it was this one carried out by order of Napoleon. It is one of a series in which that of the Duke of Enghien, John Palm, Andreas Hofer, and Schill's men are conspicuous. By a strange fortune, Lützow himself escaped, or his name would have appeared in this interesting series.

But Lützow did not fight in vain. The street boys of Leipzig who cheered the uniform of the Free Corps spoke for a larger public than that which filled the city of publishers. Every street boy in every village of the father-land took up that cheer, and with every cheer for Lützow there went up a prayer for deliverance from the rule of his would-be murderer.

XXVIII.

HOW THE PRUSSIAN KING WAS FINALLY FORCED TO DECLARE WAR AGAINST NAPOLEON.

King Frederick William III. of Prussia was in Breslau on the 24th of February, 1813, trying to make up his mind as to which was safest—to be friends with Russia against Napoleon, to continue his alliance with Napoleon against Russia, or to be friends with neither, but remain neutral. He was spinning a dangerous diplomatic web in all directions. To Napoleon he sent respectful representations, that were treated with contempt; to Austria he made overtures for a general peace; to England he posed as the victim of circumstances; and to Russia he sent a messenger who wearied the Czar by endless plans full of impracticable conditions. But, fortunately for Germany, the Czar was then close to Breslau, and so well supplied with war force that he could exert pressure upon Prussia more directly than any other monarch then negotiating with the Prussian King. More fortunately still, he had at his side that noblest of Germans the rugged Baron Stein. "I have but one father-land," wrote Stein a few weeks before, "and that is Germany. To me dynasties are matters of indifference in a time like the present."

Frederick William hated Stein for just such expressions as this, but Stein was not a man to worry at the loss of royal favor. He had inaugurated the revolution in Königsberg; had caused the province of East Prussia to put forty thousand men under arms without asking the King's permission; had then returned to the headquarters of the Russian Emperor, near Kalisch, a town almost immediately upon the border of the present Polen, only sixty miles northeast of Breslau.

Already Alexander had given notice to his friend Frederick William that if Prussia did not march with him he would regard the Hohenzollerns as his enemy, and would invade their territory and divide it up. But he hesitated to take this step, for fear of precipitating the Prussian King too soon into the arms of France. So he halted on the border of Silesia and tried first a little diplomatic coaxing. But Stein knew the Prussian King well enough to know that nothing would be gained by this means. He was then suffering in health, but nevertheless offered to go to Breslau and force the King to make up his mind at once for one party or the other.

Much as the King disliked Stein, he had for him a vast amount of respect, not unmixed with dread. Stein habitually spoke the truth even to his sovereign, and did so in a manner scantily draped with diplomatic phrases. Frederick William so rarely heard the truth that an interview with Stein became a most humiliating moment in his life. Stein was not merely in the habit of speaking the truth, but he invariably advanced his own opinion in so strong a manner that it either had to be accepted or else there followed an explosion.

We can thus picture the King's anger on the 24th of February when word was brought to him in the Breslau palace that Stein had arrived in town. Nor was that the worst. His late minister had not even adopted a formal manner of approaching his sovereign, but had driven at once to the very door of the palace and demanded instant audience. This magnificent impudence quite took away the King's breath. The audience had to be granted, for fear of giving offence to Alexander, and thus in a few hours Stein accomplished by personal contact (I had almost said violence)

what the King's ministers would have required months to consummate.

Stein opened the eyes of the King to his danger—the Russians at his door; Austria secretly promising help; the German people burning for revenge. The King must at once accept the offers of Russia, or else accept the consequences. The King sought delay, but Stein was firm. Hardenberg was sent for, and the matter settled on the spot. Stein then declared that unless the King sent Scharnhorst as his messenger to Kalisch, the Russian Czar would not be convinced of his sincerity—for every German trusted Scharnhorst as being the soul of the patriotic movement. This was also agreed to by the King, and Stein withdrew to find lodgings and rest after his weary journey.

It is almost incredible that he, the personal envoy of the Russian Czar, had to wander about Breslau on this 24th of February hunting for where to stretch his tired body. Hardenberg, whom he had made great, did not so much as offer him a crust of bread. The King ignored him. No one of the many courtiers offered him any hospitality. He wandered from inn to inn, finding them all crowded to the very roof-trees with the thousands who had come in the wake of the King. At length Stein's patience was exhausted, and, in the centre of the market, he exploded into such bursts of anger as arrested the attention of passers-by. Amongst these happened to be Major von Lützow, busy with the organization of his Free Corps. At once he recognized the great statesman, took him to the Golden Sceptre, and by tight squeezing secured a small room for him at the top of the house.

Here for many days lay Stein at the point of death, dragged low by a violent fever. Not once did the King inquire after him. Not once did Hardenberg seek to make his suffering less. The court was ordered to avoid him; and thus the greatest German of his time, at one of the critical moments of German history, was ignored in his attic for a crime which is rarely forgiven at court—he spoke the truth.

One of the King's courtiers, a Prussian general, had honored Stein so far as to denounce him to the French ambassador, who at once hired a room from a tailor across the way, and systematically watched all who came in and went out of Stein's quarters. But this did not last very long, for Stein's true friends were wary, and came to him only after dark.

Doctor Hufeland, who had accompanied Queen Luise on her sad winter's flight from Königsberg to Memel, 1806–7, braved the royal displeasure by giving Stein every professional help in his power; and old General Blücher showed equal indifference by climbing frequently to the attic room of the Golden Sceptre, and there luxuriating in very profane abuse of the courtiers and diplomatists who kept the people from fighting Napoleon.

Before Stein took to his bed, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the alliance offered by Russia accepted by Prussia. On the 27th of February it was signed in Breslau, and on the day following in Kalisch by Scharnhorst and the Russian plenipotentiary. On March 27th war was formally declared in Paris by the Prussian minister demanding his passports; and on April 15, 1813, Napoleon started once more from the Seine to make war beyond the Elbe.

The King's declaration of war contained an epitome of insults received from France. The answer of Napoleon to this was such a document as should have raised the blush of shame to the cheek of every Prussian official who shared the councils of the King. This document, which was largely circulated at the time, charged Prussia with every known form of national dishonesty.

"In 1792," wrote Napoleon's scribe, "when France, convulsed at home by a revolution and attacked from without by dreadful enemies, seemed on the verge of destruction, Prussia declared war against her. Three years later, and in the moment when France triumphed over the coalition of enemies, Prussia forsook her allies, whom she left to their fate; and of all the sovereigns who had taken up arms against France, the King of Prussia was the first to recognize the French Republic."

And from this date on, down through the period of Austerlitz and Wagram to Moscow and Kalisch, the French document pitilessly laid bare the selfish and weak policy that animated the Prussian cabinet in all its relations with France—professing loud friendship when French victories were gained, but secretly courting the enemies of Napoleon when there was a prospect of a successful coalition against his power.

The summary of Napoleon's manifesto, prepared by Maret, was in these words:

"In 1812 Prussia sought French alliance, because French armies were nearer to Prussia than those of Russia. In 1813 Prussia declares that her treaty has been violated, because Russian armies are nearer to Prussia than those of France!"

The French charge had much of truth in it, and Germans have taken very small pains to protest against the very serious reflections therein made against the Prussian cabinet government. Napoleon was much surprised at the Prussian declaration of war, and his ministers still more so. They were for once outwitted at their own game of deceiving, and by an adversary whom they despised as diplomatists even more than as soldiers.

Napoleon regarded Prussian politicians as sluggish — totally incapable of diplomatic deception; yet his envoy in Breslau had been completely deceived in regard to the great popular movement going on under his very nose. He believed that Frederick William intended to persist in his loyalty to Napoleon, according to the promises constantly made by Hardenberg, and in spite of popular agitation to the contrary.

And who knows that such might not have been the case had Napoleon but acceded to Prussia's very moderate requests, and treated her less like a conquered province? Napoleon said of Frederick William III., on hearing that he had joined Russia: "This secession comes to me as punishment for the fault I committed at Tilsit in restoring the house of Hohenzollern to the throne—ay, of honoring it by my alliance."

And so far as Napoleon had to deal merely with thrones and dynasties and courtiers, his insolent language was not without its justification. But he was now on the eve of war with a power that had done no wrong for which it need blush — a war not against a king, but against an outraged people. What insults he chose to publish against Prussian diplomacy rankled in the breast of the King and his smiling circle of ever-flattering courtiers; but diplomacy was for the few, and not for those outside of the palace. There was, however, another power which Napoleon could not insult, for he did not know of its existence. It was the power led by Blücher and Gneisenau, by Scharnhorst and Stein. It was a new Germany, born in shame and sorrow, cradled in the storms of adversity, grown strong in the practice of domestic virtues, and now baring its arms for a life and death struggle to determine which of two principles should survive—that of Cæsarism or that of Martin Luther.

XXIX.

PRUSSIA'S FORLORN HOPE IN 1813—THE LANDSTURM.

It was characteristic of the year 1813 that when his most absolute Majesty Frederick William was forced into war with France he addressed his first appeal for aid not to his army, but "To my people"—"An mein Volk." This excellent document was not written by the King, nor were any of the other excellent proclamations of that time; but that he signed them showed that even in the palace new and startling ideas were being accepted—ideas which in 1806 would have been rejected as revolutionary.

The same Breslau paper that published for the first time the famous "An mein Volk" printed as its second article an address "To my army." In the same paper appeared the first official announcement that the Iron Cross had been established, on March 10th, on the birthday of the saintly Queen Luise.

The Prussian army had already assumed a popular character altogether undreamed of in the year of Jena. But the most democratic of all the King's proclamations was yet to appear. This was a sweeping order that every male Prussian between the ages of fifteen and sixty, who had been exempted from the active army, should enroll himself in the so-called "Landsturm."

Here was the finishing touch to the military scheme worked out by Scharnhorst and Stein, and patiently explained to patriots in every part of the fatherland. This alone was needed to complete the idea of a nation in arms — an idea which to-day has become little more than a fine phrase, though in 1813 it was an accepted truth.

The King was a very long time in signing this order, and longer still in allowing it to be made public. Perhaps nothing official offers to-day such complete evidence of Frederick William's desperate straits as that he determined to save his throne by appealing directly to the

whole of his people. He hesitated long, not merely because he himself distrusted forces created by popular initiative, but because the Austrian Emperor detested democratic demonstration even more. The Vienna court talked in a half-hearted way about joining Prussia, and so long as there was a prospect of this aid the King tried to avoid anything which might offend the Apostolic Kaiser Franz, who had become Napoleon's father-in-law.

But when the first great battle turned out a technical victory for Napoleon (that called by Germans Gross Goerschen), and the cautious Austrian made haste to range himself with the side that seemed at the moment most promising, the King at last felt that he must fight for existence.

He had challenged Napoleon to a life and death struggle, and realized fully that in the event of defeat there would be no more Hohenzollerns on the throne. So on May the 8th he did what he hated most to do—called to his aid the whole body of his people, and declared his war one that should end either with victory or extermination.

But here again the people had gone ahead of their King, and were fighting the French on their own account and in their own fashion long before they had received orders from Breslau. The French garrison of Magdeburg sought to send out parties in order to place that fortress in a state to withstand a siege, but these were successfully repulsed by the peasants, who organized as volunteers, and fought for their King on the banks of the Elbe as Andreas Hofer had done in the Austrian Alps four years before. They fought with halters about their necks, for they well understood that in case of capture they would be executed as brigands.

A place of honor must be given to the peasants of two little villages near the right bank of the Elbe, about fifteen miles northeasterly of Magdeburg. Schartau and Neigrupp are their names, but they are not to be found on the map. In the annals of 1813, however, they deserved well of their country, for they played a rôle full as courageous as did Concord and Lexington in 1775. Already in March, 1813, they had equipped between them three hundred men afoot and as many more mounted. Their leader was the Lutheran pastor. On the heights they placed tar-barrels, and when the enemy was noticed, signals were flashed from point to point, and every peasant fell into the ranks with whatever weapon he could muster—lance or musket, axe or scythe. Men of seventy marched beside lads of fifteen.

The sandy soil of Brandenburg produces a peasantry unequalled for moral and physical courage. They are slow to stir, but when once in motion their march is irresistible. We shall see more of them later on. On April the 9th these peasants successfully checked a column of three thousand French who attempted to cross the Elbe some fifty miles below Magdeburg. Their leader was the chief citizen of the place. All this was happening without the authority of the Prussian King, without even his knowledge.

Stettin was another strong place still held by the French. It was then, as it is now, an important Baltic port at the mouth of the Oder. At Küstrin, further up the river, the French held still another fortress; and Napoleon was most anxious to maintain communication between the two places pending the arrival of relief. So, on April 18, 1813, a corps of six thousand French started from Stettin on their march of seventy miles to Küstrin. So far as the King was concerned there was nothing to prevent this important expedition resulting successfully for Napoleon; but the people on the Oder, as on the Elbe, themselves took up the quarrel. According to one local report: "At ten o'clock we received our orders, and by two o'clock the ranks were filled. The principal farmers and the pastor went ahead. And thus we marched out, singing as we tramped along."

On the way they met a gang of workmen engaged upon the canal connecting the Oder with the Spree. These at once left the business of canal-repairing, shouldered their axes, crowbars, and picks, and marched away behind the Lutheran pastor, in search of a fight with the Frenchman. Farm wagons followed in the rear, filled with food stuff, and also something to drink. There was no military chest; each citizen paid himself as best he could. In the lead was carried a white flag with a black cross upon it, and under this banner the peasants of the lower Oder won a glorious victory, that proved that though Prussia at Jena lost an army, she did not lack brave men in other walks of life. The six thousand

Frenchmen were beaten back, five hundred were taken prisoners, and all this cost the King not one penny. With the five hundred muskets captured, a picked body of sharpshooters was armed and drilled for further usefulness.

What was done on the Elbe and the Oder was repeated in hundreds of other parts of the country, and caused the French enormous loss, albeit each individual disaster was too insignificant to figure in a serious history.

In Berlin the zeal to join the citizen bands of the Landsturm was most conspicuous. The University and the Royal Academy of Science took the lead. So great a philosopher as Fichte laid aside his academic robes in order to practise the goose-step on the Berlin drill-ground. Had Napoleon passed by Fichte in 1813, I doubt if he would have received a bow so low as he received at Jena in 1806 from that other philosopher, Hegel. The massive-minded Fichte appeared on the streets of Berlin with a belt so broad that it served him in the way of a cuirass. In it he stuck two big cavalry pistols. By his side there hung a huge sabre that struck fire from the Berlin cobble-stones as he stalked majestically to his warlike tasks.

The citizen warriors of 1813 had no uniform dress or accoutrements, for the very good reason that they had neither money themselves nor had the government any. The war-office pardoned any extravagance of dress or accoutrement so long as it encouraged military exercises and cost nothing.

Venerable preachers, professors, painters, men of retired scholarly habits, now masqueraded about the streets of the Prussian capital in a guise that would to-day suggest a season of carnival. Artists took down from their studio walls and wore upon the streets steel helmets such as Spaniards wore when they conquered Mexico, battle-axes that suggested the Crusaders, to say nothing of strange long swords that figure in tales of chivalry.

The head of the Royal Theatre, the dramatist Iffland, whom we already know for his devotion to Queen Luise, headed a band of actors, who for once were given the opportunity of acting a part upon the stage of real life.

The arms of Wallenstein and of Richard II., and of many another stage hero, now stepped from behind the foot-lights and marched in the Avenue of Lindens. It was a war when every means was hallowed that promised the liberation of Germany; and Berliners, who are the wits and the wags of northern Europe, almost forgot to be facetious even when Iffland came to drill dressed in the breastplate and shield worn on the boards by Joan of Arc. The Maid of Orleans was a German hero then, a symbol of national freedom. In Paris she was ignored; for it had not yet become the fashion for Frenchmen to worship at her shrine. But in Germany she was a household goddess, a fairy Queen Luise. Her fame was spread abroad by the great poet of liberty, Schiller. And every German school-boy could recite from his famous drama lines that exactly voiced the general feeling for freedom.

But as Schiller and Queen Luise died before their eyes could see the national life stirring in defence of German liberty, so too died another hero, the author of a citizen army—the nation in arms. Scharnhorst received his mortal wound in battle before the King published the law calling every Prussian of every age and every condition to the war. This profound thinker and most kind-hearted of men was the son of a Hanoverian peasant. In his face as well as in his life he had many points of resemblance with Moltke. He was such a man as one associates with scientific research, a man of the study, and not of the battle-field, a man of reflection rather than of action. Never was there a character more pure from self-seeking. He lived for great national ideals, but never asked to be recognized as in any way the author of the good he was doing. He was the only one of the great patriots who combined with great military knowledge so much command of temper as to be able to keep before the King reforms which that monarch persistently rejected. Scharnhorst was no less keen than Blücher or Stein or Gneisenau, but he used vastly more tact in dealing with his King.

This last edict of Frederick William, which was published on May 8, 1813, and which completed the scheme for a whole people in arms, is so valuable that it should be in the hands of every school-child of every free country. It was decreed that the Landsturm, or *levée en masse*, was to take place wherever and whenever the enemy invaded the country. "When the



THE PATRIOT FICHTE.

alarm is sounded, then it means that the war has become one of extremes which hallows every means. The most desperate are the best in the long-run, for they bring the great cause to conclusion most quickly and successfully.

"The Landsturm must not merely prevent the enemy from invading the country, but must prevent it from retreating; keep it on the jump and out of breath; cut off its ammunition, food, messengers, and re-enforcements; capture its hospitals; carry out night surprises; in short, worry it, rob it of sleep, destroy it piecemeal wherever there is a chance.

"Every citizen who is not already enrolled in the army or in the militia must join the Landsturm when ordered. On pain of death, no one shall organize or command the Landsturm other than those designated by authority, nor incite them by speeches to organize."

This was practically a dead letter, as we have already seen. The Landsturm was to be democratic, every land-owner having to vote for members of a local defence committee. This committee then met and determined the manner in which its particular neighborhood could be most effectively defended. Referring to the country about Berlin, the edict calls particular attention to the great advantage offered to the Landsturm there, owing to the large tracts of forest, and the many lakes, streams, and swamps. The country was prepared for general inundation through a fortunate system of streams and dikes, which are still in existence, through which I was able to paddle a canoe as late as 1890.

Severe penalties were promised to the unpatriotic: "Whoever refuses to obey the call to arms, or deserts, shall earn a degrading punishment, as, for instance, he shall be made to occupy a particular place in church. Cowards shall be punished by having to give up their arms.... Their usual taxes shall be doubled. They shall receive corporal punishment. He who shows the feelings of a slave shall be treated as a slave."

The clergy was called upon to explain the Landsturm edict to the people, and help make it popular. This popular levy in mass was to elect its own officers up to

the rank of captain. But "the Landsturm shall wear no distinctive uniform, because that would expose them to pursuit and capture by the enemy."

In other words, the Prussians in 1813 were commanded to make war as did the Francs-tireurs of 1870–1. Now soldiers out of uniform, caught with weapons in their hands, are and have been in all wars regarded as bandits. Our civil war and the war of 1870 between France and Germany afforded many illustrations of this international maxim. The King's edict realized the danger to which it exposed the Landsturm patriots, and therefore added, by way of consolation to such as might in future be hung as unlicensed guerillas: "It shall be the duty of every inhabitant at once to give notice in case a member of the Landsturm has been badly treated by members of the French army. In that case, and within twenty-four hours, revenge shall be taken to the same extent upon any French prisoner happening to be in Prussian hands." In the war of American independence Washington had to use language not far different from this when the English invaders treated captured Americans as criminals, and not as prisoners of war.

The Prussian Landsturm edict anticipated an invasion similar to that of Russia in 1812. It ordered the country to be laid waste in advance of the invaders. Food must be carted away, wine and spirits must run to waste, cattle must be concealed, houses destroyed, all factories and mills burnt down, and finally the wells choked up. A Berlin professor of architecture found these provisions altogether too mild, and when he was made captain of a trainband, or Landsturm company, he marched his men into the Trinity Church of the Prussian capital, and there made his warriors solemnly swear to not merely fill up the wells, but to poison them also. Red savages could not have sworn more horrible vengeance upon pale-faces than was vowed against Frenchmen by heads of God-fearing families in the Easter-tide of 1813. And yet these were the same Germans who only a few weeks ago had given food and comfort to the stragglers of the "Grande Armée," groping their helpless way to France across the snow-clad plains of North Germany.

The edict goes on to say that the state would repay such peasants as had burnt down their houses and mills for the sake of their country, but that no peasant should be indemnified for cattle that might have been seized by the enemy. Fruit trees were not to be cut down—merely have the fruit knocked off, so that for one season at least they might be of small use to the enemy.

"Physicians, apothecaries, and surgeons must be the first to move away, and take with them their instruments. .... Boats, ferries, and bridges are to be burned.... No one shall, on pain of death, take oath of allegiance to the enemy. Should he be compelled by force, it shall not be regarded as binding." This provision was aimed obviously at the large number of pliant Prussian officials who, after Jena, continued to draw salaries by virtue of having sworn to obey Napoleon I., as faithfully as they had formerly served Frederick William III. The morality here preached suggests rather more that of the Jesuits than that of the straightforward monk of Wittenberg.

The citizens were also forbidden to do police duty in towns that might be occupied by the enemy. In Berlin, after Jena, not only did Berlin citizens police the town for their French master, but they even recruited a regiment to serve under French colors.

"Every town occupied by the enemy shall regard itself as in deepest mourning. Nobody shall attend any theatrical performance, dance, or any public amusement of any kind. No marriage shall be solemnized excepting by special permission of an official free from the enemy's influence." From these few illustrations we can readily appreciate how completely forlorn the King regarded his cause. Throughout this strange document we trace the guiding hand of Scharnhorst and of Gneisenau, the spirit of Stein and of Blücher. No famous battle-fields are suggested by the hundreds of citizen bands who drilled in their dozens on the village greens of Germany; their leaders were half-pay retired officers, often local elders of the village council. No record has been handed down of the patriotic deeds they did, and their fame is only in the fireside tales of old men who heard of these things from their fathers. The Landsturm had no showy uniforms, no brass bands. To the enemy they were mere bandits; to the profession-

al soldiers of Prussia they were an object of pleasantry, if not ridicule. Few military leaders of that time were able to take so broad a view of the soldier's work as Scharnhorst. His colleagues looked upon the Landsturm volunteers much as Braddock regarded the Virginia militia when he marched to Fort Duquesne in 1755.

The little guerilla bands of Prussian patriots made all the mobilizing work of Napoleon difficult, while it correspondingly facilitated that of the patriots. The Landsturm volunteers did not fight great battles, but in their skirmishes they organized the victories of Leipzig and Waterloo.

HER BOY.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

MISS BOUGHTON was leaning against the shelves of a little, low-ceilinged, crowded, second-hand book-shop in Broadway, just above Thirty-sixth Street, dipping into a volume of M. Ampère.

"Will you please do that up for me?" she said, holding it out. As she extended her arm, her large full sleeve happened to brush open the cover of one of those soft, leather-covered, old-fashioned Bibles, lying on a pile of school-books, and her eye caught the delicate faded traceries of an inscription on the yellow fly-leaf—"To my darling boy, from his loving mother."

"Oh!" she said, with a pained start; "how could any one— I'll take that too, please," and she closed the cover quickly, reverently. It seemed to her so shocking, so cruelly, needlessly cold-hearted, in any one to sell such a gift, to throw away such a sacred token of mother-love. The quaint, fine, faded handwriting called up a hundred fancies of home and childhood and fondling care and starlit pleadings beside little beds. Who was the mother who prayed? and where was the boy who wandered and forgot? she wondered. Or, kinder thought, perhaps he was dead too, and the book that he had wept over and found comfort in had so fallen into careless strangers' hands, and made its way at last to the old book-shop, along with dog-eared Latin grammars and stray magazines. She was glad at least that it had come to one who would preserve and cherish it as something most sweet and beautiful and pathetic.

The autumn shower which had driven her into this little exchange for rusty literature had now broken away, and a watery ray of sunshine came straggling in at the door, resting on the bent gray figure of the proprietor tying her bundle, and on another person whom she had not observed, and who was lounging against one of the cases opposite her, fingering the pages of an old picture-book, and regarding her with a peculiarly eager, covert gaze. He was a broken-down man of perhaps forty, dressed in a short frock-coat, well buttoned up, that a too intimate acquaintance with rain and weather had turned to a peculiar green color, and from out which his long lean arms and neck protruded to an extraordinary length. He was a type easy enough to classify—a type one often sees in public libraries and round old book-stalls, refined and poor and ill and dissipated. Yet there was something so pathetic in his pale, weak, intellectual face, something so appealing and intense in the look of his large, bright brown eyes, which for an instant caught hers over his hollow hectic cheeks, that Miss Boughton had a sense of nearness and sympathy for this dingy memory of what was once perhaps a kind and honest gentleman. She of course turned away her eyes politely, but instead of taking her package, she said: "Oh, by-the-bye, I have just happened to think that I've got to go to lunch with some people. Would you mind sending these books home for me? It's only a step. I live in Thirty-eighth Street." As she gave the number, she thought she saw the other listening, with his body bent over the pages, and his long lean finger pressed against his thin chin. She hoped he wasn't going to come and beg. Somehow she couldn't help believing him to be a gentleman. She would be so glad to help him, but she didn't want him to spoil himself.

Miss Boughton threw M. Ampère carelessly on her table on her return that afternoon, and took up the worn old Bible with a certain indignant pity. Perhaps there might be some further biographical details. She turned the pages dreamily,

idly, in a kind of sad pleasure, when suddenly she came upon a verse enclosed by a broad circle of ink; and it was this: "I bowed down heavily as one who mourneth for his mother." She closed the book very gently. There were tears in her eyes. "Ah, he didn't forget," she murmured.

One snowy winter morning, some two months subsequent to this little episode, her maid brought her a note, with the message that an answer was requested. It was addressed in a large, shaky, masculine hand, and quickly opening it, she read: "Some two months ago, you may remember buying a Bible in the old book-store just round the corner from Thirty-sixth Street. The book was mine. When I tell you that it was my dear mother's gift, that she wrote my name there, and that it was my one memento of a happy past, you will understand how I value it. I sold it because I had had nothing to eat in three days. I asked her if she'd mind, don't you know, and she seemed to tell me to. But I went there and watched it till I could get it back again, and then you came and bought it. I knew by your face why you did. God bless you for it! I listened for your address. I hoped each day to come and buy it. I'm dying now, they tell me, so I never can repay you; but would you mind sending it to me? I do want it so. It can't mean much to you, and to me it is all the world—all that is left of hope, memory, companionship, love, home."

Through the long bare wards of the hospital the white-gowned nurse led her silently; opposite them the snow was mottling the great high windows. The whole atmosphere was so tense with stillness and suffering and death that the young lady shivered among her wraps as she passed down the aisle. He had evidently been expecting her, for he had been cleanly shaved, and Miss Boughton was shocked and yet pleased by his appearance. He was terribly emaciated, and as he lay with closed eyes and his face half turned away, she noticed the fine delicate chiselling of his features, and the sensitive, almost feminine curves of his mouth under his mustache. One hand lay closed on the coverlid, bony and large. His malady seemed to have cleansed away all the weakness and dissipation and squalor, and left only the fine and beautiful. Life had clothed him in shame and wretchedness; death's mantle draped him in awful dignity. The nurse touched him lightly on the shoulder—the poor, sharp shoulder. "Here is some one to see you," she said.

He opened his eyes, which, bright with fever, were startling, brilliant, and beautiful, and feebly tried to turn himself, smiling, and looking at the bundle she held pressed against her coat with that quick eagerness she remembered so well. She understood, and bending forward, pressed his hand and laid the book upon his arm.

"Open it, please," he whispered. She did so, and catching it again in his hands, he looked at the inscription, and assured that it was his very own, with a force for which she was entirely unprepared he pressed it to his lips and hugged it to his breast.

"God bless you!" he said, with a look of the most grateful happiness. "Oh, my dear mother! my dear mother!"

For some moments he lay silent, with his eyes shut, but when she attempted gently to draw away her hand, he detained it feebly with his own.

"The world is full of kindness," he said, with his faint smile. "Ever so many people have been nice to me, all in all. That is why I thought it was so sweet of you to come. I like to think, don't you know, that the last thing which happened to me was a kindness. It's a pleasant thought to take away with one. My mother will be so grateful to you."

Miss Boughton felt the tears coming; he was such a gentleman, and he must have suffered so. "Ah, it is pitifully little," she said. "I might have done so much if I had only known."

He looked down at the counterpane idly, spreading out his skinny hand.

"You have done what you could," he said presently, smiling into her face. "I want you to remember that always as a great happiness — that you have done what you could. It's a beautiful thing to be a good woman," he added softly, as if to himself. "I haven't been a very good man. I was weak and emotional, and then she died, and then I lost my money, and then I borrowed from my friends, and then I got to drinking—oh, it's the old story. There are hundreds like me. But I want *you* to know, because you have been so very good to me, and because there isn't one soul in all

this world who cares whether I die here or drop by the way-side, that I have always tried to be good, and to do as she wanted me, and that every night I have read here, and thought of her, and longed for her."

Miss Boughton hesitated. "Would you like me to—to read to you?" she asked.

"Thank you very much," he said, shaking his head, "but I'd rather say it to myself, if you don't mind. I remember so well every tone, every inflection, of her voice. I can quite hear her. She was a beautiful reader."

He closed his eyes again, and a little contented sigh escaped him. She could see his lips moving, murmuring, the book still pressed tightly to his breast.

Miss Boughton leaned over him, and could just catch the words, "and—take—me—to—heaven—when—I—die. Amen!"

It was a prayer learned at his mother's knee, and as he breathed it, a smile as trustful and innocent as a little child's played over his face.

Her friend the nurse came presently and stopped beside the bed. "Your mission," she whispered gently, "is fulfilled."

THE PASSING OF THE FUR-SEAL.

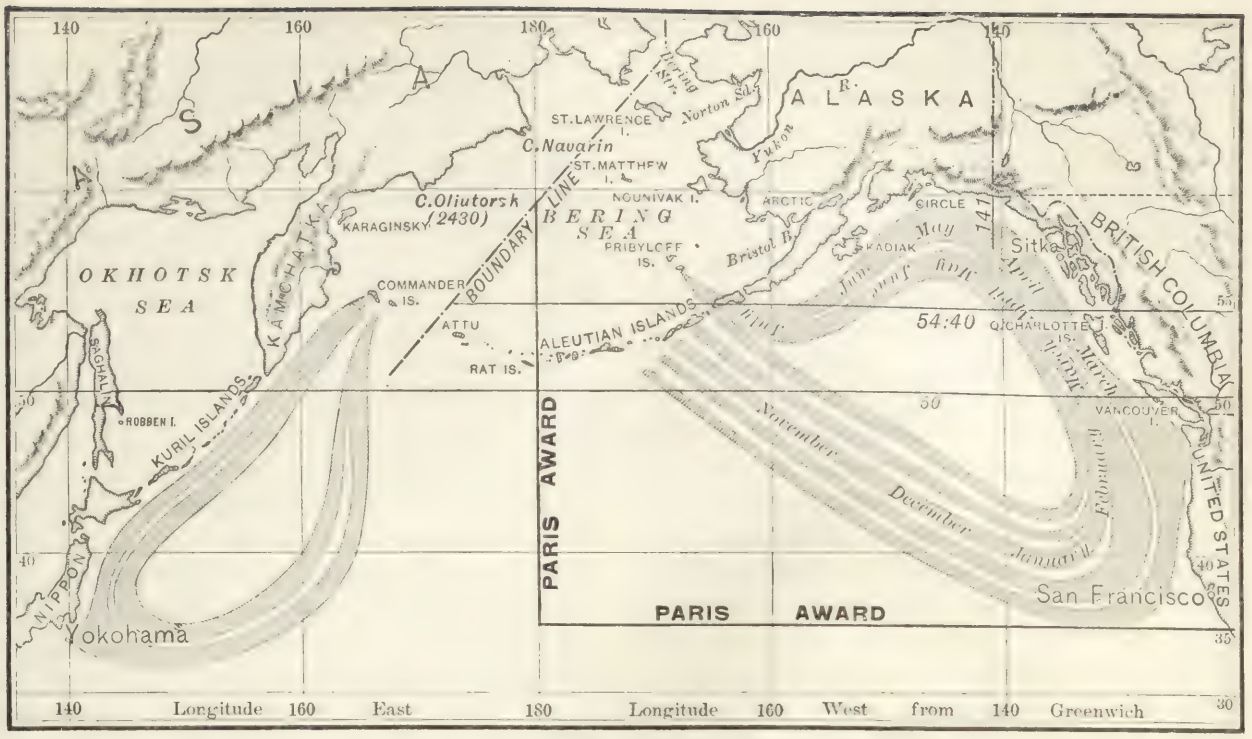
BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the effort of the United States to prevent the extinction of the fur-seal, it will always be a significant fact in the history of international and colonial politics that the Dominion of Canada for nearly eight years has been able to oppose successfully the interests of the United States, Great Britain, and Russia in the seal herds. The United States and Great Britain appeared to be reaching an agreement dictated by both commercial and humane considerations in 1888, but the Dominion government interfered in behalf of a few pelagic sealers, and negotiations were suspended. At that time Russia was desirous of obtaining for her herd the same protection it was hoped would be granted to the American herd. Here are three of the most powerful nations of the world restrained by a colony of one of the powers from doing not only what prudence suggests, but what humanity and good faith demand. There was never a finer example of the wrongs that may be perpetrated by an irresponsible community possessing national powers, but not having international obligations. Two powers, the United States and Russia, owning the islands on which the seals of the two herds breed, and where alone they can be hunted and killed with a proper regard for the preservation of the species, have leased the right to kill to private citizens, and they are in honor bound to protect the rights which they have granted. All the skins obtained either by pelagic or island fishing are dressed and dyed in London, so that the interests of citizens of England are identical with those of the United States and Russia.*

Opposed to the citizens of the United States and Russia who are regularly engaged in the business of seal-hunting under proper restrictions imposed by their governments, and who pay for the privilege, which they have the right to enjoy, are a few Canadian vessel-owners, with their masters and crews. In 1894 the British North American sealing fleet consisted of fifty-nine vessels; in 1895 it consisted of sixty-five vessels. It is unfortunate that citizens of the United States engage in pelagic sealing, but they have as an excuse the fact that the United States have agreed to an open season during which the seals may be slaughtered in Bering Sea and North Pacific Ocean. There are about half as many vessels in the sealing fleet of the United States as in the Canadian fleet. The commercial importance of pelagic sealing, and the injury that is inflicted by means of it on the lessees of the governments of the United States and Russia, may be judged from the fact that in 1894 142,000 skins were taken by the pelagic sealers, and only 15,033 on the Pribyloff Islands.

It is the intention of this paper to make clear the interests involved in the Bering Sea controversy, the inadequacy and injustice of the Paris award, the powerlessness under it of the executive branch of our government to guard the seals, and the manner in which Great Britain has shifted from one ground to another, until now

* Of 142,723 skins taken by pelagic sealers in 1894, 138,323 were dressed and dyed in London.



MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE AMERICAN HERD DURING EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

her statesmen seem not only to have surrendered to the demands of the little fleet of British North American sealers, but to have determined, by inaction at least, to permit the destruction of the seals, thus ridding themselves of a controversy, and retaining for the empire the affectionate loyalty of such British subjects as are engaged in the ownership and navigation of some threescore schooners.

It was in 1887 that Mr. Bayard, then Secretary of State, wrote to the ministers of Great Britain, Russia, Japan, Germany, and Sweden and Norway, inviting their governments to enter into such an arrangement with the United States "as will prevent the citizens of either of these countries from killing seals in Bering Sea ....by such methods as at present are pursued, and which threaten the speedy extermination of those animals, and consequent serious loss to mankind." Lord Salisbury promptly acquiesced in the humane suggestion that the United States and Great Britain should adopt a code of regulations "for the preservation of the seals in Bering Sea." He thus admitted that the seals were in danger of destruction, and that rules and regulations, to be adopted and enforced by the two governments, were essential to their preservation. In February, 1888, Mr. Phelps, then our minister to Great Britain, informed Mr. Bayard that Lord Salisbury consented to a close season in Bering Sea for furseals, to extend from April 15th to November 1st. The Russian ambassador asked that whatever regulations might be agreed upon for Bering Sea should be extended to that part of it in which the Commander Islands are situated, and also to the Sea of Okhotsk, in which Robben Island is situated. These islands, it should be explained, are the breeding-grounds for the Russian herd, as the Pribyloff Islands are the breeding-grounds for the American herd.

The two herds of seals have substantially the same habits. At the conclusion of the breeding season they set out on what is called their "long swim." The Pribyloff Islands are a little north of 55° latitude, near the coast of Alaska, and the Commander Islands are in about 54° 40′ latitude, near the coast of Kamchatka. The seals start south in October, the American herd swimming through the passes of the Aleutian Islands, southeastwardly, until they reach the latitude of 35° in the neighborhood of San Francisco. Then they turn eastward and then northward, and follow the trend of the coast until they reach the passes of the Aleutian Islands again, through which they swim to their breeding-ground. The Russian herd swim southerly to a point south of latitude 35°, turn in towards the Japanese coast in the vicinity of Yokohama, and then swim north along the coast of Nippon, past Yezo and the Kuril Islands,

to the Commander Islands and Robben Island. The accompanying map shows the course of the two herds, and the position of the American herd during each month of its journey. While the two herds have been considered to be distinct, there is now reason to suppose that the slaughter of the seals on the eastern side of Bering Sea has driven American seals to the western side. The absolutely close season maintained in American waters during the existence of the *modus vivendi* led to the inauguration of pelagic sealing on the Russian and Japanese coasts. The Russian government's desire that its herd should receive whatever measure of protection might be accorded to the American herd will be understood from this explanation of seal habits.

It was agreed then, in the spring of 1888, by the statesmen who had taken part in the negotiations, that the close season ought to extend over all of Bering Sea, and over that part of the Okhotsk Sea in which is Robben Island, from April 15th to November 1st. It is true that the agreement was not official or formal, but it is clear that the minds of the correspondents had met. So interested was M. de Staël, the Russian ambassador at London, that he suggested that the powers should prohibit the importation into the protected area of "alcoholic drinks, firearms, gunpowder, and dynamite." The shooting of seals had begun to be general, and this method of destroying the animals has always been frowned upon, not merely because of the fact that the use of shot-guns facilitates pelagic sealing, but because many seals, especially those heavy with young, sink after they are shot, and thus the destruction of the species is greatly hastened. The position taken by M. de Staël in 1888 is especially interesting in view of the recent attitude of his government in the controversy.

In April, 1888, Lord Salisbury suggested that the close season should terminate on the 1st of October instead of the 1st of November, and Mr. Bayard suggested, in turn, the 15th of October as the date of termination, adding, however, "although, as I am now advised, the 1st of November would be safer."

Matters stood thus when, in June, 1888, Mr. White, our Secretary of Legation in London, informed Mr. Bayard that Lord Salisbury had received "a communication from the Canadian government stating that a memorandum on the subject would shortly be forwarded to London, and expressing the hope that, pending the arrival of that document, no further steps would be taken in the matter by her Majesty's government."

Negotiations were not resumed until 1890, when Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State. It is unnecessary for the purposes of the present article to follow the correspondence that took place between Secretary Blaine and Assistant-Secretary Wharton, on one side, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, speaking for Lord Salisbury, on the other side. Notwithstanding the devices that were attempted by each side, with a view of gaining a diplomatic advantage over the other, it was clear that the question in the minds of all who participated in the controversy, except of course the Dominion authorities, was one of humanity and good faith. It is probable that Lord Salisbury wished to go as far as he could for the protection of the seals from destruction without disappointing the pelagic sealers of Canada. The Dominion government had taken up the cause of these sealers, and was pushing it with energy. Its agents were in London, and they had the ear of the Premier. At any rate, in June, 1890, he denied that he had ever given to Mr. Phelps the assurance that he would agree to a close season lasting from the 15th of April to the 1st of November, and he was literally right. There was carried on at the same time a correspondence concerning the seizure of British sealers by the United States. The result of these negotiations was the establishment of the *modus vivendi*, which lasted for two years (1892 and 1893), and this was followed by the agreement between the two governments that the questions between them should be submitted to arbitration.

The result of the arbitration was the award made by the Paris Tribunal, August 15, 1893. The findings of the Tribunal on questions of right were adverse to the United States. Coming to the ethical question, as to the duty of the two governments to prevent the citizens of both from exterminating the seal, the Tribunal decided that the "concurrence of Great Britain is necessary to the establishment of regulations for the proper protection and preservation of the fur-seal in or habitually resorting to the Bering Sea." Nine articles were then adopted, embody-

ing regulations, so far as rules could be prescribed by the Tribunal. These regulations were not self-operative. Operative regulations could be adopted only by the governments of the two countries concerned. The articles adopted by the Tribunal embodied the ends that were to be attained through the joint regulations to be agreed upon by the two countries. The means for protecting the seals were not adequate, and the British government did not exert itself in 1894 to make even those means effective.* During the season of 1895 it even declined to join in regulations similar to those agreed upon in 1894 for the proper enforcement of the regulations enacted by the Tribunal. The Tribunal settled nothing that had not been recognized as just by both parties, but when it was determined that the British Empire had discretion in the matter as to framing regulations to carry out the scope and intent of the award—regulations which had been enacted into law by both countries—the imperial government was at the mercy of the Dominion, and declined to exercise that discretion in the manner plainly demanded by the spirit of the award.

The articles forbade the killing of seals within sixty miles of the Pribyloff Islands, or in the American part of the North Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea north of the thirty-fifth degree, during the months of May, June, and July. From the 1st of August until the 1st of May licensed sealers might catch seals under the award of the Tribunal under certain conditions. Sailing-vessels alone were to be employed in the business; each vessel was to be provided with a special license, and was to fly a distinguishing flag; the number and character of the catch were to be noted in his log-book by the captain of each sealer, and the entries were to be communicated by each of the governments to the other at the end of each fishing season; the use of nets, fire-arms, and explosives was forbidden.

The main objection to these articles is that the closed season is not long enough, and that the prohibition of sealing within a zone of sixty miles is of very little value. In his first proposition, which was conveyed to Mr. Bayard February 25, 1888, Lord Salisbury suggested that the close season should extend from April 15th to November 1st. This was in answer to a proposition made by Mr. Bayard that there should be a close season extending from April 1st to November 1st. Subsequently Lord Salisbury suggested that October 1st would be late enough for the termination of the season, and Mr. Bayard expressed his willingness to accept October 15th as the date. It does not seem to have occurred to any one connected with the negotiations on either side during Mr. Cleveland's first administration that a close season extending from the 1st of May to the 1st of August would sufficiently "protect and preserve" the fur-seal of the North Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea. The Canadians, indeed, in 1890, persuaded Lord Salisbury to suggest a close season in May and June, and another in October, November, and December; but, as was long since discovered, the Canadians are more desirous to kill than to preserve the seal. As a matter of fact, under the award of the Tribunal, the pelagic sealers are able to follow the seals on their way home nearly to the passes of the Aleutian Islands, and to slaughter them in great numbers during August, September, and October, and especially when they are crowded into the passes on their way south. In this slaughter they use spears, which, experts say, are even more fatal in skilled hands than shot-guns.

The prohibited zone of sixty miles affords the seals very little protection. The Tribunal seems to have supposed that when the seals reach the breeding-grounds they remain on the islands or in the immediate vicinity until the time comes for the departure on their "long swim." This is far from being the truth. The seals leave the islands during the breeding season for rest and food, and they are often found sleeping or feeding at long distances from the islands, sometimes travelling two hundred miles from the breeding-grounds. It is during the breeding season and far outside of the zone of sixty miles that much of the slaughter goes on. It is true that Mr. Blaine, in a letter to Sir Julian Pauncefote, dated December 17, 1890, said, "The President will ask the government of Great Britain to agree to a distance of twenty marine leagues" (sixty miles); but that distance was suggested by Mr. Blaine on the theory that the close season should extend from the

* Only one British cruiser, H.M.S. *Pheasant*, patrolled Bering Sea in 1894. In 1895 the same vessel was the only one in Bering Sea.

15th of May to the 15th of October. In 1888 Mr. Bayard notified Mr. Phelps that "to prevent killing within a marine belt of forty or fifty miles from the islands" during a period extending from April 1st to November 1st "would be ineffectual as a preservative measure."

During the negotiations which were carried on by Mr. Blaine and Mr. Wharton from 1890 until the conclusion of the treaty of arbitration on May 7, 1892, Russia was silent. It will be recollected that in 1888 the Russian ambassador to Great Britain was so much interested in the subject and so much concerned as to the welfare of the Russian herd that he not only asked for a close season for his side of Bering Sea and for a part of the Okhotsk Sea, to correspond with that which might be agreed upon for the eastern side of Bering Sea, but he suggested that the regulations should forbid the importation of fire-arms within the protected area. At that time every commercial interest in the seal fisheries received the friendly countenance of its government. It was not until the predatory sealers of the Dominion interfered that the imperial government began to show signs of an indisposition to do anything for the preservation of the seals. It was then, too, that Russia became strangely silent.

Mr. Blaine did not underestimate the importance of an alliance between the two countries whose interests are common, because they own the breeding-grounds of the two herds. The representative of the Russian government then in charge of its legation at Washington was Baron Rosen. He supposed that Russia was of the mind that was expressed by her ambassador at London in 1888; and it was natural, in any event, that he should assume that the two countries would be glad to co-operate. The necessity of such co-operation was made more pressing because it was clear from the time that Mr. Bayard's efforts were checked by the interference of the Dominion that the imperial government did not propose to risk its influence with this important British colony by interfering with the Canadian pelagic sealers and poachers. In view of all this it is not strange that Baron Rosen should have assumed that a treaty of alliance would be gratifying to his government. He therefore entered into a negotiation with Mr. Blaine that resulted in an agreement between the two, which was formulated in a protocol. The agreement was that the two countries would act together for the protection of seal life, and to that end would prohibit any pelagic sealing in Bering Sea. The protocol was sent to St. Petersburg, but Baron Rosen never heard from it officially, and it was a long time before any word concerning it was received from Russia. Then our minister to Russia, on inquiring at the Russian Foreign Office as to the fate of the protocol, was told that the Czar's government would not think of becoming a party to any arrangement concerning the seal herds in Bering Sea without previous consultation with the British government. If this protocol had been followed by a treaty engaging the two powers to protect the seals by preventing all pelagic sealing in the waters of the Bering and Okhotsk seas, the question that has so long vexed the diplomatic representatives of the United States and Great Britain would now be settled, for it cannot be supposed that the British Empire would undertake to maintain what the two powers forbade. But a great change had come over Russia, for events had been happening in her diplomatic relations with Great Britain which made the maintenance of friendly relations with that power of the gravest importance. Russia's desire was cleverly taken advantage of by the British minister at St. Petersburg to effect a settlement of the seal-fisheries question on the west side of Bering Sea that has enured to British interests in negotiations with the United States; and for some years to come it is not likely that Russia can be induced to thwart England's purposes in Bering Sea. At first it was the situation in Central Asia and the question of the establishment of a buffer state between India and the Russian advance that caused the silent indifference of Russia to the peril of her seals and of the rights of her lessees. Now it is the situation in the far East and the doubt as to what relations shall be established between herself and Great Britain as a result of the defeat of China by Japan. Again it is the resurrection of the Eastern question as a consequence of the massacres in Armenia, and the possible interference with the Sultan's government by the Berlin treaty powers, or, if not by them, by England in union with Russia and France. The complications in Asia

have deprived the United States of an alliance that is natural, and that was once supposed to be almost realized. Not only that, but, for the purpose of aiding the Dominion's case against this country, Great Britain has made apparent concessions to Russia in Bering Sea that are not concessions at all, while Russia has apparently been willing to throw at least her passive influence, not only against the United States, but against those who pay her for the privilege of hunting seals on the Commander Islands.

These negotiations between Great Britain and Russia were pending and were concluded while the Paris Tribunal was in session. The British government conceded to Russia a protected zone of ten miles along Russian shores and of thirty miles around the Commander and Robben islands. It was not a generous concession; indeed, it was far from adequate; but its willing acceptance by Russia greatly weakened the American case before the Paris Tribunal. If Russia accepted a protected zone of thirty miles around her rookeries, why should not the United States be content with a protected zone of sixty miles?

The answer to the question is that Russia's herd had been only recently invaded by pelagic sealers, that her seals had never been protected beyond the three-mile limit, partly because they had not been attacked, and that therefore the concession was a real gain. Above all, however, Russia felt but little interest in her fisheries, and was willing to accept any price that Great Britain offered to keep her in good-humor. As to Great Britain, the vessels of her Canadian subjects had been seized by Russian officials off the Commander Islands, and something had to be done not only to limit but to define their rights. By fixing this inadequate zone she obtained for the Canadians the right to kill Russian seals on the high seas. Moreover, she also gained a strong argument against the contention of the United States that a protected zone of sixty miles around the Pribyloff Islands would not be sufficient. How eager the home government was in this matter is shown by the fact that its representatives at St. Petersburg neglected, in their first arrangement with the Russian Foreign Office, to induce the latter to persuade the United States to become a party to the arrangement concerning the western waters of the Bering Sea. The consequence of this oversight was that American sealers had the right to hunt on the Russian side to the three-mile limit, while the Canadians were obliged to keep outside of the thirty-mile limit. While this did not make much difference to the Russians, owing to the comparatively small number of American sealers, the Canadian government protested in the following year, and when the arrangement was renewed the Czar's government agreed to procure the assent of the United States to the exclusion of American sealers from the thirty-mile zone.

In the mean time the award regulations of the Paris Tribunal were enacted into law, and further regulations were made by the United States and Great Britain for carrying out the articles of the award. By this time the United States stood alone. The indifference or defection of Russia had greatly aided the Canadians, and although the British government continued to profess a desire to do all in its power for the preservation of seal life, the influence of the Dominion sealers was dominant. It is clear that the enforcement of the inadequate rules laid down by the Tribunal depends entirely on the good faith and earnestness of the two governments upon which rests the duty of making the laws and rules for realizing the objects of the award.

If both nations had desired, regulations might have been adopted that would have rendered any evasion of the provisions of the award at least difficult, but such regulations, although agreed to in 1894, were refused by Great Britain for the season of 1895. This was not the fault of the officers of the United States who were charged with the duty of helping to frame the regulations. The award forbade merely the use of fire-arms. It did not forbid the possession of them, nor did it make such possession by a vessel navigating the treaty waters presumptive evidence of intended illegal use. Such a presumption is necessary for the enforcement of the law against the use of fire-arms, and it has always been recognized as an essential provision of protective acts. Such a presumption was promptly enacted into law by Congress, but this law applies only to American citizens. The British act of 1891 for the enforcement of the *modus vivendi* provided as follows:

"If a British ship is found within Bering Sea having on board thereof fishing or shooting implements, or seal-skins, or bodies of seals, it shall lie on the owner or master of such ship to prove that the ship was not used or employed in contravention of this act."

The British act of 1894 for the enforcement of the Paris award omitted this provision, although the necessity of such a rule of evidence was recognized in the British act of 1893, which was passed for the enforcement of the agreement with Russia, and in which the provision of the act of 1891 was incorporated. This act repealed the act of 1891, and was made to apply to the American as well as to the Russian side of the Bering Sea. This rule of evidence was in existence, therefore, when the Tribunal made its award, and it must be presumed that when the arbitrators laid down the rule that nets, fire-arms, and explosives should not be employed, they did so with the understanding that the existing laws prescribing this rule of evidence would remain in force, for it was known then as well as it is known now that the use of fire-arms for killing the seals cannot be prevented if sealers are permitted to carry such weapons. The language of the award, however, enabled the British government to insist on changing the rule of evidence, while the President and his advisers were powerless. The effective power which the United States possessed over Canadian sealers was that which was obtained through the agreement with the British government in the form of joint regulations, and if the British government declined to prevent the use of fire-arms by making their possession *prima facie* evidence of illegal intent, the United States, in loyalty to the arbitration to which it had submitted, was obliged to yield. But the British government was not earnestly desirous of preventing pelagic sealing, or of attaining the objects which the Paris Tribunal declared to be desirable. This was shown by its eagerness to avail itself of the language of the award to change a rule of evidence, which it had itself declared to be essential by embodying it in two acts of Parliament. Since this refusal, by an act passed June 26, 1895, Great Britain has also changed the rule as it affects the arrangement with Russia. For more than a year the possession of fire-arms by a Canadian sealer in the Russian zone was presumptive evidence of an intention to shoot seal, while on the American side there was no such presumption, although there was no such agreement between Russia and Great Britain as to the shooting of seals as there was and is between the United States and Great Britain. During the season of 1895 there was no such presumption as to sealers navigating either side of Bering Sea, except American sealers. The Congress of the United States, intent on making the regulations of the Paris Tribunal effective, and determined to carry out the objects of the award, prescribed the rule of evidence in the act of April 6, 1894, which is the American act for the enforcement of the award. Therefore, before the Paris Tribunal made its rules for the purpose of preserving the fur-seal, the same rule of evidence applied to both American and British vessels. The possession of forbidden weapons was presumed to indicate an intent to use them.

Since the award was made this presumption has applied to American sealers only. The British government insisted that Canadian sealers should not be put to the necessity of proving that their possession of arms was innocent in the view of the law and of the spirit of the award. This meant that Canadian vessels were to be permitted to use fire-arms within the protected area; for it is almost impossible, in the absence of the presumption, to convict a sealer of the actual use of his arms for killing seal. Under the American rule the sealer must prove that he did not kill seal with the fire-arms on board his vessel; under the British law the sealer cannot be convicted unless the government can prove that the fire-arms were used to kill the seals. There could be no better evidence than this deliberate change of the rule of evidence that the British government's intention was to secure for the Canadian sealers the right to use fire-arms for the killing of seal, and to that extent to violate the spirit and purpose of the Paris award. In further support of this conclusion we have the case of the British schooner *Wanderer*, which was seized on the charge of shooting seals. Under the regulations of 1894 her arms had been sealed by an officer of the United States. When she was subsequently searched by the captain of one of the American patrol fleet, an unsealed shot-gun and other evidences of shooting were discovered. She was taken and turned over to

an officer of the British navy. She and her captain should have been tried by a court of admiralty, but she was released without any trial whatever by the British Admiral Stephenson. A similar course was taken by the British naval authorities with reference to the sealer *Favorite*. It has been clear from the first that the British government has changed its mind since Lord Salisbury assented to the proposition made by Mr. Bayard in 1887, and that, the award of the Paris Tribunal to the contrary notwithstanding, nothing will be done by the imperial power to prevent the pelagic sealers of the colony from murdering the seals on the high seas at their pleasure.

The device of sealing prohibited arms was a principal feature of the regulations of 1894. It applied both to licensed sealers and unlicensed vessels. It was intended to facilitate the enforcement of the regulations, and to protect the captains of vessels navigating the North Pacific and Bering Sea from undue detention. It was agreed that when a vessel was in the prohibited zone, or in the other parts of the sea during the prohibited season, or if the vessel were not a licensed sealer, but was navigating these waters, the arms whose use was forbidden might be officially sealed. If the seals were broken, the presumption that the arms had been used illegally was strengthened. If they were not broken, the vessel was not unduly detained. This provision was of great importance both to innocent vessel-masters and to the officers of the navy and of the revenue marine who were charged with the task of protecting the seal herds from unlawful invasion and attack. The British government declines to continue this regulation.

In order to enforce the regulations of 1894, the British government sent only one vessel, the *Pheasant*, to Bering Sea for patrol duty, although the majority of the vessels employed in pelagic sealing were Canadian. The President of the United States sent a fleet of twelve vessels. Could anything more clearly indicate British indifference to the enforcement of the Paris award?

Another bit of evidence that the imperial government has no intention of aiding the government of the United States to prevent pelagic sealing and to preserve the fur-seal is its refusal to accept the recommendatory declaration signed in Paris by Baron Courcel, Justice Harlan, and Senator Morgan. The declaration was as follows:

"In view of the critical condition to which it appears certain that the race of fur-seals is now reduced, in consequence of circumstances not fully known, the arbitrators think fit to recommend both governments to come to an understanding in order to prohibit any killing of fur seals, either on land or at sea, for a period of two or three years, or at least one year, subject to such exceptions as the two governments may think proper to admit of. Such a measure might be recurred to at occasional intervals if found beneficial."

The evils of the situation have been called to the attention of the British government, and they are as well understood at London as they are at Washington. It has been shown that the change in the rule of evidence as to the inference to be drawn from the possession of forbidden arms during the close season, or in prohibited waters, nullifies the agreement that fire-arms shall not be used, but the British government not only refuses to restore the presumption that was once established by its laws, but in June, 1895, it changed the rule also as to sealers in Russian and Japanese waters.

Our government is not represented before the tribunals which try the British sealers that are seized by American cruisers for violation of the law. Therefore there is no one to watch and defend American rights in what we now know to be, so far as this question is concerned, an unfriendly jurisdiction.

All the regulations requested by the United States are essential for the proper carrying out of the Paris award, and the fact that the British government has failed or refused to meet our own government must be accepted as evidence that the Canadian pelagic sealers have succeeded in forcing it to abandon the attempt to prevent the destruction of the fur-seal by Dominion sealers. With American sealers it is different, and it is reported that during the season of 1895 the British cruiser devoted all its energies to preventing violations of the act of Congress by vessels from this country, notwithstanding the fact that the Canadian sealers outnumbered our own at least two to one.

Not only have the suggestions looking

to the extension of the award and to the cure of its demonstrated inadequacies been negatived by the British government, but in May, 1895, after the season had begun, this government was notified that even the insufficient regulations of 1894 would not be renewed. This refusal was based on the ground that the award did not prohibit the possession of fire-arms by sealers, and therefore the British government declined to enter into an arrangement which would make it well for Canadian vessels to secure the sealing of their arms. This decision by the home government was received with great joy in the Dominion, for it enormously facilitated the use of fire-arms in the killing of seals.

The result of the Paris award has been disastrous to the seals and to the sealing industry. Before the refusal of the British government to renew the regulations of 1894 the subject had been considered in Congress. In answer to a resolution introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Dingley of Maine, Secretary Carlisle stated that from the statistics of the pelagic catch of 1894 "it becomes evident that during the present season there has been an unprecedented increase over preceding years in the number of seals killed by pelagic sealers, both in American and Asiatic waters. This increase has caused an alarming decrease in the number of seals on the islands, as hereinafter explained.... The alarming increase in the number of seals killed by pelagic sealers.... emphasizes the conclusion expressed in my annual report to Congress that long before the expiration of the five years, when the regulations enacted by the Tribunal of Arbitration are to be submitted to the respective governments for re-examination, the fur-seal will have been practically exterminated."

Bills were introduced in both Houses of Congress contemplating the destruction of all seals by the government, and thereby a determination of the question. On one of these bills, that introduced by Hon. William L. Wilson, the Ways and Means Committee made an interesting report. This bill provided that the President should invite the appointment of a joint commission by the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan, and an arrangement for a *modus vivendi* pending the proposed investigation. In the event of a refusal by Great Britain to agree to the *modus vivendi*, and to make proper regulations to carry it out, the Secretary of the Treasury was to be authorized to arrange for the killing of the seals as they visited the Pribyloff Islands. The bill was passed by the House of Representatives, and if it had been permitted to become a law, it might have compelled the Dominion to consent that Great Britain should change her course; for if the section directing the killing of the seals as they visited the islands had been executed, the quarry of the Canadians would have been destroyed, and the United States would have reaped the advantage. Rather than that, Canada would have preferred the enforcement of the Paris award. But when the bill reached the Senate its passage was prevented by the objection of Senator Morgan, who had been one of the arbitrators. This conduct on his part was especially strange, because he had devoted his time and his energies to insisting that the administration was not doing all that it might do to enforce the award, although the administration was really doing all that was possible in view of the regulations which had been made by the Tribunal.

So much for the effort of Congress to come to the aid of the executive department of the government. In its report on the Wilson bill the Ways and Means Committee presented tables showing the effect of pelagic sealing on the catch.

It appears from these tables that the annual pelagic catch on both sides of the Pacific Ocean increased since 1890 from 51,814 to 142,000 in 1894, and that the Pribyloff Islands catch decreased from 104,521 in 1886 to 15,033 in 1894. It also appears that the destruction of the Russian seals now exceeds that of the American seals, and that the pelagic catch in Asian waters has increased from 5847 in 1891 to 58,621 in 1894. In the season of 1895 the catch fell off. This was because of perceptible diminution in the herds. It is evident that the seals have already begun to disappear. The legitimate catch on the Commander Islands for 1895 was 17,700, as against 27,300 in 1894. The catch on the Pribyloff Islands was about 15,000.

The pelagic catch was as follows:

Japanese coast	35,000
American northwest coast, about.	12,000
Bering Sea	50,000
Total	97,000

In 1894 the pelagic catch was 142,000.

The commercial interests are succumbing to the pelagic sealer, and it is apparent that the seal is doomed unless Great Britain and Russia can be persuaded to defend the interests of their citizens against the determination of Canadians to kill off the seals as rapidly as possible. The interests of this country cannot be protected under the Paris award unless Great Britain not only co-operates, but agrees that the findings shall be extended, and the regulations made more effective than they can be if the language of the award is strictly adhered to. At present, however, Great Britain is yielding to the malign influence of the Dominion, and, so yielding, has practically defeated the conclusions of the arbitration which she proposed and to which she submitted. Eight years ago Lord Salisbury was inclined to agree to effective regulations before the arbitration and before any law had been enacted by the respective governments, while now the British government is opposed to regulations under the law passed to enforce the award, absolutely necessary to prevent Canadians from exterminating the seals. Russia has also in the mean time become indifferent to her herd or to the interests of her lessees, because the Czar has larger questions to settle with her Majesty's government. All sealing ought to be stopped for at least three years, and after that the close season ought to be extended, but this cannot be accomplished under the Paris award. Now, as formerly, Great Britain or Russia is a necessary ally of the United States if the seals are to be preserved; but Great Britain refuses to carry out the findings of the Tribunal, while Russia is preoccupied with her Eastern questions.

PREMONITIONS OF INSANITY.

BY DR. FORBES WINSLOW.

INSANITY, like a number of other complaints, creeps on gradually and assiduously, and may have made serious ravages before its presence is suspected or apparent. There are so many varieties that each in its own individual way may be said to have different phases.

Among some of the most important premonitory indications of mental disorder may be mentioned extreme irritability and excitability, often accompanied by intense loquaciousness. There is also great difficulty in the early stages in concentrating the thoughts and ideas, or of turning or fixing the mind on any one subject for any considerable time. The victim will doubtless have neglected his work and ordinary employment for no rational reason, and he will have turned his thoughts and attention to matters totally foreign to his natural temperament. From having been a neat and tidy person he will have become the reverse, and, indeed, it often happens that all his general usages and customs are completely changed. He may have insomnia of a distressing character, and suffer from great restlessness, pacing the bedchamber during the night, unable to rest tranquilly.

There is often found in the earlier stages of mental derangement a disposition to shun society, and to seek seclusion and solitude. He may be unusually elated or depressed, according to the form of insanity which is ultimately developed in him. The desire for this solitude is often one of the most important indications in our diagnosis of what is coming. There often is a great deal of morbid suspicion existing, frequently associated with a delusion that he is watched or followed about. Delusions, hallucinations, and illusions may either be present or absent in the early stage, though sooner or later they will generally show themselves in one form or the other. The memory often becomes defective, especially in cases which are likely to become chronic, and this is frequently observed by the patient repeating in conversation the same thing over and over again. The period of incubation varies very much in degree, in intensity, and duration.

Auricular delusions, when he fancies that he hears voices telling him to do certain things, are very common, but very unfavorable; many murders and suicides are committed by those so afflicted, acting up to a belief that the voices must be obeyed to the letter, and therefore they do what they imagine they have been told to do. Sometimes the symptoms will lie dormant for a considerable pe-

riod, whilst in other cases there is an absence of any important indications of mental derangement. Cases, however, where insanity occurs without previous warnings are uncommon, though they do sometimes occur.

I recollect a case of a lady who entered a train a few miles from London, and on her arrival there was found in a maniacal condition, though when first entering the train she was apparently quite herself. In those cases in which any premonitory symptoms have actually been detected there will have been a history of failing health and probably want of sleep, though these signs may also have been absent. The sleep of one on the border-land of insanity is disturbed. He is troubled and harassed by dreams, and often wakes from his slumber with a cry of alarm or distress. One very curious symptom, so often seen in the very earliest stages of unsoundness of mind, is the dislike manifested to those near and dear. The intensity of this hate is equal to the affection for the same individual previous to the illness.

For instance, we find a father, for no apparent reason, taking a deadly antipathy to his wife and family, and this may continue for some time before those intimate with him become aware of the real state of affairs. Tendency to homicide and suicide may exist in the earlier stages of insanity, without even then any fixed delusions. Peevishness and irritability are occasionally most prominent, and there is a gradual change in a man's habits and general behavior, this being often diametrically opposite in every respect to what he was when well.

Some persons first become insane whilst listening to sermons or discourses, but in such cases there must have been some strong hereditary disposition to insanity which would co-operate with the exciting cause. A wicked conscience tortures one; a wasted life becomes painfully conspicuous during the incubation of insanity; the mind constantly dwells upon itself. All the past is revealed to us like a hideous dream. It is a most curious but significant fact that strangers, as a rule, detect the indications of mental weakness before the family of the afflicted one can even realize it. Many persons appear to dream although awake, but they are, to all intents and purposes, insensible to the impressions and actions which surround them. A mental shock is responsible for many a sudden case of insanity.

Sometimes there is a sensation of drowsiness and giddiness included among the earlier sensations of cerebral mischief. An absence or want of energy is often found in cases of incipient insanity, and the inability to rouse from this state is evident both to the patient and to his friends. An exaggeration of the natural temperament is often found, and those endowed with an unhealthy expansion of imagination build up a pinnacle on which their minds revel until all consciousness of the reality which surrounds them is lost. In some cases the speech becomes altered and affected, and thickness and hesitation exist. This is frequently associated with delusions of an extravagant character, in which stage the victim may ruin his family before his relations realize that he is suffering from the complaint, as in general paresis. Flightiness of manner and an unnatural exhilaration of spirits are frequently found.

The mind wanders; he cannot attend to his usual occupation or studies in consequence of his mental condition, as his attention becomes always fixed on himself and his own morbid condition. He avoids his relations and old acquaintances, who are even shunned, and in his misery and despair he seeks what consolation can be obtained from his own society.

We must not, however, confound insanity with eccentricity. This latter is usually innate, and not acquired; and an eccentric man is aware of the eccentricity of his conduct and actions, whereas an insane man cannot be so convinced. The diagnosis of these two phases is often difficult in its nature, but is often required by courts of law. An eccentric man has been singular from birth, and there is no apparent change in his behavior or disposition. All rules of society are set at defiance by him, and he cares but little for public opinion. An eccentric man can avoid his strange actions if he chooses, and be like any other person; an insane man cannot do this. In the latter there is an absence of all controlling power of the will which is consistent with sanity. In approaching insanity one of the chief diagnostic symptoms is a change in the disposition and character of the individual, accompanied by actions which in the eccentric man would not be considered

strange, but in this instance would point clearly to the nature of the malady.

In the examination of an alleged lunatic great care and discrimination are required in order to arrive at a proper diagnosis. A multitude of circumstances have to be taken into consideration, not only in connection with the past and present condition of the person, but also with his family history and antecedents. A history of the case is most important, and this should be as full as possible when investigating the complaint. We must endeavor to gain the confidence of the patient, and also his respect. This is surrounded often with great obstacles, as he may be cunning and suspicious, and even bent on concealing his morbid impressions, though these may really exist to a considerable extent in the mind.

It is a great mistake, when examining an alleged lunatic, or one in whom symptoms are considered to be present, to at once rush to his weak points, but we must enter into conversation with him in an ordinary way, so as to throw him off his guard. We are thus enabled to form a better conclusion respecting his mental state.

In some cases this is not difficult, as the insanity is so evident, and he at once rushes to his hallucinations, illusions, and delusions, and the insanity at once becomes apparent on the surface. We are thus spared the necessity of beating about the bush—a course which so often has to be pursued in the examination of persons of alleged unsound mind. The experienced mental expert is rarely deceived, and with proper care and perseverance he will surely elucidate the salient points. In some cases of sudden lunacy there is nothing to guide us, and no premonitory symptoms; there may be an entire absence of predisposition to mental derangement; the symptoms themselves may be so slight that we must not be too hasty in forming an opinion or in advising any positive steps. Lunacy without delusions is frequently met with, though a popular idea exists that a delusion is absolutely required to establish the insanity.

Amongst other things, we have to carefully examine the general deportment and expression of the patient. Many persons so suffering have a strange and peculiar physiognomy, which is an important diagnostic symptom.

Thus in depression or acute melancholia there is a sullen aspect, an inability to smile or to show the least feeling of delight. There is a peculiar wrinkling of the forehead, and one continuous frown is depicted on the brow. This cannot deceive those experienced in mental disorders. The general custom and habits have to be taken into consideration. If until lately he has been cleanly in his habits and suddenly becomes the reverse—in fact, if you find him completely changed from what he was when considered well—you will have strong grounds for suspicion.

The condition of the eyes is a very significant indication. There may be dilated pupils, unequal, or contracted, each of which has its significance, these being more or less indications of some severe brain trouble when associated with other symptoms. Intense ecstasy and delight in one who up to the time has been quiet and reserved should arouse our suspicions. Self-accusation is often seen as a premonitory symptom. These persons will give themselves up on some imaginary charge to the police or public authorities. During any celebrated case there are many victims to the delusion that they are the persons implicated. In some of these cases it is treated as an impudent freak, and the unfortunate victim is either sent to prison or heavily fined, instead of which it is often the precursor of insanity, and perhaps the first symptom which has made itself manifest. During the excitement about Jack the Ripper our asylums contained many who imagined that they were the real person. We must therefore regard self-accusers with the utmost suspicion with respect to their mental state, especially when there are no grounds for the accusation.

I have often found cases in which mental symptoms have first become evinced from an epidemic, either of a political or social nature, or from, as I have just mentioned, some criminal case of all-absorbing interest. In such cases we are called in to discriminate the real nature of the mental state.

Capriciousness is often found associated with the singularities and eccentricities of approaching madness.

A popular error, and one too often made, is to consider that a person cannot be of unsound mind unless the lunacy be apparent on the surface. I mean that there

must be the violence and excited actions or actual maniacal ravings to convince some persons of the real lunacy which exists. There are so many varieties, and so much light and shade to be observed in madness, that only an experienced authority can detect the insidious but sure approach of that malady which deprives one of nature's light and reason, and reduces him to the level of the beast which perisheth.

"That wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven."

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

THE presence of death and evil in a creation of the All-Powerful and the All-Beneficent is a mystery insoluble except in the alembic of spiritual faith. The human mind travails with it in vain dogmatic statement, which is no answer to the inquiry of the uninitiated. He cannot understand why the Creator should introduce evil into His creation, or permit it, with the confusion and ruin it brings, for the pleasure of eliminating it. It is true that the meaning of life can only be spiritually discerned, and that no mechanical definition can satisfy us. But we never can rest until we gain a conception of life, though we may not be able to put it in exact terms, which shall in a measure satisfy our reason, and be at least a working hypothesis in our attempt to understand the great mystery of which we are a part.

I have been reading *A Study of Death*, by Mr. Henry M. Alden. I make no apology for introducing this grave theme into the kaleidoscope of the Study, to which nothing that concerns life ought to be alien, and I will not let any conventionalities stand in the way of the expression of my wish that others may have the suggestions, perhaps the illumination, perhaps, indeed, the comfort, of Mr. Alden's point of view. The book demands the most alert attention. It is not easy reading. I do not mean by this that it is obscure in style, for it is the clearest and most harmonious, most exquisite and melodious, prose that I can call to mind of late years. But the theme itself is so intangible, so incapable of concrete illustration, that the treatment is of necessity subtle, sometimes to the point of mysticism, and the idea can frequently only be expressed in paradox. In one point of view the book is paradoxical, but no more so than many of the sayings of Christ, or of the old and new prophets and teachers. Indeed, creation is so vital and fluent, reflex and flowing, in its movements, that any statement of it not paradoxical involves us in flat contradictions, and we take refuge in such expressions as, he who loses his life shall find it, death is swallowed up of life, to him who has shall be given, and so on. Obviously I cannot in a few pages set out Mr. Alden's point of view, nor will I do him the injustice to attempt it; such a statement would require the space of his volume. But I will venture a word or two.

Mr. Alden's conception of the cosmos involves no contradictions. He conceives it as a consistent whole, an affair of divine intention, and of an intelligence which is not fumbling among the fragments of a dislocated world. There is no war between the Creator and His creation; there is no conflict of good and evil; there is no struggle ordained between life and death; this is no spectacular arena for the conflict of species, resulting in the survival of the fittest. Creation is a divine unit, not in a pantheistic dream, but in an infinite, comprehensive fatherhood. As to "survival," it is true that life seeks difficulty, and in the progress of specialization there is increasing complexity and risk. "We do not find that either safety or ease is an ultimate objective aim in Nature; she emphasizes discontinuity rather than continuity, revival rather than survival, running toward death in her progression, burning all bridges behind her as she advances. In the largest view stability is an illusion, uniformity a disguise, the persistence of type not an eternal concern. Life, comprehending all involvements, and the solicitudes per-

taining to these, has itself no solicitudes, and, because it is essentially resurrection, it glorifies death. The term survival is merely relative, and the conflict for survival is a part of the universal harmony which in the partial vision it seems to contradict." The writer does not confuse good and evil, right and wrong. Nor is there here any dual world as in the Persian conception. There is a comprehensive creation in which all the forces move, in a harmony we may some day comprehend, for a divine purpose. By our observation we see that the obverse of good is often evil, and *vice versa*, and we know also, as St. Paul knew, that death is necessary to life. We discern these things spiritually, and are unable to put them into satisfactory formulas. But that death and evil are essentially one, and belong to life in its creative quality, was, as the author says in his preface, St. Paul's theme; always it is the spiritual intuition as distinguished from the strictly ethical view of life. As our author says in his noble view of "Christendom," "the difficulty or problem is not in the divine creation, but in our partial conception of it. What seems to us an opposition or resistance to the divine will is an essential element in its operation. There is no reasonableness in the supposition that God created evil in order that He might destroy it." I should say also that it is easier to comprehend creation spiritually than it is intellectually to understand many of the formulas that have been constructed to explain it.

In his conception of modern life, therefore, Mr. Alden finds no room for nihilism or pessimism, nor any expectation of the realization of a communistic dream. His position is not at all "that whatever is is right," but that we are in a divine order which is as present in our materialistic age as it was in the age of faith, so called. In a few sentences, but without naming the Russian preacher of non-resistance, he disposes of the unreal house in which Count Tolstoi affects to dwell as a hermit. "The little child is the type of the spiritual life of the Christian; but the Christian is not therefore denied the sturdy maturity of manhood. The ethical conception of the Greek, Roman, or modern world is not prominent in the Sermon on the Mount, but we are not therefore called upon to repudiate ethics, or even that social specialization of morality which seems to contradict the words of the Master. We do not instruct our police to ignore the overt act and to regard only the inward motive; we maintain our conventional procedure in government and in all social functions; and in the conduct of our individual life we do not practise celibacy because the Lord did not marry; though he said, Give to him that asketh, we do not indulge ourselves in indiscriminate almsgiving, nor do we discard prudence because he said, Take no thought for the morrow. . . . While there are circumstances in which men who would secure the greatest fruitfulness of work for others must be eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, freshly illustrating the central principle of their faith, yet from the foundation laid by these must be erected a superstructure which shall at the same time express the divine-human fellowship and the economies of a complex social order, civil, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and industrial." And again: "While the deepest spiritual insight reverts to the child Jesus and to the plasticity of the Christian type in His followers, to the love which judgeth not and thinketh no evil, yet it is a view which may be so held as to arrest all development, and to neutralize Christianity as an organ of social movement and as a working power in the world."

In the view of the author there is no provision for the supernatural. All is natural and of divine intention. "The ultimate mysticism will be that of science vitalized by the Christian faith, and of that faith illuminated in all its outward range by science. . . . Christianity will again accept nature, as, indeed, it did in its prime, holding it to be one with the Lord, and find in its wonders as disclosed by science the counterpart of the glory revealed in Him; while science, which is already insisting upon so much that no man has ever seen, will translate its invisible elements into the living language of faith."

I will not refrain from another, and a personal, word about the book itself. Often as I read I felt myself flushing with pleasure, with the surprise and wondering delight that is not merely an intellectual thrill, but is warmer than that, and which we coarsely express in the satisfaction of the senses with something

exquisite in nature, the flush of dawn, the loveliness of an evening landscape, the sound of the wind in pine-trees, or, more rarely, the glow of an inward revelation of some unutterable beauty. Whatever the reader may think of the author's solution of the mystery of life, and however he may lose the clew now and again in the author's subtle infoldings, he will not fail of the rarest pleasure that a poet can give, that thought and style can give, in the disquisition on Infancy in the beautiful parable of the prodigal Earth and the Sun, and in the proem of the Dove and the Serpent, in which the theme of the book is clearly indicated as in the melody of a divine overture. The dedication to the companion who was even then hastening to the transformation into the new life by the kind ministration of death, and who never saw the volume that enshrines her inviolate childhood, is, to my feeling, the most exquisite tribute of the kind in our literature.

II.

When Mr. William W. Story departed from this life, with the falling of the first autumn leaves at Vallombrosa, he had finished his work. With the weight of years and mourning and sickness almost was obscured that natural gayety, that perpetual spring of vital enjoyment of life, which made him such a charming personality. The recent death of the loved companion of his life had left him alone in spirit, and he longed to depart. His work was done, as poet, man of letters, and artist, and it was crowned at the last with the greatest achievement of all. In his bereavement all interest in life and all power seemed to have gone, but it remained for Love to work another miracle, to revive the benumbed powers for an effort which was to evoke his greatest genius, and to give the world a work which represents his highest aspirations and his most refined skill. He was induced by his friends, in order to draw his mind from preying upon itself, to begin, the summer after her death, a monument to his wife. She, as he used to confess, had always been his inspiration. He had learned to depend upon her judgment, and to have every day in his studio the benefit of her criticism upon the work of the day. This new work saved his life temporarily. He entered upon the task with enthusiasm and with the clearest artistic vision, and felt himself sustained by her presence. So lost was he at times in this illusion that at the close of a day of labor he expected her, as usual, to come in and criticise his work. When the door opened, and he turned expectantly with a smile from his clay to ask the usual question, and saw a face that was not hers, the pathos of the moment of disillusion was beyond words. The monument was finished during the summer, and was put into marble before his last sickness. It is to be placed next to the grave of Shelley, in the most poetic of cemeteries, under the walls of Rome. The situation perhaps determined the character of the monument. It consists of an altar, upon which a female figure has cast herself, with the head bowed forward upon the arms. The attitude is that of the abandonment of grief. Every line in the yielding marble expresses this with a power of plasticity very seldom reached by an artist before. It is seen in the flowing robes of the figure, this abandonment to sorrow, and looked at from behind this impression of reality is perhaps most vivid. The stone seemed to me to flow rhythmically in the measure of mourning. The monument is classically simple, but never before did Story put so much feeling into any work, nor so completely fuse his artistic skill in expression. In the opinion of sculptors whose judgment is of most value, this is the greatest of Story's works.

III.

The hum of the trolley is in the air. It is everywhere. It has taken possession of the atmosphere of the country. In the great cities, where other and sharper and more strident noises contend with it, it is less felt than in villages and on country roads. There is scarcely any escape now from its whir and buzz on any of the principal highways. At the dead hour of the night the reader in a secluded country house hears it call to him, dragging him out of his world of poetry, out of his mediæval romance, out of his classic studies, dissipating his dream of security and repose, insisting that he should pay attention to the passing by of the nineteenth century—nay, more, to the arrival of the twentieth. It bids him arise and gird his loins and go somewhere, anywhere, indeed everywhere, and for nothing comparatively—for five

cents. The world is in motion, the American world is all in motion—nevermore to rest, to sit still, to reflect, but to go. The trolley calls, and we must go. The whole air is electric, and we can only have peace by putting ourselves in the current, and moving on with the whirring, whizzing world. Who rides so late through the night and wind? It is that new being the Motorman, O my beloved child! It is the modern Erlkönig, and his victims he holds them fast and keeps them warm, for his car is heated by electricity. Willy-nilly, we must go with him. He turns on the lightning with a crank, and he speeds away like a spirit. We must go. Whither? It does not much matter. Anywhere so we keep in motion. The Earl-king smiles, the Earl-king grins, the Earl-king frowns. He has his hand on the lever of the universe. The hum that he makes is not exactly the music of the spheres, though it is part of the orchestra, and it will not let us rest. Probably we ought not to rest. The machine that runs wears longer than the machine that rusts. That at least is our American theory. I fancy that the very patriotic American Colonial Dame, Mistress Abigail Adams, would have enjoyed the bustle of this present time. A hundred years ago, when detained by a calm on the Atlantic, her first voyage on the hateful sea, she wrote: "I begin to think that a calm is not desirable in any situation in life. Every object is most beautiful in motion; a ship under sail, trees gently agitated with the wind, and a fine woman dancing are three instances in point. Man was made for action, and for bustle too, I believe. I am quite out of conceit with calms." Let the Motorman, the vicegerent of lightning, turn his crank.

IV.

The hum of the trolley, the grinding of the cable roads, the harsh jangle of car-gongs, have added appreciably to the mere noise of the noisiest country on the globe. With the roar and clatter over the rough stone pavements it was enough before to destroy the nerves of this generation. The newly arrived foreigner who lands in New York or Boston must think himself in bedlam, especially if he comes from silent London, with its wooden pavements, and carriages on rubber or pneumatic wheels turning. It is a question how long the nerves of people can stand this incessant jar and vibration, the rush and the speed. The uneasiness of mind it produces is already observable. Some say that it can be perceived in our literature as plainly as it is in the jump and scurry of our newspapers. How all-compelling and devouring it is the broken-down man and the nervously exhausted woman can understand when by force of circumstances they withdraw into some eddy of the world where the pace is slackened, where the insistent call of the Motorman is not heard. Usually it is too late understood, when the nervous system collapses in the quiet for the want of the stimulus on which it has so long existed. That this excessive noise and nerve-shaking clamor is a necessary accompaniment of activity is wholly disproved by the example of London. Nowhere else in the world is such a congestion of population, nowhere else is there more street traffic in vehicles, nowhere else a greater flow in the streets of busy people. Granted that in New York business is more excited, driven at a more constant and higher pressure, and with less intervals of repose. This is an added reason why it should be relieved of its excess of noise, of the nerve-jarring shake which affects the whole body as well as the ear-drums. Going at the pace we do go in our cities, our nerves need to be cushioned against shocks instead of being laid bare. There is no doubt that in New York, for example, business and professional men would do their work with less impairment of force if the superfluous noise were removed, and the quality of the professional work, and probably of the business transactions, is distinctly affected by the thunder and rattle in which they are performed. A certain quiet of mind is necessary for sane judgment, and this quiet cannot be had when the nerves are pounded into feverish sensitiveness. The judgment of the lawyer and the judgment of the physician are necessarily impaired by this incessant disturbance. It is admitted that the men wear out sooner under it—that untimely breakdowns and sudden death increase in alarming frequency under the increasing noise of our great cities—and it is beginning to be perceived that inferior work, while the men last, is also the result. I am not now making the point that men undertake too much—architects, for instance—but that the condition of

noise under which they attempt to do their work is most unfavorable to the use of their powers.

V.

The fears of the disciples of Malthus that by reason of the cessation of long wars, the abatement of contagious pestilences, and the improvement of sanitary conditions the world will be overpopulated are allayed by the advent of the trolley and the bicycle. Nature contrives to keep things pretty even. I have no desire to join in the vulgar tirade on these two modern methods of getting over the ground. They are quite in the line of our development. They conserve the needed element and spice of risk in our progress. The bicycle probably is not as dangerous as the horse. If as many people rode horses as now ride bicycles, probably as many people would be thrown, and have their heads or limbs broken or be fatally injured. The advantage of the bicycle is not in this. It is in the fact that it runs over and knocks out more people than the horse injured in his most circulating days. The trolley also is said to be superior to all other modes of locomotion in this. The danger of the bicycle is at first to those who use it. As the rider becomes expert, his safety on the wheel is measurably secured, and the expert bicycler kills more people than he is killed—to speak in a Home-Rule fashion. The philosophy of this state of things is not far to seek. The remedial efforts of modern civilization have been to prolong the lives of weaklings and to preserve the incompetent. These new inventions come in to restore the balance. Those go down now who are feeble, and not smart enough and alert enough, the deaf and the slow-moving, to get out of the way. The world is now practically on wheels, all the young and careless, and nearly all those who are of the age liable to do military duty, or who would be liable to military duty if the privilege of voting were accorded to women. At any rate, so many are on wheels that, dangerous as the exercise is conceded to be, it is now safer to be on a wheel than off it if one is outside his own house. It is safer to cross the street on the wheel than to attempt it on foot. To prevent being run down by the wheel would require perpetual alertness and eyes on four sides of the head. De Quincey's *Vision of Sudden Death*, in his slow-coach days, was nothing to the footless approach of this silent, swift apparition. And then it wobbles so that neither the person in the saddle nor the pursued can tell exactly where it will strike. I have spoken of one compensation in it. Another should in justice be mentioned. It adds a new danger to life, but then it makes life more vivid and exciting. There is a thrill in it for those who try to get out of its way as well as for those who ride.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed December 12, 1895.—Congress met on December 2d. Hon. Thomas B. Reed, Republican, of Maine, was elected Speaker of the House. The President's annual message recommended the retirement of Treasury notes by an issue of low-interest-bearing bonds, and a reduction of the tax on national banks.

Mgr. Satolli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was elevated to a Cardinalate November 29th.

Five hundred thousand Christians were said to have perished recently in Armenia by the sword or from starvation. A naval demonstration by the allied European powers was made before Constantinople December 12th.

OBITUARY.

November 16*th*.—At Boston, Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Smith, author of "America," aged eighty-seven years.

November 19*th*.—At Bensonhurst, N. Y., Calvert Vaux, the landscape architect, aged seventy-one years.

November 20*th*.—At London, Rustem Pasha, Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain.

November 21*st*.—At Cowes, Isle of Wight, Sir Henry T. Ponsonby, Secretary to Queen Victoria, aged seventy years. At Crefeld, Germany, Flavel Scott Mines, the writer, aged twenty-nine years.

November 23*d*.—At New York, M. T. H. de Haas, the marine painter, aged sixty-three years.

November 25*th*.—At Paris, Jules Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, the statesman, aged ninety years.

November 27*th*.—At Marly-le-Roi, near Paris, Alexandre Dumas fils, aged seventy-one years.—At Boston, Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, aged seventy-three years.—At New York, General Thomas Jordan, of the Confederate army, aged seventy-six years.

December 8*th*.—At London, George Augustus Sala, the journalist, aged sixty-seven years.

December 12*th*.—At Columbus, Ohio, ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman, aged eighty-two years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE FATAL MESSAGE.

A Farce.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHARACTERS:

MR. THADDEUS PERKINS, *in charge of the curtain.*
MRS. THADDEUS PERKINS, *cast for Lady Ellen.*
MISS ANDREWS, *cast for the maid.*
MR. EDWARD BRADLEY, *an under-study.*
MRS. EDWARD BRADLEY, *cast for Lady Amaranth.*
MR. ROBERT YARDSLEY, *stage-manager.*
MR. JACK BARLOW, *cast for Fenderson Featherhead.*
MR. CHESTER HENDERSON, *an absentee.*
JENNIE, *a professional waitress.*

The scene is laid in the library of the Perkins *mansion, on the afternoon of the day upon which an amateur dramatic performance is to be held. The* Perkins *house has been given over to the dramatic association having the matter in charge. At right of library a scenic doorway is hung. At left a drop-curtain is arranged, behind which is the middle hall of the* Perkins *dwelling, where the expected audience are to sit. The unoccupied wall spaces are hung with paper-muslin. The apartment is fitted up generally to resemble an English drawing-room, table and chair at centre. At rear stands a painted canvas conservatory entrance, on left of which is a long oaken chest. The curtain rising discovers* Mrs. Perkins *giving a few finishing touches to the scene, with* Mr. Perkins *gazing curiously about the room.*

Perkins. Well, they've transformed this library into a scene of bewitching beauty—haven't they? These paper-muslin walls are a dream of loveliness. I suppose, as the possessor of all this, I ought to be supremely happy—only I wish that canvas conservatory door hadn't been tacked over my reference-books. I want to look up some points about—

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, never mind your books, Thaddeus; it's only for one night. Can't you take a minute's rest?

Perkins. One night? I like that. It's been there two already, and it's in for to-night, and all day to-morrow, I suppose. It 'll take all day to-morrow to clean up, I'll wager a hat. I'm beginning to rue the hour I ever allowed the house of Perkins to be lured into the drama.

Mrs. Perkins. You're better off than I am. I've got to take part, and I don't half know my lines.

Perkins. I? I better off? I'd like to know if I haven't got to sit out in front and watch you people fulfil your diabolical mission in your doubly diabolical way, and grin at the fearful jokes in the dialogue I've been listening to for weeks, and make the audience feel that they're welcome when they're not. What's been done with my desk?

Mrs. Perkins. It's down in the laundry. You're about as—

Perkins. Oh, is it? Laundry's a nice place for a desk. Plenty of starch handy to stiffen up a writer's nerve, and scrubbing-boards galore to polish up his wits. And I suppose my papers are up in the attic?

Mrs. Perkins. No; they're stowed away safely in the nursery. Now please don't complain!

Perkins. Me? Complain? I never complain. I didn't say a word when Yardsley had my Cruikshanks torn from their shelves and chucked into a clothes-basket and carried into the butler's pantry, did I? Did I say as much as one little word? I wanted to say one little word, I admit, but I didn't. Did I? If I did, I withdraw it. I'm fond of this sort of thing. The greatest joy in life is to be found in arranging and rearranging a library, and I seem to be in for joy enough to kill. What time are the—these Thespians coming?

Mrs. Perkins (*looking at her watch*). They're due now; it's half past four. (*Sits down and opens play-book. Rehearses.*) No, not for all the world would I do this thing, Lord Muddleton. There is no need to ask it of me. I am firm. I shall—

Perkins. Oh, let up, my dear! I've been getting that for breakfast, dinner, and tea for two weeks now, and I'm awfully tired of it. When I asked for a second cup of coffee at breakfast Sunday, you retorted, "No, not for all the world would I do this thing, Lord Muddleton!" When I asked you where my dress ties were, you informed me that it was "what baseness," or words to that effect; and so on, until I hardly know where I am at. (*Catches sight of the chest.*) Hello! How did that happen to escape the general devastation? What are you going to do with that oak chest?

Mrs. Perkins. It is for the real earl to hide in just before he confronts Muddleton with the evidence of his crime.

Perkins. But—that holds all my loose prints, Bess. By Jove! I can't have that, you know. You amateur counterfeiters have got to understand just one thing. I'll submit to the laundering of my manuscripts, the butler's-pantrying of my Cruikshanks, but I'll be hanged if I'll allow even a real earl, much less a base imitation of one, to wallow in my engravings.

Mrs. Perkins. You needn't worry about your old engravings. They're perfectly safe. I've put them in the Saratoga trunk in the attic. (*Rehearsing.*) And if you ask it of me once again, I shall have to summon my servants to have you shown the door. Henry Cobb is the friend of my girlhood, and—

Perkins. Henry Cobb be—

Mrs. Perkins. Thaddeus!

Perkins. I don't care, Bess, if Henry Cobb was the only friend you ever had. I object to having my prints dumped into a Saratoga trunk in order that he may confront Muddleton and regain the lost estates of Puddingford by hiding in my chest. A gay earl Yardsley makes, anyhow; and as for Barlow, he looks like an ass in that yellow-chrysanthemum hair. No man with yellow hair like that could track such a villain as Henderson makes Muddleton out to be. Fact is, Henderson is the only decent part of the show.

Mrs. Perkins (*rehearsing*). What if he is weak? Then shall I still more strongly show myself his friend. Poor? Does not—

Perkins. Oh, I suppose it does— (*Bell rings.*)

There comes this apology for a real earl, I fancy. I'll let him in myself. I suppose Jennie has got as much as she can do sweeping my manuscripts out of the laundry, and keeping my verses from scorching the wash. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Perkins. It's too bad of Thaddeus to go on like this. As if I hadn't enough to worry me without a cross husband to manage. Heigho!

Enter Perkins *with* Yardsley. Yardsley *holds bicycle cap in his hand.*

Yardsley. By Jove! I'm tired. Everything's been going wrong to-day. Overslept myself, to begin with, and somebody stole my hat at the club, and left me this bicycle cap in its place. How are you getting along, Mrs. Perkins? You weren't letter perfect yesterday, you know.

Mrs. Perkins. I'm getting it all right, I think. I've been rehearsing all day.

Perkins. You bet your life on that, Henry Cobb, real Earl of Puddingford. If you aren't restored to your estates and title this night, it won't be for any lack of suffering on my part. Give me your biking cap, unless you want to use it in the play. I'll hang it up. [*Exit.*

Yardsley. Thanks. (*Looks about the room.*) Everything here seems to be right.

Perkins *returns.*

Mrs. Perkins (*rehearsing*). And henceforth, my lord, let us understand one another.

Perkins. Certainly, my dear. I'll go get myself translated. Would you prefer me in French, German, or English?

Yardsley. I hope it goes all right to-night. This beastly behavior of Henderson's has knocked me out.

Perkins. What's the matter with Henderson?

Mrs. Perkins. He hasn't withdrawn, has he?

Yardsley. That's just what he has done. He sent me word this morning.

Mrs. Perkins. But what excuse does he offer? At the last moment, too!

Yardsley. None at all — absolutely. There was some airy persiflage in his note about having to go to Boston at six o'clock. Grandmother's sick or something. He writes so badly I couldn't make out whether she was rich or sick. I fancy it's a little of both. That's the trouble with these New-Englanders, anyhow—they've always got grandmothers to fall down at crucial moments. Next time I go into this sort of thing it 'll be with a crowd without known ancestors.

Perkins. 'Tisn't Chet's fault, though. You don't suspect him of having poisoned his grandmother just to get out of playing, do you?"

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, Thaddeus, do be serious!

Perkins. I was never more so, my dear. Poisoning is no light crime.

Yardsley. Well, I've a notion that the whole thing is faked up. Henderson has an idea that he's a little tin Booth, and just because I called him down the other night at our first rehearsal he's mad. That's the milk in the cocoanut, I think. He's one of those fellows you can't tell anything to, and when I kicked because he wore a white tie with a dinner coat, he got mad and said he was going to dress the part his own way or not at all.

Perkins. I think he was right.

Yardsley. Oh yes, of course I'm never right. What am I stage-manager for?

Perkins. Oh, as for that, of course, you are the one in authority, but you were wrong about the white tie and the dinner coat. He was a bogus earl, an adventurer, wasn't he?

Yardsley. Yes, he was, but—

Perkins. Well, no real earl would wear a white tie with a dinner coat unless he were visiting in America. I grant if he were going to a reception in New York he might wear a pair of golf trousers with a dinner coat, but in this instance his dress simply showed his bogusity, as it were.

Yardsley. He doesn't want to make it too plain, however, so I was right after all. His villany is to come as a painful surprise.

Mrs. Perkins. But what are we to do? Have you got anybody else to take his part?

Yardsley. Yes. I telegraphed right off to Bradley, explained as far as I could in a telegram without using all the balance in the treasury, and he answered all right. Said he'd bone at the part all day, and would be here at five letter perfect.

Mrs. Perkins (*with a sigh of relief*). Good. He's very quick at learning a thing. I imagine it will be all right. I've known him to learn a harder part than that in five hours. It 'll be pleasanter for Emma, too. She didn't like those scenes she had as Lady Amaranth the adventuress with Henderson. He kept her off the middle of the stage all the time; but with her husband it will be different.

Perkins. I'll bet on that! No good-natured husband of a new woman ever gets within a mile of the centre of the stage while she's on it. She'll have stage room to burn in her scenes with Brad.

Mrs. Perkins. I think it was awfully mean of Mr. Henderson, though.

Yardsley. Disgusting.

Perkins. It was inconsiderate. So hard on his grandmother, too, to be compelled to knock under just to get him out of a disagreeable situation. She ought to disinherit him.

Yardsley. Oh, it's easy enough to be sarcastic.

Perkins. That's so, Bob; that's why I never am. It's commonplace. (*Bell rings.*) Ah, there's the rest of the troupe, I guess. [*Exit.*

Yardsley (*looking at his watch*). It's about time. They're twenty minutes late.

Mrs. Perkins (*rehearsing*). So once for all, Lord Muddleton—(*derisively*)—ha, ha! Lord Muddleton! that is amusing. You—Lord Muddleton! Ha, ha! Once for all, Lord Muddleton, I acquaint you with my determination. I shall not tell Henry Cobb what I have discovered, since I have promised, but none the less he shall know it. Walls have ears—even that oaken chest by yinder wonder—

Yardsley (*irritated*). Excuse me, Mrs. Perkins; but really you must get that phrase right. You've called it yinder wonder at every rehearsal we've had so far. I know it's difficult to get right. Yonder window is one of those beastly combinations that playwrights employ to make the Thespian's pathway to fame a rocky one; but you must get over it, and say it right. Practise it for an hour, if need be —yonder window, yonder winder—I mean, yonder window—until it comes easy.

Mrs. Perkins (*meekly*). I have, and it doesn't seem to do any good. I've tried and tried to get it right, but yonder window is all I can say.

Yardsley. But yondow winder is—I should say yonder window is correct.

Mrs. Perkins. Well, I'm just going to change it, that's all. It shall be yonder casement.

Yardsley. Good idea. Only don't say yonder basement by mistake.

Enter Perkins, *followed by* Barlow.

Perkins. Here's Mr. Featherhead. He's rehears-

ing too. As I opened the door he said, "Give me good-morrow."

Barlow (*smiling*). Yes; and Thaddeus replied, "Good-yesterday, me friend," in tones which reminded me of Irving with bronchitis. What's this I hear about Henderson's grandmother?

Yardsley. Thrown up the part.

Barlow. His grandmother?

Yardsley. No—idiot—Henderson. He's thrown up his grandmother—oh, hang it!—you know what I mean.

Mrs. Perkins. I hope you're not going to net gervous, Mr. Yardsley. If you break down, what on earth will become of the rest of us?

Yardsley. I hope not—but I am. I'm as nervous as a cat living its ninth life. Here we are three or four hours before the performance, and no one knows whether we'll be able to go through it or not. My reputation as a manager is at stake. Barlow, how are you getting along on those lines in the revelation scene?

Barlow. Had 'em down fine on the cable-car as I came up. Ha-ha! People thought I was crazy, I guess. I was so full of it I kept repeating it softly to myself all the way up; but when we got to that Fourteenth Street curve the car gave a fearful lurch and fairly shook the words "villanous viper" out of me, and as I was standing when we began the turn, and was left confronting a testy old gentleman upon whose feet I had trodden twice, at the finish I nearly got into trouble.

Perkins (*with a laugh*). Made a scene, eh?

Barlow (*joining in the laugh*). Who wouldn't? Each time I stepped on his foot he glared—regular Macbeth stare—like this: "Is this a jagger which I see before me?" (*Suits action to word*). But I never let on I saw, but continued to rehearse. When the lurch came, however, and I toppled over on top of him, grabbed his shoulders in my hands to keep from sprawling in his lap, and hissed "villanous viper" in his face, he was inclined to resent it forcibly.

Yardsley. I don't blame him. Seems to me a man of your intelligence ought to know better than to rehearse on a cable-car, anyhow, to say nothing of stepping on a man's corns.

Barlow. Of course I apologized; but he was a persistent old codger, and demanded an explanation of my epithet.

Perkins. It's a wonder he didn't have you put off. A man doesn't like to be insulted even if he does ride on the cable.

Barlow. Oh, I appeased him. I told him I was rehearsing. That I was an amateur actor.

Mrs. Perkins. And of course he was satisfied.

Barlow. Yes; at least I judge so. He said that my confession was humiliation enough, without his announcing to the public what he thought I was; and he added, to the man next him, that he thought the public was exposed to enough danger on the cars, without having lunatics thrust upon them at every turning.

Perkins. He must have been a bright old man.

Mrs. Perkins. Or a very crabbed old person.

Barlow. Oh, well, it was an experience, but it rather upset me, and for the life of me I haven't been able to remember the opening lines of the scene since.

Perkins. Well, if the audience drive you off the stage, you can sue the cable company. They ought to be careful how they lurch a man's brains out.

Yardsley. That's right—joke ahead. It's fun for you. All you've got to do is to sit out in front and pull the curtain up and down when we ring a bell. You're a great one to talk about brains, you are. It's a wonder to me you don't swoon under your responsibility.

Mrs. Perkins (*rehearsing*). So once for all, as he says, so say I—

Perkins. Ah! Indeed! You take his part, do you?

Mrs. Perkins (*rehearsing*). You must leave this house at once and forever. I once thought I loved you, but now all is changed, and I take this opportunity to thank my deliverer, Fenderson Featherhead—

Perkins. Oh—ah—rehearsing; I see. I thought you'd gone over to the enemy, my dear. Featherhead, step up and accept the lady's thanks. Cobb, join me in the dining-room, and we'll drown our differences in tasting the punch, which, between you and me, is likely to be the best part of to-night's function, for I made it myself—though, if Tom Harkaway is in the audience, and Bess follows out her plan of having the flowing bowl within reach all the evening, I'm afraid it 'll need an under-study along about nine o'clock. He's a dry fellow, that Harkaway.

[*Exit* Perkins, *dragging* Yardsley *by the arm.*

Barlow (*calling after them*). Don't you touch it, Bob. It's potent stuff. One glass may postpone the performance.

Yardsley (*from behind the scenes*). Never fear for me, my boy. I've got a head, I have.

Barlow. Well, don't get another. (*Turning to* Mrs. Perkins.) Suppose we rehearse that scene where I acquaint you with Cobb's real position in life?

Mrs. Perkins. Very well. I'm ready. I'm to sit here, am I not? [*Seats herself by table.*

Barlow. And I come in here. (*Begins.*) Ah, Lady Ellen, I am glad to find you alone, for I have that to say—

Mrs. Perkins. Won't you be seated, Mr. Featherhead? It was such a delightful surprise to see you at the Duchess of Barncastle's last evening. I had supposed you still in Ireland.

Barlow (*aside*). Good. She little thinks that I have just returned from Australia, where I have at last discovered the identity of the real Earl of Puddingford, as well as that of this bogus Muddleton, who, by his nefarious crime, has deprived Henry Cobb of his patrimony, of his title, aye, even of his name. She little wots that this—this adventurer who has so strongly interested her by his nepotic—

Mrs. Perkins (*interrupting*). Hypnotic, Mr. Barlow.

Barlow. What did I say?

Mrs. Perkins. Nepotic.

Barlow. How stupid of me! I'll begin again.

Mrs. Perkins (*desperately*). Oh, pray don't. Go on from where you left off. That's a fearfully long aside, anyhow, and I go nearly crazy every time you say it. I don't know what to do with myself. It's easy enough for Mr. Yardsley to say occupy yourself somehow, but what I want to know is how. I can't look inquiringly at you all that time, waiting for you to say "Ireland! Oh, yes—yes—just over from Dublin." I can't lean against the mantelpiece and gaze into the fire, because the mantelpiece is only canvas, and would fall down if I did.

Barlow. It is a long aside, Mrs. Perkins, but it's awfully important, and I don't see how we can cut

it down. It's really the turning-point of the play, in which I reveal the true state of affairs to the audience.

Mrs. Perkins (*with a sigh*). I suppose that's true. I'll have to stand it. But can't I be doing some sewing?

Barlow. Certainly not. You are the daughter of a peer. They never sew. You might be playing a piano, but there's hardly room on the stage for that, and, besides, it would interfere with my aside, which needs a hush to be made impressive. Where did I leave off?

Mrs. Perkins. Hypnotic power.

Barlow. Oh yes. (*Resumes rehearsing.*) She little wots that this—this adventurer who has so strangely interested her with his hypnotic power is the man who twenty years ago forged her father's name to the title-deeds of Burnington, drove him to his ruin, and subsequently, through a likeness so like as to bewilder and confuse even a mother's eyes, has forced the rightful Earl of Puddingford out into a cruel world, to live and starve as Henry Cobb.

[*Bell.*

Mrs. Perkins. Ah, I fancy the Bradleys are here at last. I do hope Edward knows his part.

Enter Yardsley.

Yardsley. They've come, and we can begin at last.

Enter Perkins, Miss Andrews, *and* Mr. *and* Mrs. Bradley.

Mrs. Perkins. Take off your things, Emma. Let me take your cloak, Dorothy. Does Edward feel equal—

Mrs. Bradley. He says so. Knows it word for word, he says, though I've been so busy with my own—

[*They go out talking.*

Yardsley. Well, Brad, how goes it? Know your part?

Bradley. Like a book. Bully part too.

Barlow. Glad you like it.

Bradley. Can't help liking it; it's immense. Particularly where I acquaint the heroine with the villany that—

Barlow. You? Why—

Enter Mrs. Bradley, Miss Andrews, *and* Mrs. Perkins.

Mrs. Perkins (*to* Bradley). So glad you're going to play with us.

Bradley. So am I. It's a great pleasure. Felt rather out in the cold until—

Barlow. But, I say, Brad, you don't—

Yardsley. Howdy do, Mrs. Bradley? Good-morning, Miss Andrews. We all seem to be here now, so let's begin. We're a half-hour late already.

Barlow. I'm ready, but I want to—

Yardsley. Never mind what you want, Jack. We haven't time for any more talking. It 'll take us an hour and a half, and we've got to hustle. All off stage now except Mrs. Perkins. (*All go out;* Yardsley *rings bell.*) Hi, Perkins, that's your cue!

Perkins. What for?

Yardsley. Oh, hang it!—raise the curtain, will you?

Perkins. With pleasure. As I understand this thing, one bell signifies raise curtain when curtain's down; drop curtain when curtain is up.

Yardsley. Exactly. You know your part, anyhow. If you remember not to monkey with the curtain except when the bell rings, and then change its condition, no matter what it may be, you can't go wrong. Now begin. (*Bell.* Perkins *raises curtain.*) Now, of course, I'm not supposed to be on the stage, but I'll stay here and prompt you. Enter Lady Ellen. Come along, Mrs. Perkins. Please begin.

Mrs. Perkins. I thought we'd decided that I was to be sitting here when the curtain went up?

Yardsley. So we did. I'd forgotten that. We'll begin all over again. Perkins, drop that curtain. Perkins!

Perkins. What?

Yardsley. Drop the curtain.

Perkins. Where's the bell? I didn't hear any bell ring.

Yardsley. Oh, never mind the bell! Let her down.

Perkins. I beg your pardon, but I positively refuse. I believe in doing things right. I'm not going to monkey. Ring that bell, and down she comes; otherwise—

Yardsley. Tut! You are very tiresome this afternoon, Thaddeus. Mrs. Perkins, we'll go ahead without dropping the curtain. Now take your place.

[Mrs. Perkins *seats herself by table, picks up a book, and begins to read.*

Mrs. Perkins (*after an interval, throwing book down with a sigh*). Heigho! I cannot seem to concentrate my mind upon anything to-night. I wonder why it is that once a woman gives her heart into another's keeping—

[*Bell rings.* Perkins *lets curtain drop.*

Yardsley. What the deuce did you drop that curtain for, Thaddeus?

Perkins. The bell rang, didn't it?

Yardsley. Yes, you idiot, but that's supposed to be the front-door bell. Lady Amaranth is about to arrive—

Perkins. Well, how was I to know? Your instructions to me were positive. Don't monkey with curtain till bell rings. When bell rings, if down, pull her up; if up, pull her down. I'm not a connoisseur on bells—

Yardsley. You might pay some attention to the play.

Perkins. Now look here, Bob. I don't want to quarrel with you, but it seems to me that I've got enough to do without paying attention to your part of the show. What am I? First place, host; second place, head usher; third place, curtain-manager; fourth place, fire department; fifth place, Bess says if children holler, go up and see what's the matter—other words, nurse—and on top of this you say keep an eye on the play. You must think I've as many eyes as a President's message.

Mrs. Perkins. Oh dear, Teddy! do behave. It's simple enough—

Perkins. Simple enough? Well, I like that. How am I to tell one bell from another if—

Yardsley (*dryly*). I suppose if the clock strikes ten you'll seesaw the curtain up and down ten times, once for each stroke—eh?

Bradley (*poking his head in at the door*). What's the matter in here? Emma's been waiting for her cue like a hundred-yards runner before the pistol.

Perkins. Oh, it's the usual trouble with Yardsley. He wants me to chaperon the universe.

Yardsley. It's the usual row with you. You never want to do anything straight. You seem to think that curtain's an elevator, and you're the boy—yanking it up and down at your pleasure, and—

Mrs. Perkins. Oh, please don't quarrel! Can't you see, Ted, it's growing late? We'll never have the play rehearsed, and it's barely three hours now before the audience will arrive.

Perkins. Very well—I'll give in—only I think you ought to have different bells—

Yardsley. I'll have a trolley-car gong for you, if

it 'll only make you do the work properly. Have you got a bicycle bell?

Mrs. Perkins. Yes; that will do nicely for the curtain, and the desk push-button bell will do for the front-door bell. Have you got that in your mind, Teddy dear?

Perkins. I feel as if I had the whole bicycle in my mind. I can feel the wheels. Bike for curtain, push for front door. That's all right. I wouldn't mind pushing for the front door myself. All ready? All right. In the absence of the bicycle bell, I'll be its under-study for once. B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! [*Raises curtain*

Yardsley. Now, Mrs. Perkins, begin with "I wonder why—"

Mrs. Perkins (*rehearsing*). I wonder why it is that once a woman gives her heart into another's keeping— (*Bell.*) Ah, the bell. It must be he at last. He is late this evening.

Enter Miss Andrews *as maid, with card on tray.*

Miss Andrews. Lady Amaranth, me luddy.

Yardsley. Lydy, Miss Andrews, lydy—not luddy.

Miss Andrews. Lydy Amaranth, me lady.

Yardsley. And please be consistent with your dialect. If it's Lydy Amaranth, it's Lydy Ellen.

Miss Andrews. Lydy Amaranth, me lydy.

Mrs. Perkins. What? Lydy Amaranth? She?

Yardsley. Oh dear! Excuse me, Mrs. Perkins, but you are not the maid, and cockney isn't required of you. You must not say lydy. Lady is—

Mrs. Perkins (*resignedly*). What? Lady Amaranth? She? What can she want? Show her up. [*Exit* Miss Andrews.

Perkins. That's a first-class expression for an adventuress. *Show her up!* Gad! She ought to be shown up.

Mrs. Perkins. What can she want?

Enter Mrs. Bradley

Mrs. Bradley. Ah, my dear Lady Ellen! What delight to find you at home! (*Aside.*) He is not here, and yet I could have sworn—

Mrs. Perkins. To what am I to attribute this pleasure, Lady Amaranth? I do not presume to think that you have come here without some other motive than that of a mere desire to see me. I do not suppose that even you pretend that since the contretemps of Tuesday night at the Duchess of Barncastle's our former feeling—

Mrs. Bradley. Ellen, I have come to tell you something. To save you from a vile conspiracy.

Mrs. Perkins. I am quite well able, Lady Amaranth, to manage my own affairs—

Mrs. Bradley. But you do not know. You love Lord Muddleton—

Mrs. Perkins (*toying with her fan*) Oh! Indeed! And who, pray, has taken you into my confidence? I was not aware—

Mrs. Bradley. Hear me, Ellen—

Mrs. Perkins. Excuse me, Lady Amaranth; but you have forgotten that it is only to my friends that I am known as—

Mrs. Bradley. Then Lady Ellen, if it must be so. I know what you do not—that Henry Cobb is an escaped convent—

Yardsley. Convict, not convent.

Mrs. Bradley. Is an escaped convict, and—

Mrs. Perkins. I am not interested in Henry Cobb.

Mrs. Bradley. But he is in you, Ellen Abercrombie. He is in you, and with the aid of Fenderson Featherhead—

[*Bell.* Perkins *lets curtain drop half-way, but remembers in time, and pulls it up again.*

Perkins. Beg pardon. String slipped.

Mrs. Bradley. Too late. Oh, if he had only waited!

Enter Miss Andrews.

Miss Andrews. Mr. Featherhead, Leddy Eilen.

Yardsley. Ellen, Ellen; and lydy, not leddy.

Mrs. Bradley. Hear me first, I beg.

Mrs. Perkins. Show him in, Mary. Lady Amaranth, as you see, I am engaged. I really must be excused. Good-night.

Mrs. Bradley (*aside*). Foiled! Muddleton will be exposed. Ah, if I could only have broken the force of the blow! (*Aloud.*) Lady Ellen, I will speak. Fenderson Featherhead—

Enter Bradley *and* Barlow *together.*

Both. Is here, Lady Amaranth.

[*Each tries to motion the other off the stage.*

Yardsley. What the deuce does this mean? What do you think this play is—an *Uncle Tom* combination with two Topsys?

Barlow. I told him to keep out, but he said that Fenderson Featherhead was his cue.

Bradley (*indignantly*). Well, so it is; there's the book.

Yardsley. Oh, nonsense, Brad! Don't be idiotic. The book doesn't say anything of the sort.

Bradley. But I say it does. If you—

Barlow. It's all rot for you to behave like this, Bradley.

Perkins. Isn't it time something happened to the curtain? The audience will get panicky if they witness any such lack of harmony as this. I will draw a veil over the painful scene. B-r-r-r-r. (*Drops curtain.*) B-r-r-r-r. [*Raises it again.*

Yardsley. We won't dispute the matter, Bradley. You are wrong, and that's all there is about it. Now do get off the stage and let us go ahead. Perkins, for heaven's sake, give that curtain a rest, will you?

Perkins. I was only having a dress-rehearsal on my own account, Bob. Bike bell, curtain. Push bell, front door. Trolley gong, nothing—

Bradley. Well, if you fellows won't—

Yardsley (*taking him by the arm and walking him to side of stage*). Never mind, Brad; you've made a mistake. You don't come on for ten minutes yet. (*Exit* Bradley, *scratching his head in puzzled meditation.*) Go ahead now, Barlow.

Mrs. Bradley. But, Mr. Yardsley, Edward has—

Yardsley. We'll begin with your cue, Mrs. Bradley. Fenderson Featherhead—

Barlow. Is here, Lady Amaranth.

Mrs. Bradley. But—

Yardsley. No, no! Your word isn't "but," Mrs. Bradley. It's (*consulting book*)—it's: "Insolent! You will cross my path once too often, and then—

Enter Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley. I know that, but I don't say that to him!

Bradley. Of course not. She says it to me.

Barlow. Well, of all the stupidity—

Perkins. Another unseemly fracas. Another veil. B-r-r-r-r. (*Drops curtain.*) There may be a hitch in the play, but there won't be in this curtain. I tell you that right now. B-r-r-r-r. [*Raises curtain.*

Mrs. Perkins. Well, I don't pretend to understand the difficulty. She certainly does say that to Featherhead.

Barlow. Of course!—it's right there in the book.

Bradley. That's exactly what I say. It's in the book; but you would come on.

Barlow. Well, why shouldn't I?

Enter Miss Andrews.

Miss Andrews. What seems to be the trouble?

Perkins. I give it up. Collision somewhere up the road.

Yardsley (*turning over leaves of the play-book*). Oh, I see the trouble—it's all right. Bradley is mixed up a little, that's all. Fenderson Featherhead is his cue—but it comes later, Brad.

Bradley. Later? Well (*glances in book*)—no—it comes now.

Barlow. Are you blind? Can you read? See there! [*Points into book.*

Yardsley. No—you keep still, Jack. I'll fix it. See here, Bradley. This is the place you are thinking of. When Cobb says to Lady Ellen "Fenderson Featherhead," you enter the room, and in a nervous aside you mutter: "What, he! Does he again dare to cross my path?" That's the way of it.

Barlow. Certainly—that's it, Brad. Now get off, and let me go on, will you?

Mrs. Perkins. I'm sure it's a perfectly natural error, Mr. Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley. But he's right, my dear Bess. The others are wrong. Edward doesn't—

Bradley. I don't care anything about it, but I'm sure I don't know what else to do. If I am to play Fenderson—

Barlow (*in amazement*). You?

Yardsley (*aghast*). Fenderson? By all that is lovely, what part have you learned?

Bradley. The one you told me to learn in your message—Featherhead, of course.

Barlow. But that's my part!

Mrs. Perkins. Of course it is, Mr. Bradley. Mr. Barlow is to be—

Mrs. Bradley. But that's what Edward was told. I saw the message myself.

Yardsley (*sinking into a chair dejectedly*). Why, Ed Bradley! I never mentioned Featherhead. You were to be Muddleton!

Bradley. Me?

Mrs. Bradley. What?

Yardsley. Certainly. There's nothing the matter with Barlow, and he's cast for Featherhead. You've learned the wrong part!

Bradley (*searching his pockets*). Here's the telegram. There (*takes message from pocket*), read that. There are my instructions.

Yardsley (*grasps telegram and reads it. Drops it to floor*). Well, I'll be jiggered!

[*Buries his face in his hands.*

Mrs. Perkins (*picking up message and reading aloud*). "Can you take Fenderson's part in to-night's show? Answer at once. Yardsley."

Barlow. Well, that's a nice mess. You must have paresis, Bob.

Perkins. I was afraid he'd get it sooner or later. You need exercise, Yardsley. Go pull that curtain up and down a half-dozen times and it 'll do you good.

Bradley. That telegram lets me out.

Mrs. Bradley. I should say so.

Perkins. Lets us all out, seems to me.

Yardsley. But—I wrote Henderson, not Fenderson. That jackass of a telegraph operator is responsible for it all. "Will you take Henderson's part?" is what I wrote, and he's gone and got it Fenderson. Confound his—

Mrs. Perkins. But what are we going to do? It's quarter past six now, and the curtain is to rise at 8.30.

Perkins. I'll give 'em my unequalled imitation of Sandow lifting the curtain with one hand. Thus. [*Raises curtain with right hand.*

Yardsley. For goodness' sake, man, be serious. There are seventy-five people coming here to see this performance, and they've paid for their tickets.

Mrs. Perkins. It's perfectly awful. We can't do it at all unless Mr. Bradley will go right up stairs now and learn—

Mrs. Bradley. Oh, that's impossible. He's learned nearly three hundred lines to-day already. Mr. Barlow might—

Barlow. I couldn't think of it, Mrs. Bradley. I've got as much as I can do remembering what lines I have learned.

Perkins. It would take you a week to forget 'em completely enough to do the other part well. You'd be playing both parts, the way Irving does when he's irritated, before you knew it.

Yardsley. I'm sure I don't know what to do.

Perkins. Give it up, eh? What are you stage-manager for? If I didn't own the house, I'd suggest setting it on fire; but I do, and it isn't fully insured.

Mrs. Perkins. Perhaps Miss Andrews and Mr. Yardsley could do their little scene from *Romeo and Juliet*

Mrs. Bradley. Just the thing.

Yardsley. But I haven't a suitable costume.

Perkins. I'll lend you my golf trousers, and Bess has an old shirt-waist you could wear with 'em. Piece it out a little so that you could get into it, and hang the baby's toy sword at your side, and carry his fireman's hat under your arm, and you'd make a dandy-looking Romeo. Some people might think you were a new woman, but if somebody were to announce to the audience that you were not that, but the Hon. R. Montague, Esq., it would be all right and exceedingly amusing. I'll do the announcing with the greatest of pleasure. Really think I'd enjoy it.

Miss Andrews. I think it would be much better to get up Mrs. Jarley's wax-works.

Perkins. Oh dear, Miss Andrews, never. Mrs. Jarley awakens too many bitter memories in me. I was Mrs. Jarley once, and—

Yardsley. It must have been awful. If there is anything in life that could be more horrible than you, with your peculiar style of humor, trying to do Jarley, I—

Perkins. Oh, well, what's the odds what we do? We're only amateurs, anyhow. Yardsley can put on a pair of tight boots, and give us an imitation of Irving, or perhaps an imitation of the Roman army at the battle of Philippi, and the audience wouldn't care, as long as they had a good supper afterwards. It all rests with Martenelli whether it's a go to-night. If he doesn't spoil the supper, it 'll be all right. I have observed that the principal factors of success at amateur dramatics are an expert manipulation of the curtain, and a first-class feed to put the audience in a good humor afterwards. Even if Martenelli does go back on us, you'll have me with the curtain—

Mrs. Perkins. Thaddeus!

Yardsley. By Jove! that's a good idea—we have got you. You can read Henderson's part!

Perkins. What—I?

Barlow. Certainly.

Bradley. Just the very thing.

Miss Andrews. Splendid idea.

Perkins. Oh—but I say—I can't, you know. Nonsense! I can't read.

Yardsley. I've often suspected that you couldn't, my dear Thaddeus; but this time you must.

Perkins. But the curtain—the babies—the audience—the ushing—the fire department—it is too much. I'm not an octopus.

Barlow (*taking him by the arm and pushing him into chair*). You can't get out of it, Ted. Here—read up. There—take my book.

[*Thrusts play-book into his hand.*

Bradley. Here's mine too, Thaddeus. Read 'em both at once, and then you'll have gone over it twice. [*Throws his book into* Perkins's *lap.*

Perkins. I tell you—

Mrs. Perkins. Just this once, Teddy—please—for me.

Yardsley. You owe it to your position, Perkins. You are the only man here that knows anything about anything. You were doing it all, anyhow, you know—and you're host—the audience are your guests—and you're so clever and—

Perkins. But—

Enter Jennie.

Jennie. Dinner is served, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Yardsley. Good! Perk, I'll be your under-study at dinner, while you are studying up. Ladies and gentlemen, kindly imagine that I am host, that Perkins does not exist. Come along, Mrs. Bradley. Miss Andrews, will you take my other arm? I'll escort Lady Amaranth and the maid out. We'll leave the two Featherheads to fight it out for the Lady Ellen. By-by, Thaddeus; don't shirk. I'll come in after the salade course and hear you, and if you don't know your lesson I'll send you to bed without your supper.

[*All go out, leaving* Perkins *alone.*

Perkins (*forcing a laugh*). Ha! ha! ha! Good joke, confound your eyes! Humph! very well. I'll do it. Whole thing, eh? Curtain, babies, audience, host. All right, my noble Thespians, wait! (*Shakes fist at the door.*) I *will* do the whole thing. Wait till they ring you up, O curtain! Up you will go, but then—then will I come forth and read that book from start to finish, and if any one of 'em ventures to interfere I'll drop thee on their most treasured lines. They little dream how much they are in the power of you and me!

Enter Jennie.

Jennie. Mrs. Perkins says aren't you coming to dinner, sir; and Mr. Yardsley says the soup is getting cold, sir.

Perkins. In a minute, Jennie. Tell Mrs. Perkins that I am just learning the last ten lines of the third act; and as for Mr. Yardsley, kindly insinuate to him that he'll find the soup quite hot enough at 8.30.

[*Exit* Jennie. Perkins *sits down, picks up two books of the play, one in each hand, and begins to read.*

CURTAIN.



EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

PROPRIETOR. "You go by here with your nose in the air as if you didn't owe me a dollar!"
YOUNG BINGS. "Well, great Scott! do you want me to have it amputated and trail it behind me 'cause I do?"

NOTES ON WHISTLETOOT.

THEY had been talking about the slowness of messenger-boys. Then the conversation drifted to slowness in general. Then a scientific tone crept in, and Kasson remarked that the coast of New Jersey was rising at the rate of three-quarters of an inch a century.

"The hotel rates down there are doing better," observed Judge Crabtree. "But speaking of slowness, I know the slowest thing in all creation."

"What is it?" inquired Major Dodge.

"An underground pipe," replied the Judge.

"Personally I was not aware," returned the Major, "that the common municipal underground pipe was expected to get up and hustle. I never saw a mounted policeman trying to catch an underground pipe."

The Judge ignored the interruption. "You know, three years ago I went up to live at Whistletoot-on-Hudson. I was—"

"I *told* you to come down to Skeeterhurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream," broke in Kasson.

"I *did* go to Skeeterhurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream first," retorted the Judge, with a touch of indignation. "Saw the leading real-estate agent; told him I must have, of all things, a dry cellar. Said he had just what I wanted. Ten minutes' walk from his office. Spent the half-hour it took us to walk there telling me how dry the cellar was. So dry they had to keep a wet sponge in it, like a cigar-case, to prevent the potatoes from shrivelling up. Got there. Still raving about dry cellar. Rather dark—suddenly disappeared—great splash. I got down on my hands and knees, and made out the man floundering around in six feet of water and clinging to the cellar stairs, which were floating about and hobnobbing with the refrigerator and a school of kindling-wood. Called the life-saving crew from the beach, and they saved him."

"You made the mistake of going at high tide," said Kasson, quietly. "Skeeterhurst-by-the-Gulf-Stream cellars are dry enough at low water."

"I suppose so," replied the Judge. "No doubt I could have got used to the excessive dryness of that cellar, but I was afraid of sharks. So I went up to Whistletoot. The only cloud I noted hanging over it was a village improvement society. I knew it had a village improvement society as soon as I saw that the fences were gone and the rocks along the back streets whitewashed. You know, a village improvement society always pools the fences and sells 'em to buy whitewash. Still, I've nothing to say against Whistletoot-on-Hudson—far from it. I've seen some of the prettiest sprinting for the 8.57 train there that I ever saw anywhere. I never encountered such *esprit de corps* as exists in the ranks of the Whistletoot commuters. I one morning saw a Whistletooter, a strong Republican and a Baptist, cast a galoche while racing down the north sidewalk for this train. Another commuter, a lifelong Democrat and an Episcopalian, who was making the run on the south walk, saw the shoe go up, turned into the street with one bound, caught it on the fly without stopping, and restored it to its owner on the train. The first man never stopped nor looked back when he threw the galoche, because he knew some one would get it and bring it along.

"On arriving at Whistletoot I announced that I wanted to buy a house, and an agent took charge of me. I told him that I must have all modern improvements. He led me to a very pretty cottage. It was just what I wanted. The fence had escaped the Improvement Society, though one could see where they had worn the bark off by lifting on the posts. Personally I think that suburban improvement societies would do better to let the fences and rocks alone, and establish good cinder paths to the station for the commuters.

"The cottage was new, and apparently well built. I asked concerning the modern improvements, and the agent began to talk about the view. I told him I had had enough view, having spent the summer at the Mount Earlcourt House, where we didn't have much else. I insisted on knowing about the improvements.

"'Oh,' he said, 'they're all right. Range in the kitchen, hard-wood floors, electric door-bell, speaking-tubes, clothes-reel in the back yard. Just come around and see that clothes-reel!'

"'Gas, I suppose, of course?' I said, and I fixed him with my glittering eye.

"'Well—er—you see—oh yes, gas, of course—practically,' he replied. 'Gas-main down on the next block, sir; going to be extended through this street next week.'

"'And city water?' I continued, nailing him to the side of the house with my gaze.

"'The same as here, sir, the same as here,' he answered. 'See that man working with the shovel?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Breaking ground for the extension of the city water-main,' he answered, with enthusiasm. 'That water-main is going ahead like greased lightning. Be through this street before you can move into the house.'

"So I bought the cottage. This was three years ago." And the Judge paused.

"Surely they've both gone through before this," said Kasson.

"If they have, they've done it in the night," replied the Judge. "And I've been up a good deal nights too, protecting my fence from the Improvement Society. No, those pipes have not moved an inch in three years. The man I saw digging was the president of the Improvement Society smoothing off another spot on which to place a stone for the secretary to whitewash, the report at the meeting the night before having shown that there were two quarts of whitewash in the treasury."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.



A PLEASING CONDITION.

HE. "Can't I persuade you? Just one two-step."
SHE. "If—if the two steps will be on the stairs—yes."

A PSLAM OF ART.

If you want to make a fashionable poster—
For to advertise a novel or a pill—
You can do it, sir, and be a smiling boaster
That the selling is a matter of your skill.
You must draw a dame with awful angularity
In a landscape that's geometry run mad;
Give her frock a sweep with long particularity,
And a pattern that no raiment ever had

N. B.

Oh, the sky it must be green, and the tree it must be blue!
And a lake must look a claret-colored bubble;
And a foreground must be found
That can be a far *back*ground—
But a fashionable poster's worth the trouble!

Pray be careful that you're never true to Nature!
Pray be wary lest you're ever true to Art!
Not a touch of beauty given human feature
(If you dare do *that*, my boy, you'll break my heart)!
Make a purple sun against a salmon mountain;
Paint a torrent every wave of which is brown;
Spread a figure in the middle, wrestling with a tall horse-fiddle,
All the colors ranged in strata on her gown.

N. B.

Oh, your rocks must be triangular, your clouds must all be square!
And a garden must be rank with crazy lilies;
And raw red and blue and yellow must be jostling each his fellow—
And you thus have art for Trade—and Cash—and Sillies.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

A POOR CROP.

It was on a lonely road in the Tennessee mountains. A weary rider was slowly making his way up the steep mountain-side, pausing now and then to rise in his stirrups and look about in search of some sign of civilization. Suddenly a turn of the road brought him face to face with a lank, sallow-faced mountaineer seated upon the top rail of the snake-fence which bounded a poor little farm which had found lodgement on the mountain-side.

The rider paused. "Can you tell me how far it is to Big Stone Gap?" he inquired.

The mountaineer's lips moved in answer, but no sound reached the rider's ears. He moved over nearer to the fence, and repeated the question. This time he could barely distinguish a whispered word or two in the former's answer.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired, dismounting and walking over to the fence where the old man sat. "Can't you talk?"

The old man looked pityingly at his questioner for a moment, and then climbing down from his seat on the rail, he walked over to the traveller, and putting his grizzled face close to his ear, whispered, hoarsely,

"Yis, I kin talk, but the fact is, stranger, land is so poor in these parts that I kain't even raise my voice."

DISCIPLINE.

The General was in a reminiscent mood. "When we began to fight you-all in the North we were in a great hurry to get to the front before the war should be over, as we expected to whip you in such short order that some of us were afraid that we would not get to the front in time to see the fun. After a year or two we had got that idea pretty well knocked out of us, and we were recruiting men from all over the South to swell our ranks. Many of these men, you can understand, had absolutely no idea of military discipline, and consequently the etiquette of the service was sometimes greatly demoralized.

"I remember on the day that I had been created a Major-General I resolved to take a little ride around the outskirts of our camp, and see for myself how my sentries conducted themselves on their posts. Coming to a lonely spot on the extreme left of our line, I discovered one of our new recruits seated behind a low stone wall, with his great-coat spread out on the ground before him, deeply intent upon a game of solitaire, and throwing the grimy cards out upon the coat before him with the earnest solicitude of an old devotee of the game, rendering him completely oblivious of his surroundings. His gun rested against a tree near by, and the whole Northern army might have crossed his beat without a challenge, so intent was he upon his cards.

"I watched him for a minute or so, and then rode up behind him and called out, 'Who are you?'

"Without looking around or removing his eyes from the cards, he answered me, in a slow, preoccupied drawl between his plays: 'Oh, I'm a sort of a sentry! Who are you?'

"'Oh, I'm a sort of a Major-General!' I replied.

"Slowly and deliberately he dropped his cards and turned round and faced me; then rising to his feet, he reached for his gun, brought it to 'present arms,' and said, 'Well, I'm hanged if I don't give you a sort of a salute.'"

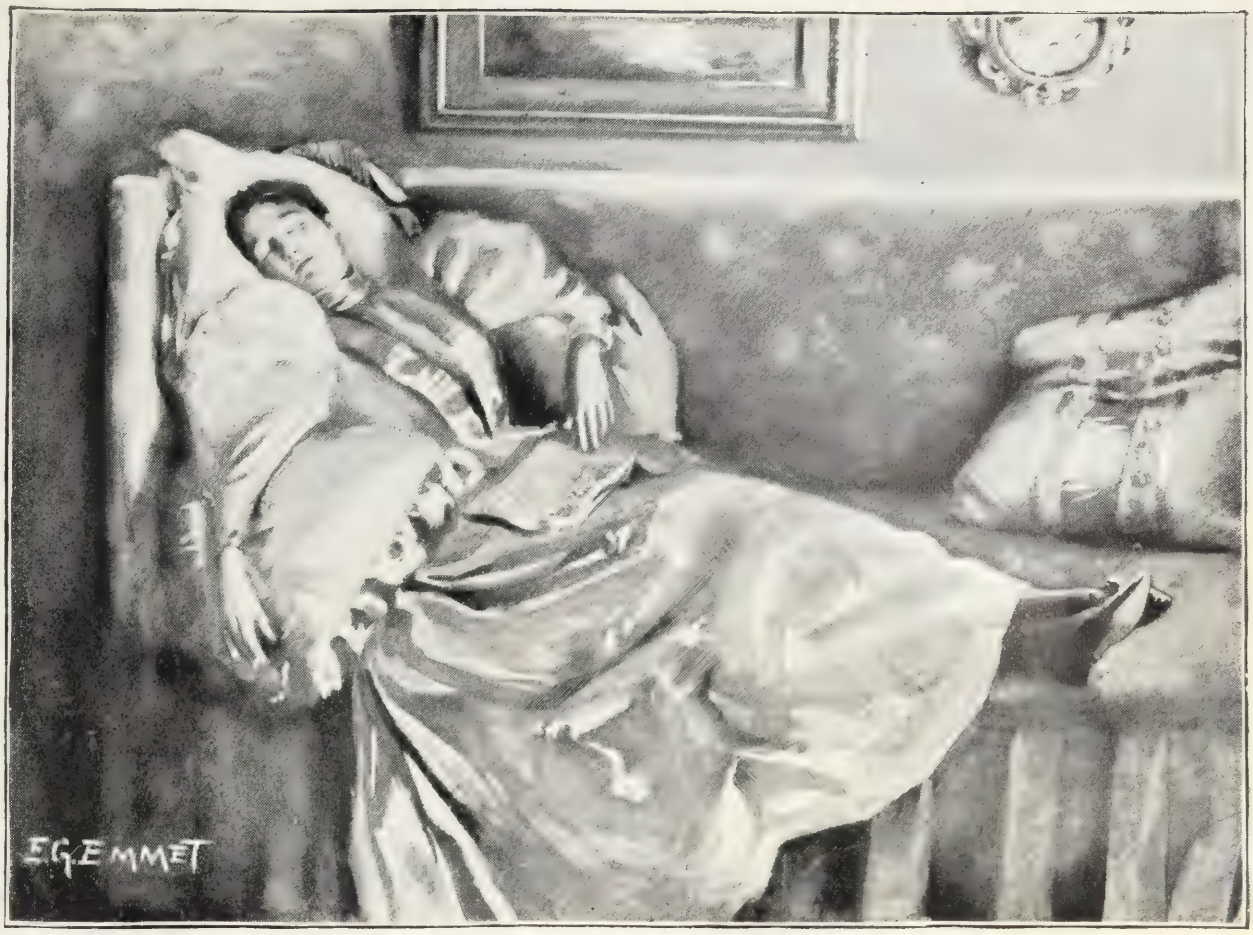
R.

"WHEN QUALITY MEETS, COMPLIMENTS PASS."

Judge Jones was a Southern gentleman of the old school, and had been a gallant in his day. Old age did not find him forgetful of his gallantry, but with increasing years memory played strange tricks with his recognition of names and faces. On this point the Judge was sensitive. One day he met at a reception a young woman who at once came up to him with outstretched hand and smiling face. To save his soul, the old man could not recall her.

"Why, Judge Jones," exclaimed the lady, "you have forgotten me, and I met you only two years ago!"

"On the contrary, madam," bowed the courtly Judge, vainly racking his memory the while —"on the contrary, I have been striving for two years to forget you."



A SEVERE TEST.

I love her so it matters not to me
What she may do to bring me misery.
Her sneer I love far more than others' smile;
Her candor's sweeter than another's guile.
Though o'er my rhymes to sleep she e'er doth go,
I chide her not, I love—I love her so.

THE MINISTER'S MISAPPREHENSION.

"Are you all ready?" hoarsely whispered Colonel Handy Polk, the well-known Oklahoma real-estate agent, to the ladies of the Methodist choir and the gentlemen of the Ranakaboo Club, who were combined for the occasion in a laudable conspiracy to bestow a serenade upon the Rev. Jack Jonks, the popular evangelist, lately from Texas, as a mark of their appreciation of the masterly manner in which he had castigated the Prince of Darkness during the revival recently closed, and made him tear out for parts unknown.

"Yep," whispered the conspirators, in chorus.

"Then let 'er go!" commanded the colonel.

The fair women and brave men were just lifting up their voices in song, when the muzzles of a double-barrelled scatter-gun were thrust out of a window of the clergyman's abode, and twin loads of buckshot tore their way through the Oklahoma night and ripped into the jack-oak grove in which the serenaders were assembled. The evangelist's aim was faulty, and no one was injured, with the exception of Alkali Ike, the lobe of whose right ear was torn off by a buckshot.

"Yere, now, Elder!" roared Isaac, indignantly, as the crash of the divine's shot-gun died away. "What in sizzlin', blazin' tawment do you mean by shootin' into us this a-way, when we've come yere in peace and harmony to serenade you?"

"Har? What's that?" demanded the evangelist's voice.

"Come yere to present you with a serenade," responded Ike, in a tone of pique. "An' now I hain't got no more ear on the south side of my head than a terripin! Strikes me that you are actin' kinder funny about it, Elder. You don't 'pear to care for music!"

"What's that? You came to serenade me?" cried the Rev. Jack Jonks, drawing the gun in, and poking his head out of the window. "Waal, I'll be—er-er—that is, goodness alive! brethren and sisters, I mistook you for a donation party. Figgered on the spur of the moment that a gang had come down on me, in spite of my announcement the other night that thar would be no donation parties at this parsonage while I remained in your midst. I'm too poor a man to indulge in any sech luxuries, and self-preservation is the first law of nature, you know. I suffered from three sech calamities durin' my previous pastorate, and I hain't fully recovered from 'em yet. But —haw! haw!—I'll have to own up, brethren and sisters, that you've got the laugh on me this time. Come in, everybody! Come in and make yourselves thoroughly at home!"

Tom P. Morgan.



BAD BUSINESS.

Owner of Mule. "Gosh blame it! there goes another possible purchaser!"

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

The very first day the new office-boy came to work I was impressed by his deferential and quiet manner. I did not exult over-much, however, for I had heard about new brooms before. But the days aggregated into weeks, and the weeks became months, and still the office-boy continued polite and attentive. I began to wonder whether or not I had had the great good fortune to secure what my wife would call a "treasure." As the same state of things continued, my mind became so filled with astonishment at his industry that I neglected my business. I thought continually of the office-boy. Whenever I happened to be a little late at the office, his promptness rebuked me. Whenever I felt inclined to take an afternoon off, his diligence forbade it. I became possessed by a fear, not of setting him a bad example, but of incurring his contempt. His excellences rasped me. I began to hope that he would show himself remiss; but he never did. He permeated my life. Wherever I was, whatever I was doing, I acted with a view to his approval. My friends complained, because, in place of the careless, genial companion, they had known in me, I had become cold, exact, methodical. And at the same time my business was going to the dogs; for I simply could not work, could concentrate my attention on nothing but the miraculous office-boy. The strain increased with each day, until the breaking-point was nearly reached. I felt—I knew that only desperate measures could keep me out of an insane asylum; so, in a frantic moment, I discharged him, with his pockets crammed full of the very best recommendations. Since then my business is safe, and I am happy—happy and free.

But the model office-boy is ruining Dick Wildairs, who employed him on the strength of my recommendations.

Alexander Ricketts.

A REPROOF.

Trotter was visiting in London, and having been there before, knew his way about. On taking a cab at one time, and fixing the price for the distance, he noticed that the driver seemed to be a new recruit and uncertain how to reach his destination, driving in and out various streets.

"Are you lost? Don't you know the location?" asked Trotter, through the hole in the roof of the hansom.

The driver looked down with an expression of sadness.

"Do you think I'd lose myself in London, sir," he replied, "with only an eighteen-pence fare?"

A FINANCIER.

It occurred, or is said to have occurred, in the Oklahoma Territory.

"I'm afraid your pa and me won't be able to git along very well together," said young Jay Green, who was hesitating on the verge of proposing to Miss Debby Grayneck.

"Why, he likes you ever so much, Jay," replied the maiden, encouragingly. "I heard him say so only last night."

"I s'pose he does, in a general way," said the swain, "but we differ a good deal on the money question. Your pa believes in maintainin' the disparagement of gold and silver, while I am a monogamist myself"



See "Colonel Washington."

WASHINGTON'S RETREAT FROM GREAT MEADOWS.

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ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS.



BY
CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

IV.—TO THE TIMBER'S EDGE.

BEFORE we left the Landing for our bison-hunt, Munn and I had decided to make another attempt under Bushy's guidance in case we failed under Jeremi's. But by the time we were back at Fort Smith fifteen days had been consumed instead of the promised six, and my "express" had returned from Fort Resolution. The letter he brought me was not exactly cheering after our depressing hunt. Gaudet wrote that "the Indians fear entering the Barrens at this [winter] season of the year—that they take their lives in hand at all seasons, but especially now, with the danger of freezing added to that of starving; that he doubted gaining their consent to accompany me; .... however, he had sent Beniah word to come to the post at once."

As I was already overdue at Resolution, a second bison-hunt, which I should have liked, was out of the question.

Fort Smith is the most inadequately provided post in the country, and has the smallest natural supply, for there are few fish in the river, and, as a rule, the Indians prefer "starving" on rabbits the women snare to going back into the country a hundred miles or so, where moose and woodland caribou are fairly plentiful. Only "Mc's" success in getting a moose kept us all from half-rations after the bison-hunt, and when I passed through on my way back to civilization I found his children crying of hunger. Munn's hard luck, too, will convey some idea of the uncertainty of result and extent of endeavor incidental to hunting. One year he spent there, making two trips to the Barrens for musk-ox, two after bison, and his skill and experience and untold hardships were rewarded by but a single musk-cow. Pike gave two years of his life to the country, made three trips to the Barrens before he secured the musk-oxen he desired, and had one unsuccessful bison-hunt.

Two days after our return to Fort Smith I started for Great Slave Lake. The distance from Fort Smith to Resolution is 194 miles down the Great Slave River, but portages reduce the possible route to 165 to 170 miles, which, as my

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ankle had nearly mended, and my half-breed guides and dogs were good travellers, I expected to do in four days. But the contingencies of snow-shoe travel are many. We had hardly got under way before such cramps seized the calves of my legs that I could scarcely move. I supposed it merely muscular stiffness caused by my two days' inaction at Smith after the hard day's run which terminated the bison-hunt, and that it would wear off, so I set grimly to work to catch the dog-train, which was going along at a lively rate and disappearing down the river.

No effort of mine, however, could quicken my gait beyond a shuffling painful hobble, and I did not overtake the outfit until a stop was made for dinner, fifteen miles further on. I thought a rest and a little rubbing would relieve me, but when we started on again the cramps spread to both thighs, and I simply could not move. But for the pain I might have thought my legs paralyzed. I signalled Mercrede, my guide, and when I had dragged myself up to the dogs I climbed on to the sledge, and told him to go ahead, thinking the spasm would pass off, and meanwhile we should not lose time by stopping. There was short respite in this direction, however, for the dogs could not haul me in the heavy going without "forcing," and as they must be saved at all hazards, I determined on another effort at walking, and failing, to camp and doctor my muscles. This I made Mercrede understand after much difficulty, and then he went on and I tried to follow. I was in no better condition for travelling than before; a few steps and then a tumble, followed by a spell of crawling; another attempt at walking, another tumble, until finally I directed my entire energy to crawling on hands and knees, and thus I reached the camp Mercrede had made several miles below.

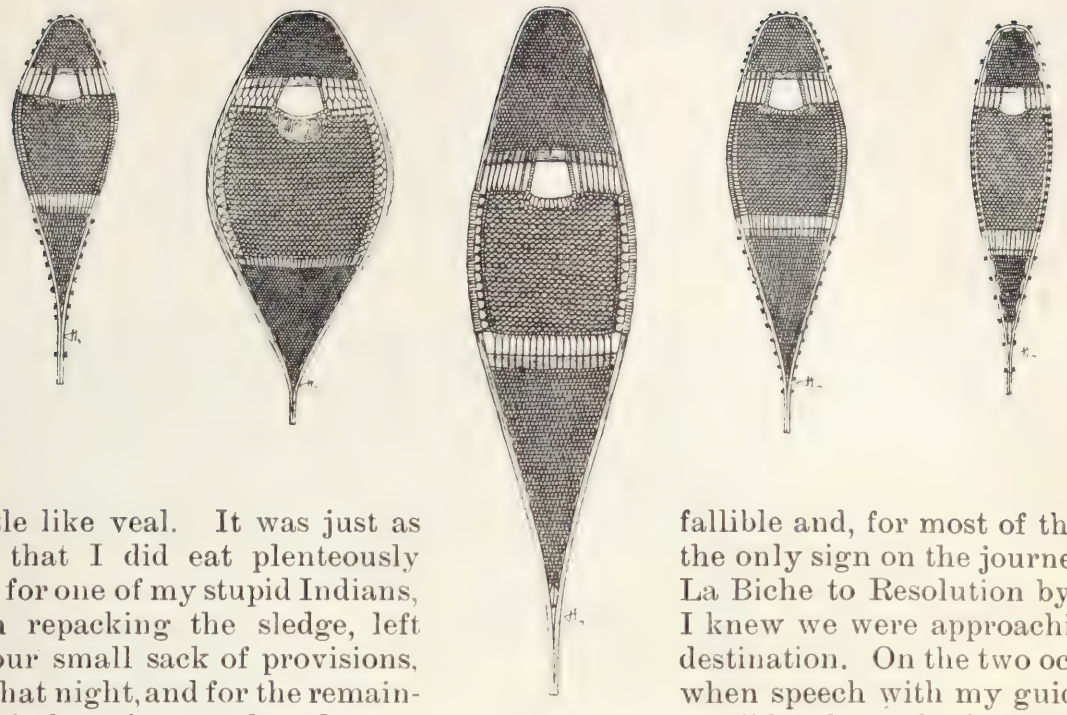
Vigorous and continuous application of mustang liniment put me in shape for travel the next morning. Exceedingly painful travel, but travel none the less, which was, after all, the main consideration. Walking was bearable, but running set every leg nerve and muscle vibrating, and I tried all possible ways of making those half-breeds know I wished them to walk. But they didn't or wouldn't understand, and there was nothing left for me but to grit my teeth and stay with them—which I did.

It was afterwards explained to me at Resolution why they had maintained such a pace despite my evident suffering. It seems I had made in the country some renown as a runner—a case of honor being thrust upon me—for I cannot see that I merited it, unless the Indians deemed perseverance worthy of such recognition. However, I gained the reputation nevertheless, and it travelled ahead of me from post to post. Now as the Indians and half-breeds are exceedingly jealous of their own reputation as runners, and probably did not fancy a white man even unwillingly sharing it, the result was that every pair of guides I secured set out to thoroughly test my qualifications for the name which had been given me. As I got fresh guides and dogs at each Hudson Bay post on my journey, it may be understood I was kept busy. Mercrede and his companion were the first two that had found me *hors de combat*, so to say, and they proceeded to have a good time with me. Well, they had it. At first I would bring to my aid all the signs and Indian words, Cree and Chipewyan, I knew, in a serious and laborious effort to make them understand how painful it was for me to run. And they would look wise and solemn and nod assent, and then start out and go as hard as ever.

After one or two of these attempts at fruitless persuasion I developed a large and righteous anger, which was somewhat relieved by a cursing that exhausted a vocabulary of wide and highly colored range, and which the Indians did not understand—more's the pity, for I am sure the brilliant and contrasting effects would have appealed to their picturesque nature—and thereafter they had not the satisfaction of hearing a whimper, nor of running away from me.

Later one of them came near ending my misery once and for all time by felling a tree, which crashed into the snow not six inches from where I was stooping tying my moccasin.

On the morning of the fourth day we came to the cabin of Carr and Duncan, the only two white trappers in the country. It was a joy to hear English again, and a comfort to get in-doors before a fire; and when I left they had braced me up mentally and physically by their hearty welcome and the heaping plates of lynx meat they set in front of me, and which is very tender and savory, and tastes



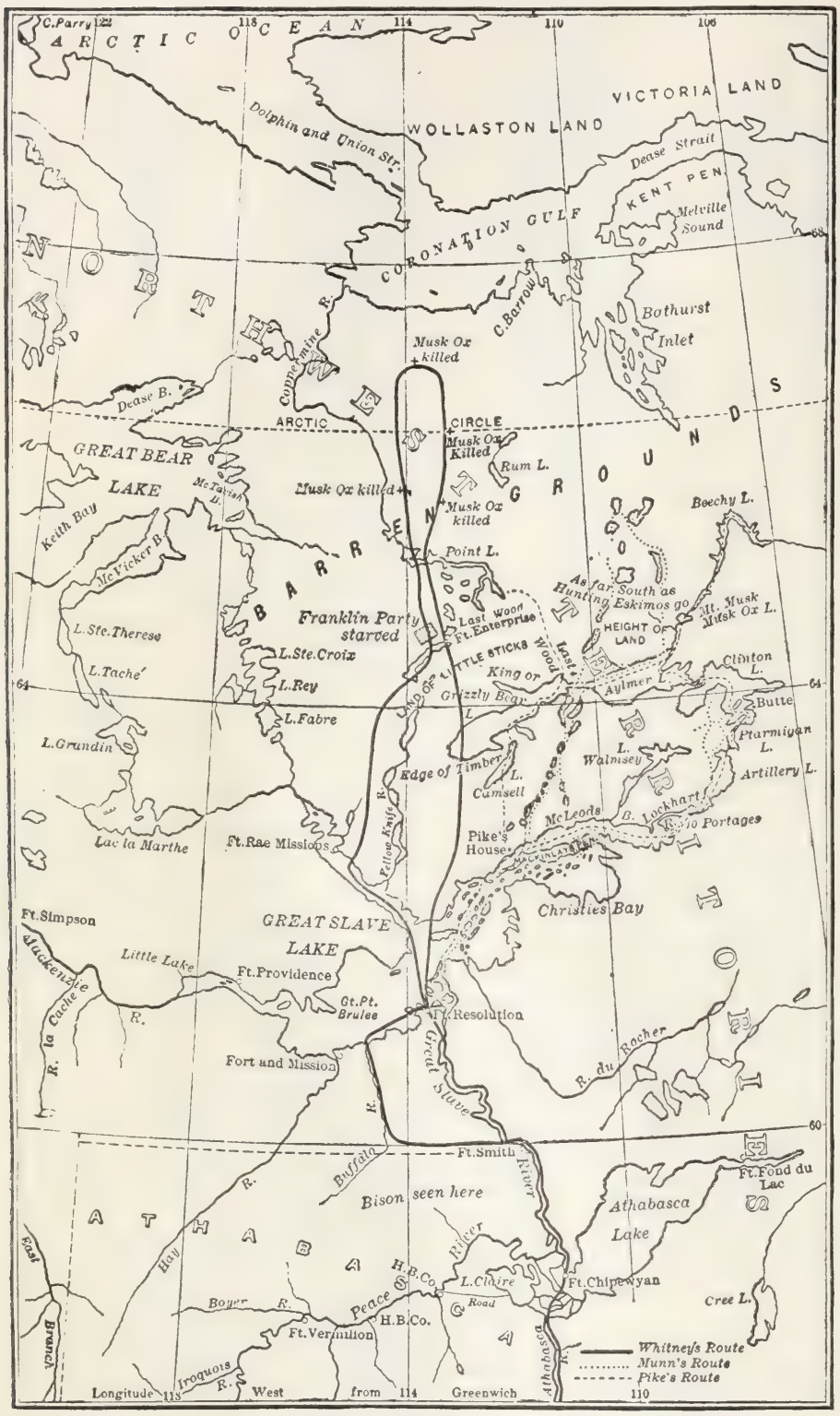
a little like veal. It was just as well that I did eat plenteously here, for one of my stupid Indians, when repacking the sledge, left out our small sack of provisions, and that night, and for the remainder of the trip, we shared some wretched dried fish with the dogs.

The last half of the journey was exceedingly trying, because the storms violently disputed our progress, and the dogs were fagged by the depth of snowfall. It was on one of these last hard days that, as I opened my note-book in the morning to write of the day before, I was reminded of a little dinner given me just on the eve of my departure from New York, at which five of my nearest friends had sat, and pledged my health and success, and promised to drink to it again on Washington's birthday. And as I wrote February 22d in my journal that morning, that delightful evening seemed so long ago; but with the storm howling about me I drank their healths in strongest tea, and felt sure they too had drunk mine.

It was one o'clock of the fifth day when we came to the end of the (about) twenty-mile portage which connects Great Slave River with Great Slave Lake, and carries the *voyageur* over the last stage of his journey from Fort Smith to Resolution. The wind had subsided and the atmosphere cleared of flying snow as we toiled through the heavy going to the timber's edge, flanked on either side by closely growing and winter-bemantled pine; and when we finally reached the open, and the great frozen lake lay before us, the dogs were stopped for a spell, while the Indians got out their best mittens, relaced their moccasins, and lighted pipes.

These preparations were always an infallible and, for most of the time, the only sign on the journey from La Biche to Resolution by which I knew we were approaching our destination. On the two occasions when speech with my guides was possible, the only information I could elicit in reply to my inquiries concerning distance was that it was either a little or a big "piece" off. As a "little piece" meant anywhere from five miles to a day or a day and a half's travel, and a "big piece" from a day and a half to three or four or even more days, I was never able, until I learned to interpret the signs of changing costume, to form any idea of our relative location. When arriving at or departing from a post the Indians invariably clothe themselves in their most highly ornamented moccasins, mittens, and leggings, and whip the dogs into their fastest pace. *En route*, however, these gay trappings are exchanged for more sombre ones. On the morning of the trip's last day the decorated leggings are again put on, but the best moccasins are not brought forth unless the post is to be reached before noon, and the mittens not before the journey is within a few hours of its end, sometimes not until the last pipe—which is filled and lighted during a day's running about once every hour and a half—as was the case when we halted for our first look at Great Slave Lake, whose glistening surface stretched away to the west far beyond the range of sight.

It is always customary, too, to stop for a pipe when they come within sight of the journey's end—no matter if it is only a couple of miles away and everybody and the dogs are faint with hunger and worn with fatigue. They are true to the philosophy that deems anticipation better



MAP SHOWING MR WHITNEY'S ROUTE.

than realization. And so we stood and looked at Resolution and its little line of cabins straggling along the lake's northern shore, six miles away, while Mercrede arrayed himself in elaborately beaded moccasins, and I warmed with thankfulness too deep for words that the final stage of my 900 miles was completed, and the outfitting post for the Barren Grounds in view at last.

When we arrived at the fort, an hour and a quarter later, Gaudet welcomed me with characteristic North-land heartiness, and there was a commotion among the natives; for the coming of the "white hunter" had been heralded, and they were curious to see what manner of man was this who had penetrated the stupendous North at its most forbidding season. But I was too happy in the accomplishment of my trip to recite details, and too worn to give heed to the whisperings and jostlings of the men, women, and children that gathered about and followed me to the door of Gaudet's cabin.

The boiling of the teakettle always follows swiftly upon the arrival of a *voyageur* in this desolate but hospitable land, and it was not many minutes before Gaudet's sister, who proved a ministering angel during my stay at Resolution, had poured a cup of tea and placed before me some caribou ribs, the first fresh meat I had seen since leaving La Biche. Nowhere in my experience have I witnessed more disinterested hospitality than in this great lone land. From north to south—from Hudson Bay Company officer to the poorest Indian hunter, among the half-breeds at the post or the Indians in the woods, in the log cabins or in the caribou-skin tepees—the entrance of a guest is invariably the signal for stirring up the fire and putting on the teakettle; or, if there is no tea, which is more frequently the

case with the Indians, of putting a piece of meat on to boil; or, if there is none, of offering dried meat or fish, or the best of whatever there may be.

The successful hunter pays ample tribute to his skill. While the meat lasts his lodge is never cleared of the less for-

If one is inexperienced in roughing life, or lacks decision, and, let us say, heartlessness to say "no," this country is no place for him, for more persistent and skilled beggars are probably not to be found anywhere. I was annoyed a great deal at first for the reason that Pike had



"SPELLING" THE DOGS.

tunate, and the squaw is never done cooking, and feeding the half-starved that squat about the fire in ever-changing but never-diminishing circles. I marvelled at this lavish hospitality while living with the Indians, for it was never at any time a giving out of plenty, and always meant subsequent want for the entertainers. I have seen every bit of meat put into the kettle and handed around, until the last scrap was eaten, and the host and myself go hungry for two days afterwards. When we were making our way towards the Barren Grounds I saw an Indian of our party, who I knew had not eaten meat for two days, bring forth a bone saved from the dog feed, handle it almost fondly before the fire, and then divide it among one or two of his fellows.

been improvident of his provisions, and I suppose it spread abroad in the land that white men were easy to "work." So when I came along they had new lessons to learn before we "understood one another." Personally I acknowledge I prefer the Indians to the half-breeds. Of course I met splendid exceptions, notably Gaudet and Spencer, Hudson Bay Company officers, and three of the company servants—Michael Manderville, the interpreter at Resolution, and François and William Pini, at Chipewyan, of whom I have already spoken; but, as a rule, the half-breeds are less tolerable than the Indians. And that is saying a great deal. It is a question of two evils. One would repent of either choice. Both in general are untrustworthy, avaricious, and

uncleanly, but the half-breed is nearer the white man in the viciousness of his hypocrisy. The white blood in his veins comes from lowest strains, and has given him the cunning of a higher intelligence without imparting the better attributes of the more civilized prototype. It is much easier for a civilized man to become savage than for a savage to become civilized.

How I slept that first night of my arrival at Resolution! The comfort of a full stomach, the satisfaction of being at the scene of battle, so to speak, were soothing beyond expression. At any time, no matter how long hence, I am sure if ever I sit back in my chair and reflect upon the period of utmost complacency in my past life, my two weeks at Resolution will be immediately recalled. My bed was the board floor; the substance of my daily fare, caribou meat, tea, and bread; my daily occupation, running from ten to fifteen miles to keep in condition; the atmosphere, arctic; not a bird note to break the silence of the woods, nor a bit of pretty scenery to relieve the monotony of the great desert of snow; but I was no longer jaded in body and mind; there was no hunger; I was in magnificent physical condition, and just at the door of the desolate waste which was to open for a successful venture or close upon me forever.

It was well I had not delayed my departure from Fort Smith, nor gone with Munn for the second try at bison, for Gaudet told me that my non-appearance so long after the appointed day had convinced him I had yielded to persuasion, and given up my intention of making an attempt to get into the Barren Grounds until the later and usual time. He said that the runner he had sent after Beniah could not find him; that Beniah was somewhere in the woods hunting, and the heavy snowfalls had made following his tracks impossible; but the runner had seen some Indians who were likely to meet Beniah and tell him he was wanted at the fort. This was all satisfactory enough so far as it went, but it left me in doubt as to when I might expect to get off for musk-ox. The second day after my arrival, however, an Indian came in with a note from Beniah, written in the hieroglyphics which the priests of the Oblates Fathers invented when first they began their missionary work in this country.

Beniah said, first of all, he heard I was a "great chief" (these Indians are cute diplomats); that no one had ever ventured into the Barren Grounds at that season; but he would come into the post to talk the matter over seriously so soon as he shot enough meat to make the trip of six days possible, which meant that we should see him in from eight to ten days.

Next day Mercrede and his dogs started back for Fort Smith, carrying the only letter I was able to send out during my six months' absence, and which Munn, who intended making his way to Edmonton on his return from the bison-hunt with Bushy, had promised me to carry.

And so I settled to active preparation to be in readiness on the arrival of Beniah, whom I was determined to induce to make the trip. There were dogs and an interpreter and a driver to engage, moccasins and duffel and mittens and strouds to provide, and a heavy caribou-fur capote and winter caribou robe for sleeping in to secure. Nobody appeared to enter upon the task with much zest, and every one shook his head and warned me against the trip. All agreed that it was an impossible undertaking, and Gaudet used his utmost persuasion to induce me to delay my departure until the usual time of the musk-ox hunt.

The Indians time their hunting trips to the Barren Grounds (they never go there except after musk-ox) with the movement of the caribou—*i. e.* the early summer, about the last of April or first part of May, when the cows begin their migration from the woods to the Arctic Ocean, where the calves are dropped in June; and in the early autumn, September and October.

Caribou are absolutely necessary to the penetration of the Barren Grounds, because of the impossibility of either obtaining a sufficient supply of provisions to last out the trip, or carrying them if such were to be had. Pike made one hunt in the best and easiest way by making a previous trip into the Barrens solely for the purpose of killing and caching caribou, which lessened the chances of starvation on his next attempt, when, in addition to the cached meat, the opportunity of adding to the supply was offered by the moving bands of caribou. Yet he had a very hard time of it. Munn on his summer trip had the caribou and fish in the numberless lakes; on his autumn trip he attempted to better conditions by taking



BENIAH AND DRY GEESE, TWO FAMOUS DOG-RIB LEADERS.
From a photograph by Mr. Whitney.

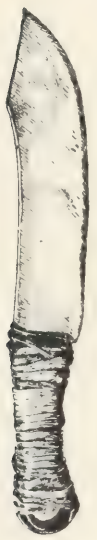
along a supply of pounded dried meat, which was speedily exhausted, and caribou being scarce, he and his party and their dogs had a starving time of it indeed.

Midsummer is of course the season in which one may visit the Barrens with least danger, for at that time you travel by canoe, caribou are plentiful—if you are lucky enough to find them: they are very uncertain in their movements and changeful in their course of migration, which may one year be a hundred miles east or west of where it was the year before—the thermometer rarely gets below freezing-point (though you are persecuted beyond endurance by mosquitoes), and the winds have lost much of their fury. But in summer-time the musk-ox fur is not prime, and of course musk-ox is the only excuse for visiting the man-forsaken place. And so trips are confined to the spring and autumn, when the trials are more severe, but the reward greater. The Indians go in parties of from four to six—never less than four, because they could not carry sufficient wood to enable them to get far enough into the Barrens for reasonable hope of getting musk-ox; and rarely more than six, because by the time they have gone as far as six sledges of wood will permit, they have had all the freezing and starving they can stand, even though no musk-ox have been forth-coming.

Many parties go into the Barrens and never see even a musk-ox track, and many more skirmish along the edge, fearful of a plunge into the interior, yet hoping for the sight of a stray ox. Wood must be carried, not for warmth nor necessarily to cook meat, but to boil tea; for man could not endure the fatigue and cold and starvation without the stimulus of hot tea once or twice a day. When the sledges are loaded with the requisite supply of wood and the sleeping-robes, there is no room left for provisions. To take more sledges would mean more men, more dogs, more mouths to feed, with no added prospect of feeding them. Thus it is that no attempt is made to carry in provisions, and that a visit to the home of the musk-ox is always attended by great danger, and never without much suffering, be the season what it may. None but the younger and hardiest and most experienced Indians go into the Barrens, and to be a musk-ox hunter is their highest conception of courage and skill and endurance.

Bearing in mind these conditions, it may be imagined with what disfavor my proposed visit in early March was viewed.

No one would hire me dogs, asserting I should never get them back alive; and if Gaudet had not come to my rescue and let me have his own train, I fear I should have been obliged to delay my hunt until the usual time. I shall never forget the kindness of Gaudet and his sister—he helped me in my search for an interpreter and dog-driver, and in my studies of the country and people; she saw that my moccasins and duffel were properly worked, and herself made me a pair of slippers of unborn musk-ox hide, to be worn next the skin, fur side in; and both of them heaped curios upon me in such generous profusion that I grew afraid of expressing admiration for anything, lest they give it to me forthwith.



Musk-ox Hunting-knife and Barren Ground Axe.

I did not propose to have any more cramps in my legs if training would provide against them. I knew such a condition in the Barrens would put an end to all hope of musk-ox, or of my getting out to tell how I didn't shoot one. So about every afternoon I took a twelve to fifteen mile run on Great Slave Lake, and, what with the good meat I was eating three times daily and this exercise, I was so "fit" when I started for the Barrens that no Indians ran me off my legs, as I was told they would on the trip across the lake. On one of the afternoons I experienced how suddenly a lake storm gathers, and with what force it bursts upon the luckless traveller. Had I not fortunately put my compass in my pocket that very morning, I should probably have been on that lake yet, for the snow whirled around me at such a pace and in such quantities as to darken the atmosphere, and the wind beat upon me with so great a force that, bent almost double, I could barely keep moving. I had great difficulty in reading the needle and following the direction it indicated; but when the prospect of a night on the lake seemed surest, the wind that was blowing off shore carried the evening tolling of the mission bell to me, and sweeter sound I never listened to!

Fort Resolution is one of the most important posts in the country. Though it has not so many claims to distinction as Chipewyan, its natural resources for food are much greater; for near by is the most productive fishery in the country; the Dog-Rib and Yellow-Knife Indians generally keep it supplied with caribou meat in winter, and geese and ducks are fairly plentiful in spring. Furthermore, it is the only post that secures any quantity of the country luxury—grease; though the Indians never bring in marrow, which is a very palatable tidbit. The grease they do bring in is the fat from along the back and around the joints of the caribou, which is called hard grease, in contradistinction to the marrow, that is soft. Both of these are used in making pemmican, which is made of dried meat pounded into shreds and mixed with grease, and rolled into balls or made into square or round slabs.

Pemmican, however, is a rare article nowadays, and not to be found anywhere south of Resolution, and only there on occasion. This is chiefly because caribou are not so plentiful as they were formerly, and the Indians keep most of the grease for their own consumption. Nor do they make pemmican to any great extent, their substitute for it being the pounded meat, which is carried in little caribou-skin bags when travelling, and eaten with the grease—a pinch of pounded meat and a bite of grease. I must confess that a plate of pounded dried meat and several good-sized lumps of clear grease were about the most tempting morsels I had set before me at any time on my trip. One never gets enough of grease in the North-land; it is eaten as some in the civilized world consume sugar; in fact, I developed a craving for sweets that even grease did not satisfy, chiefly, I suspect, because the supply was so limited, and somewhat notable in my case for the reason that ordinarily I seldom if ever touch sweets. The absence of bread and vegetables, and the excessive cold, undoubtedly combine to excite the desire for both grease and sweets.

Resolution, next to Fort Simpson, is credited, I believe, with sending out the greatest number of fur packs; but however that may be, it certainly is the scene in summer of the largest congregation of Indians, when they come out of the woods, pitch their lodges on the lake shore, and settle down to trade their furs and worry Gaudet into giving them credit. Trading with an Indian is no trivial mat-

ARRIVING AT BENIAH'S LODGE.

ter. There is first to get him to put a value on his fur, and then to convince him that there is enough stock on hand to pay him. There is of course no money in this country, a "made beaver" skin being the standard of value by which all trade is conducted — as, for example, a marten is worth from two to three beaver-skins, and a bear-pelt about twenty beaver-skins. On rough calculation the "made beaver" is equal to about fifty cents, though it fluctuates throughout the country.

When the Indian has finally agreed upon a price for his fur, he proceeds at once to the company "store," and then the intricate business of trading against his credit of "made beaver" skins begins. It is impossible to deal with more than one Indian at a time, and so they are taken into the "store" singly, and the door is bolted, and life immediately becomes a burden to the Hudson Bay Company's officer. If there is anything in the stock that has not been overhauled and priced before the Indian exhausts his credit, it is only because it is out of sight. But in a way he is a satisfactory sort of a customer. He is not exacting as to what he gets, so long as he gets something; he may really want beads or duffel, but if there is none of either he as readily takes a copper teakettle or a knife. It is quite unimportant that he may actually need neither.

He is particular on one point only, and that is, he never leaves the store so long as he has a "made beaver" to spend, and when he has used up his due he always makes an eloquent and vigorous appeal for gratuity or debt. As a matter of fact, these Indians are most considerately and generously treated by the company; they are paid a good price for their fur, and to the worthy, and many times the unworthy, are often given both debt and gratuity. There are no Indians I know of that are better treated, and few as well. Nor have I ever visited a country where trade competition operated less to the advantage of the natives. The few independent traders that have worked their way into this North country have done little, so far as I could see, beyond raising the price of certain kinds of fur above its fair marketable value, which in some lines has necessitated the introduction of an inferior quality of stuff for trade. So that the Indian has really been the loser.

Although several hundred Indians bring their fur to Resolution, and the "census" of the post is returned as about 300, as at Chipewyan, the actual residence is far below that number, in fact, seven families, that comprise sixty souls. Great Slave Lake itself is one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, being 300 miles long, with an estimated area of from 11,200 to 15,000 square miles. Great Bear Lake is but a couple of thousand square miles smaller, and the size of both may be judged by comparing them with Lake Michigan, which has 20,000 square miles. Fancy Lake Michigan a solid sheet of white, its shores broken by deep bays, and sparsely covered with smallish pine, and everywhere silence and desolation and snow, and you have some idea of Great Slave Lake in winter.

With the first Sunday in March came the anxiously awaited Beniah, in a cariole, as befitting a hunter of his reputation, and with an attendant, also riding, as became the servant of so powerful a leader. He is really the best hunter in the country, and in North-land possessions—fur and dogs—reckons a deal more than any other individual. He is a "leader" in his tribe—Dog-Rib—in so far as being the head of a hunting party, and of bringing in the largest number of skins to the company. There is no other kind of "leaders" in any of the tribes—no councils and no election to such prominence by vote or heredity. Leadership is a survival of the fittest, and he who gains the distinction earns it.

Beniah is much respected by his people, and is altogether a very superior Indian; short in stature, probably five feet five inches, but sturdy. He can talk longer without exhausting a subject than any man I ever knew. In our subsequent powwow there was no contingency he did not foresee, especially if it was to operate adversely to him, and no point of an agreement that was not thoroughly threshed out; in fact, he showed a logical mind that sometimes became lost in metaphors, but pretty often had the right end of the solution. He is good-natured, except at such time as he considers his dignity affronted by those dependent on his bounty, and somewhat of a wag too, whose most mirth-provoking sally was a repeated and crescendo exclamation of *edo* (Dog-Rib for hot) when it was bitterest cold. The greatest tribute I can pay Beniah is to say that he kept his word with me, and

that is so rare a virtue among these Indians as to be praise enough. The only thing I treasure against him is his distressing rendition of a song which had few words and a tune that wailed for longer and shorter periods of time over three treble notes. I could never decide whether it was a song of joy or lamentation, as he set it going on all occasions before we reached the Barrens; and then he subsided, for there no opportunity of rejoicing offered, and no chant, be it ever so dolorous, could have expressed the depth of our misery.

There was much mental measuring of one another, of drinking tea and smoking, on the day after Beniah's arrival at Resolution, but we did not come to the business of my venture until the evening. Then we all gathered in Gaudet's room and smoked some more, and talked for a long time about everything, as is usual at these powwows, except the one thing in which we were both most interested. Finally the interpreter told Beniah I wanted him to go with me to the Barren Grounds, and did not wish to wait until the usual time of hunting; and Beniah forthwith delivered himself of quite a speech, in which he said he was glad to welcome the first white man to his hunting country, especially one whom he heard was a "great chief"; recited the danger of the Barren Grounds; the impossibility of getting Indians to make the attempt at such a season, even if he were willing; explained the absence of firewood, the chances of freezing or starving to death; and, in fact, told off the difficulties to a length for which I have no space here.

Now I had sized up the situation long before Beniah arrived at the post, and I had purposely delayed this meeting until I had looked him over a bit in the day, during the smoking and tea-drinking. My knowledge of the Indian character in general, and of this one in particular, had decided me upon a course of diplomacy to induce him to go with me, and I knew if I secured him that he would insist upon his hunters going, if only that misery likes company. I was determined to get into the Barren Grounds, no matter what its terrors. Therefore when I replied to Beniah—through the interpreter, of course—I treated all the dangers as a matter of course—I told him I had come to him because his skill and courage were household words in the great world, that my one ambition had been, if I reached the North, to hunt musk-ox with Beniah; that I had been travelling from my house, which was far, far away, by the "big water," for many suns, and that now, being here, I was sure so insignificant a matter as hunger or cold would not deter him from accompanying me. I made Beniah feel that my belief in his

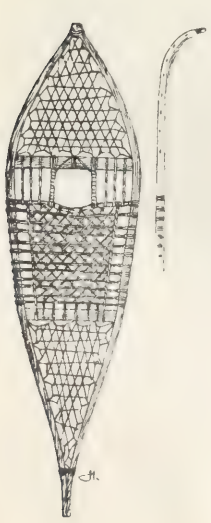


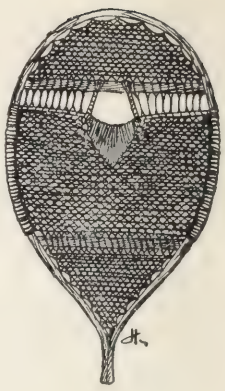
THE LAST WOOD—LAYING IN A SUPPLY FOR THE BARRENS.
From a photograph by Mr. Whitney.

courage was unbounded. I told him I knew the other "leaders" would of course shrink from exposure, but they were as "children" to him. I made him understand that I had no doubt of his willingness to go with me; that it was merely a question of beaver-skins between us, and I was prepared to pay him liberally. I placed him in such a position that by refusing to go with me he tacitly acknowledged that he was afraid, that he was no greater than the other leaders to whom I had referred as children when compared with him.

The result was that before the meeting closed it was midnight, but Beniah had promised me to go, provided he could make up his party, and we were to start next day for his lodge, which was in the woods about three days east of Fort Rae, and six days' travel north from Resolution.

The little post of Resolution was shaken to its foundation next day when it learned that we really intended starting, and there was a great shaking of heads, and many direful prophecies told for our benefit. But I felt sure Beniah would not turn tail, since he had given me his word; and as for myself, I had been having nothing but discouragement since first I set out. At noon my sledge was dragged into the post, and packed with my outfit, which consisted of a winter caribou-skin robe, lined with a pair of 4-point H.B.C. blankets, and made into a bag (which I subsequently ripped open: the popular supposition that a bag is best is faulty; you can sleep much warmer in the unsewed robes, because you can roll them about you more snugly), one heavy caribou-skin capote, one cloth capote, one sweater, two pairs of mittens, one pair moose-skin gloves, one pair leggings, three silk handkerchiefs, eight pair moccasins, eight pair duffel socks, one copper tea-kettle, one cup, my rifle and hunting-knife, compass, camera, thermometer, ten pounds of tea, twelve pounds of tobacco, ten pounds of flour, and ten balls of pemmican (provisions I intended to cache at the last wood, where, if we succeeded in getting back, I knew we should arrive in a starving condition), two bottles of my old friend mustang liniment, a pint of brandy I had carried from Hamilton, and the antiseptic lozenges and bandages, and iodoform, in case it became necessary to play surgeon for one of the party or myself.





We were ready to start at three, and I was waiting for my dog-driver and interpreter, when word came that he had backed out, and Gaudet renewed his efforts to dissuade me from the trip. But I had not come so far to be daunted by so inconsiderable a thing as deprivation of speech or driving my own dogs, and I motioned Beniah to move on. And now there was a hand-shaking that seemed to have no ending, for every one pressed upon me closely, and grasped my hand solemnly and in silence. It was rather a funereal leave-taking. There is a little portage of about a mile that leads out from Resolution to the west on to Great Slave Lake, and Gaudet ran along with me over this; and as he ran, told me the names of the dogs: Foro (the foregoer), Finnette, Flossie, and Blucher (the steer dog). And then we came to the lake, and halted for a last good-by. Kind-hearted Gaudet seemed much depressed; and as for me—well, at any rate, I was started, and if fate ruled that I never came back, my place would be filled, and the world roll on as usual; so, with a heart for any fate, I called out *m-a-arche* to Foro, and the journey to the Barrens was begun in earnest.

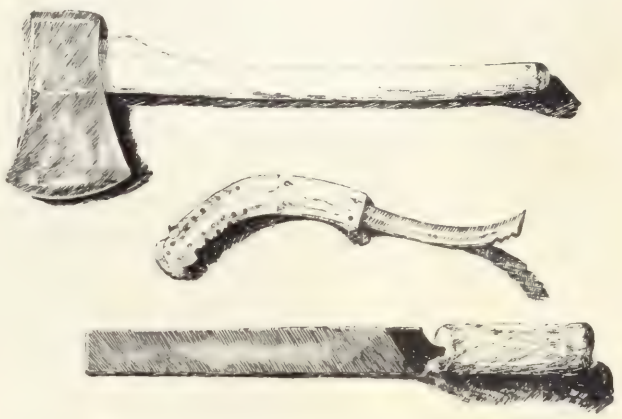
I had no time for meditation, for my work was cut out from the start. Beniah and his Indian were riding in carioles, and swinging along at a clipping gait; and though my load was light, and my dogs better than theirs, I did not ride, because I wished to save them as much as possible. So Beniah sped on ahead, and I followed on behind, going easily, for my training had made me very fit. And I had learned enough, too, to keep on my snow-shoes, though the lake would have permitted going without. Running on ice without snow-shoes has the same effect on leg muscles as an unyielding

armory floor after a cinder track. After four hours we came that night to Stony Island, twenty-two miles from Resolution, where we camped, and whose only interest for me lay in the fact that here, seventy-five years before, Sir John Franklin had breakfasted on the trip which closed so disastrously for his party. We slept in a tiny cabin with thirteen others, men, women, and children, and I appreciated for the first time in what filth human beings will wallow.

Next morning several Indians joined us, and we put in a long hard day on the lake, out of sight of the shore most of the time, I running, and all the Indians in carioles. About 4.30 we came to a point where the Indians hauling meat to Resolution had made a cache, and here we halted, and a fire was lighted. I shall never forget my attempts to learn how much farther on we were going that night. I can see myself now sitting on the rocks, setting up miniature lodges in the snow with little twigs, and using my few Dog-Rib words, *con* (fire), *ethar* (far), supplemented with numerous gestures, to ascertain if the lodge fire was to be far away. My efforts created much amusement, but drew no information, and I realized how very much alone I was indeed. Nor shall I forget my amazement and my relief at seeing another fire lighted and camp made for the night not twenty yards from the first where we had eaten.

If there is one thing these Indians know how to do it is to build a roaring fire where wood is plentiful; first of all, pine brush is cut down and laid about three feet high in a semicircle, on top of which the sledges are lifted to keep them from the voracious dogs. The opening of the semicircle is piled high with wood, and when lighted throws out warmth enough to keep you comfortable so long as it lasts, even with the mercury at its lowest. About noon the next day we left the lake, striking north, and for three days, starting at six and going until eight and nine at night, we travelled across a rough country, broken up by ridges and filled with lakes—most of the ridges bare of all timber, and the only trees dwarfed. All this time I had been running and the Indians riding, and I was not sorry when on the night of the third day we reached Beniah's camp, which proved to be quite the biggest settlement I had seen, for these Indians roam about in small parties of one or two lodges. Only a few consequential leaders like Beniah have a fixed habitation, and then it is only used in summer, when the fishing is going forward.

Here, while Beniah was explaining my mission and making up his party, I put in three very uncomfortable days. To say



THE INDIAN'S TOOL-KIT—AXE, CROOKED KNIFE (HOME-MADE), AND FILE.

that I was an object of curiosity would be putting it mildly; I was indeed a stranger in a strange land. The men examined over and again every article I possessed; the women stared me out of countenance; the mothers used me as a bugaboo to hush their crying babies; and the dogs crowded about me so threateningly that I never ventured outside the lodge without my whip. I was the first white man they had seen, and one and all made the most of their opportunity. I was on exhibition with a vengeance, only, unlike other freaks, I had no hours; the show opened when I arose in the morning, and was still on when I rolled up in my blankets at night. And I, on my part, made most careful scrutiny of the curious surroundings in which I found myself. We were camped on top of a ridge covered with small pines, where Beniah had made his last stand to keep up with the caribou that were just beginning to work out to the edge of the woods. There were three lodges, all full, and, so long as I remained, the occupants of the other two spent the greater part of their time in Beniah's.

In times of prosperity these Indian tepees are by no means unsightly. They are of caribou-skin stretched around and to within about three feet of the top of poles, which number according to the size of the

lodge. The sides of the circle are banked up with snow and pine brush, and, inside, the smallest brush makes a clean-looking and pleasantly smelling floor. The open fire occupies the centre; and above it, stretched from side to side of the lodge, are poles upon which the meat is placed to thaw, and from which the kettles are suspended.

Around this fire the men and women sit, tailor fashion, all day, jabbering incessantly in their guttural speech that is impossible to describe in writing, and at night they roll up in their blankets and stretch out with their feet at the very fire's edge. I used to wonder what on earth they found to talk about, for the clatter never came to a full stop, and when I lay down at times, trying in slumber to escape the din, it seemed as though it must all be a hideous dream. But any such illusion was speedily dispelled by the yelping of a dog that had worked its way into the lodge, and was being clubbed until it worked its way out again.



NORTHWEST SOCK OF DUFFEL.

Domestic economics are a dead letter in the Indian household. There is no place for any particular thing, and nothing is ever in any particular place. The back part of the lodge, where it is too cold to sit even when the fire blazes highest, appears to be the general store-room. Everything not in immediate use is thrown there in indiscriminate confusion. If the squaw has finished stripping a caribou leg of its meat, she tosses the bone over her shoulder into the unknown behind her; if she has completed the lacing of a snow-shoe, it is served similarly; the Indian hurls his knife there when he is through with it, and the children do the same with the bones or intestines or bits of meat they may have filched from the feasting, in which they never share. And when there is a demand for any article, such an overhauling ensues as would put to shame a May-day house-cleaning. Children are not much in evidence in the Indian household. They rarely cry, for experience has taught them that such outward expression of grief or alarm or hurt meets with much personal discomfort. If they are in the moss-bag age, which usually ends at two, they are put into a sort of hammock within the lodge and rocked at a terrifying pace, to the accompaniment of a crooning that would strike terror to the heart of any crying babe. If they are old enough to toddle, they are turned out of doors to tell their sorrows to the winds.

The Indian has no patience for the little solicitudes of life, nor for its frivolities. His amusements are few and simple. Outside of a something that resembles that ancient pastime of "button, button, who has the button?" and where the penalty is a piece of tobacco, there are no games to speak of. The dancing is exceedingly awkward and crude—a shuffling about in a circle, varied by hopping up and down, and the music confined to the monotony of the single-headed drum, or mayhap an occasional fiddle picked up at the post, which in that case squeaks through a medley of reels. Their dearest recreation is sleeping, since most of their time is spent in procuring food, and the balance in resting from the toil required to obtain it.

The day after my arrival Beniah took up seriously the question of getting volunteers for the musk-ox hunt. At least I judged so from the gathering of the men in our lodge, the long and earnest conference, and the displeased looks that were every now and again cast my way. It must be remembered that I knew practically nothing of the language, and was dependent on signs. My Dog-Rib vocabulary consisted of *curre*, stop; *ecla oulee*, what is it called? *ethar*, far; *con*, fire; *ega*, hurry; *bet*, meat; *oole*, none; *illa*, no; *eh*, yes; *too*, water; *ethen*, caribou; *ejeri*, musk-ox; *edzar*, cold; and *sla*, plenty—words that Gaudet told me at the last minute, when my interpreter backed out, and which I wrote down phonetically just as I was starting. I picked up a few others afterwards, but had really always to rely on signs, and I found the Indians not only dull of comprehension, although they ordinarily learn much quicker by the eye than by the ear, but disinclined to understand me. They seemed, with one or two exceptions, to wish to make it as difficult for me as possible.

Judging by appearances, Beniah was having a heated time of it persuading

them to go into the Barrens, as I supposed he would have, and the storm that had blown up, and the cold, which my thermometer registered as 46° below, did not tend to increase their liking for the venture. But I was convinced that Beniah would bring it about, because these Indians could not afford to deny him, and he would not, could not, go without them.

It was a lugubrious day that, for no meat was in the lodge, a hunter had been found frozen dead at his traps, some one had died in the adjoining lodge, and there was mourning in the air. My first intimation of the death was most dreadful feminine wailing, seconded by mournful howling of the dogs, which all together made such distressing bedlam as I hope never to hear again. The coffin was a rude slab box axe-hewn from the pine, bound together by babiche, and suspended from a single pole, by which it was borne as a litter on the shoulders of two Indians, one in front and one behind. Following were some half-dozen women, all chanting a most direful dirge; and as the little procession disappeared over the ridge the dogs sat on their haunches on top of the hill and whined a last requiem for the poor wretch, who would nevermore struggle for life in the white desert.

Next day I knew Beniah had succeeded in organizing a party, for the women began relacing snow-shoes and making mittens, and the men set to work shaving down pine poles into extra runners for the sledges. The Indian's tool-kit consists of an axe, a large file, and a "crooked knife," which has a blade made from a file, a bone handle, and in general appearance looks somewhat like a farrier's knife. It is an implement of general utility, carried by all, and exceedingly deft in the hands of some. The original of the dog-whip handle illustrated in an earlier paper, and really a very creditable piece of carving, was made with just such tools by William Flett, a Loucheux, and the interpreter at Fort Smith. When they go after musk-ox they add a huge weapon with a blade nine inches long and one-eighth of an inch thick (and the best shaped point for skinning I ever used), which becomes at once hunting-knife and Barren Ground axe—for nothing larger for chopping is taken or required.



A HUDSON BAY COMPANY FUR "PACK."

As the men toiled away at the pine slabs, shaving off about two inches for a length of seven feet with their crooked knives, and the women laced snow-shoes, I wondered if I had ever seen people do more work and accomplish less. If there is a roundabout way, these Indians seek it out; a straight line does not appeal to them in any form. They always begin at the wrong end, and choose the longest way. And as for pitching camp, a white man of any experience who could not do better would be well laughed at by his hunting companions. Between making up their mind as to the precise piece of ground on which to pitch it, and getting into one another's way while doing so, the length of time they take would make any man of roughing experience disgusted. How fervently I used to wish for a command of their language to give a few instructions, and, incidentally, my opinion of them individually and collectively!

And all the time they keep up an incessant jabber, or stop work entirely in the heat of discussion. Between chatter-



OLD FLINTLOCK TRADED TO THE INDIANS, AND MOOSE-SKIN GUN-COAT.

ing and, in the lodge, catching vermin, with which the women and children especially are literally alive, the wonder is they ever accomplish anything.

How gratified I was when on the third day we finally left the women, some of the vermin, and the lodges, and started on our way to the Barren Grounds, I shall not attempt to say. It seemed to me that the starving and freezing that lay before me were little less to be dreaded than the filth and monotony I was leaving behind. Not that I left all the filth or vermin behind, for my seven Indians took along a generous share, but, at any rate, I was out in the open, instead of being sandwiched between women and children that made me crawl only to look at them.

There was a very solemn leave-taking on the day we left Beniah's lodge. Every man embraced and kissed every woman, the men shook hands, and the children sat down in the snow and stared, and as we moved off the dogs left behind sent up their wolfish chorus.

Beniah and I had held a sign-talk that morning, and I made out that there was no meat in the lodge, which was no news, as we had eaten but tea and grease for two days; that in one "sleep," *i. e.*, by to-morrow morning, we should be where there were caribou; stop there one sleep, and then go on for *ejeri;* meanwhile his *con*, fire—*i. e.*, house—would be moved to the *toocho*, big water, *i. e.*, Great Slave Lake, because here where we were it was *bet-oole*, no meat. I understood from this that his wife would go to the lakes, around which the Indians always settle when the deer fail, and where she would await our return, subsisting on what fish could be caught under the ice or what rabbits might be snared in the woods.

The one "sleep" did not bring us up to the caribou, but it took us north to the lodge of another Indian, who had been more fortunate than we. Here for one day we feasted and the Indians slept, and when we started on again the next morning Beniah signed me that we were now off for musk-ox. Another day of travel in a fearful wind, the mercury at 47° below, over rocky ridges and through pine that was growing smaller and more scattering as we advanced, and at night we camped on the shore of King Lake.

The next morning we lingered for a couple of hours, while the Indians cut and trimmed lodge-poles that we must carry with us. And as I climbed to the top of a rocky ridge, and viewed the desert of treeless snow extending far into the horizon before me, I knew we had come to the edge of the timber, and that the Barren Grounds, in all their desolation, lay before me. And I thought, as I stood and gazed into the cheerless waste, that if death marked my venture, it would not be a hard country to leave.



CUTTING LODGE-POLES ON THE EDGE OF THE TIMBER.

From a photograph by Mr. Whitney.



THE month of May is the carnival of bee life in California, and at no other time of the year is the half work, half play of "bee-ranching" so wholly fascinating and delightful. After spring showers are over, a delicious warmth and fragrance steam up from the circling foothills, where every notch and byway is choked with flowering wildwood. The long blooming slopes stretch sunnily to fruitful valleys, and the whole riotous floral zone is voiced by honey-hunting bees. Their lilliputian cities are seen just without the open arms of cañons, the white hives arranged with the precision of dwellings along the streets. Sometimes these mimic thoroughfares are shaded by scattering oaks and sumac, or the green umbrellas of elderberry bushes, now fringed with freighted, creamy clusters. Where there are no indigenous trees it is not unusual for the thrifty apiarist to plant grape-vines and orchard rows between the hives, which serve the double purpose of shade and forage. A neighboring bee ranch is often four to five miles distant, and again this Palestine of the New World shows leagues on leagues of ideal pasturage, left solely to the harvesting of wild bees and various species of wasp and humming-bird, or to that interesting lover of sweets the Mexican honey-ant.

A typical Western apiary belongs to the foot-hill region of southern California. Here the atmosphere has that degree of heat and dryness essential to an abundant saccharine flow, and the high gravelly soil grows a luxuriance of nectar-bearing plants, the chief of which are the numerous varieties of sage. During the blossoming of these aromatic spikes the amount of honey stored by strong colonies is almost incredible. A summer's product will often average seventy-five to two hundred pounds a hive, and instances are not uncommon where a single Italian swarm has produced one thousand pounds of extracted honey in one year. This sage honey has rare virtues, and is said to be more delectable than the famed nectar of Hymettus or Chamouni, and whiter and finer flavored than the celebrated honeycombs of Atacama. To set one's teeth through an exquisitely frail comb brimming with the delicate nectar of the white sage—Audibertia—is a gustatory relish not to be otherwise equalled. More especially is this true if one has all the concomitants—a warm clean stone under a singing sycamore, mountain air spiced with countless odors, the monotone of bees at their voluptuous toil, a landscape billowing up to gigantic summits, and a stream hard by to keep the shout up in the heart.

To experience all this, and more, one need not go far from the partly cultivated district of Ventura. A few miles' drive mountainward from the nearest station, and the bee-man's province is entered upon. The country thereabout is sure to be stupendously wild and picturesque, a sublime uprising of massive heads above range upon range of tufted lower hills. A jagged gash through the granite precipices lets down a torrent of swirling, flashing foam. This furious stream appears bent upon carrying out the diabolical significance of its Indian name of Sespe (Devil). During the winter it is utterly impassable, but after the rains subside the horseman gathers up his feet and goads his mustang across, and the hardy

occupant of cart or wagon risks the wetting of his load as the wheels wrench and jerk over the polished stones of its bed.

Where the great hushed peaks stand reverently apart at the sharp-toothed jaws of the gorge a strip of bench-land follows narrowly up the Sespe, its surface covered with an enchanting tangle of purple and lavender sage, yellow mustard blooms, the blue of larkspur and phacelia, mimuluses swinging their golden censers, and a bewildering galaxy of other flowers nodding upon their slender scapes. And how the bees revel, each eager worker greedily cramming with yellow meal the baskets strapped to his sturdy thighs, or gorging his pocket with the colorless nectar of chalice and tube! Many of their numbers dive recklessly into cavernous cups, and emerge therefrom with their natty spring jackets absurdly dusted with pollen. Nevertheless, they cease not to hum ecstatically, being assured of flour for the home kneading of their bread and ambrosia for its spreading.

A half-mile up the cañon the slope widens to make room for five hundred colonies of bees, set uniformly under the beautiful tents of orange and lemon trees, or between grape-vines garmenting their uncouth stumps with a profusion of gray-green leaves. The bee-master's welcome is full of cordial fellowship and hospitable service. Like every one long habituated to the care of bees, the culture of retrospect is in his speech, and there is naught fictitious in the courtesy of his manners. Though masked like a highwayman, and going serenely about the wholesale robbery of his little charges, you perceive in him no hint of cruelty. On the contrary, there is admirable thoughtfulness, and an accuracy of judgment as to their nature and requirements which is positively scientific. Indeed, between the almost infallible intuition of the master and the marvellous instinct of the bees, my interest is boundless.

"How do you prevent your new swarms from taking to the hills?" I asked, having read of the impossibility of domesticating bees.

"If you will put on this veil, I can readily show you how I manage it," he replied, his stalwart figure preceding me to the apiary.

Stopping in front of a hive where the swarm hung listlessly on the outside, my companion cautiously drew out from the black moving mass a small wire cage, and held it toward me. No fear but I should recognize imprisoned royalty behind those tiny bars! When once beheld, the queen-bee can never be mistaken for either of her plebeian subjects, the drone or the worker. Not only is she far more elegant in shape, but she has the distinctive habit of crossing the tips of her wings after the helpless manner of genteel femineity in disposing of their hands. Truth, however, compels me to state that in this instance the dainty sovereign lacked the repose under indignity which imagination is wont to relegate to royalty. Her fretful racing to and fro savored of the impetuosity of the *canaille*, and ill comported with the aristocratic taper of her sashed and jewelled body, and the silvered lace of her lady wings. Fortunately her subjects proved less hypercritical, for instantly upon discovering the whereabout of the cage, they heaped themselves upon it, their frenzied buzz and motion eloquently testifying the genuineness of their anxiety for the safety of their mother and queen.

"You see how it is done." And the bee-master carefully slipped the cage back into place. "I have only to secure the queen to control the swarm, and so manage to avoid no end of loss and bother. I know the age of all my queens, and have only to refer to the letter and number of a hive to learn if she is old enough to be superseded. Kill her? Yes, that's the only way; but she's so pretty I have to shut my eyes to do it."

While obliging me by a sight of royal cells, the stiletto of an exasperated worker pierced his hand.

"'Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad,'" quoted my companion, gently brushing aside the perishing insect.

To give one's life in exchange for a moment's indulgence in bad temper seems hardly worth while, even from the stand-point of bee intelligence; but then, who knows but the little fellow felt a hero, nobly sacrificing himself in defence of the rights of property!

Out in the dazzling sun, for twenty or thirty feet up from the teeming hives, the air was thronged with bees on the wing, crossing and recrossing each other in an intricate maze of fine steely lines. There was summer music in their sustained murmur, and they carried about with

them the delicious perfume of honey. The master looked on with eyes beaming behind the black folds of bobbinet.

"It's a good day for work. The thermometer is ninety-four in the shade, and there's lots of moisture still in the ground. By sundown that hive on the scales will show an increase of ten to twelve pounds."

Every twenty minutes a cart packed with two hundred pounds of snowy comb intact was wheeled into the honey-house, where the eight baskets of the extractor were turned by a water-motor, with a connecting pipe to the reservoir high up on the bench. The extracted honey is run into enormous iron tanks, the largest with a capacity of 8000 pounds. Afterwards it is drawn off into sixty-pound cans to be put on the market. In 1884, an exceptionally good year for bees, the honey export from California aggregated 9,000,000 pounds.

There is something amazing in such wholesale collecting of a product so choice, and we no longer question the possibilities of this industry in a land so palpably favored by that amiable Grecian goddess Melissa. In one place on the Sespe there is a mighty drawing together of the walls of the cañon, forming a narrow neck dividing the upper and lower defiles. Late in sunshiny afternoons there is seen here a remarkable exhibition of bees in these parts. They stream through the rocky cleft like smoke from a funnel, their "business hum" drowned in the rush of the stream.

A man should have a good deal of the hermit in him to get the best there is in Arcadian bee-ranching. He must think himself good company, and his bees better than neighbors, for the isolation of his territory precludes all social advantages. In the long festival of honey-gathering the apiarist is rarely met with in the settlements, for a true lover of bees accounts it a hardship to miss the swarming of a single one of his hives. If he has wife and children willing to share his exile, no man is more envied of the gods. The most careless eye mistakes not the seal of his divine prerogative. The primitive shanty standing on the outskirts of



AN APIARY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

the apiary bourgeons with lean-to and porch, and takes on a respectable coat of whitewash. Fruit trees grow up like magic, roses and geraniums riot about the door, and you hear the homely clatter of barn-yard fowls. At this Sespe apiary the bee-master's wife is his most efficient co-worker—a fact the big lovable fellow admits with an honest glow:

"Why, in '86 there was no one on the ranch but her and me, and together we took out two thousand pounds of honey."

His four little daughters threaded their way through the colonies with the intrepidity of veteran bee-hands. The mother looked after their bobbing curls with the beautiful eyes of maternity.

"It *is* strange they don't get stung," she said, at our surprised comment. "But they soon learn to dodge the bees. Even baby has a trick of slipping to the other side of a tree if one is after her."

There is every advantage in establishing the right sort of understanding between one's self and bees. Being natural conservatives, they are intolerant of interference, and will brook no alteration in their plans. A swarm becomes accustomed to the presence of certain individuals, and one is tempted to think the subtle little critics are contemptuously aware of a "prentice hand," for a bungler working among them is sure to get more than his share of stings.

The next day after visiting the Sespe apiary my landlady in the modest country inn where I was stopping introduced to me a mild, stoop-shouldered man in worn coat and overalls.

"I was telling Mr. Martin you wanted to know all about California bees. He's the oldest bee-hunter in Ventura, and is going to Lake Glen this afternoon, and will be glad o' your company."

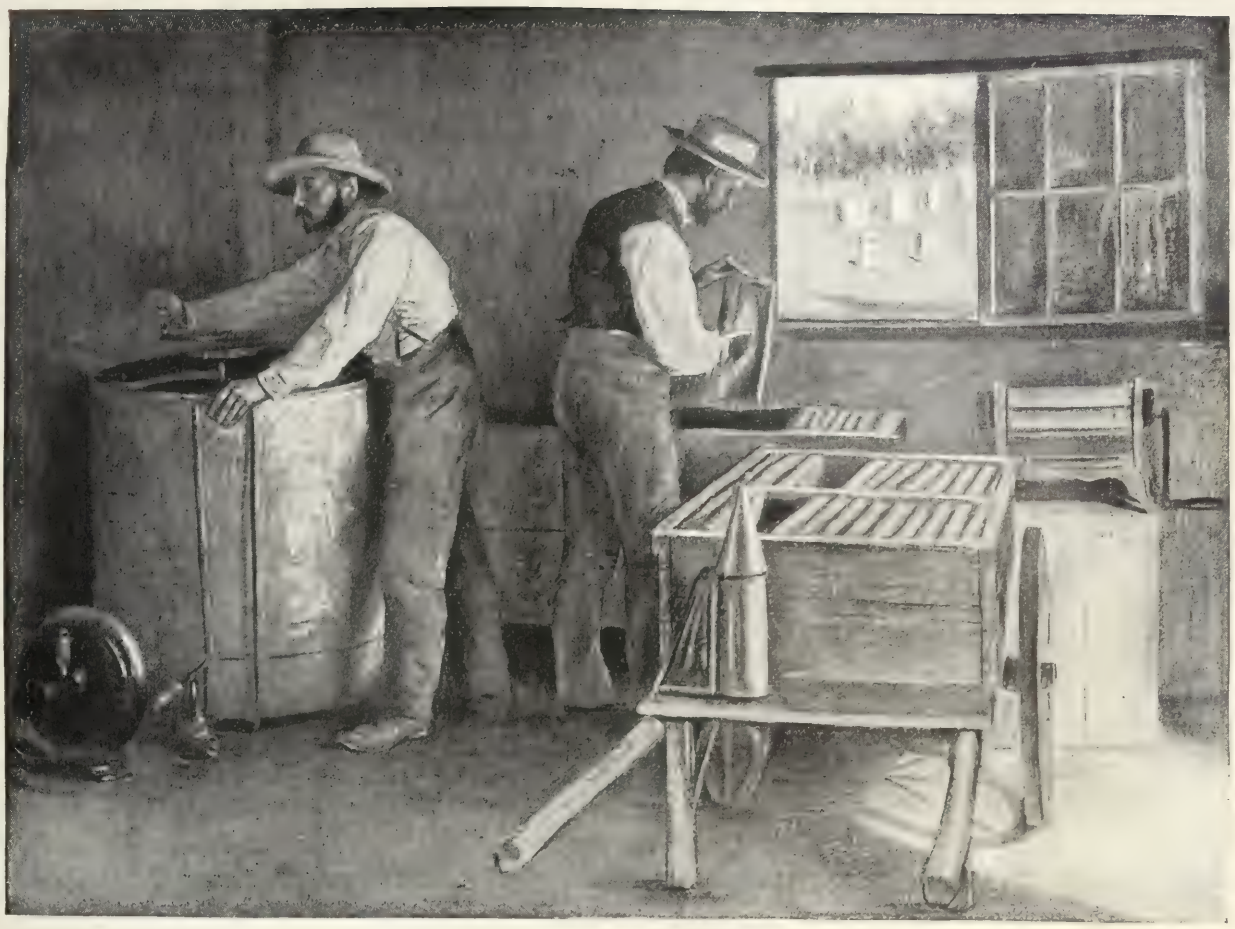
This was unexpected good fortune, and I thanked them both warmly. Mr. Martin took a chair, and carefully placing his hat on the floor beside him, pulled out a coarse cotton handkerchief and wiped his sunbrowned face and neck. His kind blue eyes had the manly straightforwardness of one not ashamed of his thoughts, and when he spoke it was directly to the purpose:

"You're more'n welcome to the ride, ma'am, though you won't see so many bees up to the Glen as on the Sespe ranch. But you'll find the place sightly; jes the kind women folks like—a lot o' posies an' ferns, an' trees bigger'n the valley oaks, with a lake in the middle pretty enough to make po'try 'bout. The folks there is friends o' mine, an' would make you to home overnight, an' next mornin' you could ride horseback 'cross the mountains to 'Happy Camp.' That's Richardson's place. He keeps two three hunderd stands there, and the same 'mount on Las Posas. There ain't no better bee-pasture anywhere than you'll see in them Tapo an' Simi mountains. It's a reg'lar Canaan; not ezzactly 'flowin' with milk,' fur most the cows is beef critturs, but the 'brooks o' honey' is there all the same."

This scriptural quotation was made with a gravity so opposed to the humor of his interpolation that I checked my inclination to smile, while hastily packing into a basket-valise a few necessaries for the trip. When all was in readiness I was helped to a seat in the two-wheeled cart, the bee-hunter taking his place by my side, and zealously intent upon my comfort and entertainment. Our road led south down a poppy-hedged farm lane, terminating in the wide bed of the Rio de Santa Clara, a joyous stream ploughing its way seaward through dense thickets of *guate mote* and willow. We forded the crystal current, and tugged through levels of deep sand studded with rank patches of ill-smelling wild tobacco and swampy growths of "Indian arrow timber," its silver foliage in blithe contrast to the rusty green of *yerba santa*, already putting forth its heliotrope clusters. Bees find precious storage in the microscopic nectaries of this "blessed herb," and Spanish matrons enthusiastically extol the medicinal properties of the rough, bitter leaves.

For nearly a mile we forced a passage through the sultry vistas of river vegetation, hard pressed by a cloud of stinging gnats, and inhaling scant breaths for the pungent odors and dust. Meanwhile I listened to a graphic description of the tremendous floods that sweep down here when rains are incessant:

"Sometimes it's like the ocean, all roll an' tumble, an' no one can git 'cross. Then, you'd hardly b'lieve it, but late in the fall there's weeks you won't see a speck o' water till you git lower down the valley. I rec'lect once, nigh on to twenty years ago, when I wa'n't much used to Californy rivers, me'n sister Hettie started to go up to Lake Glen afoot.



EXTRACTING HONEY.

Hettie didn't weigh more'n a hunderd pounds, 'cause she was kind o' sickly, an' 'fore we come to the river I kep' sayin', 'Now it won't do for you to git yer feet wet, so I'm goin' to carry you 'cross.' But, like mos' women, she was spunky, an' said she'd wade, the same as me. Well, we kep' on arguin' an' arguin' while we tramped ahead, expectin' ever' minute to strike the river, an' I'm boun' if we wa'n't climbin' the op'site bank 'fore either of us guessed we'd crossed 'thout seein' a drop o' water."

As we emerged from the willows he touched the horse smartly with the whip to encourage him up the steep rise. The road now wound into the deeper privacy of the Tapo heights, the rounded foothills breaking abruptly into colossal peaks, padded far up their fronts with the pale verdure of scented mints. Along the bristling chaparral margining their base the bleached trunks of sycamores marked the course of unseen streams. My companion pointed with his whip to these venerable trees:

"Many's the tree or rock in these mountains whose holler is chuck full o' honey. It beats all how short a time it took fur bees to git so plentiful. Up to '53 there wa'n't one o' the little fellers this side o' the Rockies. I knew the man who fetched the first swarms 'cross the Isthmus. They was the German black bees, an' he sold his young swarms fur a hunderd dollars a stand, an' honey fur four dollars a pound. Now most the reg'lar bee-keepers have I-talian bees, fur they ain't so cross, but at first we all depended on catchin' wild swarms. It took me an' my pardner a long while to learn that night wa'n't the bes' time to cut a bee tree. Mebby they do sting less then, but there's a hunderd times more of 'em to git in their work, fur when the sun shines they's mostly off after honey. The grizzlies used to give us lots o' trouble, fur there's nothin' they like so well as honey. Once we cut down a sycamore over on the Simi that was so big we got right in the holler to chop it. After we'd chipped open the trunk we saw all o' three four

hunderd pounds o' nice comb layin' up an' down inside. Well, if them pesky bees didn't lick us out, an' we had to go back to camp after thicker clothin'! We come back bright an' early next mornin', an' first thing we see was a big grizzly helpin' himself out o' our trough. We kep' fur 'nough away, so he didn't know we's 'bout, but we could see the bees make it warm fur him. While he'd scoop up the drippin' comb with his huge paw, they'd settle on his muzzle, an' he'd whine like a dog, but kep' right on eatin'. He'd stuff in a slab o' comb, an' then wipe off the bees with his sticky paw. It made me mad to see the old feller manglin' all that good honey we'd counted on fillin' our tubs with, but we hadn't the right sort o' tools to tackle him, an' knew better'n to try it."

Seeing my absorbed attention, he gave a preparatory cough, and continued:

"Another time we'd commenced takin' honey out a rock as big's a meetin'-house, when we noticed the horses gettin' scared an' pullin' at their halters. They was tied to a tree a rod or two away, but 'fore we got to 'em we made out to see through the dusk somethin's big as an ox circlin' jes outside the bushes. We wa'n't long concludin' it was a grizzly, by the way the snorts come rattlin' up through his lungs. I ain't 'shamed to say my hair riz up straight, an' Jack's would have too if he'd had any. We stood the crittur off by keepin' the fire goin', fur we didn't have but one ole musket between us, an' only one load fur that. Well, that bear hung roun' smelling the honey till plumb sunup, an' when we heard him goin' 'bout his business we got out o' there lively."

Here a frightened ejaculation from me caused a brief cessation of bee reminiscences; the cart appeared to be settling upon the back of the horse, and the animal coolly gathering his legs under him for a precipitous slide into a bottomless pit.

"Don't be oneasy, ma'am; it's ruther steep, but Nick's used to the road."

I braced my feet, and nervously clutched the seat with both hands. A moment of breathless suspense, and the cart struck bottom, only to be suddenly jerked backward in the first mad plunge up the bank, my glazed eyes fixed upon the taut bow made by Nick's spinal column, as the faithful beast fairly hooked his hoofs into the successive steps of the hill. Never had mountain pass more perilous ups and downs.

"How far is it to the Glen?" I asked, beginning to feel hysterical.

The clear eyes that met mine had a twinkle of merriment.

"Why, as to that, ma'am, folks don't agree. Comin' up, they're apt to think it's three four miles from the river; but goin' down, the same ones declare 'tain't half that fur. Now I say it's a long mile, comin' or goin'."

So pleased was he at my enjoyment of his little witticism that he took his own way to further keep up my spirits:

"I've seen worse roads than this in my time. I don't rec'lect any accident happ'nin' here worth speakin' 'bout, leastways nothin' ser'ous. Once Mrs. Wiley was pitched off that p'int we're jes comin' to. She had the baby in her arms, but neither on 'em got more'n a scratchin'. As fur her husband, he says he don't mind tippin' over now 'n' then if he has Toby in the harness. That horse really knows more'n a preacher. Once he was driv'n' down this very place, when Toby shied at somethin', an' next thing Wiley knew he was hangin' head first down that bank, with both feet catched in one o' the wheels. He said he sung out 'Whoa!' when he was goin' over, an' Toby stopped short, an' never moved a muscle till he'd righted himself, which wa'n't no quick job, I reckon. So, you see, there ain't no cause fur worry, though I won't say," with a painful exactness as to truth, "that my Nick's altogether as 'liable as ole Toby."

Another stout pull up the crumbling rim of an abyss, and poor Nick, drenched and quivering, was allowed to rest in the shade of a chalky cliff. Behind us a regnant concourse of ranges lifted sunset crowns in the great azure bowl of the sky. A host of shadows crept into the ragged gaps of the hills, and the golden distances of the valley began to take on violet dyes. The heart of a mountain solitude is primordial in its solemn tranquillity and stillness. Only the sylvan plaintiveness of the moaning dove came up from the stirless woods, and the resonant tapping of the yellow-hammer.

A piping "Halloa!" broke the rapt exaltation of the moment. With a startled glance aloft I beheld two magnificent sil-

houettes of horses sharply outlined on the brow of the cliff, each bestrode by a diminutive pantaletted mite in peaked cap.

"Two brownies!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"Oh no, ma'am. Brown's ranch is ten miles t'other side. Them's Wiley's little shavers. They ride bareback all over the range, and ain't but four an' six year old. The house is jes behind the cliff."

There was nothing in this primitive wilderness to suggest human habitation except those baby equestrians gingerly picking their way up against the crimsoning heavens. Nevertheless, upon rounding the butte, we found ourselves almost within the enclosure of a corral, and close at hand a weather-worn dwelling, with low roof, embowered in jessamine and roses. Before us nestled a cuplike glen, all smoothed to velvety softness by slanting fields of grain. In its deepest dimplement an alpine lakelet flashed like a jewel among the oaks and sycamores standing statelily up from the reedy rim. The place had the unspeakable sequestration belonging to all remote heights, and was inconceivably wild and picturesque.

The inmates of the cottage turned out to be intelligent, refined people, possessed of a cordiality so inviting that it was with no sense of strangeness or restraint that I found myself domiciled with them for the night. In noting the comforts of this cheerful home I remembered that each article in it had been brought piece by piece up the formidable grade we had come. Formerly everything had been packed upon horses, but improvements in the road made it now possible to use a cart, or even a light wagon, for the larger commodities. A flourishing garden and orchard surrounded the house, with apple, peach, plum, nectarine, and apricot trees, and branching figs, whose gray trunks upheld spacious canopies of soft, flapping leaves.

The Lake Glen bees make the most of the orchard, especially in later months, when summer heats have subdued the passionate efflorescence of these sun-nurtured mountains, and they are confined to the darker nectar of hoarhound, buckwheat, golden-rod, and fall-growing species of mint. They are particularly fond of grapes, figs, and apricots, their greedy partiality for the last often resulting in their death. Some fermented quality in this "golden apple" of Solomon's acts as an intoxicant, and the unwary triflers become hopelessly confused and fall by the way-side.

There is rarely a season so dry in this climate that bees cannot keep the hive going with an inferior quality of honey, but the indefatigable workers have frequently to travel a wearisome tour for the priceless modicum of sweet. At such times the little creatures are noticeably faded and irritable, and the tattered web of their fragile wings bears mournful evidence of superhuman exertion. Unless urged by famine, a bee does not go over two miles for forage, and the radius of this distance cannot well support more than two or three hundred colonies. When more than this number of swarms are crowded into this space, the amount of the honey product is apt to be sacrificed to the greater convenience of the bee-master.

The immediate range about Lake Glen gives pasture to a hundred head of horses and two hundred swarms of Italian bees. The apiary occupies a romantic dip at the head of the cañon, where the sycamores are of superb girth and height, and the cool sweet water of a gurgling stream sucks at the long grass and ferns on its banks. The nearest bee ranch, "Happy Camp," is four miles westward over the mountains, where a fairly good country road leads outward across the Las Posas Valley to Saticoy and Hueneme. An hour after a semi-tropic dawn, we gayly ascended a zigzag trail on our way to the "Camp," our sacks of luncheon dangling from the saddle-bows, with coils of twisted rawhide for the noonday tethering of our horses.

The glory of awakened day rested upon the peaks, the cañons sent up floods of bird melody, and brambly brake and bush were alive with chirrup and hum. Such a morn in the mountains is a transport to the soul, and every pulse throbbed to the ineffable harmonies of the hills. On the topmost eminence I drew up for a farewell look at the idyllic spot which had sheltered me for the night. The lake lay dark and unrippled in the hollow of the glade, not a glint of the bright spring sunshine filtering through the screen of the trees. I turned my gaze from its peaceful loveliness to the sublime freedom of the landscape beyond. Hun-



SMOKING DOWN THE BEES.

dreds of feet below stretched a magnificent sweep of the Santa Clara Valley, a thin mist lifting from its innumerable squares of farms, and revealing the blue, silent reaches of the river. Far across, fronting us in grim, awful majesty, the Sespe summits unflinchingly pierced the morning sky with their dominant, storm-battered domes. No eyes of mortal ever looked out upon a nobler or fairer picture.

A quarter of an hour's heedful treading of a downward gutter, a tingling scramble up a briery scarp, and our horses struck into an old wood road, curving under green arcades of branches. Thence on the cañon views were perfect. Through loops in the curtains of the leaves we had ravishing glimpses of gentle divisions in the hills, and slopes all asparkle with sun-gold and dew. A shallow stream braided sheeny rivulets through the clean sand of its bed, and walnut, laurel, and willow waved virgin wreaths of beautiful wild clematis. At times the rude prominence of a rocky ledge crowded us into a shadowed pool, and again we advanced single file in the creek through a tunnel of interlaced boughs.

Long before noon, despite our loiterings in the lovely defile, we sighted "Happy Camp," but not before we were almost in the midst of its little city of hives gleaming whitely through the oaks. The place had all the requisites for ideal bee-ranching — a high, warm altitude, perennial springs in the ravine, a lavish allurement of honey plants, and distance from the orchardist who has reason to complain that his sun-dried fruit finds its way to his neighbor's hives. A black-veiled figure moved among the colonies, busily engaged in the swarming of the bees. With a May sun deluging the cañon and a fleckless sky overhead, it was just the kind of day to cause a fever of ferment in overcrowded hives.

We held up our horses at a safe distance from the boiling stands, but were yet near enough to see a vortex of agi-

tated bees rising in the air, thousands upon thousands of them, all flying in a circular net-work of lines, involving the queen as a nucleus. Not sure of their destination, but with never a break in their anarchic hum, they sway up and down, now gathering their ranks about an attractive bush, then as quickly disbanding, and again whirling and massing themselves in dizzy evolutions, until finally the dark moving cloud settles into obstinate compactness on the limb of a tree. Here they continue to hang motionless in an elongated pendulous cluster until captured for the hive.

Nothing in nature furnishes so felicitous an illustration of cheerful work as bees at this season. They appear to be conscious that only Omniscient Love could have created the necessity to labor. Every hive has its multitude of ardent workers, all busy in a zestful fashion inspiriting to witness. Ecstasy is the law of their being, and it bubbles outward in the sweetness of their humming and a tireless exuberance of energy. When not too heavily swathed in pollen, bees will travel with a speed exceeding that of the fleetest horse. The astute little chemists are invariably discriminating in their taste, often heedless alike of the showiest and most fragrant flowers, and settling with a passion of acquisitiveness on the hispid florescence of sordid weeds. Where a poisonous sweet is suspected, they will delay the capping of their cells until the dangerous essence has had time to evaporate.

From time immemorial the intelligence of the bee, *Apis mellifica*, has been the marvel of naturalists and a fascinating study to the apiarist. Its chastity likewise is well understood, there being only one departure from this rule, and that for the high motive of perpetuating the swarm. Unlike many worthy dames, the queen-bee is never known to take a second wedding journey, though the object of her fatal preference dies upon that fateful occasion, without even being aware that he has fathered her prospective ten thousand progeny. These charming insects seem not to be troubled by the grosser instincts of human animals, and it would be interesting to trace this fact to the exquisite refinement of their food. As a slight foundation to begin with, we find everywhere in ancient bee classics a widespread belief in the high degree of spiritual and mental vigor following the persistent use of honey as a diet. Nor can we overlook the poetic, if apocryphal, evidence of the prophet Esdras, who lived upon flowers in the field of Ardath, and was not only wonderfully enlightened thereby, but also, according to his comfortable assurance, "was satisfied with the meat of the same"—results plausibly attributable to the globule of nectar secreted in the minute floral laboratories.

After a brief stay at "Happy Camp," we entered upon the great Simi Rancho, an extensive tract of agricultural and grazing lands, sparsely inhabited, and as yet gloriously given over to untrammelled nature. The original grant of this noble rancho is the only one in California that came direct from the crown of Spain. It once belonged to the famous De la Guerras, who lived for generations here in half-civilized luxury, supported by the princely revenue of their countless herds and flocks. The interests of the horticulturist have compelled the flocks far back into the territories, and limited the herds to a few thousand head, confined to breezy upland pastures in the mountains. A notable number of bee ranches have sprung up in the foot-hills here, and bear the musical Spanish names which yet cling to the localities: "Las Chupa-Rosas" (Humming-Birds' Nest), "Las Posas" (The Wells), "Mesa de Queso" (Table of Cheese), and "Cañada Verde" are all found in this paradise of the pastoral bee.

For a refreshing distance we kept to the bed of the stream, our horses straining at the bridles to sip of the babbling current or seize a mouthful of succulent herbage. A cooling ocean breeze stole up the dreaming aisle of the cañon, tumbling the blossoming tree-tops and setting afloat a myriad faint perfumes. There were nestling murmurs in the secret places of the branches, a restful hum of insects, the rich soprano of a white-barred mocking-bird, quail chattering sociably in the underbrush, and afar, on a pinnacled height, the raucous summons of a buzzard to a grewsome meal. One could hardly imagine these tranquil hills reechoing to less soothing sounds, yet we were destined to a startling interruption. Once out of the creek and galloping around a jutting flank of the ridge, a strange rumbling struck upon our ears. The mountains reverberated to some ap-

palling and continuous shock, the ground trembled, and visions of earthquakes and cyclones darted through my brain.

"A *rodeo!* See! the cattle—the cattle!" shrieked my companions, laughing, shouting, and pointing in the wildest enthusiasm at some spectacle still hid from my view.

The next moment I was at their side, and beheld a whole mountain tumultuous with thundering herds racing and circling to the hoarse yells of swarthy vaqueros, each swinging the loose end of a lasso, and spurring his horse recklessly, now up, now down, to head off the maddened beasts. All the cattle in these thousand hills were being driven to a "round-up" on the Little Simi, where the annual separating and branding would take place on the following day.

It was a sight for a lifetime—that mottled phalanx of glancing horns and hoofs held in check and swept upward by the trained mustangs of the Spaniards. They made brave, barbarous music, those goaded hundreds, with harsh chords distinguishable to the deafened ear—the ponderous basso mutterings of the bulls, a universal maternal bellow filling in the middle register, the tremolo of calves hustled underfoot, steers sounding the trump of doom, horns clashing like cymbals, hoofs drumming, and shrill and defiant above all the clangor the fifelike notes of rawboned Mexican cattle. It was deeply exciting to man and beast, and when a couple of stray yearlings crashed through alders next our trail, my horse made a splendid dash after, under low-hanging boughs which liked to have forced me from the saddle. The sagacious animal was but following out his training on a stock ranch, and it was some minutes before he could be induced to let the frightened steers seek covert in a copse.

By this time the speeding herds on the crest of the hill looked a jumbled mass of hides and horns, disappearing with terrific rapidity over the other side. Almost immediately the last rumble died away, the landscape resumed its wonted aspect of unbroken solitude, and only the broad trampled swaths of wild-oats marked the devastating of that hurricane of hoofs.

It was not so easy to rehabilitate one's mood with serenity. The summer languor had slipped from us, and an exaggerated stimulus quickened every sense to some new surprise. This jubilance of spirits communicated itself to our horses, and they sharpened their pace through vast blooming gardens, where the fountains of plenty were unsealed to humming throngs of wild bees. Many of the flowers were rare even to the botanist, but the loveliest of all these mountain beauties were the *Romneya coulteri*, a royal bush-poppy rooted in the stony flange of an arroyo, and those pale Parsees of Southern heights the *Calochortus nuttalii*. Whole hill-sides were lighted by the tall gray shafts of sage; and here and there, a king among floral subjects, the yucca waved its imperial white plume.

Where we stood on the summit the wide uplying pastures of oat and foxtail grasses rippled in the wind like a great lake. A world of mountains surrounded us, and afar, in the dazzling mists of high noon, we made out the shadowy outlines of the Channel Islands. From this imposing outlook our eyes turned wonderingly down the dizzy declivity at our feet, where nestled the hermit home of a bee-rancher.



THE GOSPEL OF THE GROUND.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

TO-DAY I stretch me on the shadowed grass,
And hear my heart say yet again to me
How sweet it is to let the bad world be.
Float, float, it says, with lightest things that pass;
Leap with the gauze-winged vaulters; glass to glass,
Drink with the bees,—mix in the revelry
Of those the Mother loveth tenderly,
Her own, to whom she giveth all she has.—
Ay, heart, we will forswear the old vain round,
Forestall wise death, betake us to the ground.

BRISEIS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIII.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE tall limes and the serried firs were black as ebony against the dark, clear skies; but when, having slipped out from the Castle immediately after dinner, Frank Gordon had passed through this belt of trees and entered upon the solitudes of the forest, a faint, spectral, gray mist lay over all the land; while a full white moon was sailing through the clouds that hung in shreds above the sombre vastness of Ben-na-Vân. The air was moist and scented with the odor of the sweet-gale. There was no sound but the soft sh—sh—sh of the distant river; though once he heard a strange cry overhead—the call of some unseen sea-bird to its mate on their way out to the western main. With his head bent somewhat forward, and his hands in his pockets, he strode slowly on, in no wise dreaming what a terrible necessity it was that drove him to argue with himself, and prove to himself, that he was the very happiest and luckiest man in the whole realm of England.

And yet he was able to convince himself, easily and triumphantly enough. Why, where could he have found such another prize? Here—amid these mysterious wastes—in the wan moonlight—he could summon up a vision of her, with all her brightness, her winsomeness, her gay humor, her happy-go-lucky disposition overbrimming with merriment and audacious good-comradeship; and he thought of the radiance, and color, and sunlight she would introduce into the dull old rooms of Grantly Castle. Nevertheless—nevertheless—there was something else haunting him that he could neither understand nor wholly dismiss. Middle age, surveying the future, counts by years, and has a fairly clear perception of limits. Youth, on the other hand, sees nothing but a succession of eternities, filled with boundless possibilities of fascination and glamour; and when the young man or the young woman, pressing forward into this unknown and entrancing world, is suddenly brought up, as it were, by some crisis that speaks of finality, the shock is apt to be startling. No doubt young Gordon, as he could conclusively prove to himself, was the happiest of men; but his amazing good luck had been sprung upon him somewhat unexpectedly; and he was bewildered; and perhaps a trifle afraid. There were to be no more vague wanderings and imaginings, then?—no more pensive questioning of eyes in the dusk of London conservatories?—no timid, half-wistful words during a homeward stroll through the June lanes? It was all fixed and final now; and there was nothing for him but to assure himself, for the hundred-and-fiftieth time, that his auspicious fortune was immeasurably greater than he deserved.

Of a sudden, far away in the gloom lying over the Corrieara burn, he perceived a red spark of fire, and he paused, wondering. That could be no will-o'-the-wisp, for the Corrieara burn comes down through rocky altitudes; besides, the light

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was crimson, not an opalescent blue. Who, then, could be traversing this voiceless country at such an hour of the night? And then he began to recall the events of the day — which had been entirely driven from his mind by recent agitations. This must be the stalking-party come home at last. He pushed forward. Presently, emerging from the profound shadows under Ben-na-Vân he beheld the small procession—the Prince riding in front, and smoking a cigar; then the second pony, with the slain stag bound on to its back, Ronald walking by its head, and Hughie keeping him company. It was a picturesque little group that came out of the mirk into the soft wan radiance of the moonlight; but Monseigneur was not thinking of that; the moment he saw who the stranger was, he pulled up his pony, and slid to the ground.

"Here, Ronald," he cried, "you take a turn in the saddle; you've had a long day of it." And then he eagerly caught his step-son by the arm. "Frank, my boy, I've something to show you — the grandest fourteen-pointer that's been taken in this forest for many a year! What d'you think of that, now?—and my first stalk! Look here, man, look!—look at the span of them!—what do you call these for points, eh? And you don't think they'll have gone to bed when we get back to the Castle? — no, no, surely not!—I've waited with the men on purpose, to make certain we should get the stag home—and they can't have gone to bed — the ladies must come to the hall door—Frank, honor bright, now, isn't it a splendid head!—"

"It's a fine head," said Frank Gordon, absently: his mind had been full of other things. And yet, when the stalkers resumed their journey—Monseigneur now on foot—young Gordon was not loth to have the whole story of the wild day's sport dinned into his ears. Having proved to himself all that he wished to prove, it might be wiser to accept that conclusion once and for ever. Why pay heed to any lurking doubts or dim forebodings? So he tramped along silently, listening to the wondrous and excited tale; and even in the smoking-room, later on, Monseigneur's astonishing adventures so monopolized the talk that the preoccupation of any single member of the party was not likely to be observed.

Between one and two o'clock in the morning, while he was still lying broad awake, he heard a slight rustling noise somewhere in his room, and paid little attention to it, thinking it but the patient endeavors of a mouse; the next moment, however, there was a knock at the door—a single rap—and thereafter he thought he could detect the faint sound of retreating footsteps. At once he reached up his hand and turned on the electric light; and then, looking about, he saw that a white envelope had been passed underneath the door and was lying conspicuously enough on the smooth parquetry. He was not long in possessing himself of this missive; and a very strange document it turned out to be—written in pencil, and incoherently scrawled over several sheets of paper.

'You will be going away early in the morning, and there will be all the people about; I cannot take leave of you *that* way. Frank, I *did* try to tell you something this evening; but I could not tell you *everything;* you would have thought too hardly of me. And all the same I deserve whatever you may choose to think of me; but then it began with my wishing to amuse you; and there were too many opportunities for mischief—too many opportunities—and I was silly—and of course you despise me—and I haven't a word to say in my defence. Only, it wasn't *all* mischief—Frank, you will believe that!—I declare on my honor that what happened to-night was honest and straight, whatever it may lead to—*I swear to you* I wasn't shamming then. You will believe me, Frank, won't you? I don't mean about the clipping of my hair —that *was* nonsense—I confess to that. For I put your fly-book with the scissors into my pocket when Johnnie left us at the Corrieara burn; and then I pretended to find it, and gave it to you to carry, so that you would have a pair of scissors in your pocket when I offered to let you cut my hair. Think of me what you please; but that's the truth; and there's lots more I could tell you; only a girl doesn't like to demean herself *too much;* and besides, you are going away. But the other thing —what followed—was true: oh, Frank, you surely won't imagine I was shamming *then!* I know I have been wicked —for the sake of fun; ever since my brother Percy went to Florida, I've been left to my own guidance, and maybe I've

gone over the line a bit now and again; but if you would only consider this, that perhaps I may prove *truer* in the *long run* than some of your *serious* ones, that have such high and exalted notions. No, I won't even say that; I have my pride too; you may despise me as much as ever you like—and I can take it—and no one will find me complain. But, Frank, it wasn't all shamming—it was not all shamming—you won't believe *that* of me! Or perhaps you think I would let myself be kissed by anybody? I know what men—*some* men, I mean—imagine about women. Very well. Think it, and welcome. I don't care. Why should I care? Frank—Frank—I don't know what I'm saying—and that's the truth; but you're not like the others; you are so generous and forgiving—and perhaps—perhaps—you'll be a little merciful in judging. And please don't write—that would only frighten me; just say 'Good-bye' the minute before you start—and I shall understand. G.'

Indeed he had no wish to judge harshly—or to judge at all—this poor distracted lass, who seemed to be suffering so acutely on account of her venial sins. Mischief?—the playfulness of a kitten! This scrawled letter, he could see easily enough, was honest through and through. It was even pathetic in its way. What could he do or say to reassure her—in that brief second before the driving off of the four-in-hand?

Well, it was little more than a moment he had with her on the next morning; for amidst the bustle of packing the luggage she did not put in an appearance; and reluctantly he was almost about to mount into the brake when she came timidly forth from the porch.

"Good-bye," said she, offering him her hand, her eyes cast to the ground.

"Good-bye," said he, much more cheerfully; and then he added in an undertone: "Don't let your head get filled with these absurd fancies. It isn't the least like you!"

"Will you write to me?" she said, and she managed to raise her eyes a little bit.

"Of course—as soon as we reach Grantly," he made answer; and then he said good-bye again; and got into the brake—hoping that no one had noticed that not protracted farewell.

For he had resolved upon keeping this all too happy secret to himself, in the mean time at least, although his mother was on the point of leaving England; and not even when they had arrived at Grantly, and when he had private speech with his old confidante, Jean Gordon, did he utter a word as to the prospective change in his life. It was Miss Jean who had news for him—news that startled him not a little.

"Frankie," said she to him, when the Prince and Princess had gone away to their own apartments to prepare for dinner, "do you remember an old gentleman, a botanist, and his niece, a Greek girl, who came out here last May?"

"Do I remember?" he repeated. "Why, how often have I asked you about them? And never once have I thought of them without remorse—"

"Remorse?" she said, staring.

"Remorse—and nothing else," he said. And then he went on quite bitterly: "That I should brag to them of Dee-side hospitality! 'Come as soon as you can, and stay as long as you can; and that's a Dee-side welcome'! Dee-side hospitality! —a cutlet, a glass of claret, and a shake of the hand at the door—that's Dee-side hospitality; and you let them go out into the world again—strangers to the country—and you never see them again—"

"My dear Frank, what more could you have done!" Aunt Jean protested. "You were leaving for London the same night—"

"If I could find them now," said he, warmly, "I would at least try to do something to redeem my promise. We may be what you like on Dee-side, but anyway we do not brag of our hospitality, and then sneak out—"

"Frank," said Jean Gordon, gravely, "you need not speak of those two as being together any more. The poor old man died quite shortly after their visit here—I fancy they left Sanchory the next day or the day after—and went in to Aberdeen. Indeed it's a pitiable story: I would have written to you, but I knew you were coming through."

For now it appeared that Aunt Jean, having occasion to dine with some friends of hers in the Granite City, had by accident met Mr. Murray, the Edinburgh lawyer who had had the settlement of poor old John Elliott's worldly affairs; and by further accident he had begun to tell Miss Jean Gordon something about the old botanist and his niece, when she grew

intensely interested, explaining that she had already met these two, out at Grantly. So she got all the particulars which the Edinburgh W. S. could furnish; and these in turn she now communicated to young Frank Gordon, who seemed unusually perturbed.

"Her aunt—a Mrs. Elliott—Devonshire Place?" he repeated. "And he fears she has been made into a kind of household drudge? Aunt Jean, I will go and see her the moment I get to London!"

"My dear Frank," said the kindly but practical Miss Jean, "what could you do? How could you interfere?—even if all that Mr. Murray says is true—and he judged merely by one or two casual visits he had to pay on business. You can't go rescuing distressed young ladies—"

"Dee-side hospitality!" he said, with returning bitterness. "And the girl is allowed to go away into a big and friendless town like Aberdeen—and the poor old man dies—of a broken heart, as I guess—and then she is taken away to London—among strangers— Well, Aunt Jean, I am not in the habit of rescuing distressed young ladies—it's not my line—I know nothing about it; but as soon as ever I get to London I'm going to call on her—and perhaps make some little apology—and show a little sympathy, at all events—and I don't care who says I shouldn't."

"Frank Gordon, ye're a wilful laddie," said Aunt Jean, shaking her head; and she rose, for the dressing-bell had rung. But all the same she lingered at the door for a second; and she added, in a sort of shy way: "Well, Frankie, if you're saying a kindly word to the girl, you might just put in another one as coming from me."

Dinner over, he got away to his own room, to write to Miss Georgie Lestrange; and this he found to be not such a desperate business, after all. It was a good-natured, simple, natural sort of letter, without any melancholic appeals or poetic sentiment. He made fun of her confessions and her self-reproaches. He was earnest in begging for all of her photographs she might have with her; and he gave her the address of his chambers in Jermyn Street, whither they might be sent. He wanted to know when she was likely to return to London, explaining that he would very soon be thrown on his own resources there, for his mother was extremely anxious to get hold of the hesitating Margravine of Pless-Gmunden, and the probability was that she and the Prince would not remain in town beyond a few days. Would she (that is, Miss Georgie) renew his thanks to Lady Rockminster for the pleasant time he had spent at Glen Skean Castle; and would she write and tell him what luck Sir Hugh was having with the stags. A friendly letter, without pretence or affectation of any sort. Only, he experienced some little sense of relief when he had got it finished, and when the envelope was sealed and directed.

On the very next day the Prince and Princess of Monteveltro left Aberdeen for the south, travelling up to London by the night mail from Perth; and on their arrival in town they drove to Brown's Hotel, while young Gordon went to his rooms in Jermyn Street, which he kept in permanency. Then, when he had thrown into the fire the circulars awaiting him, there came breakfast—the newspapers—dressing; following which he went out to purchase for himself a tall hat, an umbrella, a pair of gloves, and one or two similar articles not usually worn on Dee-side; and presently he found himself, all properly equipped and arrayed, with the whole of London to choose from, on this cool, bright, sunny morning. He had no particular plans. He thought he would stroll up Bond Street, and look at the latest photographs of the popular actresses. Then he went round to Brown's Hotel; but the Prince and Princess had already gone out—they had to make the most of their brief stay. Finally, having absolutely nothing else to do, he wandered on towards Regent's Park, with some vague idea of getting a glimpse at the house in Devonshire Place where sooner or later he should have to call at a more reasonable hour.

It was a large house, amid houses still larger and of considerable pretensions; and he casually noticed that it might have been improved as to its outer appearance had the pots of flowers and shrubs in the balcony of the first-floor windows been a trifle less dingy. But of course he could not stare; some one might be looking out—perhaps even Briseis Valieri herself; so he aimlessly passed on—possibly thinking in idle fashion of a certain spring morning on the banks of Dee—of the speedwells and gorse around the foot of

the massive Scotch firs—of the shimmering sunlight on the rippling stream—of a tall, and slim, and graceful stranger who seemed to come to him out of the unknown, with her great, dark eyes smiling, not with embarrassment. He was thus sauntering on, rather blindly, perhaps, when in turning into the Marylebone Road he very nearly ran into what seemed to him a perambulator that was being shoved along by the customary nursemaid.

"I beg your pardon," a voice said to him.

"I beg your pardon," he said in reply; and he raised his hat slightly—for he was of Highland birth and blood, and his native courtesy did not distinguish between a housemaid and anybody else.

But the next moment something happened.

"Miss Valieri!" he exclaimed.

"Sir Francis?" she said—a little surprised, but in no wise disconcerted.

The small lad in the Bath chair looked wonderingly from the one to the other.

"I was so sorry to hear of the sad news," the sun-tanned young gentleman said—and he turned and walked with her, for they could not block up the pavement. "I did not know until the day before yesterday. We were always expecting to see you and your uncle again at Grantly; and I wrote several times to Aunt Jean—you remember her—and she could not learn where you had gone. It troubled me more than you can imagine—for we were hoping to see or hear of you again—and you must have considered us so neglectful—"

"Indeed, no, Sir Francis," Briseis said, in rather a low voice. "My uncle was taken ill almost as soon as we reached Aberdeen; and of course there was nothing else to be thought of—"

"It was only the day before yesterday that I got your London address," he continued; "I came up to town this morning—and I had been proposing to call on you—"

"Sir Francis," said she, "may I introduce to you my cousin Adalbert—?"

"How do you do?" said the little gentleman in the Bath chair, and he held out his thin, blue-veined hand. "I suppose you are Sir Francis Gordon. Cousin Briseis has told me all about the claymores and the targes in the hall at Grantly Castle."

"And are you interested in such things?" said young Gordon, in a kindly way.

"Oh, yes, yes," the lad made answer, eagerly.

"Very well. Some day or other, when I get back to the north, I will look out one or two and send them up to you. They're rather picturesque things in a hall, you know."

By this time they were in Devonshire Place; and from one of the ground-floor windows a middle-aged, sandy-haired woman, with careworn face and tired eyes, was looking out. The moment she saw the Bath chair, she left the window, and hurried to the front door—for that would save summoning up one of the servants. The lame boy's crutches she had also brought into the hall.

"Shall I lend you a hand?" young Gordon said to this unfortunate chap; and he got him out, and helped him up the steps, and deposited him on the landing. Then he turned to see why Briseis had not followed. Briseis was tugging and straining at the Bath chair, and evidently dealing with a difficult job; so the next moment he was down at the pavement again; he quietly put her aside; and with one arm (only this was the arm accustomed to the casting of a 38-yard line) he had hauled the chair right up to the door. It was an unusual way of arriving at any one's house; and great was the distress of Mrs. Elliott on learning—through Briseis's introduction—that the stranger who had thus played the part of footman was Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly.

"I am so sorry," she said, almost breathlessly; "—so stupid for no one to be about—and my niece is so independent—she is always for doing everything herself. Briseis has told me, Sir Francis, how kind you were to her and my poor dear brother-in-law when they were in the north; and though we cannot offer you Highland hospitality—still, if you wouldn't mind an informal invitation—we shall be having luncheon almost directly—and it would be a great pleasure, Sir Francis, to us all—"

Nay, she pressed him; for this poor woman was ever conscious of her dear girls, and of the letters they would send home to their parents; moreover, might she not secure Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly for her reception on the following Saturday evening—to add a little lustre to that rare and rather expensive

form of advertisement? She was persuasive; and the smiling, timid eyes of the Greek girl plainly said 'Oh, yes, why not?'; so he assented without more ado.

"This way, Sir Francis," said the widow, conducting him along the hall and up-stairs to the drawing-room. "I fear you will find us rather untidy; for we have all been busy making things for dear Lady Hammersley's fancy bazaar—in aid of her Mission to Draymen, you know. Briseis," she continued, as they entered the room — which appeared to contain a perfectly riotous assemblage of half-dressed dolls, unfinished pen-wipers, and embroidered pillow-slips — "do remove some of these things—put them on the piano — anywhere out of sight: the fact is, Sir Francis, my dear girls are so indefatigable in the cause of charity that sometimes they hurry on from one task to another. And, Briseis, if you would be so kind as to tell Olga and Brenda, and the young ladies, to come in here on their way down to lunch? I do hope everything is ready; for we must not keep Sir Francis waiting."

Sir Francis had now the honor of being presented to, in succession, the five young ladies of this establishment; for the rumor had flown from room to room that a baronet had descended among the sons and daughters of men; and they flocked in out of curiosity, if with no more ambitious aims. But Briseis? She did not appear with them. He guessed —for he remembered certain hints he had received from Aunt Jean as coming from Mr. Murray—that Briseis had gone down stairs to see that luncheon was in proper trim; and he guessed rightly.

He was further confirmed in his surmises when they had all trooped down to the dining-room, and taken their places. Here he was introduced to Edward the medical student; and conceived no liking for that cadaverous and sardonic youth; especially as he began to notice that his playful little sarcasms were mostly levelled at Briseis. She — gracious, sweet, apparently well pleased with all the world —did not seem to mind. She settled the lame boy more comfortably in his chair. She fetched the bread-tray, and forked out a piece for each: the solitary maid-servant could not see to everything. Mrs. Elliott's conversation (between anxious glances directed hither and thither) was chiefly about the old families of Scotland; and she managed to intimate to young Gordon of Grantly (what he knew already) that she and her surroundings were connected with the Elliotts of the Lea.

Then, when they had all been served with hot or cold, the parlormaid left the room, and for some reason or another did not immediately return. Mrs. Elliott grew more and more embarrassed and disconnected in her replies; for all the glasses were empty—there was not even a jug of water on the table. At last, growing desperate, she said—

"Briseis—would you mind — I think Agnes has been detained — would you mind handing round the sherry and claret?"

With the utmost cheerfulness and complacency Briseis Valieri got up from her seat, and went to the sideboard, and possessed herself of the two decanters.

"'Serva Briseis, niveo colore,'" murmured the medical student, with a bit of a snigger; and whoever may or may not have caught the phrase, young Gordon did, and thought (with angry eyes) that he would remember. It might be the beginning of a score.

Meanwhile Briseis, having got hold of the wine, was naturally returning to the chief guest of the occasion, to proffer the usual question. But Frank Gordon had been inwardly chafing and fretting; there was a flush on his forehead; besides, he was a 'self-willed laddie,' as Aunt Jean had called him. And so, on Briseis drawing near, he abruptly rose from his place.

"Will you allow me?" he said; and he took the decanters from her; and deliberately went round the table, asking each which he or she preferred, until at length he reached the medical student. There he planked down the two decanters, without any question at all.

"Oh, Sir Francis," said the poor widow, "how could you give yourself so much trouble? I'm sure I don't know what servants are coming to nowadays: I'm always changing them — and changing for the worse, I think."

After luncheon they returned to the drawing-room; and as Briseis at once set to work on the unfinished knickknacks for the fancy bazaar, while the other girls devoted themselves to such desultory occupations as allowed them covertly to scrutinize the handsome young gentleman from the north, Mrs. Elliott had her

BY THIS TIME THEY WERE IN DEVONSHIRE PLACE.

visitor all to herself. And at once she plunged in medias res.

"I hope, Sir Francis," she said, in her most winning way (the poor, tired woman, with the almost hopeless eyes!) "that you are not engaged on Saturday evening. We have a few friends coming—these dear girls we have with us must have a little society to lighten their studies—and I am sure you would be charmed with Lady Hammersley—she is so bright and clever, and has known so many famous persons in her time. She has not definitely promised, it is true," the widow continued—for she preserved her honesty even amidst these many and sore perplexities and trials—"but when she sees all these things we have been making for her bazaar, I am sure she won't refuse; and I am sure you would be charmed with her—"

"Oh, but, Mrs. Elliott," said the young man, modestly, "you need not offer me any inducements. I shall be delighted to come if I can; the only thing is, that my movements at present depend on my mother and the Prince—I don't know when they may be starting for Buda-Pesth—" And then, seeing that she seemed somewhat mystified, he had briefly to explain to her the relationship between himself and the Prince and Princess of Monteveltro, and the reasons why he should be at their beck and call during their stay in London.

Mrs. Elliott's heart beat quick, and wild visions swam before her eyes. A Prince and Princess—a reigning Prince, too: if she could but secure these distinguished personages for this one evening—for ten minutes on that one evening—would not a seal be set on these little festivities of hers for ever and ever? Would not this or that family communicate with others—at rectory dinners and the like? Could not a few paragraphs in the 'society' papers be secured? Well, to make this proposal demanded courage; but the poor woman was brave; and much need had she had to be brave, during her long struggle with vacillating fortune.

"Oh, Sir Francis," said she, with a pitiful eagerness that he could not but perceive, "do you think you could persuade the Prince and Princess to come with you on Saturday evening, if only for a few minutes—it would be such an honor!—"

He laughed, doubtingly.

"My step-papa is rather lazy," he said; "but as for the Mater, she will do anything I ask of her; and I am sure—if they are still in town—and if they happen to have no definite engagement for that evening—I am sure it will give her very great pleasure."

"Should I send the Prince and Princess a card of invitation?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh no," he said, "don't trouble. I will ask them this afternoon how long they are to be in London. And that reminds me: if you will excuse me, I must be off to my duties; for I rather fancy they expect me to trot about with them, until they set out for Buda-Pesth."

So he rose to take his leave; and the last of them with whom he shook hands in the drawing-room was Briseis Valieri.

"I must write and tell Aunt Jean I have seen you," he said to the beautiful, tall Greek girl, who regarded him with no conscious shyness, but rather with a pleased and smiling and perhaps grateful friendliness. "I know she will be most interested to hear."

And therewith he left, lighting a cigarette as soon as he was outside, and good-naturedly thinking that he might just as well try to get the Prince and Princess to confer this small favor on the poor widow, as to whose situation and straits and efforts he had formed a pretty correct conjecture. As he leisurely strolled from Portland Place and Langham Place down into Regent Street, he could not help noticing the attractive young English ladies who with their sisters and mammas were crowding round the milliners' windows—fresh-complexioned maidens, with beautiful hair, and pretty bonnets, and sweetly tinted profile of cheek and chin. Very attractive, no doubt— But his eyes, as he knew, were closed now. His fate was sealed. He had conclusively proved to himself that he was the luckiest and happiest of men; and he could always fall back upon that assured and comfortable conviction; although, to be sure, at times—at some odd hour—at some unexpected moment—a quick spasm of unknown and unreasoning dread would seize him, with something almost like suffocation of the heart. But then again, these uncontrollable, these irrational flinchings from the future were of short duration; he put them aside with angry impatience; nay, at this very moment was he not going calmly and confidently away down to

Jermyn Street, to see if the packet of photographs had arrived from Miss Georgie, so that he might make a proud display of them all along his mantel-shelf?

CHAPTER XIV.

A DEPARTURE.

THE photographs were not there; but the Prince was; and forthwith young Gordon found himself haled off to a shop in Piccadilly, where he was bidden to choose a complete set of golfing implements, all of the most approved type.

"Golfing in Monteveltro!" he protested. "Well, you won't want for hazards! How many mountain-peaks to the course?"

"Oh, we shall do excellently," said Monseigneur, with much confidence. "I know where will be a very good links. As for bunkers, plenty; as for turf, why you have not in England a better tennis-lawn than Stephenson—you remember, the British Chargé d'Affaires—has adjoining his house. We shall make out a golf-course well enough, do not you fear!"

Next Frank Gordon was dragged off to another shop in Piccadilly, where inquiries were made about a stag's head of fourteen points that had been sent to be stuffed and mounted; and minute instructions were given as to the safest method of transit by which the much-prized trophy could be conveyed to Sattaro on the Dalmatian coast.

And then again they pursued their way until they drew near to Brown's Hotel. Carriages were driving up; and from these there descended to cross the pavement, one after another, a number of distinctly foreign-looking personages, for Madame the Princess was at home this afternoon to certain of her friends.

"Pah!" said Monseigneur, peevishly. "What is it now! They will never get their £15,000 a year pension for King Milan, though they try to talk over each and every member of the Skupstchina, and his wife, and his mother, and his sister. He is a good man, King Milan, and he has done great service to his country, and better than all he is a well-wisher to Monteveltro; but look at their finances—how are they to meet the next coupon?—"

They entered the hotel.

"Frank," said Monseigneur, in an undertone, "you come up stairs with me. We will slip by unnoticed. I wish to show you what Wienerschnitzel and Gurkensalat can do now: Wienerschnitzel, when he lays down the pipe, gives a bark—that is his thanks for the smoke; and Gurkensalat she can get the pipe into her mouth with her paws, putting her head close to the table—"

But of course an affectionate and obedient son could not play such a shameless trick on his mother; so Frank Gordon, not to be seduced away from his duty, at once went into the drawing-room, and mixed among these strange folk, and endeavored to make himself as polite and agreeable as his not very fluent French or German allowed. The Prince had for the moment disappeared—no doubt to make sure, first of all, that Wienerschnitzel and Gurkensalat were not being neglected.

On this evening the Prince and Princess were dining at a certain Embassy—and young Gordon of Grantly had also received an invitation; and it was while the three of them were driving down to Belgrave Square that he got his earliest opportunity of putting in a word for poor Mrs. Elliott.

"You see, Mater," he pleaded, when he had partly explained the circumstances, "blood is thicker than water—Scotch blood especially; and the old Scotch families should show a little clannishness; and not many of them have better claims than the Elliotts of the Lea. And you needn't think it's snobbery on the part of this poor woman; I don't believe there's an ounce of snobbery in her composition; but one can see how your going there might give her a bit of a lift, don't you know; and I think she is in pretty hard straits—"

"Saturday?" repeated his mother. "It is practically a holiday-night for us, as it chances: we dine with the Von Hohenecks—and there was a talk of our trying to see an act or so of *Carmen*—but that is hardly possible—"

"In any case you could look in at Mrs. Elliott's on your way home," young Gordon pointed out directly.

"What do you say, Michael?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"If you wish it, yes," he answered with easy indifference: he generally submitted to be taken about, wherever she wanted, by his more energetic consort.

"Most likely there won't be any one

you know," her son continued. "But at least I want you to meet the Greek young lady about whom I told you—you remember—"

"Oh," she exclaimed, with her eyebrows elevated a bit, "is this, then, the house where the divine one scrubs the dishes?"

"It isn't that—or anything like that!" he rejoined, in tones of distinct annoyance. "Why do you put things so harshly—and so wrongly? You have merely heard what Aunt Jean had to say about her—along with some rumors coming from an Edinburgh lawyer. But if she is in that position, or anything approaching to it, I know the reason: it is simply because she has got a sort of kindly and good-humored acquiescence in her disposition; she doesn't know her own value; she doesn't stand on her rights; she seems so happy in herself that she would take any trouble to do anything for any one." And then he altered his manner altogether. "Well, Mater, I'm not going to insist. You'll see and judge for yourself. But if there was any generosity about you, or sympathy, or a single spark of humanity or fellow-feeling, why, you'd just take this girl away with you, and keep her beside you as your companion and friend; and you could introduce her at Court—Vienna or anywhere; and I don't think you would have much reason to be ashamed of her! I should imagine not! She has every accomplishment; she speaks all kinds of languages; and she's just the most beautiful creature you ever set eyes on, with the most unselfish nature, and a charm of manner that is indescribable—Oh, you may take my word for it you wouldn't have her long on your hands! The majority of men may be fools; but they're not such mortal fools as that. She's fitted to marry into any society; and of course she would marry well—instead of dragging out her life as a drudge in a sort of genteel boarding-house."

"Frankie, my lad," said the Princess, a little more gravely, "I fear my hands are a little too full for me to make any such experiment—at present, at least."

"But you'll be kind to her on Saturday night," he pleaded.

"Oh, no. Certainly not. I will taunt her with her poverty; and ask her by what right she has come up from the kitchen."

"You will, will you?" said he, with a laugh. "Very well, what I know is this: she'll make a poor, soft, ridiculous idiot of you before you've been three minutes within the influence of her eyes, and her smile."

"Frankie," said the Princess, as they were going up the Embassy stairs, "is this a trap you've laid for me?"

"When and where?" he exclaimed.

"Saturday night," she replied. "Your language is rather warm about that young Greek lady—"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense," he said. "I was giving you a most unbiassed opinion. Mater, wait till you see. You know Aunt Jean is not very impressionable; and yet she just won Aunt Jean's heart away from her."

But stirring events were to happen before that Saturday night. When he got home from the Embassy, the first thing he saw on entering his rooms was a telegraphic envelope placed prominently on the mantel-piece. He opened it and read the contents—and these he found to be sufficiently surprising.

"Come down by first train to-morrow morning. Urgent. Rockminster, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool."

And in an instant he had jumped to the conclusion that this mysterious summons was in some way connected with Georgie Lestrange. She had been too shy to telegraph to him herself; so she had asked Lord Rockminster to do that for her—Rockminster who had been her host and in a manner her guardian at the date of her last writing. And were these two now in Liverpool? And why? Well, the only thing that remained for him was to hunt up *Bradshaw;* there he found that the morning train for Liverpool left Euston at 7.15; and then he sat down and wrote a note to his mother explaining that she must excuse his absence on the following day—until the evening, at all events; he would send her a more definite message as soon as he could ascertain what was wanted of him. His sleep that night was restless; and his waking moments full of uneasy suspense.

It was a little after noon when he reached Liverpool; and he went straight to the Adelphi Hotel; Lord Rockminster, as he perceived from a distance, was on the pavement outside, idly looking about him, and smoking a cigarette.

"Awfully good of you to come down," Rockminster said, when Frank Gordon

arrived. "Fact is, I sent that telegram on my own responsibility—"

"But what's the matter?" the younger man demanded abruptly.

"If you want it cut short, then: Miss Lestrange sails to-day in the *Barbaric*, for New York; and I thought you would like to know—I mean, I thought you might wish to see her before she left—Now, look here, Gordon, one word of clear understanding," he went on—for Frank Gordon appeared too bewildered to put any questions, "I fancy there is something between Miss Georgie and you; but it is none of my business; and I don't want to be told anything about it. You understand? I know nothing—don't want to know. Only, she has seemed preoccupied and distressed out of all reason; and I was certain she hadn't sent you a telegram—mightn't like, perhaps—or may have thought writing would explain better—she's writing now, in the Ladies' Drawing-room; and last night I thought I would act on my own responsibility, without asking her any impertinent question—hope I haven't made an infernal mess of it—"

"But what is it all about? Why is she going to America? Why did she not tell me?" young Gordon demanded, with wide eyes.

"No time. Everything has been so hurried. Here, come into the coffee-room, and sit down: there won't be anybody about."

And indeed the long and spacious coffee-room was practically empty, save for a passing waiter. These two took seats at a window table.

"You know her brother Percy," Rockminster began, in his usual imperturbable fashion: whatever whirl of incidents might be about was not likely to upset the equilibrium of his brain.

"I've heard of him—I've never seen him," Frank Gordon answered.

"Very nice fellow—clever, you know—awfully good at private theatricals and that sort of thing. But he got tired of loafing about Campden Hill and South Kensington; went to Florida; bought a partnership in a big fruit-growing concern, and was getting on well enough with his figs and oranges and bananas. Been to Florida?"

"Never."

"You may thank the Lord. Consists of oranges and swamps; and on a show of hands the swamps would have it. From this letter of his partner's it appears he was seized with some sort of malarial fever; got it precious bad; then I suppose they flooded him with quinine and bark; eventually they chased out the fever; and looked to his getting all right again as a matter of course. But he hasn't got all right—fearful depression and weakness—nervous system all broken down—cares for nothing—will not try to get up—sinking into a kind of hopeless apathy—cries for no reason whatever—and only asks for rest—rest—until I can see they are afraid of his slipping off into a kind of rest that isn't in the reckoning. And he has been talking about his sister—in his half-delirious state imploring them to send for her. Well, of course all this upset Miss Georgie terribly, and she hardly knew what to do; when right on the heels of the letter comes a telegram saying that a Mr. and Mrs. Martinez de la Pena, neighbors of theirs out there in Florida, were returning by the *Barbaric*, and would bring her along with them if she were disposed to come. So you may imagine what telegraphing, and packing, and travelling has been crammed into the past thirty-six hours; but here we are at last—cabin secured, and everything; and all that lies before us now is an early luncheon and a leisurely getting aboard the tender." Rockminster had been lazily playing with the handle of one of the forks. He suddenly looked up. "I say, Gordon, if you think I've put my foot in this affair, by telegraphing for you, there is time for you to skip out and get back to the station; and I shall never breathe a word about your having been here."

"Of course not—of course not!" Frank Gordon made answer, almost indignantly. "I must see her—of course I must see her. And I may tell you this, Rockminster: you're not so far out in your surmise about her and myself—only—don't you see—nothing has been formally communicated to any one as yet. And I think it's awfully good of you to have taken all this trouble, and come right away down from Inverness-shire with her—"

"My good chap, what else could I do!" his companion protested, in his half-indifferent way. "But I must go and find her now."

He had not to go very far; for at this precise moment Miss Georgie appeared at the door of the coffee-room, timidly look-

ing round. When she saw who this was who was rising to meet her, along with Lord Rockminster, she stood stock-still—she almost shrank back—as if she did not know whether to advance or retreat—as if she did not know what to think or what to say to him. And then again she pulled up a certain courage—though her face was flushed and embarrassed in a most unusual manner; she went forward and said 'How do you do?' to him, as if this were quite an ordinary occasion; and then she turned to Lord Rockminster.

"Mr. and Mrs. De la Pena," said she, "are asking when you propose to have lunch; they seem anxious to be in good time on board the tender—"

"We will have luncheon here and now," said Rockminster, promptly—perceiving a chance of leaving these two together for a moment. "Where are the De la Penas?—in the writing-room? I will go and fetch them."

And then as soon as he was gone she looked up.

"How did you know?" she said. "I have been writing to you—most of the morning—but the letter is in my pocket. I did not think telegraphing would be of any use—I could not explain. How did you know to come here?"

"Rockminster telegraphed to me last night," he answered her, simply enough.

"Lord Rockminster?" she repeated—and the embarrassment in her face did not grow less. "But—but did Lord Rockminster suspect—how did he come to assume—"

"He was quite right in assuming!" her companion said, boldly. "Of course he could not ask you questions you might think impertinent; but if he guessed that you would rather have me come to see you off, he was quite right in sending for me—"

"Oh, Frank, it's so kind of you—you always are so kind!" she said, in a low voice.

"And is your brother so very ill?" he asked.

"I will show you his partner's letter presently," said she, as she somewhat drew away from him—for Lord Rockminster and the swarthy-visaged De la Penas were now visible at the coffee-room door.

This unwonted constraint and timidity lasted all through luncheon. Perhaps she resented the inferences that these strangers would naturally draw from the sudden arrival of this young man. Perhaps she was secretly wondering if the rest of the people at Glen Skean Castle shared in the assumption that had induced Lord Rockminster to telegraph for Frank Gordon. Or again she may have been tired with the long travelling; her mind was doubtless full of unrest about her brother; and she may have contemplated the unknown voyage and the subsequent journey with some natural nervousness. At all events, she was no longer the light-hearted, gay, audacious Georgie Lestrange; even when they were going out on the brisk little tender, she paid no heed to the eagerly talkative people about her, nor did she care to look at the wide and busy river, with its innumerable small craft darting about in every direction, while the smoky sunlight was splintered in glints and gleams on the tawny surface of the current. She was as one dazed when she got on board the great ship, with its hurrying passengers, its officers, and the long row of stewards marshalled in array. It was Mrs. De la Pena who took her below, and found out her cabin for her, and deposited there the small parcels she had brought with her. And then she returned on deck again.

"Frank," said she, in an undertone, "were you annoyed that—that Lord Rockminster should have guessed?"

"Good gracious, why?" said he.

"And—and do you think the other people at the Castle have been imagining the same thing?"

"I don't know—but they are entirely welcome!" said he, with a decision that ought to have given heart of grace to this poor trembling lass who was half clinging to him.

"Here is the letter I meant to post to you," she continued, and she covertly handed it to him. "You will find Percy's address in it, if you care to write to me—"

"If I care to write to you!"

"And, Frank, don't think of me as you see me now!" she pleaded. "This isn't me at all. I'm frightened by the confusion. Long before we reach New York, I know I shall be as merry as a grig; and when I get to Branch Valley I shall cheer Percy up in no time and set him quite right again. Don't think of me as I am now—"

A bell rang for the second time.

"I must get back to the tender," said he.

She moved with him to the end of the gangway, where Lord Rockminster was waiting to bid her farewell; and it was to Rockminster that she said good-bye first. Then she turned to young Gordon.

"Good-bye, Frank!" said she—and she lifted her face towards him—her eyes full of tears.

He said good-bye and kissed her—not caring how many commercial travellers, of Liverpool or New York, might be looking on: indeed, these merry gentlemen were mostly engaged in calling messages to their friends on board the other vessel. Then he, too, had to pass along the gangway; and almost immediately thereafter the tender set off for the wharf, while the great ship began slowly and steadily to creep down stream. He stood on the paddle-box, waving a handkerchief until further recognition was impossible. And that was the last of poor, wild, wicked Georgie that he saw for many a long day to come.

Meanwhile an intimation that the Prince and Princess of Monteveltro really meant to honor by their presence Mrs. Elliott's reception on Saturday night was sufficient to arouse a profound if partly concealed excitement throughout the house in Devonshire Place. Even the sullen and sluggish Brenda woke up to the possibilities of the occasion; the intractable spitfire Olga became quite submissive in her appeals for advice and assistance; and the three young ladies from the country secretly and separately telegraphed down to their relatives, announcing the momentous fact, and demanding authority for unlimited millinery outlay. But it was on the poor widow's shoulders that the burden of anxieties fell; insomuch that at times she was almost sinking into despair, and wishing she had never been so audacious as to prefer her breathless request. And then again she would pull herself together, determined to make the most of her great opportunity. She could not now issue invitations "To meet the Prince and Princess of Monteveltro"—for her cards had already been issued; but she could go to such of her acquaintances as had not yet been asked, and in a casual kind of way mention that these august personages were likely to illumine her poor house on Saturday evening, and would Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, if they happened to have no other engagement, care to look in for a little while? Indeed, she asked everybody she could think of; for she knew that the bigger the crowd the less attention could be directed to worn carpets and shabby furniture. Then she went to a florist, and made a bargain with him about the loan of flowers for the supper table and the staircase landing. She had almost pathetic conversations with the confectioner about this or that small economy, and the resulting price per head. And all through these few and hurried days there dwelt in her mind a never-ending, rather an increasing, perplexity as to who among her more distinguished guests should take down whom to supper. Here are some of the solutions that presented themselves from time to time, amid all this wild worry of preparation:—

Sir F. Gordon—The Princess.
The Crowd.
The Prince—Hostess.

* * *

The Prince—The Princess.
Sir F. Gordon—Hostess.
The Crowd.

* * *

The Prince—Hostess.
The Crowd.
Sir F. Gordon—The Princess.

* * *

Sir F. Gordon—The Princess.
The Prince—Hostess.
The Crowd.

Nay, the longer she considered this problem the more hopeless it became, until in her desperation she resolved on doing nothing at all. Some accident would happen. Some involuntary movement among the people would lead them to choose such partners as were near them; and while the crowd, descending to the dining-room, would swarm along the buffet or occupy the scattered chairs, the small table at the upper end reserved for the Prince and Princess, Sir Francis Gordon, and their hostess would remain secure. She would talk to her illustrious guests on their way thither, as if not noticing what had occurred or was occurring. They would drop into their places as a matter of course; the white-gloved waiter would open the first bottle of champagne; and in a few moments a benignant and reassuring clamor would everywhere prevail.

And at length the great night arrived; all the gases and candles had been lit; the flowers arranged; the supper table



"'DON'T THINK OF ME AS YOU SEE ME NOW,' SHE PLEADED."

laid out in fair display; everything that mortal could do on scant means and within the strict confines of solvency had been done by the apprehensive but indomitable little widow; only—only—as quarter of an hour after quarter of an hour went by, and her rooms had got almost chokefull with the murmuring crowd she knew that if after all she was disappointed of her exalted guests then her very heart-strings would crack. She talked to this one and the other; but her nervous glances invariably returned to the door. She did not heed what was said to her; she forgot to notice whether her bonny darlings Olga and Brenda were looking their best; she could not even send Briseis off on some final errand of decoration: all her thoughts were concentrated on that empty doorway. And then, of a sudden, her longing eyes seemed to recognize a familiar face—handsome and sunburnt—out there in the semi-dusk; there was a tall young gentleman whose arrival was of the most joyous import; almost by his side there was a vision of a lady of imposing presence, all in white satin and lace and pearls; and following her came a stout gentleman who wore a broad blue ribbon across his waistcoat and a conspicuous diamond star close to the lapel of his coat. A kind of hush fell over the general conversation of the room —and that was in itself unnerving; but the little widow had steeled herself against this crisis; she advanced to the Princess, and took her hand, and welcomed her with a few pretty words; and she was introduced to the Prince; and these two remained talking with her, while young Gordon passed on to pay his respects to Miss Olga and Miss Brenda. All the same, he was looking about a little. Where was Briseis, then? He could see no sign of her. And yet he had brought the Prince and Princess mainly that they should get to know something of Briseis Valieri; and who could tell at what moment Monseigneur, who was a whimsical sort of person, might not insist on getting away home?

And then he went back to Mrs. Elliott, meaning to ask her downright what had become of her niece. But just at this moment there slipped in at the doorway a tall and slim and graceful figure dressed

entirely in black; and the new-comer seemed inclined to linger there, to be out of observation, as it were, while she could see all that was going on. Frank Gordon at once went up to her—delight in his eyes.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Miss Valieri," said he; "I want you to know my mother. Shall I bring her to you?"

"Oh, no, I will go with you."

Indeed it was but a step or two; and the beautiful young Greek girl showed no hesitation in accompanying him: the next moment found her being presented to the Princess and her husband. Then Gordon, considering that Briseis Valieri might well be left to make her impression in her own way, withdrew from that little group, and wandered back to Olga and Brenda, and their chatter about the new pianist whose red head had set all feminine London on fire.

Now in what manner or under what direction her swarm of guests got themselves down to the supper-room, the agitated and all too happy Mrs. Elliott herself hardly knew; but the end of it was that the long apartment was speedily filled with an amorphous throng—the dowagers claiming the occasional chairs, the younger folk foraging at the buffet, or being attended to in quiet corners; while the Prince and Princess had been successfully navigated to the small table. They and their hostess took their places; but young Gordon remained standing—looking down the busy room.

"Won't you be seated, Sir Francis?" the widow said to him—she was anxious to have the little party of four complete.

"Oh, no, thanks," he said. "I would rather make myself useful—if I knew how—"

"Then go and fetch Miss Valieri," his mother said to him, promptly. "Here is a place for her—and we were interrupted when she was telling me about Tricoupi—"

"Oh, Briseis?" interposed the little widow. "She is so very kind! She offered to remain in the drawing-room, with my youngest son—the poor lad is lame, you know, Princess, and cannot get about very well—"

With that Frank Gordon moved away. He did not seem to have any particular aim. In fact he had to move slowly; for the place was crammed; and young men carrying oscillating things on plates were objects to be avoided. But at length he got out into the hall; he ascended the vacant staircase; he reached the landing. And here he paused.

For the door of the drawing-room was open an inch or so; and while he stood hesitatingly still there came to him a sound such as never before had fallen upon his ears. Piano-playing in general he rather detested; its mechanical, staccato tinkle-tank produced no effect on him — except irritation and a desire for quiet. But this strange melody that now he heard seemed to run and ripple in continuous cadences: measured, it is true, for it was clearly a dance—a joyous dance—soft, and elusive, and distant at times, and then again full and glad and clear as a thrush's song on a May morning. Then it ceased; and there followed a kind of mysterious chant—a solitary voice, as musical as the music, pronouncing the words almost in monotone:

The young maidens are merrily dancing,
Out in the sun the young maidens are dancing,
Their hands are linked around the olive-tree:
Little one, Marianoula, why dost thou weep?

Again the dance-music: one can almost see the lithe limbs and the flowing draperies, the outstretched arm and swift-glancing foot, in the dappled shade under the olives. And again the low-voiced, plaintive recitative:

Her lover came to the well,
With soft words her lover came to the well,
The red and white flowers of her heart were opened,
The red and white flowers of her heart were filled with dew:
Little one, Marianoula, why sittest thou apart?

But now those running and rippling chords become more buoyant; the passing note of sadness is abandoned; the sinuous melody weaves itself into a happier strain. And the recitative that follows speaks welcome words:

Lo! a stranger upon the road—
The road that comes winding from Zagora;
He bears in his hand a beautiful necklace:
Little one, Marianoula, the necklace is for thee.

The music grows louder and more joyous; and then again it droops—it seems to draw near—it seems almost to whisper—it is a whisper that a maiden may understand:

What are the jewels on the necklace?
The jewels are tears, the tears of absence:
Arise, Marianoula, and greet thy lover!
Little one, Marianoula, thou must dry his tears.

Then there were a few notes of farewell —fading into silence.

The strange and extraordinary charm of this composition—the fascination and mysticism of the music, and the impression of dim remoteness, and pity, and tenderness conveyed by that low-toned voice —held him spellbound for a second or two; and he could not move. It was as if sleep were around him—and dreams—and an inexpressible consciousness of the tragedy of human life. And then—for he was here on a mission—he strove to throw off this magic web of entrancement; he stepped up to the door and opened it; and looking into the large and empty room he found that Briseis had turned from the piano and was talking to her boy-cousin Adalbert.

"I have been sent for you, Miss Valieri," he said. "My mother wants you to sit by her—she has kept a place for you—"

"I cannot do that, Sir Francis," she answered, smiling-eyed, "for I have been left in charge. But if you wouldn't mind staying with Adalbert for a few minutes, I should like to go down and get some supper for him—I know the things he prefers—"

Young Gordon accepted the post with great good-will; and Briseis left the room.

"What was that your cousin was singing and playing before I came in?" he asked.

"Oh, that?" replied the lame lad. "That? That was one of the things she makes out of her own head, you know. You see, she and I go into the Park every morning at twelve; and she reads to me; but it would be rather scudgy of me, wouldn't it, to keep her always at those reports of cricket and football that a girl can't care about? And so I sometimes read for myself; and then I can see that she sits thinking—but not very seriously either—it's about the verses, you know—sometimes they're little Polish songs, and sometimes Hungarian, and sometimes Armenian—but there's always an English version for me. And although she's kept awfully busy in the house, now and again the others are away at an afternoon concert, or something of that kind—and she's generally left at home with me—and she asks me to come in here for a little while—and she plays —well, did you ever hear such playing? —she can make the piano speak—it says anything she wants to say—and then between she recites the verses—so low—I wonder you could have heard—"

At this point the door was again opened. But it was not Briseis who appeared; it was Olga Elliott, carrying a plate and a spoon and fork; and the moment that Gordon set eyes on her he saw that something was wrong.

"Yes, you may well stare!" said she —and her lips were pale with passion. "That I should be ordered to fetch and carry things like a kitchen-maid—sent away from the room—while Briseis Valieri is singled out, and taken up, and put at the Prince's table! The—the upstart! She and her shabby black rags—when all the rest of us had been at such pains—"

"Cousin Briseis," said the small lame boy, with his face afire, "dresses better than any of you—and that always—always!—"

"Here, take this rubbish—and I hope it may choke you!" exclaimed the scowling-eyed fury, and she thrust the plate upon him. "A seat reserved for Briseis Valieri, at the Prince's table!—and I dare say she wasn't asked at all—I dare say it was her own downright impudence that made her force her way—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Olga," said Frank Gordon—but mildly, for he had never seen a girl of decent upbringing in such an ungovernable rage before, and in fact he was rather frightened. "The Princess sent me to find Miss Valieri—"

"Then does the Princess know in whose house she is?" demanded this sallow-complexioned virago with the flaming eyes. "She was invited here by a family called Elliott. I am an Elliott. I'm not a foreigner. But I've got to go for aspic jelly —I am sent away from the room—while a foreign creature in a dingy black dress is taken to the Prince's table—with everybody looking on!—"

"It is not a dingy black dress—it is the prettiest dress in the whole house!" the lame boy retorted, panting a little.

But this stormy scene had to end; for there were sounds outside, of people ascending the staircase; and the very first to put in an appearance was the Prince himself, who was accompanied by Briseis Valieri—the Princess having been detained below by Mrs. Elliott, to run the gauntlet of introductions. Monseigneur was talking in German; and he was

laughing consumedly; and so occupied was he with this subject of Wienerschnitzel and Gurkensalat that he seized two chairs, and made Briseis sit down with him, that he might the better describe to her the irresistible drolleries of his two black poodles. But when the Princess came up, Briseis was released from durance; for Frank Gordon's mother seemed to have a great deal to say to this Greek girl, and to be much interested in her, and charmed with her, as all this miscellaneous assemblage could clearly perceive.

As they were driving down to Brown's Hotel—and, indeed, almost as soon as they had left the house—Frank Gordon said to his mother:

"Well, Mater, what have you to say about the Maid of Athens?"

The Princess of Monteveltro—as she sometimes did, for caprice or amusement—lapsed into the Scotch tongue.

"Frankie, lad, I thought ye were just bletherin when ye spoke of her; but I find ye were not. She's just a witch of a lassie, that—with her great, big eyes, and the smiling daintiness of her, and her pretty voice: she'll make many a man's heart sore, will that one. Keep out of her way, Frankie; keep out of her way; that's my advice to ye."

"I?" he said, in some little astonishment. And then he added, quietly: "You don't understand, Mater. I shall be sending you a letter one of these days."

CHAPTER XV.

A SQUIRE OF DAMES.

A FEW days after these occurrences, and between one and two in the afternoon, Frank Gordon drove up to Mrs. Elliott's house in Devonshire Place, jumped out of the hansom, ascended the steps, and rang the bell. After a little delay a maidservant appeared.

"Can I see Mrs. Elliott?" he asked.

"They're at luncheon," she said, looking troubled.

"Yes, I know. But I want to speak to her for only a moment. Will you tell her, please? No, thanks, I won't go up to the drawing-room; I will wait here."

He remained in the hall, while the girl disappeared into the dining-room, leaving the door open. Apparently there was some disputatious argument going on within; but, as he could plainly hear, it was wound up by a contemptuous declaration on the part of the fiery-tempered Olga.

"It's all rubbish this trying to talk French among ourselves!" she maintained, with scornful emphasis. "We ought to be taken over to Dieppe or Boulogne for a month or two months every year—then we might have a chance. As it is, we simply go blundering on without knowing it; and what fools we should make of ourselves if we went to Paris! I wonder what the Parisian dentist thought when the English girl went into his place and said to him 'Monsieur, s'il vous plaît, examinez mes dentelles.'"

At this moment the much-harassed mother made her appearance; and directly she saw who her visitor was her face—the poor, worn, enduring face—lit up with pleasure and gratitude.

"Won't you come in, Sir Francis?—we are just having luncheon—"

"Oh, no, thank you," he said. "I have called only for a second. But it is to ask a great favor of you, Mrs. Elliott—"

And what favor could he ask that she was not eager to grant? It was he who had assisted her in a higher ambition than any she had ever dreamed of; already, as the fruit of an industrious sowing of little paragraphs, several of the morning journals had announced that on the previous Saturday evening the Prince and Princess of Monteveltro had been present at a reception given by Mrs. Alexander Elliott, of—Devonshire Place; this piece of intelligence, she knew, would be copied into many of the weekly papers, especially those devoted to the doings of womankind; and there was no end to the flattering hopes that had now got possession of her brain. She saw more applicants for introduction to fashionable society; she saw her terms raised from £400 to £600 per annum; she saw her darling girls made much of and asked to go everywhere; she saw Edward the medical student entered for his three years at Caius College. And what indulgent kindness or courtesy should she withhold from the young man who had done so much for her?

"Mrs. Elliott," said he, "I want you to put all your young ladies under my charge for an hour or so this afternoon. An artist friend of mine has just come back from China — been house-boating

and sketching there for over eighteen months—and his drawings are now hung in Lucas's exhibition-rooms in Bond Street. This is the opening day—private-view day, rather—and he's an old friend of mine; I should like him to have a good crowd, to show that there was public interest; and I'm sure, if you'll entrust me with your young ladies, I will take every care of them—"

"Oh, but they will be delighted to go!" she exclaimed, cheerfully—it was such an easy way of granting a favor!

"Shall I call for them at three, or half past?" he inquired.

"Perhaps half past three would be better," said the widow—for she knew what a tumult of preparation would shortly prevail throughout the house. Then she hesitated. "Did you say all of them, Sir Francis? There are Olga and Brenda—I know they are free; and Miss Bingham, and Miss Tressider, and Miss Holmes, I'm sure they will be most pleased to go. But as for Briseis—Miss Valieri, you know—she and I had planned out some bits of household work for the afternoon; and perhaps you would be so kind as to excuse her—"

He flushed—flushed like a school-boy; and for a moment seemed quite taken aback. But the next instant he had adventured upon a course that admits of neither palliation nor excuse.

"Oh, but didn't I tell you," he stammered (inventing as he went on) "that my friend Heatherstone has some Scotch sketches too—Aberdeenshire—it was in Aberdeenshire I first met him years ago; and these are almost sure to be on exhibition—perhaps in a separate room—or on screens, you know. And I am certain Miss Valieri would be so interested in them—if you don't mind, Mrs. Elliott—if it isn't putting you about—I should so much like Miss Valieri to renew her acquaintance with the Aberdeenshire hills—"

"Oh, very well, Sir Francis," said the widow, rather wondering at his unnecessary insistence. "But what a handful you will have!"

"I shall be here punctually at half past three," said he. "And thank you ever so much!" And with that he departed—directing the cabman to drive him forthwith to a certain restaurant in Bond Street. It was not of his own personal requirements he was thinking.

And perhaps he had not entered into any minute analysis of the motives that had led him to embark on this project. For one thing, his time was entirely at his own disposal, now that the Prince and Princess were on their way to Buda-Pesth; and then again Mrs. Elliott was a countrywoman of his, and here was an opportunity of paying her a little compliment; and no doubt Fred Heatherstone would be glad of any addition to the assemblage meandering through the exhibition-rooms. But behind and apart from these considerations there was a vague recollection of his having spoken indiscreetly to the old botanist and his niece about a Dee-side welcome; and he wished Briseis Valieri to know that Dee-side folk were not neglectful; generally speaking, he wanted to make atonement—for a wrong that had never been committed. And so he was most exacting in his arrangements with the head waiter at this restaurant; and he had little sprays of flowers provided to be placed on the table, one for each young lady, when they should come out to have tea; and finally, in course of time, he returned with two four-wheeled cabs to Devonshire Place. Then, as the half-dozen girls went three and three into the two vehicles, he had his choice; and he chose that one in which Briseis was seated—perhaps because she was a sort of half-stranger in London and thus especially his guest; or perhaps because her eyes chanced to meet his, and they were full of a kindly pleasure and thanks; or perhaps because he had got into a way of rather liking to hear the sound of her voice, which was extremely soft and musical. Anyhow he and she sat opposite each other on their way down to Bond Street; and it was mainly to her that he gave an account of his friend Fred Heatherstone, his position in the art world, and the class of people who for the most part formed his patrons.

It was Fred Heatherstone himself who received them—a youngish man of extraordinarily clear blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and clipped brown beard and mustache; and very polite he was to Frank Gordon's little group—though it was to Briseis that his regard was continuously and covertly returning; and when a move was made towards an examination of the pictures, it was Briseis with whom he ranged himself, proposing to go round with her.

"The sketches can't tell everything, you know," said he, in a modest, shy way. "And we had a few adventures on the Chinese canals."

As for Miss Bingham, and Miss Tressider, and Miss Holmes, and the two sisters Olga and Brenda, the ever-arriving crowd and the more striking of the costumes afforded them sufficient occupation; but of course they had to make a perfunctory survey of the framed drawings; and it was while they were so engaged that Frank Gordon chanced to espy, near the turnstile, a young lady to whom he had been introduced at the Hypatia Club. Being of a bold, not to say reckless, nature, he ventured to approach this damsel, although he knew her occupation, and could perceive that she held a little note-book half hidden in her hand.

"I'm afraid you won't remember me, Miss Caledon," he said, as he raised his hat. "It was Miss Lestrange who was kind enough to—"

"Oh, but I've got you down, Sir Francis," said she, with a half-sarcastic smile: she evidently took it for granted that his object in addressing her was to get his own name into the newspapers: she had had an early and sad experience of the ways of the world, had this comely young lass with the wild blond hair and the alert gray eyes. "But perhaps you can help me—would you mind?—there are one or two whom I don't recognize, though they appear to be attracting some attention. Who is the short, soldierly man with the grizzled mustache—do you see him over there in the corner—the lady with him can't be his wife, for he's so awfully attentive to her—"

Well, Frank Gordon's acquaintance with the fashionable or artistic circles of London was far from being over-extensive; but at least he knew a number of those present as friends of his friend Heatherstone; and he did what he could to assist this frank-spoken and pleasant-looking young person. Then she said—

"You brought in quite a big party with you."

"Yes," he made answer—arriving at last at his real object in going up to her. "And there are two of them you might put down in your list, Miss Caledon—it would be so good of you—their mother would be so pleased—"

"Yes, but is there anything special about their costume?—or have they done anything?" she said, rather petulantly.

"Oh, never mind about that," he said. "There they are—just beyond the marble figure—Miss Olga Elliott and Miss Brenda Elliott—their mother would be so awfully pleased—"

She scribbled down the names, rather unwillingly. Then she said—

"But didn't that beautiful girl come in with you—that tall, foreign-looking girl who is going round with Mr. Heatherstone? She is carrying everything before her—don't you notice?—every one following her with their eyes whenever there's a chance—didn't she come in with your party?"

He rather drew back in manner.

"Oh — well — yes — she did," he admitted, in a distant kind of fashion.

"Who is she?" was the next prompt demand.

"Oh, I wouldn't put her in your list," he said, uneasily. "Oh, no, never mind! —I'm sure you've got enough down—"

"But I tell you she promises to be the chief feature of the afternoon: I must have her name!" the lady journalist protested—and the little note-book was again opened.

"I've forgotten it," he said, in desperation.

"Forgotten her name? And she is one of your party?" the young damsel exclaimed, staring at him.

"Oh, no, I did not mean that. What I mean is that it is so difficult to spell—Greek names are very difficult to spell in English—changing the *u* into *y* and the *ch* into *x* and all that kind of thing. I really couldn't undertake— But I see my young people are looking about for me—good-afternoon, Miss Caledon, and thank you ever so much!" He shook hands with her, and raised his hat, and turned away to lose himself in the crowd. And thus it was that in the account which appeared in one or two evening papers—to be copied in numerous weekly publications—of the distinguished throng who had flocked to Mr. F. Heatherstone's Private View, there were to be found the names of Miss Olga and Miss Brenda Elliott, but no mention was made of any Greek young lady having been present. Perhaps Frank Gordon could not have explained to himself the origin of this little bit of proud reserve on his part.

In the mean time Briseis, having gone

the round of the walls, was now engaged in talking to the artist's mother—a singularly refined-looking old lady, with silvery-white hair and an almost girlish freshness of complexion; and it was at this point that young Gordon came up with the proposition that as he was about to take his small troop of guests to have tea at the restaurant where he had had a table reserved for them, Mrs. Heatherstone and her son might as well come too. The invitation was at once accepted; the girls were noiselessly summoned; and a short time thereafter they were all of them seated together in the tea-room, chatting and laughing as if newly released from bondage. To be sure, there were only six sprays of flowers; but the moment she saw how matters lay, Briseis, on pretence of putting her gloves and catalogue on the window-sill, passed round the table to Mrs. Heatherstone's chair and slipped her own tiny nosegay in front of the old lady. No one noticed — except young Gordon of Grantly; who thought that sooner or later he might have an opportunity of making up to Miss Valieri for that little act of self-sacrifice.

As it turned out, this expedition from end to end proved to be a complete success; and when eventually he had convoyed his charges home, and when he turned away to walk down to his club, he was very well content with the experiment. He did not stay to consider whether there might not be a certain dangerous facility about it. He was in London, thrown very much on his resources; most of his friends and chums and outlying kinsmen were away in the country; he himself did not propose returning to Aberdeenshire until Christmas, for he had several shooting engagements to get through, in Norfolk and Sussex; and meanwhile there was a kind of odd amusement in taking a drove of girls about, while he was doing a good turn to his countrywoman, Mrs. Elliott, in leaving the house quiet for her. The spitfire Olga was almost kind to him; the sulky and sullen Brenda was quite clearly trying to be amiable; the three bucolics were as merry as crickets; while as for Briseis Valieri, her bright intelligence, her serene sweetness, and the compelling splendor of her eyes were obvious to every one, and why should he alone of mortals refuse to yield to their attraction? He treated her as he treated the others—or he thought he did. And at the present moment he was on his way down to the Sirloin Club, where he intended before dinner to write a long letter to Georgie Lestrange—poor Georgie who, instead of wandering round picture-rooms, and looking at pretty costumes, and having sprays of flowers placed for her at the tea table, was now away on the wild Atlantic, with a world of uncertainties before her.

He might have gone down to the Oxford and Cambridge and taken his chance of finding some one he knew; but the Sirloin is a small and extremely exclusive club; no stranger or guest is admitted within its doors; members are expected to talk to each other, if they are that way inclined, whether they have met before or not; accordingly he was sure of having companionship at dinner, even if his neighbor puffed cigarette smoke into his soup—for the one chamber at the Sirloin serves as dining-room, smoking-room, and reading-room combined. As he entered the long and high-ceilinged apartment it looked invitingly snug on this chill October evening; there was a big fire blazing at the further end; there were rose-shaded lamps on the snow-white table; everything seemed neat, and trim, and well-appointed; and the row of old silver jugs and tankards and snuff-boxes—the gifts of loyal members — lent a certain richness of look to the eighteenth-century sideboard. There were but three persons present as yet: the ducal founder of the institution was seated at a small table, scanning the pages of the candidates' book; a famous musical entertainer lay at full length on a sofa, perhaps trying to make up for late nights; a callow youth, elegantly dressed, and chewing a toothpick, was blankly staring at this or the other of the valuable engravings that were ranged along the walls. A profound silence reigned: young Gordon of Grantly would have undisturbed seclusion for the writing of the letter that was to follow Miss Georgie across the far Atlantic.

It was a frank and friendly letter—and extremely sensible: there were in it none of the endearing banalities, the secret meanings, the 'little language' that lovers are used to send to each other. He said he was anxiously awaiting her telegram from New York; he hoped she would find her brother much better; he looked forward to the time when he should be walking up and down the wharf at Liver-

pool to welcome her on her return. And then, having finished this communication —and being still in a dutiful mood—he took another sheet of paper, and composed a brief note for his mother. According to promise, he said, he was writing to her; and the object of his writing was to tell her that he was engaged to Miss Georgie Lestrange. Probably, he hinted, it was no great news to her—after the constant association she must have observed at Glen Skean Castle; nevertheless Georgie would be so pleased if the Princess would send her a kindly little message, and he would see that it was duly conveyed to her. When Frank Gordon had closed and addressed these two letters and deposited them in the box, he rose and looked round about him, with something of the air of being a free man.

The first new-comer he noticed was a well-known actor-manager, whose picturesque and effective *Hamlet* was just then the talk of theatrical circles; and this gentleman, when he had ordered the bit of fish and glass of claret he permitted himself on the way down to the theatre, came over to Gordon.

"I saw you leaving Heatherstone's show this afternoon," said he; "there were a lot of you."

"Yes, rather a responsibility, all those girls."

Then of a sudden an idea sprang into Frank Gordon's brain. He had nothing to do in this town of London; and taking those girls about was a kind of harmless frolic.

"I say," he observed to the actor-manager, who was drawing in a chair to the table, "I should like to bring that little crowd to see your *Hamlet;* and it would be an additional point of interest—it would interest them tremendously—if they could be admitted behind the scenes for a minute or two—"

"Against all law and order," was the very definite response.

"But who makes a law can break it," said Gordon, enigmatically. "And I'll let you off easy; I'll bring only three instead of six. And only a couple of minutes—we should not interfere with anybody—"

This modern representative of Hamlet the Dane was a reflective person. He was also an angler; and occasionally he took his holidays in Scotland. Furthermore, he had heard that Sir Francis Gordon of Grantly was the fortunate possessor of some fine stretches of water on the Dee.

"What evening do you propose?" he said.

"Well—to-morrow—or the next—if I find they are disengaged."

"Make it Thursday evening if you can," said the Prince Hamlet, as his frugal repast was being set before him. "Bring the three young ladies to my box —I will leave your name—and we will see what can be done."

It seemed so simple and natural that he should again think of these pleasant companions. And Mrs. Elliott—who was devoted heart and soul to the young man, and ready to do everything he asked—made no objection when he explained to her that on this occasion he could only take Miss Olga and Miss Brenda and Briseis, because he did not wish to overtax the manager's forbearance. When Olga and Brenda learned that they were going to a private box at the famous theatre, and also that they were to be introduced to the mysteries behind the scenes, they were out of their mind with importance and delight; but all the same they were shrewd enough to guess that this was in reality only another compliment to their cousin Briseis, paid her by the handsome young gentleman whose acquaintanceship she had made in Aberdeenshire. And the worst of it was that Briseis—who was not at all a vain person, but who had quick perceptions, along with the fine and subtle sensitiveness of a woman in respect of any attention paid to her by one of the opposite sex—the worst of it was that Briseis thought so too.

Indeed it was this very swiftness of apprehension on her part that in the present stage of their companionship constituted for him her chiefest charm. She seemed to divine what he had to say before he had half said it; she was instantly responsive to the least hint or suggestion; there was an answering look—a smile of recognition—as if further words were unnecessary. And then he never appealed to her, for confirmation of his own views, or for further intelligence, and found her wanting. For one thing she was far more widely read than he—in many literatures; she had a more catholic appreciation of the arts (he cared for little beyond landscape, and for statuary hardly anything at all); young as she was, she had travelled more and seen more than he; she

had more of the accomplishments and manners of the great world—though indeed his modesty, and good-humor, and manliness were sufficient to make up for any defect. And Olga and Brenda had soon got into the way of leaving these two to their half-uttered interchanges of confidence and comment. Here, for example, in the famous actor's box, the two sisters were well content to occupy themselves with the glow and pageantry of the stage, while Briseis, in her curtained corner, could without being overheard talk to her companion about any feature of the performance that seemed to call for remark. It mattered little to Olga and Brenda whether they had, or had not, been brought to this theatre really on account of their cousin Briseis; it was enough that they were there—and in a prominent box; and they were making the most of a great opportunity.

Then came the fateful summons from the lord Hamlet himself; and at once the two girls were on their feet, and eager; while Frank Gordon got down Briseis's opera-cloak. She, however, put up her hand with a little gesture, and indicated her dissent.

"Aren't you coming with us?" he said.

"Oh, no, thank you; no, thank you," she answered him, and her eyes gave him one of their sweetest smiles. "I prefer to remain with the illusion. Why should I wish to see Ophelia dabbing her face with a powder-puff? I understand that such things are; but I do not wish to see them; I would rather stay here—to look at Shakespeare's dream of Denmark."

"Oh, do come!" he said, in obvious disappointment: for surely it was for her sake alone that he had begged for this favor?

But she was obdurate, in her suave and gentle fashion.

"I am like a child, I prefer illusions," she said, good-naturedly. "And I am old enough not to tear open my toys."

And so, with an unwillingness that he was polite enough to conceal, he proceeded to escort the two sisters as they followed the attendant who was still waiting for them. When, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, Olga and Brenda reappeared, they were laden with sumptuous boxes of chocolate and signed photographs, and they were quite excited and breathless over the wonders they had beheld.

And so it went on from day to day, or rather on alternate or occasional days: art-galleries, exhibitions, concerts, theatres; and sometimes the bucolics were asked, and sometimes the two sisters, but always Briseis; while as for the poor, tired-eyed little widow, so far from putting in any protest, she was glad enough to see her young people being taken about and amused. Briseis became of importance in this household. To all of them it seemed sufficiently clear that, although Sir Francis appeared to maintain an attitude of easy impartiality, these continuous plans and entertainments were unmistakably so many little presents offered to Briseis; and in private conclave they decided that she also must be well aware of the fact; and perhaps they envied her a lover who could be so lavish of his time and trouble.

Moreover, they could not but observe, as time went on, that there was something gradually being added to the girl's expression. Beautiful she had always been, even in her saddest and loneliest moments; but now that rare loveliness of hers seemed to bask in a sort of sunlight. To kindness of any description she had always been extraordinarily sensitive and responsive; but now the happiness that shone in her eyes seemed a species of radiance, even as she went about her ordinary duties. And she was busier than ever, of her own free-will; anxious to do a good turn to this one or that; as if her whole nature were pervaded by a sort of joyous and secret gratitude, that she must express in some way or other to her fellow-creatures. Of all the bits of embroidery and finery that she had brought with her from Eastern climes, hardly one remained: she had given them all away, to the other girls in the house.

But if Frank Gordon, as he carelessly thought, had preserved an attitude of unbiassed and benevolent neutrality towards these young ladies who had been so kind as to lend him their society, there was one point on which he was desirous of establishing a dark and esoteric understanding with Briseis alone: he wished to get to know more about the mysterious little songs or chants which she was in the habit of composing when she had an idle moment or two, and which for the most part she kept hidden away in her own memory. He wanted her to write down

some of these things for him. But she laughingly put him aside.

"It is all plagiarism," she said to him one afternoon as they were walking home from a concert at St. James's Hall: he and she were in front, the three bucolics behind. "I know many of the airs of the folk-songs; and I take one of them, and play round about it, and make foolishness of it; and what use would such a rambling kind of music be to you?"

"I don't so much mean the music: I mean the words," he said.

"And these too are only echoes," she went on. "I know so many of the ballads—Polish, Russian, and Greek especially—and so many of them are alike; so that if I wish for a refrain, it is easy to put together a few words—a little story—a suggestion—"

"Then won't you write down one or two of them for me?" he begged of her, renewing his prayer. "Those I have heard are most exquisite—so simple and tender—"

She laughed again, and shook her head.

"Oh, then you wish me to become like the poetess you met at the ladies' club—giving scraps of her compositions to her friends?"

"What, Miss Penguin?" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes, you are likely to resemble the draggle-tailed 'Sappho' in any way whatever! Besides I hear that 'Sappho' has given up gasping poetry for the present; her hysterics have taken another form—infuriated magazine-articles; and she is raging and howling and lashing the vices and follies of mankind with whips of scorpions—the gay old spinster that she is!"

"And then, you know," said Briseis, with blithe unconcern, "these songs are all so sad; and why should one seek sadness unnecessarily?" Indeed, any passer-by, chancing to notice the happy eyes and the free and buoyant step of this girl, would have found it difficult to associate her with any form of sadness. Youth, and a serene sweetness of look, and the satisfaction of pleasant companionship—these were visible in her face; but not sadness. It would have been hard to believe that those beautiful, smiling eyes had ever burned hot with tears, or were ever likely to do that. "There is one of the Russian songs," Briseis continued, "that they sing at a wedding—the friends of the bride sing it as a kind of chorus—and that too is sad—why? Why should it be so? The bride is represented as trembling for fear, and she hides for safety in her mother's love—ah, but it is too tragic to be spoken of. And why—why? Why should there be dread and evil presentiments on a wedding-day?"

For a moment something seemed to clutch at his heart. But only for a moment: he had acquired the habit of shutting out the future from him.

"Dread and evil presentiments on a wedding-day?" he repeated, absently. "Why, indeed?"

CHAPTER XVI.

AN AWAKENING.

THE cold and clear October sunlight shone over Regent's Park; from the rustling branches an occasional yellow leaf fluttered down and floated on the silvery and shimmering waters of the lake; the wide open swaths and undulations of greensward were almost empty; and far away beyond these the encircling belt of chestnut and sycamore and elm had grown dim and distant in the pale blue London haze. In a sheltered nook within this great solitude Briseis and her lame cousin had sought out their accustomed retreat; and she was reading to him, with that proud thrill in her voice that could make of his tremulous, emotional nature a sort of stringed instrument answering to her every touch:

"Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail—"

Some one approached; and, as was her wont on such occasions, she merely lowered her tones, and continued her reading, without looking up. The stranger was a young man of about five-and-twenty, of a complexion so bloodless that its waxen pallor had a suggestion of green here and there in the shadows; his eyes were small, black, furtive, and abnormally close together; his small black mustache was carefully pointed at the ends; his features were of the degenerate Hellenic type that one frequently observes in the streets of Algiers or on the quays of Syracuse. As for his costume, there was a sort of Bank Holiday display about it; he wore a broad

turned-down collar, a pretentiously arranged tie, prominent cuffs with large silver links, and a straw hat with a black band round it: there was also a black band round his arm. He had been surveying this little group of the two cousins before he ventured to draw near; but now he came close up, and stood motionless; so that Briseis was forced to raise her head.

"Andreas!" she exclaimed.

There was neither welcome, nor misgiving, nor alarm in the look with which she regarded him: only blank astonishment, even bewilderment.

"Yes, no doubt you are surprised?" he said, speaking in Romaic. "May one sit down? Thank you. No, I do not suppose you have heard anything of me since the time that Irene was taken away from us. Poor Enie!—poor Enie!" He glanced at the black band on his sleeve. "And yet it was her death that was the beginning of my misfortunes. I had got a very good post in the French consulate at Smyrna; but I had to give it up when I left to administer the family affairs at home; and since then I have—" He threw out his hands with a little expressive gesture. "I have drifted—drifted until I find myself here in London, talking to my old friend Briseis Valieri, as if we were once more on the beach promenade at Phalerum."

She did not seem overjoyed.

"I was very sorry to hear of poor Enie's death," she said, "but she had been suffering for so long, had she not? And you—what are your plans? Have you come to London on business?"

The coldness of her tone seemed to indicate that she was not anxious to detain this young man with the shifty, watchful eyes and the showy neckerchief and cuffs.

"Business?—yes!" he said, slightly shrugging his shoulders. "If so great and rich a city as London can find enough to satisfy the very humble requirements of Andreas Argyriades. But in the mean time—at this moment—I am here on a little friendly errand to yourself."

"To me? Why to me?" she demanded. She could scarcely conceal her dislike—her impatience to be quit of him.

"Your young companion here," he asked, as a cautious preliminary, "does he understand our language?"

"No," she answered, shortly.

"Ah, then, so much the easier," he said, in a suave fashion; and he seemed to settle himself comfortably down to tell his story. "You know, my dear friend, how methodical our poor Enie was—so perfect in all her dispositions; and the same orderliness I found when I had to examine her effects, for that duty also devolved upon me. So that, in going through her escritoire, when I came upon a packet neatly tied up and labelled outside 'The Love-Letters of Briseis'—"

Briseis started. But he appeared to take no notice.

"—I said to myself: 'Ah, then, Irene wished to be an authoress: here is the MS. all prepared and ready to go to the publisher.' Nevertheless, when I opened the package, I discovered that the writing was not Irene's writing, but that of her dear friend and companion, Briseis Valieri; and I said to myself: 'Well, if it is she who aspires to be an authoress, that also is very good.' And I read a little—oh, such beautiful language—such elegant French—such impassioned descriptions of stolen interviews—moonlight—in the groves of Zante—and I said to myself: 'Surely this little book, when it is published, will create some stir: it will show to all the world that our Greek girls of the present day have fire, imagination, enthusiasm?' But when I read further and further, what was my astonishment! These love-letters were not exercises in literature—ah, no!—they were addressed to one whom we all know very well—to George Lamprinos—"

A crimson flush had mounted to her forehead: the little lame boy in the Bath chair, looking and listening and wondering, had never before seen his pale and beautiful cousin so confused and distressed.

"Where are those letters?" she said, in a low voice.

"They are in London," he answered her, gently.

"And in your possession?"

He nodded assent.

"Have you brought them with you?"

"Ah, no—they are too valuable to carry about with one—"

"Valuable?" she repeated, indignantly. "They are valuable to no one! But they are mine; and I demand to have them sent to me at once. By what right do you keep them back for a moment? It was most wicked of Irene to preserve them—" She checked herself—for she

was speaking of the dead. "At least she knew they were to be destroyed—"

"But poor Enie was always so methodical," Argyriades murmured, as he played with the silver links of his red-striped cuffs.

"I must have those letters, and at once," Briseis said, peremptorily. "They belong to me: I demand that you send them to me at once."

"Oh, yes, truly and certainly, my dear friend," he responded, in a placid manner. "But consider for a moment. In this world it is every one for himself; especially when one is in hard straits, as I am. And it is so fortunate for you that those letters fell into my hands—ah, now, if it had been my brother Demetri who had got hold of them, what a position would be yours! Demetri has a heart of stone; he would have said to himself 'With these compromising letters in my possession—'"

"They are not compromising letters—as you know perfectly well!" she broke in, scornfully.

"They speak for themselves," he replied, with a quiet smile. "But calm yourself, my dear friend. It is not Demetri who has the letters; it is I. Demetri would have said 'Here is a rich young lady, who has rich friends and relatives: with these confessions in my hands, I can extort what I please: my fortune is made.' But I am not such as that. No. I only ask for a little consideration. It has been at great cost to myself that I have brought these documents all the way from Athens—"

She had recovered her composure by this time.

"You could not have sent them to me!" she said, in open disdain. "There is no service of posts between Greece and England!"

"Ah, but the papers were too valuable," he pleaded.

"And if they were so compromising," she continued, "if you thought they were so compromising, it never occurred to you that you could burn them?"

"But in that case," he rejoined, with an adroit plausibility, "you would never have known that I wished to do you a favor. No, I had to bring them personally—and at great expense. Then there is the further large expense of my being in London: it was long before I could find you, and become acquainted with your habits, so that I could communicate with you in safety. And therefore I recommend myself to your gracious consideration, before I can hand over the letters to you. I have done my best—and at large expense; and I have no wish you should suffer any exposure—any humiliation—"

Some sudden revolt of feeling got possession of her: she sprang to her feet, her splendid eyes flashing.

"*Ai da!*—enough of this!" she exclaimed. "I know you, Andreas Argyriades. I know you for a liar and a thief. I know that you robbed your mother and sister of every coin they could earn or borrow for you. And now you come to threaten me, because you think I am alone and unprotected. Well, I may be alone and unprotected, but I am not a coward—believe me, I am not a coward. I tell you to do what you like with those letters! Make whatever mischief you can with them; but you shall not have a lepta from me—not one single lepta—"

She paused, for she was all trembling, and the quick coming and going of her breath was like to choke her. The terrified lad in the Bath chair could only interfere with a few bewildered phrases.

"Briseis—what is this man saying to you?—is he insulting you?—why don't you bring a policeman?—I wish—I could help you—"

But Argyriades had put his hand on her arm; and she failed to liberate herself from his grasp.

"Listen," he said, with soft persuasion. "Listen to reason, my good friend. I have no wish to make any mischief—not I! But one must live; and these papers are of value; and if I were to show them now to some one—some one like the Lord Fragkis Gordon—ah, why do you look startled?—do you not understand that I have had to wait some time, some good long time, to find out your circumstances, so that I could approach you without danger of publicity? And the Lord Fragkis Gordon, he at least has plenty of money, and he might be a little curious to see such beautiful French writing. Come now, sit down, my dear friend Briseis. It is so much easier to be amiable. And it is a simple thing for you to regain possession of the package—so very simple; and never a word heard of it any more; and no risk of any one misunderstanding what you have written when once you have put the bundle of sheets into the coals—"

She resumed her seat; she had grown outwardly passive; her eyes were intently preoccupied.

"Do I understand you, then," she said, presently, in a subdued voice — but of course her boy-cousin could not understand a word—"that you will not give me back those letters unless I pay you?"

"If you wish to put it that way," he answered her, with another deprecating little gesture.

"How much do you want?"

A gleam of satisfaction, not wholly concealed, shot into the small black eyes.

"Ah, that is a point now. That is a point to be examined. If it were Demetri—if it were Demetri who had the management of this affair, he would probably say five hundred pounds—"

She answered him with a look—of impatient contempt. But all the same she had grown cowed and submissive, perhaps overmastered by her one desire to get these papers back forthwith and have done.

"I agree with you," said he, though she had not uttered a word. "That is absurd. But you do not know Demetri; he is a man of iron; he flinches from nothing. With me it is different. I wish to treat you honorably. If I were not in hard straits, do you think I would ask you for a single drachma? No, truly! But you are rich, and you have rich relatives; while I am poor; and one must look to one's self—"

"How much do you want?" she said, in the same hurried undertone.

"Fifty pounds," he answered, slowly; and the small black eyes furtively watched her.

"I have no such sum!"

"Thirty?"

"Nor that!"

"Twenty?"

"Perhaps, if I wrote to Edinburgh, I might get as much—"

With an unexpected movement he threw up both hands, as if scattering away from him all this sordid business; and he laughed.

"Come, now, I am about to surprise you," he said. "You give me bad names: in return I will show you what it is to be magnanimous. I will have no further bargaining. The letters shall be restored to you at once; and I leave it to you to send me subsequently what you please—only what you please—exactly what you please —in consideration of my expenses, and my care and trouble—"

"Yes, yes," she said, eagerly. "Let me have them back at once; and I will send you what I can, from time to time—"

"And meanwhile," he said, with a propitiating air, "if I might beg a small loan—"

"I have nothing with me!"

"But at home—in your house," he went on, insidiously. "Two pounds — three pounds—you see how my stay in London has impoverished me; and you can send it to me—I will give you my address."

He took from his pocket a card that had the name of a street in Soho and a number scribbled on it in pencil. He handed it to her, and she quickly folded it up. Then he rose.

"Farewell for the present, my dear friend; and be just when you reflect on the little transaction of this morning. Be just and considerate. Remember how fortunate it is for you to have these papers returned to you without having been seen by a single eye. And in such a friendly manner. Ah, if it had been Demetri now, what a terrible position would have been yours. But as I tell you, Demetri has a heart of iron, of steel, of diamond. Adieu, then, and au revoir!"

He raised his hat, and was gone. But even when she was rid of his presence Briseis was far from being herself again; she was altogether perturbed and shaken; a prey to doubts and anxieties, and conflicting resolves.

"Briseis," her boy-cousin said, with his large eyes full of a vague apprehension of evil, "what did that man want? What is it that has troubled you so? Did he insult you that you were so scornful of him? Of course I could make out nothing—only the name of Sir Francis Gordon—yes—these were the only words I could make out. But if this man has been frightening you, Sir Francis Gordon would —would—kill him!" The lad spoke in panting accents. And then his eyes filled with tears. "You see, Cousin Briseis, I am so useless—so helpless—if any one wishes to harm you, what can I do? But Sir Francis Gordon—if you were to tell him that this man had threatened you—or insulted you—then you would have some one who could take your part—there would be no more threatening then, I think!—"

"Hush, hush, Adalbert," she said.

"You do not understand." She rose from the bench, and glanced swiftly around to see if there had been any on-looker or eavesdropper: no one was near. "Come, we must be going home now. And, Adalbert," she added, with some earnestness of appeal, "I have confidence in you; I can trust you not to say a word as to what you saw or heard this morning—not a word to any living creature. Indeed, it is nothing; it will all pass away and be forgotten. Not a word, Adalbert, mind; it is a secret I can trust you with; and yet what a little secret! Soon it will be all forgotten." And with that she replaced the books and newspapers in the familiar receptacle and presently they had started off on their way to Devonshire Place.

Luncheon on this morning was marked by a most unwonted phenomenon; the poor little widow had become quite merry and facetious—that is to say, when she was not occupied in conciliating fractious tempers, and trying generally to keep the Queen's peace. It was the strangest sight, and almost pathetic in its way—the worn face and the tired eyes betraying a sort of occult gaiety, while she even adventured upon a little joke or two, as the talk went on. They hardly knew what to make of this unusual flow of spirits; but Briseis was soon to learn; for, as soon as the others had dispersed she was summoned to follow her aunt to her own room.

"My dear Briseis," said Aunt Clara—and for once the wearied eyes looked pleased and complacent, "I have good news this morning; the telegram came almost immediately you had left with Adalbert; and yet I could not tell them at luncheon, for a reason. But you have a wise head on young shoulders, dear Briseis; you will understand. Well, then, it has been settled that Miss Bingham's younger sister—she is only a year younger, after all—is coming to stay with us, and on considerably increased terms. I would say very considerably increased—only—you need not talk about it to Olga or Brenda; for the poor darlings know so little of the world and its ways, they know so little of the value of money that they might form perfectly wild ideas about what their dress allowance should be. And I will not conceal from you, dear Briseis," continued Aunt Clara, with the faintest color suffusing her pale face, "that it is probable the Binghams may have been led to this decision by—by hearing of the little party that the Prince and Princess were so good as to honor; and how shall I ever be able to thank that dear Sir Francis for his kindness? Of course Ada wrote home and gave a full account; and although you or I might not be influenced by such considerations—for, after all, any one connected with the Elliotts of the Lea is not likely to make too much of rank and titles—still, you know, people in the country who send their girls to town are pleased to hear that they are moving in good circles, however small these circles may be. And now, Briseis, now I am coming to the point," she proceeded, almost excitedly, yet taking care that her voice should not reach out to the staircase. "The younger girl, Carlotta Bingham, will be here in a week or ten days; and I have been wondering whether we could not get up a little dance—a quiet little Cinderella sort of thing—just about that time; and yet not with the appearance that it was given on her account. Indeed, that is why I did not tell them at luncheon of this matter having been settled: we will arrange about the dance first, if it is practicable—what do you think?"

"I, Aunt Clara?" said Briseis.

"You are so helpful—you are so quick with your suggestions. And indeed it is no use giving such a thing at all, however inexpensive we may try to make it, however we may scrimp and save, unless we have a few people of distinction—a few somebodies. And I'm sure our dear Sir Francis will be able to bring his friend Mr. Heatherstone—his name is in all the papers just now, over that exhibition; but first and foremost we must have Lady Hammersley. And really she owes it to us, after what we did for her bazaar, with your kind assistance, dear Briseis; and if there is any one who could persuade her ladyship to fix her own evening, I am convinced it is yourself, for I saw the marked way she made much of you the last time we went there. Now do you understand, Briseis—I want to have the dance decided on before telling the girls about Ada's sister; and if you would only go now, and take a 'bus or the underground out to Notting Hill and call on Lady Hammersley—"

"Aunt Clara, it is only a little after two!" Briseis said.

"Precisely," answered the intrepid little schemer, "and by the time you get there you will find her and her daughter at home—between lunch and their afternoon drive. And if you put it in that informal way—asking her to choose her own evening—and saying pretty things—she won't refuse you—she can't refuse you—it's the very least she can do after what we did for her bazaar."

So Briseis (who was thinking of widely different things) had to undertake this delicate mission; but before setting forth she went to her own room and counted out her small store of available wealth. It amounted to a little over five pounds; and when she had bestowed it in her purse, she sat down and wrote the following note—"Dear Andreas, I am sending you £5. It is all I have at present. I hope you can post me the packet of letters to-night, so that I may receive them to-morrow morning. — Briseis." And then, when she had left the house, she walked on until she came to a post-office; and there she procured an order, value £5; and that she folded and placed in the note she had written. When the letter had been dropped into the box outside she resumed her journey with some slight feeling of relief. She could ill afford to lose the £5, which was the last remnant of her quarterly allowance; nevertheless she would free herself, once and for all, from these insufferable menaces.

Her interview with Lady Hammersley turned out to be wholly successful; the jolly, red-faced, good-humored-looking woman said she would be delighted to bring her daughter on such-and-such an evening; and forthwith Briseis hurried home with the important news. Then, and for some days thereafter, a profound if secret commotion prevailed throughout the house in Devonshire Place. A programme of dances had to be drawn out and confided to the stationer; a violinist and pianist were engaged — Mrs. Elliott declaring that she could not think of asking Briseis to play the whole evening, especially as she would be so useful in many other ways; cards of invitation were printed — "Mrs. Alexander Elliott . . . At Home . . . Dancing from 8 till 12"; and dear Sir Francis was overwhelmed with gratitude because he had undertaken to bring one or two dancing-men with him. As for the young ladies, it is to be feared that *Polyeucte*, *Minna von Barnhelm*, and *I Promessi Sposi*, with their respective dictionaries received but perfunctory attention; while the masters, calling at the appointed hours, found their pupils incomprehensibly absent-minded. It was milliners rather than masters who were in request now.

Briseis did not sleep much on the night following her encounter with Andreas Argyriades. She was harassed by doubts as to the wisdom of her own conduct. Ought she not to have held by her first impulse, and defied him to do what mischief he might with those letters? Had she not declared to him that there was nothing in them that could compromise her; why not, then, have absolutely declined any negotiation whatsoever? She knew what blackmail was; she knew how commonly it was practised in some countries—in France, for example, where the levying of *chantage* has come to be a recognized and generally a safe profession; the rascally character of Argyriades was as clear to her as daylight; and no doubt (she said to herself) she ought to have dared him to the end. But then this other way seemed so simple and easy. The payment of a few pounds — the letters back in her possession—and there could be no possibility of further trouble. Thus she lay through the long hours of the night, striving to reassure herself, torturing herself with misgivings, and craving for the coming of the new day and the postman's ring at the bell.

When the bell did ring she was standing by the door, which she instantly opened. There was no packet for her of any kind. But there was a letter; and that, retreating into the dusk of the hall, she proceeded to read. It was from Argyriades. He began by expressing devout contrition. In saying that the package he had discovered among his sister's effects was now in his possession, he had, he said, erred by anticipation. It had not yet arrived; but doubtless it would be forthcoming within the next few days; failing that, it might be assumed that it was being held back by his brother Demetri, who would be expecting a small present. If she were impatient, and wished to have these documents without delay, would she send him another £5, to be forwarded to Demetri, who would no doubt respond?—

She hardly read the rest: she knew the

man lied. And with eyes burning with wrath and scorn she went rapidly to her room, and wrote a note, telling him that he lied. She demanded to have the letters returned to her at once. She would give no further £5; she presumed he knew what punishment was reserved in this country for scoundrels attempting to obtain money by threats. She wrote this letter in French—so that *chanteur* and *chantage* occurred pretty frequently in it.

But no reply came. Then she wrote again, and again — with a like result. And at last she adopted a prouder attitude. She would bother herself no more with this hound of a creature, who had stolen from his dead sister's desk. He might do what he pleased with the letters. She would think no more of them. And she had enough to occupy her attention at the moment, with this whole household of girls coming running to her every now and again for advice and help. Nay, she herself was looking forward with more than interest to this joyous little festivity. She wondered at what hour Sir Francis Gordon would arrive. She would like to give him the first dance. And she had decided that as the sole ornament of her black dress she would wear in her bodice a bunch of yellow roses: he had greatly admired some yellow roses, on one occasion, when they were passing a florist's window in Regent Street. And would he remember?

That proved to be a fateful evening—for one of the persons concerned, at least. Frank Gordon was somewhat late in arriving; as he handed over his coat and hat to the manservant, he could hear the hushed sound of the music overhead; already there were several couples hanging about the upper part of the staircase, either to avoid the infliction of a square dance, or to indulge in a little aimless prattle. And just as he was about to ascend and make his way through these loungers in order to present himself to his hostess, who else than Briseis should come out of the dining-room. She seemed in a hurry; it was by a sort of accident that she turned to see who this latest arrival might be; but the next instant she had stopped short, while the look of welcome and gladness and kindness that leapt to her glorious eyes was surely enough to have turned any young man's head. And in that bewildering moment he thought he had never seen her so beautiful. There was a sort of semi-dusk here at the foot of the stairway; and the dark figure with its bunch of yellow roses appeared all the more effective for it; but the compelling attraction was the smile of her parted lips, with all that that meant of affection and good-will.

"You are late," she said. "I had intended to give you the very first dance—if you wished it—"

"Then let us go up now," he said, promptly, "and we will call the next dance the first dance—"

"Ah, no, no," she answered him, laughing. "I am too busy at present. Aunt Clara can't do everything—"

"And you are not going to give me a dance at all?" he said, reproachfully.

"Oh, yes—perhaps a little later on—when all the shy young ladies have been provided with partners. But very soon I shall have to ask you to take Lady Hammersley down to supper—she says she wants to know you — she has relatives somewhere in the Highlands." And with that she went lightly and quickly up the staircase, disappearing into the crowded and brilliantly lit room; while he, somewhat discontentedly following, had to seek out Mrs. Elliott, to pay his respects in due form.

The strange thing was that until this very moment he had never even contemplated the possibility of his being permitted to dance with Briseis. If he had thought of the matter, he would have told himself that she must dance beautifully: her perfect figure, the gracefulness of all her movements, her sympathetic ear, were all assurances of that; but somehow it had never occurred to him that on him might fall the entrancement of finding her hand on his shoulder, her head close to him, while the cadenced rise and fall of the music carried them away together into a dream-world of forgetfulness. He had come to this chance little party in a perfunctory sort of fashion. Mrs. Elliott had been kind to him; he considered that he ought to put in an appearance; and he was quite ready to pilot Miss Olga through the Lancers, or teach the livelier Miss Ada the latest evolution of the Highland Schottische. But that his fingers should be clasping Briseis's fingers—his arm partly round her lissome and yielding form — the yellow roses so near to him that he could perceive their fra-

grance: this wondrous happening seemed hardly to be in the nature of things. With all her sweetness, and charm, and frank generosity, he had always felt that there was something mysteriously unapproachable about her; she was not as other girls, with whom one could be easily familiar; when a goddess appears, smiling and benignant-eyed, prostration is the natural attitude. *Serva Briseis* she was not—to him; rather Vrysaïs—Vrysaïs the unknown queen whose dim memory still lingers about the Lesbian shores.

He was startled out of his reverie by Briseis herself. She came up to him in a brisk and bright and friendly way, not in the least suggestive of forgotten queens and haunted towers overlooking the far Aegean seas.

"The next is a waltz," she said, glancing at her programme. "I promised it to Professor Drewer—a friend of Edward's; but he is not in the room—perhaps he has left—"

"Will you give it to me?" he said, rather breathlessly.

"I must wait a minute or two—two minutes at the outside—and then—"

The soft and melodious strains of the waltz began; Briseis was looking down the long room; and Gordon, with dim apprehension, had half turned towards the portière concealing the staircase, when there appeared (whence he had come it was hard to say) a tall, thin man of about thirty with a pale face clean shaven save for short black whiskers.

"This is ours, I think," he said politely to Briseis; and she—well, perhaps there was the least deprecatory raising of her eyebrows as she parted from Frank Gordon—she had to receive the new-comer with a little smile of greeting. She put her hand on his arm; he led her through the nebulous crowd; and presently they had gained the central open space where several couples were already moving swiftly and rhythmically to the undulating pulsations of the music. And then these two also glided away.

And now it was that Frank Gordon's punishment began—a punishment for long afternoons and days and weeks of happy, careless, thoughtless self-indulgence—a punishment the sternness and magnitude of which were not yet to be imagined. For of course it was no mere pang of mortification over Briseis having been carried off from him; the loss of a dance was a common ballroom incident; he bore the man no ill-will whatever. But as he stood there looking on, watching with hungry eyes that ever-reappearing figure—so slender, so graceful, so bewitching in its allurement of sinuous motion, there was a cruel pain at his heart. And why? Any of the other girls might go whirling past with looped-up skirt and clinging hands and arms; they were welcome; he had not a thought for them. But the black figure with the yellow roses: why did the ever-recurring glimpses of her cause a dull, indefinable aching, a deadened and hopeless sense of the unattainable, while the vibrating tones of the violin spoke of nothing but sadness, and renunciation, and wild farewell? As yet, standing there, he had no real conception of the tragic circumstances in which he had become involved; but at least he knew that this vague suffering, this dark and unreasoning jealousy, this blankness of despair, were strange and unforeseen things, that might have consequences he dared not contemplate. And in the mean time? Well, he was near the door; and in a blind kind of way he pushed aside the curtains and got out upon the landing at the top of the staircase, whither some straggling folk had wandered to breathe a cooler air. His main intent was to find some plausible excuse he could leave for Briseis and Mrs. Elliott, and then to seek the seclusion of his own rooms, to discover for himself what he had now to face.

It was at this moment that he was seized upon by his hostess, who introduced him to Lady Hammersley, and asked him to take her down to supper. The roseate dame with the banked-up white hair was a talkative companion; when, in the room below, he had got a couple of chairs, and procured some refreshment for her, she proceeded to entertain him with a voluble discourse on many and diverse matters—her mission to draymen, her love of horses, her abhorrence of divided skirts, and her desire to visit Scotland.

"And you, Sir Francis," she said. "I suppose you will soon be returning to Dee-side?"

He seemed to wake up as if out of a dream.

"I?" he said. "Oh, no—no. I think—I think I must take a little voyage across the Atlantic, first of all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Colonel Washington

by

Woodrow Wilson

GEORGE WASHINGTON was cast for his career by a very scant and homely training. Augustine Washington, his father, lacked neither the will nor the means to set him handsomely afoot, with as good a schooling, both in books and in affairs, as was to be had; he would have done all that a liberal and provident man should do to advance his boy in the world had he lived to go with him through his youth. He owned land in four counties, more than five thousand acres all told, and lying upon both the rivers that refresh the fruitful Northern Neck, besides several plots of ground in the promising village of Fredericksburg, which lay opposite his lands upon the Rappahannock; and one-twelfth part of the stock of the Principio Iron Company, whose mines and furnaces in Maryland and Virginia yielded a better profit than any others in the two colonies. He had commanded a ship in his time, as so many of his neighbors had in that maritime province, carrying iron from the mines to England, and no doubt bringing convict laborers back upon his voyage home again. He himself raised the ore from the mines that lay upon his own land, close to the Potomac, and had it carried the easy six miles to the river. Matters were very well managed there, Colonel Byrd said, and no pains were spared to make the business profitable. Captain Washington had represented his home parish of Truro, too, in the House of Burgesses, where his athletic figure, his ruddy skin, and frank gray eyes must have made him as conspicuous as his constituents could have wished. He was a man of the world, every inch, generous, hardy, independent. He lived long enough, too, to see how stalwart and capable and of how noble a spirit his young son was to be, with how manly a bearing he was to carry himself in the world; and had loved him and made him his companion accordingly. But the end came for him before he could see the lad out of boyhood. He died April 12, 1743, when he was but forty-nine years of age, and before George was twelve; and in his will

there was, of course, for George only a younger son's portion. The active gentleman had been twice married, and there were seven children to be provided for. Two sons of the first marriage survived. The bulk of the estate went, as Virginian custom dictated, to Lawrence, the eldest son. To Augustine, the second son, fell most of the rich lands in Westmoreland. George, the eldest born of the second marriage, left to the guardianship of his young mother, shared with the four younger children the residue of the estate. He was to inherit his father's farm upon the Rappahannock, to possess, and to cultivate if he would, when he should come of age; but for the rest his fortunes were to make. He must get such serviceable training as he could for a life of independent endeavor. The two older brothers had been sent to England to get their schooling and preparation for life, as their father before them had been to get his—Lawrence to make ready to take his father's place when the time should come; Augustine, it was at first planned, to fit himself for the law. George could now look for nothing of the kind. He must continue, as he had begun, to get such elementary and practical instruction as was to be had of schoolmasters in Virginia, and the young mother's care must stand him in the stead of a father's pilotage and oversight.

Fortunately Mary Washington was a wise and provident mother, a woman of too firm a character and too steadfast a courage to be dismayed by responsibility. She had seemed only a fair and beautiful girl when Augustine Washington married her, and there was a romantic story told of how that gallant Virginian sailor and gentleman had literally been thrown at her feet out of a carriage in the London streets by way of introduction,—where she, too, was a visiting stranger out of Virginia. But she had shown a singular capacity for business when the romantic days of courtship were over. Lawrence Washington, too, though but five-and-twenty when his father died and left him head of the family, proved himself such an elder brother as it could but better and elevate a boy to have. For all he was so young, he had seen something of the world, and had already made notable friends. He had not returned home out of England until he was turned of twenty-one, and he had been back scarcely a twelvemonth before he was off again, to seek service in the war against Spain. The colonies had responded with an unwonted willingness and spirit to the home government's call for troops to go against the Spaniard in the West Indies in 1740; and Lawrence Washington had sought and obtained a commission as captain in the Virginian regiment which had volunteered for the duty. He had seen those terrible days at Cartagena, with Vernon's fleet and Wentworth's army, when the deadly heat and blighting damps of the tropics wrought a work of death which drove the English forth as no fire from the Spanish cannon could. He had been one of that devoted force which threw itself twelve hundred strong upon Fort San Lazaro, and came away beaten with six hundred only. He had seen the raw provincials out of the colonies carry themselves as gallantly as any veterans through all the fiery trial; had seen the storm and the valor, the vacillation and the blundering, and the shame of all the rash affair; and had come away the friend and admirer of the gallant Vernon, despite his headstrong folly and sad miscarriage. He had reached home again, late in the year 1742, only to see his father presently snatched away by a sudden illness, and to find himself become head of the family in his stead. All thought of further service away from home was dismissed. He accepted a commission as Major in the colonial militia, and an appointment as Adjutant-General of the military district in which his lands lay; but he meant that for the future his duties should be civil rather than military in the life he set himself to live, and turned very quietly to the business and the social duty of a proprietor amongst his neighbors in Fairfax County, upon the broad estates to which he gave the name Mount Vernon, in compliment to the brave sailor whose friend he had become in the far, unhappy South.

Marriage was, of course, his first step towards domestication, and the woman he chose brought him into new connections which suited both his tastes and his training. Three months after his father's death he married Anne Fairfax, daughter to William Fairfax, his neighbor. 'Twas William Fairfax's granduncle Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, who had in that revolutionary year 1646 summoned Colonel Henry Washington to give into his hands



THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX.

Drawn by J. W. Alexander from the painting in the possession of the Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, F. A. M.

the city of Worcester, and who had got so sharp an answer from the King's stout soldier. But the Fairfaxes had soon enough turned royalists again when they saw whither the Parliament men would carry them. A hundred healing years had gone by since those unhappy days when the nation was arrayed against the King. Anne Fairfax brought no alien tradition to the household of her young husband. Her father had served the King, as her lover had—with more hardship than reward, as behooved a soldier—in Spain and in the Bahamas; and was now, when turned of fifty, agent here in Virginia to his cousin Thomas, sixth Baron Fairfax, in the management of his great estates, lying upon the Northern Neck and in the fruitful valleys beyond. William Fairfax had been but nine years in the colony, but he was already a Virginian like his neighbors, and, as collector of his Majesty's customs for the South Potomac and President of the King's

Council, no small figure in their affairs—a man who had seen the world and knew how to bear himself in this part of it.

In 1746 Thomas, Lord Fairfax, himself came to Virginia—a man strayed out of the world of fashion at fifty-five into the forests of a wild frontier. The better part of his ancestral estates in Yorkshire had been sold to satisfy the creditors of his spendthrift father. These untilled stretches of land in the Old Dominion were now become the chief part of his patrimony. 'Twas said, too, that he had suffered a cruel misadventure in love at the hands of a fair jilt in London, and so had become the austere, eccentric bachelor he showed himself to be in the free and quiet colony. A man of taste and culture, he had written with Addison and Steele for the *Spectator;* a man of the world, he had acquired, for all his reserve, that easy touch and intimate mastery in dealing with men which come with the long practice of such men of fashion as are also men of sense. He brought with him to Virginia, though past fifty, the fresh vigor of a young man, eager for the free pioneer life of such a province. He tarried but two years with his cousin, where the colony had settled to an ordered way of living. Then he built himself a roomy lodge, shadowed by spreading piazzas, and fitted with such simple appointments as sufficed for comfort at the depths of the forest, close upon seventy miles away, within the valley of the Shenandoah, where a hardy frontier people had but begun to gather. The great manor-house he had meant to build was never begun. The plain comforts of "Greenway Court" satisfied him more and more easily as the years passed, and the habits of a simple life grew increasingly pleasant and familiar, till thirty years and more had slipped away and he was dead, at ninety-one—broken-hearted, men said, because the King's government had fallen upon final defeat and was done with in America.

It was in the company of these men, and of those who naturally gathered about them in that hospitable country, that George Washington was bred. "A stranger had no more to do," says Beverley, "but to inquire upon the road where any gentleman or good housekeeper lived, and there he might depend upon being received with hospitality;" and 'twas certain many besides strangers would seek out the young Major at Mount Vernon, whom his neighbors had hastened to make their representative in the House of Burgesses, and the old soldier of the soldierly house of Fairfax, who was President of the King's Council, and so next to the Governor himself. A boy who was much at Mount Vernon and at Mr. Fairfax's seat, Belvoir, might expect to see not a little that was worth seeing of the life of the colony. George was kept at school until he was close upon sixteen; but there was ample vacation time for visiting. Mrs. Washington did not keep him at her apron strings. He even lived, when it was necessary, with his brother Augustine, at the old home on Bridges Creek, in order to be near the best school that was accessible, while the mother was far away on the farm that lay upon the Rappahannock. Mrs. Washington saw to it, nevertheless, that she should not lose sight of him altogether. When he was fourteen it was proposed that he should be sent to sea, as so many lads were, no doubt, from that maritime province; but the prudent mother preferred he should not leave Virginia, and the schooling went on as before—the schooling of books and manly sports. Every lad learned to ride—to ride colt or horse, regardless of training, gait, or temper—in that country, where no one went afoot except to catch his mount in the pasture. Every lad, black or white, bond or free, knew where to find and how to take the roving game in the forests. And young Washington, robust boy that he was, not to be daunted while that strong spirit sat in him which he got from his father and mother alike, took his apprenticeship on horseback and in the tangled woods with characteristic zest and ardor.

He was, above all things else, a capable executive boy. He loved mastery, and he relished acquiring the most effective means of mastery in all practical affairs. His very exercise books used at school gave proof of it. They were filled, not only with the rules, formulæ, diagrams, and exercises of surveying, which he was taking special pains to learn, at the advice of his friends, but also with careful copies of legal and mercantile papers, bills of exchange, bills of sale, bonds, indentures, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, as if he meant to be a lawyer's or a merchant's clerk. It would seem

that, passionate and full of warm blood as he was, he conned these things as he studied the use and structure of his fowling-piece, the bridle he used for his colts, his saddle-girth, and the best ways of mounting. He copied these forms of business as he might have copied Beverley's account of the way fox or 'possum or beaver was to be taken or the wild turkey trapped. The men he most admired, his elder brothers, Mr. Fairfax, and the gentlemen planters who were so much at their houses, were most of them sound men of business, who valued good surveying as much as they admired good horsemanship and skill in sport. They were their own merchants, and looked upon forms of business paper as quite as useful as ploughs and hogsheads. Careful exercise in such matters might well enough accompany practice in the equally formal minuet in Virginia. And so this boy learned to show in almost everything he did the careful precision of the perfect marksman.

In the autumn of 1747, when he was not yet quite sixteen, George quit his formal schooling, and presently joined his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon, to seek counsel and companionship. Lawrence had conceived a strong affection for his manly younger brother. Himself a man of spirit and honor, he had a high-hearted man's liking for all that he saw that was indomitable and well purposed in the lad, a generous man's tenderness in looking to the development of this thoroughbred boy, and he took him into his confidence as if he had been his own son. Not only upon his vacations now, but almost when he would, and as if he were already himself a man with the rest, he could live in the comradeship that obtained at Belvoir and Mount Vernon. Men of all sorts, it seemed, took pleasure in his company. Lads could be the companions of men in Virginia. Her outdoor life of journeyings, sport, adventure, put them as it were upon equal terms with their elders, where spirit, audacity, invention, prudence, manliness, resource, told for success and comradeship. Young



MOUNT VERNON AT THE PRESENT DAY.

men and old can be companions in arms, in sport, in woodcraft, and on the trail of the fox. 'Twas not an in-door life of conference, but an out-door life of affairs in this rural colony. One man, indeed, gave at least a touch of another quality to the life Washington saw. This was Lord Fairfax, who had been almost two years in Virginia when the boy quit school, and who was now determined, as soon as might be, to take up his residence at his forest lodge within the Blue Ridge. George greatly struck his lordship's fancy, as he did that of all capable men, as a daring lad in the hunt and a sober lad in counsel; and drawn into such companionship, he learned a great deal that no one else in Virginia could have taught him so well—the scrupulous deportment of a high-bred and honorable man of the world; the use of books by those who preferred affairs; the way in which strength may be rendered gracious, and independence made generous. A touch of Old World address was to be learned at Belvoir.

His association with Lord Fairfax, moreover, put him in the way of making his first earnings as a surveyor. Fairfax had not come to America merely to get away from the world of fashion in London and bury himself in the wilderness. His chief motive was one which did him much more credit, and bespoke him a man and a true colonist. It was his purpose, he declared, to open up, settle, and cultivate the vast tracts of beautiful and fertile land he had inherited in Virginia, and he proved his sincerity by immediately setting about the business. It was necessary as a first step that he should have surveys made, in order that he might know how his lands lay, how bounded and disposed through the glades and upon the streams of the untrodden forests; and in young Washington he had a surveyor ready to his hand. The lad was but sixteen, indeed; was largely self-taught in surveying; and had had no business yet that made test of his quality. But surveyors were scarce, and boys were not tender at sixteen in that robust, out-of-door colony. Fairfax had an eye for capacity. He knew the athletic boy to be a fearless woodsman, with that odd calm judgment looking forth at his steady gray eyes; perceived how seriously he took himself in all that he did, and how thorough he was at succeeding; and had no doubt he could run his lines through the thicketed forests as well as any man. At any rate, he commissioned him to undertake the task, and was not disappointed in the way he performed it. Within a very few weeks Washington conclusively showed his capacity. In March, 1748, with George Fairfax, William Fairfax's son, for company, he rode forth with his little band of assistants through the mountains to the wild country where his work lay, and within the month almost he was back again, with maps and figures which showed his lordship very clearly what lands he had upon the sparkling Shenandoah and the swollen upper waters of the Potomac. 'Twas all he wanted before making his home where his estate lay in the wilderness. Before the year was out he had established himself at Greenway Court; huntsmen and tenants and guests had found their way thither, and life was fairly begun upon the rough rural barony.

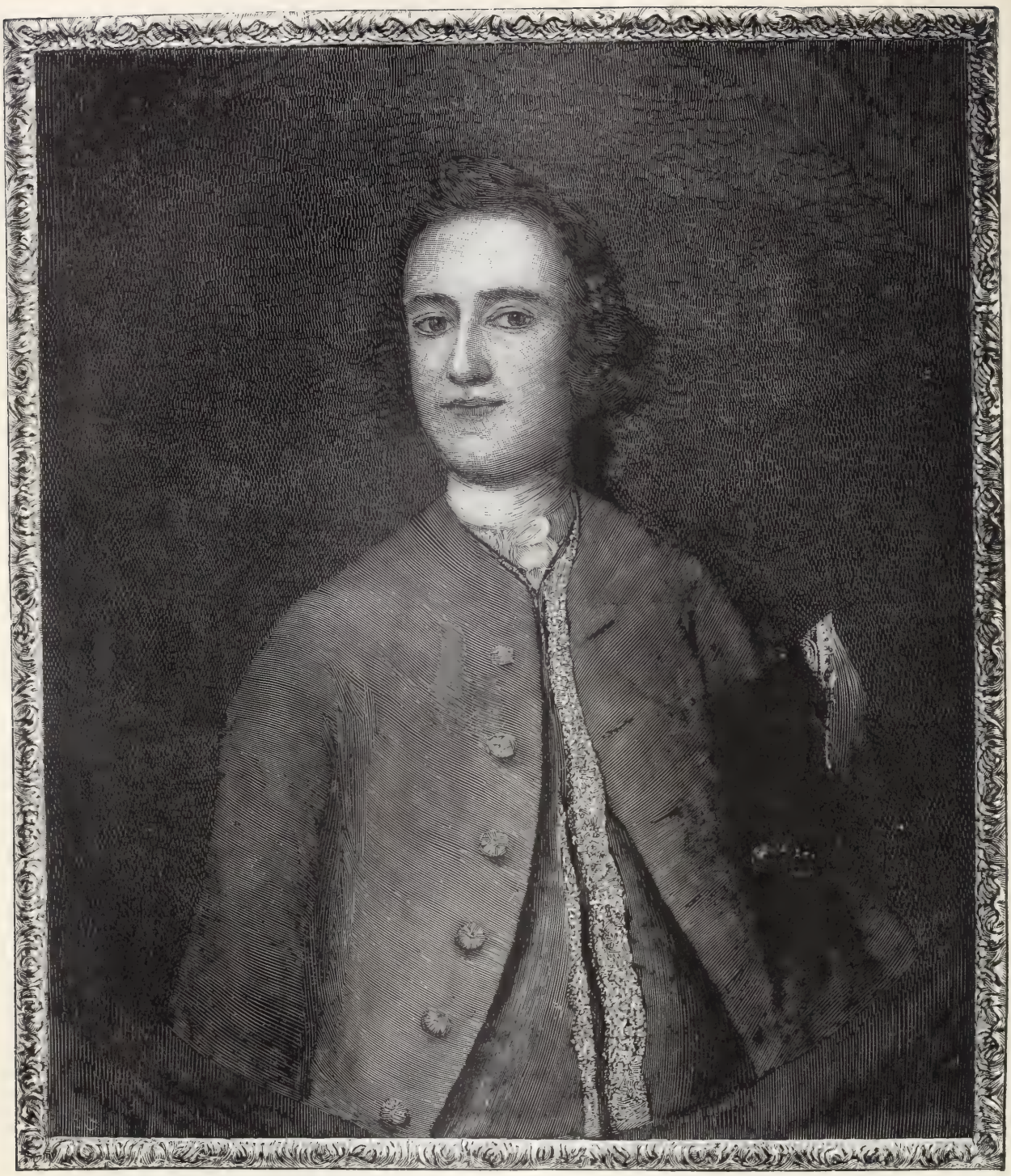
It had been wild and even perilous work for the young surveyor, but just out of school, to go in the wet springtime into that wilderness, when the rivers were swollen and ugly with the rains and melting snows from off the mountains, where there was scarcely a lodging to be had except in the stray comfortless cabins of the scattered settlers, or on the ground about a fire in the open woods, and where a woodman's wits were needed to come even tolerably off. But there was a strong relish in such an experience for Washington, which did not wear off with the novelty of it. There is an unmistakable note of boyish satisfaction in the tone in which he speaks of it. "Since you received my letter in October last," he writes to a young comrade, "I have not sleep'd above three nights or four in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or bear-skin, whichever is to be had, with man, wife, and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire.... I have never had my clothes off, but lay and sleep in them, except the few nights I have lay'n in Frederick Town." For three years he kept steadily at the trying business, without loss either of health or courage, now deep in the forests laboriously laying off the rich bottom lands and swelling hillsides of that wild but goodly country be-



THE POTOMAC FROM MOUNT VERNON.

tween the mountains, now at Greenway Court with his lordship, intent upon the busy life there,—following the hounds, consorting with huntsmen and Indians and traders, waiting upon the ladies who now and again visited the lodge; when other occupations failed, reading up and down in his lordship's copy of the *Spectator*, or in the historians who told the great English story. His first success in surveying brought him abundant employment in the valley. Settlers were steadily making their way thither, who must needs have their holdings clearly bounded and defined. Upon his lordship's recommendation and his own showing of what he knew and could do, he obtained appointment at the hands of the President and Master of William and Mary, the colony's careful agent in that matter, as official surveyor for Culpeper County, "took the usual oaths to his Majesty's person and government," and so got for his work the privilege of authoritative public record.

Competent surveyors were much in demand, and, when once he had been officially accredited in his profession, Washington had as much to do both upon new lands and old as even a young man's energy and liking for an independent income could reasonably demand. His home he made with his brother at Mount Vernon, where he was always so welcome; and he was as often as possible with his mother at her place upon the Rappahannock, to lend the efficient lady such assistance as she needed in the business of the estate she held for herself and her children. At odd intervals he studied tactics, practised the manual of arms, or took a turn at the broadsword with the old soldiers who so easily found excuses for visiting Major Washington at Mount Vernon. But, except when winter weather forbade him the fields, he was abroad, far and near, busy with his surveying, and incidentally making trial of his neighbors up and down all the country-side round about, as his errands threw their open doors in his way. His pleasant bearing and his quiet satisfaction at being busy, his manly efficient ways, his evident self-respect, and his frank enjoyment of life, the engaging mixture in him of man and boy, must have become



LAWRENCE WASHINGTON.

From a portrait, by an unknown artist, in the possession of Lawrence Washington, Alexandria, Virginia.

familiar to everybody worth knowing throughout all the Northern Neck.

But three years put a term to his surveying. In 1751 he was called imperatively off, and had the whole course of his life changed, by the illness of his brother. Lawrence Washington had never been robust; those long months spent at the heart of the fiery South with Vernon's fever-stricken fleet had touched his sensitive constitution to the quick, and at last a fatal consumption fastened upon him. Neither a trip to England nor the waters of the warm springs at home brought him recuperation, and in the autumn of 1751 his physician ordered him to the Bahamas for the winter. George, whom he so loved and trusted, went with him, to nurse and cheer him. But even the gentle sea air of the islands wrought no cure of the stubborn malady. The sterling, gifted, lovable gentleman, who had

made his quiet seat at Mount Vernon the home of so much that was honorable and of good report, came back the next summer to die in his prime, at thirty-four. George found himself named executor in his brother's will, and looked to of a sudden to guard all the interests of the young widow and her little daughter in the management of a large estate. That trip to the Bahamas had been his last outing as a boy. He had enjoyed the novel journey with a very keen and natural relish while it promised his brother health. The radiant air of those summer isles had touched him with a new pleasure, and the cordial hospitality of the homesick colonists had added the satisfaction of a good welcome. He had braved the small-pox in one household with true Virginian punctilio rather than refuse an invitation to dinner, had taken the infection, and had come home at last bearing some permanent marks of a three weeks' sharp illness upon him. But he had had entertainment enough to strike the balance handsomely against such inconveniences, had borne whatever came in his way very cheerily, with that wholesome strength of mind which made older men like him, and would have come off remembering nothing but the pleasure of the trip had his noble brother only found his health again. As it was, Lawrence's death put a final term to his youth. Five other executors were named in the will; but George, as it turned out, was to be looked to to carry the burden of administration, and give full proof of the qualities that had made his brother trust him with so generous a confidence.

His brother's death, in truth, changed everything for him. He seemed of a sudden to stand as Lawrence's representative. Before they set out for the Bahamas Lawrence had transferred to him his place in the militia, obtaining for him, though he was but nineteen, a commission as Major and District Adjutant in his stead; and after his return, in 1752, Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, the crown's new representative in Virginia, added still further to his responsibilities as a soldier by reducing the military districts of the colony to four, and assigning to him one of the four, under a renewed commission as Major and Adjutant-General. His brother's will not only named him an executor, but also made him residuary legatee of the estate of Mount Vernon in case his child should die. He had to look to the discipline and accoutrement of the militia of eleven counties, aid his mother in her business, administer his brother's estate, and assume on all hands the duties and responsibilities of a man of affairs when he was but just turned of twenty.

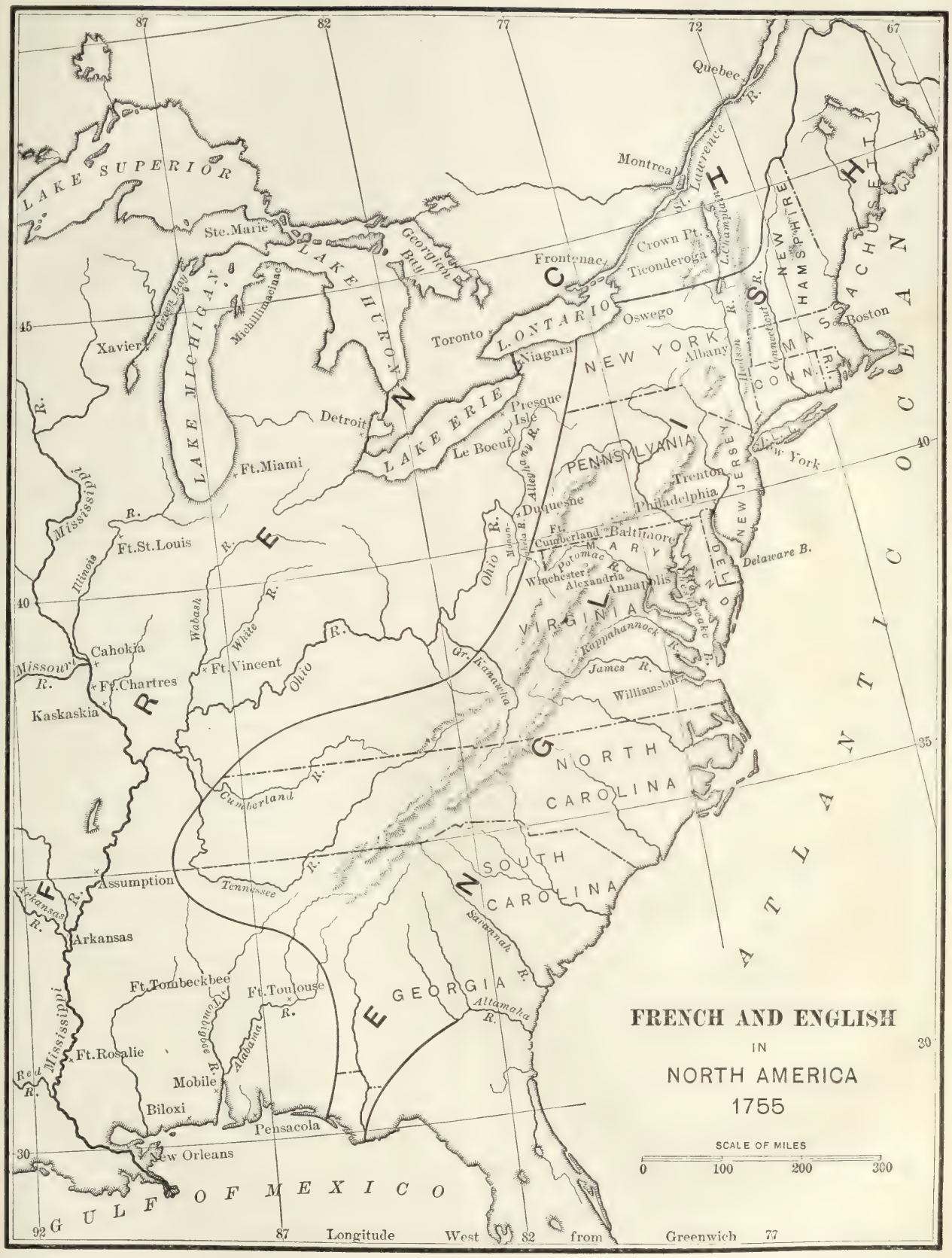
The action of the colonial government in compacting the organization and discipline of the militia by reducing the number of military districts was significant of a sinister change in the posture of affairs beyond the borders. The movements of the French in the West had of late become more ominous than ever; 'twas possible the Virginian militia might any day see an end of that "everlasting peace" which good Mr. Beverley had smiled to see them complacently enjoy, and that the young Major, who was now Adjutant-General of the northern division, might find duties abroad even more serious and responsible than his duties at home. Whoever should be commissioned to meet and deal with the French upon the western rivers would have to handle truly critical affairs, decisive of the fate of the continent, and it looked as if Virginia must undertake the fateful business. The northern borders, indeed, were sadly harried by the savage allies of the French; the brunt of the fighting hitherto had fallen upon the hardy militiamen of Massachusetts and Connecticut, in the slow contest for English mastery upon the continent. But there was really nothing to be decided in that quarter. The French were not likely to attempt the mad task of driving out the thickly set English population, already established, hundreds of thousands strong, upon the eastern coasts. Their true lines of conquest ran within. Their strength lay in their command of the great watercourses which flanked the English colonies both north and west. 'Twas a long frontier to hold, that mazy line of lake and river that ran all the way from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the wide mouths of the sluggish Mississippi. Throughout all the posts and settlements that lay upon it from end to end there were scarcely eighty thousand Frenchmen, while the English teemed upon the coasts more than a million strong. But the forces of New France could be handled like an army, while the English swarmed slowly westward without discipline or direction, the headstrong

subjects of a distant government they would not obey, the wayward constituents of a score of petty and jealous assemblies, tardy at planning, clumsy at executing plans. They were still far away, too, from the mid-waters of the lakes and from the royal stream of the Mississippi itself, where lonely boats floated slowly down, with their cargoes of grain, meat, tallow, tobacco, oil, hides, and lead, out of the country of the Illinois, past the long thin line of tiny isolated posts, to the growing village at New Orleans and the southern Gulf. But they were to be feared, none the less. If their tide once flowed in, the French well knew it could not be turned back again. It was not far away from the Ohio now; and if once settlers out of Pennsylvania and Virginia gained a foothold in any numbers on that river, they would control one of the great highways that led to the main basins of the continent. It was imperative they should be effectually forestalled, and that at once.

The Marquis Duquesne, with his quick soldier blood, at last took the decisive step for France. He had hardly come to his colony, to serve his royal master as Governor upon the St. Lawrence, when he determined to occupy the upper waters of the Ohio, and block the western passes against the English with a line of military posts. The matter did not seem urgent to the doubting ministers at Versailles. "Be on your guard against new undertakings," said official letters out of France; "private interests are generally at the bottom of them." But Duquesne knew that it was no mere private interest of fur-trader or speculator that was at stake now. The rivalry between the two nations had gone too far to make it possible to draw back. Military posts had already been established by the bold energy of the French at Niagara, the key to the western lakes, and at Crown Point upon Champlain, where lake and river struck straight towards the heart of the English trading settlements upon the Hudson. The English, accepting the challenge, had planted themselves at Oswego, upon the very lake route itself, and had made a port there to take the furs that came out of the West, and though very sluggish in the business, showed purpose of aggressive movement everywhere that advantage offered. English settlers by the hundred were pressing towards the western mountains in Pennsylvania, and down into that "Virginian Arcady," the sweet valley of the Shenandoah; thrifty Germans, a few; hardy Scots-Irish, a great many,—the blood most to be feared and checked. It was said that quite three hundred English traders passed the mountains every year into the region of the Ohio. Enterprising gentlemen in Virginia—Lawrence and Augustine Washington among the rest—had joined influential partners in London in the formation of an Ohio Company for the settlement of the western country and the absorption of the western trade; had sent out men who knew the region to make interest with the Indians and fix upon points of vantage for trading-posts and settlements; had already set out upon its business by erecting storehouses at Will's Creek, in the heart of the Alleghanies, and, further westward still, upon Redstone Creek, a branch of the Monongahela itself.

It was high time to act; and Duquesne, having no colonial assembly to hamper him, acted very promptly. When spring came, 1753, he sent fifteen hundred men into Lake Erie, to Presque Isle, where a fort of squared logs was built, and a road cut through the forests to a little river whose waters, when at the flood, would carry boats direct to the Alleghany and the great waterway of the Ohio itself. An English lieutenant at Oswego had descried the multitudinous fleet of canoes upon Ontario carrying this levy to its place of landing in the lake beyond, and a vagrant Frenchman had told him plainly what it was. It was an army of six thousand men, he boasted, going to the Ohio, "to cause all the English to quit those parts." It was plain to every English Governor in the colonies who had his eyes open that the French would not stop with planting a fort upon an obscure branch of the Alleghany, but that they would indeed press forward to take possession of the Ohio, drive every English trader forth, draw all the native tribes to their interest by force or favor, and close alike the western lands and the western trade in very earnest against all the King's subjects.

Governor Dinwiddie was among the first to see the danger and the need for action, as, in truth, was very natural. In office and out, his study had been the colonial trade, and he had been merchant and official now a long time. He was



one of the twenty stockholders of the Ohio Company, and had come to his governorship in Virginia with his eye upon the western country. He had but to look about him to perceive that Virginia would very likely be obliged to meet the crisis unaided, if, indeed, he could induce even her to meet it. Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania also saw how critically affairs stood, it is true, and what ought to be done. His agents had met and acted with the agents of the Ohio Company already in seeking Indian alliances and fixing upon points of vantage beyond the Alleghanies. But the Pennsylvania Assembly could by no argument or device

be induced to vote money or measures in the business. The placid Quaker traders were as stubborn as the stolid German farmers. They opposed warlike action on principle. The Germans opposed it because they could not for the life of them see the necessity of parting with their money to send troops upon so remote an errand. Dinwiddie did not wait or parley. He acted first, and consulted his Legislature afterwards. In was in his Scots blood to take the business very strenuously, and in his trader's blood to take it very anxiously. He had kept himself advised from the first of the movements of the French. Their vanguard had scarcely reached Presque Isle ere he despatched letters to England apprising the government of the danger. Answer had come very promptly, too, authorizing him to build forts upon the Ohio, if he could get the money from the Burgesses; and meantime, should the French trespass further, "to require of them peaceably to depart." If they would not desist for a warning, said his Majesty, "we do hereby strictly charge and command you to drive them off by force of arms."

Even to send a warning to the French was no easy matter when the King's letter came, and the chill autumn rains were at hand. The mountain streams, already swollen, presently to be full of ice, would be very dangerous for men and horses, and the forests were likely enough to teem with hostile savages now the French were there. A proper messenger was found and despatched, nevertheless—young Major George Washington, of the northern district. The errand lay in his quarter; his three years of surveying at the heart of the wilderness had made him an experienced woodsman and hardy traveller, had tested his pluck and made proof of his character; he was well known upon the frontier, and his friends were very influential, and very cordial in recommending him for this or any other manly service that called for steadiness, hardihood, and resource. Dinwiddie had been a correspondent of Lawrence Washington's ever since the presidency of the Ohio Company had fallen to the young Virginian upon the death of his neighbor Thomas Lee, writing to him upon terms of intimacy. He knew the stock of which George, the younger brother, came, and the interests in which he might be expected to embark with ardor; he could feel that he took small risk in selecting such an agent. Knowing him, too, thus through his family and like a friend, he did not hesitate in writing to Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania to speak of this youth of twenty-one as "a person of distinction."

Washington performed his errand as Dinwiddie must have expected he would. He received his commission and the Governor's letter to the French commandant on the last day of October, and set out the same day for the mountains. Jacob Vanbraam, the Dutch soldier of fortune who had been his fencing-master at Mount Vernon, accompanied him as interpreter, and Christopher Gist, the hardy, self-reliant frontier trader, whom the Ohio Company had employed to make interest for them among the Indians of the far region upon the western rivers which he knew so well, was engaged to act as his guide and counsellor; and with a few servants and pack-horses he struck straight into the forests in the middle of bleak November. It was the 11th of December before the jaded party rode, in the cold dusk, into the drenched and miry clearing where the dreary little fort stood that held the French commander. Through two hundred and fifty miles and more of forest they had dragged themselves over swollen rivers, amidst an almost ceaseless fall of rain or snow, with not always an Indian trail, even, or the beaten track of the bison, to open the forest growth for their flagging horses, and on the watch always against savage treachery. It had become plain enough before they reached their destination what answer they should get from the French. Sixty miles nearer home than these lonely headquarters of the French commander at Fort Le Boeuf they had come upon an outpost where the French colors were to be seen flying from a house from which an English trader had been driven out, and the French officers there had uttered brutally frank avowal of their purpose in that wilderness as they sat at wine with the alert and temperate young Virginian. "It was their absolute design," they said, "to take possession of the Ohio, and, by G—, they would do it. . . . They were sensible the English could raise two men for their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking of theirs." The com-

mandant at Fort Le Boeuf received the wayworn ambassador very courteously, and even graciously—a thoughtful elderly man, Washington noted him, "with much the air of a soldier"—but would make no profession even that he would consider the English summons to withdraw; and the little party of Englishmen presently turned back amidst the winter's storms to carry through the frozen wilderness a letter which boasted the French lawful masters of all the continent beyond the Alleghanies. When Washington reached Williamsburg, in the middle of January, 1754, untouched by even the fearful fatigues and anxieties of that daring journey, he had accomplished nothing but the establishment of his own character in the eyes of the men who were to meet the crisis now at hand. He had been at infinite pains at every stage of the dreary adventure to win and hold the confidence of the Indians who were accounted friends of the English, and had displayed an older man's patience, address, and fortitude in meeting all their subtile shifts; and he had borne hardships that tried even the doughty Gist. When the horses gave out, he had left them to come by easier stages, while he made his way afoot with only a single companion across the weary leagues that lay upon his homeward way. Gist, his comrade in the hazard, had been solicitously "unwilling he should undertake such a travel, who had never been used to walking before this time," but the imperative young commander would not be stayed, and the journey was made, spite of sore feet and frosts and exhausting weariness. He at least knew what the French were about, with what strongholds and forces, and could afford to await orders what to do next.

Dinwiddie had not been idle while Washington went his perilous errand. He had gotten the Burgesses together by the first of November, before Washington had left the back settlements to cross the wilderness, and would have gotten a liberal grant of money from them had they not fallen in their debates upon the question of the new fee charged since his coming for every grant out of the public lands of the colony, and insisted that it should be done away with. "Subjects," they said, very stubbornly, "cannot be deprived of the least part of their property without their consent;" and such a fee, they thought, was too like a tax to be endured. They would withhold the grant, they declared, unless the fee was abolished, notwithstanding they saw plainly enough in how critical a case things stood in the West; and the testy Governor very indignantly sent them home again. He ordered a draft of two hundred men from the militia, nevertheless, with the purpose of assigning the command to Washington, and seeing what might be done upon the Ohio without vote of assembly. A hard-headed Scotsman past sixty could not be expected to wait upon a body of wrangling and factious provincials for leave to perform his duty in a crisis, and inasmuch as the object was to save their own lands, and perhaps their own persons, from the French, could hardly be blamed for proposing in his anger that they be taxed for the purpose by act of Parliament. "A Governor," he exclaimed, "is really to be pitied in the discharge of his duty to his King and country in having to do with such obstinate, self-conceited people!" Some money he advanced out of his own pocket. When Washington came back from his fruitless mission, Dinwiddie ordered his journal printed and copies sent to all the colonial Governors. "As it was thought advisable by his Honour the Governor to have the following account of my proceedings to and from the French on Ohio committed to print," said the modest young Major, "I think I can do no less than apologize, in some measure, for the numberless imperfections of it." But it was a very manly recital of noteworthy things, and touched the imagination and fears of every thoughtful man who read it quite as near the quick as the urgent and repeated letters of the troubled Dinwiddie.

Virginia, it turned out, was, after all, more forward than her neighbors when it came to action. The Pennsylvania Assembly very coolly declared they doubted his Majesty's claim to the lands on the Ohio, and the Assembly in New York followed suit. "It appears," they said, in high judicial tone, "that the French have built a fort at a place called French Creek, at a considerable distance from the river Ohio, which may, but does not by any evidence or information appear to us to be an invasion of any of his Majesty's colonies." The Governors of the other colonies whose safety was most

directly menaced by the movements of the French in the West were thus even less able to act than Dinwiddie. For the Virginian Burgesses, though they would not yield the point of the fee upon land grants, did not mean to leave Major Washington in the lurch, and before an expedition could be got afoot had come together again to vote a sum of money. It would be possible with the sum they appropriated to put three or four hundred men into the field; and as spring drew on, raw volunteers began to gather in some numbers at Alexandria,—a ragged regiment, made up for the most part of idle and shiftless men who did not always have shoes, or even shirts, of their own to wear; anxious to get their eightpence a day, but not anxious to work or submit to discipline. 'Twas astonishing how steady and how spirited they showed themselves when once they had shaken their lethargy off and were on the march or face to face with the enemy. A body of backwoodsmen had been hurried forward in February, ere spring had opened, to make a clearing and set to work upon a fort at the forks of the Ohio; but it was the 2d of April before men enough could be collected at Alexandria to begin the main movement towards the frontier, and by that time it was too late to checkmate the French. The little force sent forward to begin fortifications had set about their task very sluggishly and without skill, and their commander had turned back again with some of his men to rejoin the forces behind him before the petty works he should have staid to finish were well begun. When, therefore, on the 17th of April, the river suddenly filled with canoes bearing an army of more than five hundred Frenchmen, who put cannon ashore, and summoned the forty men who held the place to surrender or be blown into the water, there was no choice but to comply. The young ensign who commanded the little garrison urged a truce till he could communicate with his superiors, but the French commander would brook no delay. The boy might either take his men off free and unhurt, or else fight and face sheer destruction; and the nearest succor was a little force of one hundred and fifty men under Colonel Washington, who had not yet topped the Alleghanies in their painful work of cutting a way through the forests for their field-pieces and wagons.

The Governor's plans had been altered by the Assembly's vote of money and the additional levy of men which it made possible. Colonel Joshua Fry, whom Dinwiddie deemed "a man of good sense, and one of our best mathematicians," had been given the command in chief, and Washington had been named his second in command, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. "Dear George," wrote Mr. Corbin, of the Governor's Council, "I enclose you your commission. God prosper you with it!" and the brunt of the work in fact fell upon the younger man. But three hundred volunteers could be gotten together; and, all too late, half of the raw levy was sent forward under Washington to find or make a way for wagons and ordnance to the Ohio. The last days of May were almost at hand before they had crossed the main ridge of the Alleghanies, so inexperienced were they in the rough labor of cutting a road through the close-set growth and over the sharp slopes of the mountains, and so ill equipped; and by that time it was already too late by a full month and more to forestall the French, who had only to follow the open highway of the Alleghany to bring what force they would to the key of the West at the forks of the Ohio. As the spring advanced, the French force upon the river grew from five to fourteen hundred men, and work was pushed rapidly forward upon fortifications such as the little band of Englishmen they had ousted had not thought of attempting —a veritable fort, albeit of a rude frontier pattern, which its builders called Duquesne, in honor of their Governor. Washington could hit upon no watercourse that would afford him quick transport; 'twould have been folly, besides, to take his handful of ragged provincials into the presence of an entrenched army. He was fain to go into camp at Great Meadows, just across the ridge of the mountains, and there await his Colonel with supplies and an additional handful of men.

It was "a charming field for an encounter," the young commander thought, but it was to be hoped the enemy would not find their way to it in too great numbers. An "Independent Company" of provincials in the King's pay joined him out of South Carolina, whence they had been sent forward by express orders from England; and the rest of the Virginia

volunteers at last came up to join their comrades at the Meadows—without good Colonel Fry, the doughty mathematician, who had sickened and died on the way—so that there were presently more than three hundred men at the camp, and Washington was now their commander-in-chief. The officers of the Independent Company from South Carolina, holding their commissions from the King, would not, indeed, take their orders from Washington, with his colonial commission merely; and, what was worse, their men would not work; but there was no doubt they would fight with proper dignity and spirit for his Majesty, their royal master. The first blood had already been drawn, on the 28th of May, before re-enforcements had arrived, when Washington had but just come to camp. Upon the morning of that day, Washington, with forty men, guided by friendly Indians, had come upon a party of some thirty Frenchmen where they lurked deep within the thickets of the dripping forest, and with thrust of bayonet when the wet guns failed had brought them to a surrender within fifteen minutes of the first surprise. No one in the Virginian camp doubted that there was war already, or dreamed of awaiting the action of diplomats and cabinets over sea. The French had driven an English garrison from the forks of the Ohio with threats of force, which would certainly have been executed had there been need. These men hidden in the thickets at Great Meadows would have it, when the fight was over, that they had come as messengers merely to bear a peaceful summons; but did it need thirty-odd armed men to bear a message? Why had they lurked for five days so stealthily in the forest; and why had they sent runners back post-haste to Fort Duquesne to obtain support for their diplomacy? Washington might regret that young M. Jumonville, their commander, had lost his life in the encounter, but he had no doubt he had done right to order his men to fire when he saw the French spring for their arms at the first surprise.

Now, at any rate, war was unquestionably begun. That sudden volley fired in the wet woods at the heart of the lonely Alleghanies had set the final struggle ablaze. It was now either French or English in America: it could no longer be both. Jumonville with his thirty Frenchmen was followed ere many weeks were out by Coulon de Villiers with seven hundred—some of them come all the way from Montreal at news of what had happened to France's lurking ambassadors in the far-away mountains of Virginia. On the 3d of July they closed to an encounter at "Fort Necessity," Washington's rude intrenchments upon the Great Meadows. There were three hundred and fifty Englishmen with him able to fight, spite of sickness and short rations, and as the enemy began to show themselves at the edges of the neighboring woods through the damp mists of that dreary morning, Washington drew his little force up outside their works upon the open meadow. He "thought the French would come up to him in open field," laughed a wily Indian, who gave him counsel freely, but no aid in the fight; but Villiers had no mind to meet the gallant young Virginian in that manly fashion. Once, indeed, they rushed to his trenches, but finding hot reception there, kept their distance afterwards. Villiers brought them after that only "as near as possible without uselessly exposing the lives of the King's subjects," and poured his fire in from the cover of the woods. For nine hours the unequal fight dragged on, the French and their Indians hardly showing themselves outside the shelter of the forest, the English crouching knee-deep in water in their rude trenches, while the rain poured incessantly, reducing their breastworks to a mass of slimy mud, and filling all the air with a chill and pallid mist. Day insensibly darkened into night in such an air, and it was eight o'clock when the firing ceased and the French asked a parley. Their men were tired of the dreary fight, their Indian allies threatened to leave them when morning should come, and they were willing the English should withdraw, if they would, without further hurt or molestation. The terms they offered seemed very acceptable to Washington's officers as the interpreter read them out, standing there in the drenching downpour and the black night. "It rained so hard we could hardly keep the candle lighted to read them by," said an officer; but there was really no choice what to do. More than fifty men lay dead or wounded in the flooded camp; the ammunition was all but spent; the French strength had hardly been touched in the fight, and

might at any moment be increased. Capitulation was inevitable, and Washington did not hesitate.

The next morning saw his wretched force making their way back again along the rude road they had cut through the forests. They had neither horses nor wagons to carry their baggage. What they could they burned; and then set out, sore stricken in heart and body, their wounded comrades and their scant store of food slung upon their backs, and dragged themselves very wearily all the fifty miles to the settlements at home. Two of the King's Independent Companies from New York ought to have joined them long ago, but had gotten no further than Alexandria when the fatal day came at the Great Meadows. North Carolina had despatched three hundred and fifty of her militiamen under an experienced officer to aid them, but they also came too late. It had been expected that Maryland would raise two hundred and fifty men, and Pennsylvania had at last voted money, to be spent instead of blood, for she would levy no men; but no succor had come from any quarter when it should. The English were driven in, and all their plans were worse than undone.

It was a bitter trial for the young Virginian commander to have his first campaign end so disastrously—to be worsted in a petty fight, and driven back hopelessly outdone. No one he cared for in Virginia blamed him. His ragged troops had borne themselves like men in the fight; his own gallantry no man could doubt. The House of Burgesses thanked him and voted money to his men. But it had been a rough apprenticeship, and Washington felt to the quick the lessons it had taught him. The discouraging work of recruiting at Alexandria, the ragged idlers to be governed there, the fruitless drilling of listless and insolent men, the two months' work with axe and spade cutting a way through the forests, the whole disheartening work of making ready for the fight, of seeking the enemy, and of choosing a field of encounter, he had borne as a stalwart young man can while his digestion holds good. He had at least himself done everything that was possible, and it had been no small relief to him to write plain-spoken letters to the men who were supposed to be helping him in Williamsburg, telling them exactly how things were going and who was to blame—letters which showed both how efficient and how proud he was. He had even showed a sort of boyish zest in the affair when it came to actual fighting with Jumonville and his scouts hidden in the forest. He had pressed to the thick of that hot and sudden skirmish, and had taken the French volleys with a lad's relish of the danger. "I heard the bullets whistle," he wrote his brother, "and believe me there is something charming in the sound." But after he had stood a day in the flooded trenches of his wretched "fort" at Great Meadows, and fought till evening from the open with an enemy he could not see, he knew that he had been taught a lesson; that he was very young at this terrible business of fighting; and that something more must be learned than could be read in the books at Mount Vernon. He kept a cheerful front in the dreary retreat, heartening his men bravely by word and example of steadfastness; but it was a sore blow to his pride and his hopes, and he must only have winced without protest could he have heard how Horace Walpole called him a "brave braggart" for his rodomontade about the music of deadly missiles.

He had no thought, however, of quitting his duty because his first campaign had miscarried. When he had made his report at Williamsburg he rejoined his demoralized regiment at Alexandria, where it lay but an hour's ride from Mount Vernon, and set about executing his orders to recruit once more as if the business were only just begun. Captain Innes, who had brought three hundred and fifty men from North Carolina too late to be of assistance at the Meadows, and who had had the chagrin of seeing them take themselves off home again because there was no money forth-coming to pay them what had been promised, remained at Will's Creek, amid the back settlements, to command the King's provincials from South Carolina who had been with Washington at the Meadows, and the two Independent Companies from New York who had lingered so long on the way, in the building of a rough fortification, to be named Fort Cumberland, in honor of the far-away Duke who was commander-in-chief in England. Dinwiddie, having such hot Scots blood in him as could brook no delays, and hav-



GENERAL EDWARD BRADDOCK.

ing been bred no soldier or frontiersman, but a merchant and man of business, would have had Washington's recruiting despatched at once, like a bill of goods, and a new force sent hot-foot to the Ohio again to catch the French while they were at ease over their victory and slackly upon their guard at Duquesne. When he was flatly told it was impossible, he turned to other plans, equally ill-considered, though no doubt equally well meant. By October he had obtained of the Assembly twenty thousand pounds, and from the government at home ten thousand more in good specie, such as was scarce in the colony,—for the sharp stir of actual fighting had had its effect alike upon King and Burgesses,—and had ordered the formation and equipment of ten full companies for the frontier. But the new orders contained a sad civilian blunder. The ten companies should all be Independent Companies; there should be no officer higher than a captain amongst them. This, the good Scotsman thought, would accommodate all disputes about rank and precedence, such as had come near to making trouble between Washington and Captain Mackay, of the Independent Company from South Carolina, while they waited for the French at Great Meadows.

Washington at once resigned, indignant to be so dealt with. Not only would he be reduced to a captaincy under such an arrangement, but every petty officer would outrank him who could show the King's commission. It was no tradition of his class to submit to degradation of rank thus by indirection and

without fault committed, and his pride and sense of personal dignity, for all he was so young, were as high-strung as any man's in Virginia. He had shown his quality in such matters already six months ago, while he lay in camp in the wilderness on his way toward the Ohio. The Burgesses had appointed a committee of their own to spend the money they had voted to put his expedition afoot in the spring, lest Dinwiddie should think, were they to give him the spending of it, that they had relented in the matter of the fees; and these gentlemen, in their careful parsimony, had cut the officers of the already straitened little force down to such pay and food as Washington deemed unworthy a gentleman's acceptance. He would not resign his commission there at the head of his men upon the march, but he asked to be considered a volunteer without pay, that he might be quit of the humiliation of being stinted like a beggar. Now that it was autumn, however, and wars stood still, he could resign without reproach, and he did so very promptly, in spite of protests and earnest solicitations from many quarters. "I am concerned to find Colonel Washington's conduct so imprudent," wrote Thomas Penn. But the high-spirited young officer deemed it no imprudence to insist upon a just consideration of his rank and services, and quietly withdrew to Mount Vernon, to go thence to his mother at the "ferry farm" upon the Rappahannock, and see again all the fields and friends he loved so well.

It was a very brief respite. He had been scarcely five months out of harness when he found himself again in camp, his plans and hopes once more turned towards the far wilderness where the French lay. He had set a great war ablaze that day he led his forty men into the thicket and bade them fire upon M. Jumonville and his scouts lurking there; and he could not, loving the deep business as he did, keep himself aloof from it when he saw how it was to be finished. Horace Walpole might laugh lightly at the affair, but French and English statesmen alike — even Newcastle, England's Prime Minister, as busy about nothing as an old woman, and as thoroughly ignorant of affairs as a young man — knew that something must be done, politics hanging at so doubtful a balance between them, now that Frederick of Prussia had driven France, Austria, and Russia into league against him. The French minister in London and the British minister in Paris vowed their governments still loved and trusted one another, and there was no declaration of war. But in the spring of 1755 eighteen French ships of war put to sea from Brest and Rochefort, carrying six battalions and a new Governor to Canada, and as many ships got away under press of sail from English ports to intercept and destroy them. Transports carrying two English regiments had sailed for Virginia in January, and by the 20th of February had reached the Chesapeake. The French ships got safely in at the St. Lawrence despite pursuit, losing but two of their fleet, which had the ill luck to be found by the English befogged and bewildered off the coast. The colonies were to see fighting on a new scale.

The English ministers, with whom just then all things went either by favor or by accident, had made a sorry blunder in the choice of a commander. Major-General Edward Braddock, whom they had commissioned to take the two regiments out and act as commander-in-chief in America, was a brave man, a veteran soldier, bred in a thorough school of action, a man quick with energy and indomitable in resolution, but every quality he had unfitted him to learn. Self-confident, brutal, headstrong, "a very Iroquois in disposition," he would take neither check nor suggestion. But energy, resolution, good soldiers, and a proper equipment might of themselves suffice to do much in the crisis that had come, whether wisdom held the reins or not; and it gave the Old Dominion a thrill of quickened hope and purpose to see Keppel's transports in the Potomac and Braddock's redcoats ashore at Alexandria.

The transports, as they made their way slowly up the river, passed beneath the very windows of Mount Vernon, to put the troops ashore only eight miles beyond. Washington had left off being soldier for Dinwiddie, but he had resigned only to avoid an intolerable indignity, not to shun service, and he made no pretence of indifference when he saw the redcoats come to camp at Alexandria. Again and again was he early in the saddle to see the stir and order of the troops, make the acquaintance of the officers, and learn, if he might, what it was that fitted his Majesty's regulars for their stern business. The

self-confident gentlemen who wore his Majesty's uniform and carried his Majesty's commissions in their pockets had scant regard, most of them, for the raw folk of the colony, who had never been in London or seen the set array of battle. They were not a little impatient that they must recruit among such a people. The transports had brought but a thousand men—two half-regiments of five hundred each, whose colonels had instructions to add two hundred men apiece to their force in the colony. Six companies of "rangers," too, the colonists were to furnish, and one company of light horse, besides carpenters and teamsters. By all these General Braddock's officers set small store, deeming it likely they must depend, not upon the provincials, but upon themselves for success. They were at small pains to conceal their hearty contempt for the people they had come to help.

But with Washington it was a different matter. There was that in his proud eyes and gentleman's bearing that marked him a man to be made friends with and respected. A good comrade he proved, without pretence or bravado, but an ill man to scorn, as he went his way among them, lithe and alert, full six feet in his boots, with that strong gait as of a backwoodsman, and that haughty carriage as of a man born to have his will. He won their liking, and even their admiration, as a fellow of their own pride and purpose. General Braddock, knowing he desired to make the campaign if he might do so without sacrifice of self-respect, promptly invited him to go as a member of his staff, where there could be no question of rank, asking him, besides, to name any young gentlemen of his acquaintance he chose for several vacant ensigncies in the two regiments. The letter of invitation, written by Captain Orme, aide-de-camp, was couched in terms of unaffected cordiality. Washington very gladly accepted, in a letter that had just a touch of the young provincial in it, so elaborate and over-long was its explanation of its writer's delicate position and self-respecting motives, but with so much more of the proud gentleman and resolute man that the smile with which Captain Orme must have read it could have nothing of disrelish in it. The young aide-de-camp and all the other members of the General's military "family" found its author, at any rate, a man after their own hearts when it came to terms of intimacy amongst them.

By mid-April the commander-in-chief had brought five Governors together at Alexandria, in obedience to his call for an immediate conference—William Shirley, of Massachusetts, the stout-hearted old lawyer, every inch "a gentleman and politician," who had of a sudden turned soldier to face the French, for all he was past sixty; James De Lancey, of New York, astute man of the people; the brave and energetic Horatio Sharpe, of Maryland; Robert Hunter Morris, fresh from the latest wrangles with the headstrong Quakers and Germans of Pennsylvania; and Robert Dinwiddie, the busy merchant-Governor of the Old Dominion, whose urgent letters to the government at home had brought Braddock and his regiments to the Potomac. Plans were promptly agreed upon. New York and New England, seeing war come on apace, were astir no less than Virginia, and in active correspondence with the ministers in London. Two regiments had already been raised and taken into the King's pay; the militia of all the threatened colonies were afoot; in all quarters action was expected and instant war. Governor Shirley, the council agreed, should strike at once at Niagara with the King's new provincial regiments, in the hope to cut the enemy's connections with their western posts; Colonel William Johnson, the cool-headed trader and borderer, who had lived and thriven so long in the forests where the dreaded Mohawks had their strength, should lead a levy from New England, New York, and New Jersey to an attack upon Crown Point, where for twenty-four years the French had held Champlain; and Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, of the King's regulars, must take a similar force against Beauséjour in Acadia, while General Braddock struck straight into the western wilderness to take Duquesne. 'Twere best to be prompt in every part of the hazardous business, and Braddock turned from the conference to push his own expedition forward at once. "After taking Fort Duquesne," he said to Franklin, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and after having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I can see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." "To be sure, sir;"

quietly replied the sagacious Franklin, "if you arrive well before Duquesne with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, the fort....can probably make but a short resistance." But there was the trouble. 'Twould have been better, no doubt, had a route through Pennsylvania been chosen, where cultivated farms already stretched well into the West, with their own roads and grain and cattle and wagons to serve an army with; but the Virginia route had been selected (by intrigue of gentlemen interested in the Ohio Company, it was hinted), and must needs be made the best of. There was there, at the least, the rough track Washington's men had cut to the Great Meadows. This must now be widened and levelled for an army with its cumbrous train of artillery, and its endless procession of wagons laden with baggage and provisions. To take two thousand men through the dense forests with all the military trappings and supplies of a European army would be to put, it might be, four miles of its rough trail between van and rear of the struggling line, and it would be a clumsy enemy, as fighting went in the woods, who could not cut such a force into pieces—"like thread," as Franklin said.

The thing was to be attempted, nevertheless, with stubborn British resolution. It was the 19th of May before all the forces intended for the march were finally collected at Fort Cumberland, twenty-two hundred men in all—fourteen hundred regulars, now the recruits were in; nearly five hundred Virginians, horse and foot; two Independent Companies from New York; and a small force of sailors from the transports to rig tackle for the ordnance when there was need on the rough way. And it was the 10th of June when the advance began, straight into that "realm of forests ancient as the world" that lay without limit upon all the western ways. It was a thing of infinite difficulty to get that lumbering train through the tangled wilderness, and it kept the temper of the truculent Braddock very hot to see how it played havoc with every principle and practice of campaigning he had ever heard of. He charged the colonists with an utter want alike of honor and of honesty to have kept him so long awaiting the transportation and supplies they had promised, and to have done so little to end with, and so drew Washington into "frequent disputes, maintained with warmth on both sides"; but the difficulties of the march presently wrought a certain forest change upon him, and disposed him to take counsel of his young Virginian aide—the only man in all his company who could speak out of knowledge in that wild country. On the 19th, at Washington's advice, he took twelve hundred men and pressed forward with a lightened train to a quicker advance, leaving Colonel Dunbar to bring up the rest of the troops with the baggage. Even this lightened force halted "to level every mole-hill, and to erect bridges over every brook," as Washington chafed to see, and "were four days in getting twelve miles"; but the pace was better than before, and brought them at last almost to their destination.

On the 9th of July, at mid-day, they waded the shallow Monongahela, but eight miles from Duquesne, making a brave show as the sun struck upon their serried ranks, their bright uniforms, their fluttering banners, and their glittering arms, and went straight into the rough and shadowed forest path that led to the French post. Upon a sudden there came a man bounding along the path to meet them, wearing the gorget of a French officer, and the forest behind him swarmed with a great host of but half-discovered men. Upon signal given, these spread themselves to right and left within the shelter of the forest, and from their covert poured a deadly fire upon Braddock's advancing lines. With good British pluck the steady regulars formed their accustomed ranks, crying, "God save the King!" to give grace to the volleys they sent back into the forest; the ordnance was brought up and swung to its work; all the force pressed forward to take what place it could in the fight; but where was the use? Washington besought General Braddock to scatter his men too, and meet the enemy under cover as they came, but he would not listen. They must stand in ranks, as they were bidden, and take the fire of their hidden foes like men, without breach of discipline. When they would have broken in spite of him, in their panic at being slaughtered there in the open glade without sight of the enemy, Braddock beat them back with his sword, and bitterly cursed them for cowards. He would have kept the Virginians, too, back from the covert if he could, when he saw them seek to close with the attacking



Washington. Gage. Gates.

THE BURIAL OF BRADDOCK.

party in true forest fashion. As it was, they were as often shot down by the terror-stricken regulars behind them as by their right foes in front. They alone made any head in the fight; but who could tell in such a place how the battle fared? No one could count the enemy where they sprang from covert to covert. They were, in fact, near a thousand strong at the first meeting in the way,—more than six hundred Indians, a motley host gathered from far and near at the summons of the French, sevenscore Canadian rangers, seventy-odd regulars from the fort, and thirty or forty French officers, come out of sheer eagerness to have a hand in the daring game. Contrecœur could not spare more Frenchmen from his little garrison, his connections at the lakes being threatened, and he sorely straitened for men and stores. He was staking everything, as it was, upon this encounter on the way. If the English should shake the savages off, as he deemed they would, he must no doubt withdraw as he could ere the lines of siege were closed about him. He never dreamed of such largess of good fortune as came pouring in upon him. The English were not only checked, but beaten. They had never seen business like this. 'Twas a pitiful, shameful slaughter,—men shot like beasts in a pen there where they cowered close in their scarlet ranks. Their first blazing volleys had sent the craven Canadians scampering back the way they had come; Beaujeu, who led the attack, was killed almost at the first onset; but the gallant youngsters who led the motley array wavered never an instant, and readily held the Indians to their easy work. Washington did all that furious energy and reckless courage could to keep the order of battle his commander had so madly chosen, to hold the regulars to their blind work and hearten the Virginians to stay the threatened rout, driving his horse everywhere into the thick of the murderous firing, and crying upon all alike to keep to it steadily like men. He had but yesterday rejoined the advance, having for almost two weeks lain stricken with a fever in Dunbar's camp. He could hardly sit his cushioned saddle for weakness when the fight began; but when the blaze of the battle burst, his eagerness was suddenly like that of one possessed, and his immunity from harm like that of one charmed. Thrice a horse was shot under him, many bullets cut his clothing, but he went without a wound. A like mad energy drove Braddock storming up and down the breaking lines; but he was mortally stricken at last, and Washington alone remained to exercise such control as was possible when the inevitable rout came.

It was impossible to hold the ground in such fashion. The stubborn Braddock himself had ordered a retreat ere the fatal bullet found him. Sixty-three out of the eighty-six officers of his force were killed or disabled; less than five hundred men out of all the thirteen hundred who had but just now passed so gallantly through the ford remained unhurt: the deadly slaughter must have gone on to utter destruction. Retreat was inevitable—'twas blessed good fortune that it was still possible. When once it began it was headlong, reckless, frenzied. The men ran wildly, blindly, as if hunted by demons whom no man might hope to resist,—haunted by the frightful cries, maddened by the searching and secret fire of their foes, now coming hot upon their heels. Wounded comrades, military stores, baggage, their very arms, they left upon the ground, abandoned. Far into the night they ran madly on, in frantic search for the camp of the rear division, crying, as they ran, for help; they even passed the camp in their uncontrollable terror of pursuit, and went desperately on towards the settlements. Washington and the few officers and provincials who scorned the terror found the utmost difficulty in bringing off their stricken General, where he lay wishing to die. Upon the fourth day after the battle he died, loathing the sight of a redcoat, they said, and murmuring praises of "the blues," the once despised Virginians. They buried his body in the road, that the army wagons might pass over the place and obliterate every trace of a grave their savage enemies might rejoice to find and desecrate.

He had lived to reach Dunbar's camp, but not to see the end of the shameful rout. The terror mastered the rear-guard too. They destroyed their artillery, burned their wagons and stores, emptied their powder into the streams, and themselves broke into a disordered, feverish retreat which was a mere flight, their craven commander shamefully acquiescing. He would not even hold or rally them at Fort Cumberland, but went on, as if upon

a hurried errand, all the way to Philadelphia, leaving the fort, and all the frontier with it, "to be defended by invalids and a few Virginians." "I acknowledge," cried Dinwiddie, "I was not brought up to arms; but I think common-sense would have prevailed not to leave the frontier exposed after having opened a road over the mountains to the Ohio, by which the enemy can the more easily invade us. The whole conduct of Colonel Dunbar seems to be monstrous." And so, indeed, it was. But the colonies at large had little time to think of it. Governor Shirley had gone against Niagara only to find the French ready for him at every point, now that they had read Braddock's papers, taken at Duquesne, and to come back again without doing anything. Beauséjour had been taken in Acadia, but it lay apart from the main field of struggle. Johnson beat the French off at Lake George when they attacked him, and took Dieskau, their commander; but he contented himself with that, and left Crown Point untouched. There were other frontiers besides those of Virginia and Pennsylvania to be looked to and guarded. For three long years did the fortunes of the English settlements go steadily from danger to desperation, as the French and their savage allies advanced from victory to victory. In 1756 Oswego was taken; in 1757, Fort William Henry. Commander succeeded commander among the English, only to add blunder to blunder, failure to failure. And all the while it fell to Washington, Virginia's only stay in her desperate trouble, to stand steadfastly to the hopeless work of keeping three hundred and fifty miles of frontier with a few hundred men against prowling bands of savages, masters of the craft of swift and secret attack, "dexterous at skulking," in a country "mountainous and full of swamps and hollow ways covered with woods."

For twenty years now settlers had been coming steadily into this wilderness that lay up and down upon the nearer slopes of the great mountains—Germans, Scots-Irish, a hardy breed. Their settlements lay scattered far and near among the foothills and valleys. Their men were valiant and stout-hearted, quick with the rifle, hard as flint when they were once afoot to revenge themselves for murdered wives and children and comrades. But how could they, scattered as they were, meet these covert sallies in the dead of night—a sudden rush of men with torches, the keen knife, the quick rifle? The country filled with fugitives, for whom Washington's militiamen could find neither food nor shelter. "The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men," cried the young commander, "melt me into such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease.... I would be a willing offering to savage fury, and die by inches to save a people." It was a comfort to know, at the least, that he was trusted and believed in. The Burgesses had thanked him under the very stroke of Braddock's defeat, in terms which could not be doubted sincere. In the very thick of his deep troubles, when he would have guarded the helpless people of the border but could not, Colonel Fairfax could send him word from Williamsburg, "Your good health and fortune are the toast at every table." "Our Colonel," wrote a young comrade in arms, "is an example of fortitude in either danger or hardships, and by his easy, polite behavior has gained not only the regard but affection of both officers and soldiers." But it took all the steadiness that had been born or bred in him to endure the strain of the disheartening task, from which he could not in honor break away. His plans, he complained, were "to-day approved, tomorrow condemned." He was bidden do what was impossible. It would require fewer men to go against Duquesne again and remove the cause of danger than to prevent the effects while the cause remained. Many of his officers were careless and inefficient, many of his men mutinous. "Your Honor will, I hope, excuse my hanging instead of shooting them," he wrote to the Governor; "it conveyed much more terror to others, and it was for example sake that we did it." It was a test as of fire for a young Colonel in his twenties.

But a single light lies upon the picture. Early in 1756, ere the summer's terror had come upon the border, and while he could be spared, he took horse and made his way to Boston to see Governor Shirley, now acting as commander-in-chief in the colonies, and from him at first hand obtain settlement of that teasing question of rank that had already driven this young officer once from the service. He went



WASHINGTON AND MARY PHILIPSE.

very bravely dight in proper uniform of buff and blue, a white and scarlet cloak upon his shoulders, the sword at his side knotted with red and gold, his horse's fittings engraved with the Washington arms, and trimmed in the best style of the London saddlers. With him rode two aides in their uniforms, and two servants in their white and scarlet livery. Curious folk who looked upon the celebrated young officer upon the road saw him fare upon his way with all the pride of a Virginian gentleman, a handsome man, and an admirable horseman,—a very gallant figure, no one could deny. Everywhere he was fêted as he went; everywhere he showed himself the earnest, high-strung, achieving youth he was. In New York he fell into a new ambush, from which he did not come off without a wound. His friend Beverly Robinson must needs have Miss Mary Philipse at his house there, a beauty and an heiress, and Washington came away from her with a sharp rigor at his heart. But he could not leave that desolate frontier at home unprotected to stay for a siege upon a lady's heart; he had recovered from such wounds before, had before that left pleasure for duty; and in proper season was back at his post, with papers from Shirley which left no doubt who should command in Virginia.

At last, in 1758, the end came, when William Pitt thrust smaller men aside and became Prime Minister in England. Amherst took Louisbourg, Wolf came to Quebec, and General Forbes, that stout and steady soldier, was sent to Virginia to go again against Duquesne. The advance was slow to exasperation in the view of every ardent man like Washington, and cautious almost to timidity; but the very delay redounded to its success at last. 'Twas November before Duquesne was reached. The Indians gathered there, seeing winter come on, had not waited to meet them; and the French by that time knew themselves in danger of being cut off by the English operations in the North. When Forbes's forces, therefore, at last entered those fatal woods again, where Braddock's slaughtered men had lain to rot, the French had withdrawn; nothing remained but to enter the smoking ruins of their abandoned fort, hoist the King's flag, and rename the post Fort Pitt, and Washington turned homeward again to seek the rest he so much needed. It had been almost a bloodless campaign, but such danger as it had brought, Washington had shared to the utmost. The French had not taken themselves off without at least one trial of the English strength. While yet Forbes lay within the mountains a large detachment had come from Duquesne to test and reconnoitre his force. Colonel Mercer, of the Virginian line, had been ordered forward with a party to meet them. He stayed so long, and the noise of the firing came back with so doubtful a meaning to the anxious ears at the camp, that Washington hastened with volunteers to his relief. In the dusk the two bodies of Englishmen met, mistook each other for enemies, exchanged a deadly fire, and were checked only because Washington, rushing between their lines, even while their pieces blazed, cried his hot commands to stop, and struck up the smoking muzzles with his sword. 'Twas through no prudence of his he was not shot.

For a long time his friends had felt a deep uneasiness about his health. They had very earnestly besought him not to attempt a new campaign. "You will in all probability bring on a relapse," George Mason had warned him, "and render yourself incapable of serving the public at a time when there may be the utmost occasion. There is nothing more certain than that a gentleman of your station owes the care of his health and his life not only to himself and his friends, but to his country." But he had deemed the nearest duty the most imperative; and it was only after that duty was disposed of that he had turned from the field to seek home and new pleasures along with new duties. The winter brought news from Quebec of the fall of the French power in America, which made rest and home and pleasure the more grateful and full of zest.



WHERE FANCY WAS BRED.

BY OWEN WISTER.

ON a Monday noon a small company of horsemen strung out along the trail from Sunk Creek to gather cattle over their allotted sweep of range. Spring was backward, and they, as they rode galloping and gathering upon the cold week's work, cursed cheerily, and occasionally sang. The man from Virginia was grave in bearing and of infrequent speech, but he had one only song, a matter of some seventy-nine verses. Seventy-eight were quite unprintable, and rejoiced his brother cow-punchers monstrously. They, knowing him to be a singular man, forbore ever to press him, and awaited his own humor, lest he should weary of the lyric; and when, after a day of silence apparently saturnine, he would lift his gentle voice and begin—

"If you go to monkey with my Looloo girl,
I'll tell you what I'll do:
I'll cyarve your heart with my razor *and*
I'll shoot you with my pistol too—"

then they would stridently take up each last line, and keep it going three, four, ten times, and kick holes in the ground to it.

By the levels of Bear Creek, that reach like inlets among the promontories of the lonely hills, they came upon the school-house, nearly roofed, and ready for the first native Wyoming crop. It symbolized the dawn of a neighborhood, and it brought a change into the wilderness air. The feel of it struck cold upon the vagrant spirits of the cow-punchers, and they told each other that, what with women and children and wire fences, this country would not long be a country for men. They stopped for a meal at an old comrade's. They looked over his gate, and there he was, pottering among garden furrows.

"Pickin' nosegays?" inquired the Virginian; and the old comrade asked if they could not recognize potatoes except in the dish. But he grinned sheepishly at them too, because they knew he had not always lived in a garden. Then he took them into his house, where they saw an object crawling on the floor with a tin locomotive. He began to remove the locomotive, but stopped in alarm at the result, and his wife looked in from the kitchen to caution him about humoring little Christopher.

Then the Virginian slowly spoke again: "How many little strangers have yu' got, James?"

"Only two."

"My! Ain't it most three years since yu' married? Yu' mustn't let time creep ahaid o' yu', James."

The father once more grinned at his guests, who themselves turned sheepish and polite; for Mrs. Westfall came in, brisk and hearty, and set the meat upon the table. After that it was she who talked. The guests ate scrupulously, muttering "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," in their plates, while their hostess told them of the increasing families upon Bear Creek, and the expected school-teacher, and little Alfred's early teething, and how it was time for them all to become husbands like James. The bachelors of the saddle listened, always diffident, but eating heartily to the end, and soon after rode away together in a thoughtful clump. The wives of Bear Creek were few as yet, and the homes scattered; the school-house was only a sprig on the vast face of a world of elk and bear and uncertain Indians; but that night, when the earth near the fire was littered with the cow-punchers' beds, the Virginian was heard drawling to himself: "Alfred and Christopher. Oh, sugar!"

And they found pleasure in the delicately chosen shade of this oath. He also recited to them a new verse about how he took his Looloo girl to the school-house for to learn her A B C; and as it was quite original and unprintable, the camp laughed and swore joyfully, and rolled in its blankets to sleep under the stars.

Upon a Monday noon likewise (for things will happen so) some tearful people in petticoats waved handkerchiefs at a train that was just leaving Bennington, Vermont. A girl's face smiled back at them once, and withdrew quickly, for they must not see the smile die away. The girl was twenty-two, and she had been once to New York, and to Boston twice; but Molly Stark had been her great-grandmother, and so she was setting forth, fearless and alone, from Bennington, Vermont, to teach school on Bear Creek, Wyoming. She had a little

money, a few clothes, and a determination not to be a burden on her mother; beyond this, she possessed not much except spelling-books and a craving for the unknown. At Hoosac Junction, which is not far, she passed the up train bound back toward her dwindling home; and seeing the engineer and the conductor look so usual, her eyes failed her at last, and she shut them against this glimpse of what lay behind her, and pressed a little bunch of flowers closer in her hand. But after Rotterdam Junction, which is not much further, she sat bravely up in the through car, dwelling upon the unknown. She thought she had attained it in Ohio on Tuesday morning, and wrote a letter about it to Bennington. On Wednesday afternoon in Iowa she felt sure, and wrote another letter, much more picturesque. But on the following day, after breakfast at North Platte, Nebraska, she wrote a very long letter indeed, and told them that she had seen a black pig on a white pile of buffalo bones, catching drops of water in the air as they fell from the railroad tank. She also wrote that trees were extraordinarily scarce. Each hour westward from the pig confirmed this opinion, and when she left the train at Rock Creek, late upon that fourth night—in those days the trains were slower—she knew that she had really attained the unknown, and sent an expensive telegram to say that she was very well.

At six in the morning the stage drove away, with her its only passenger, into the sage-brush, and by sundown she had passed through some of the primitive perils of the world. The second team, virgin to harness, and displeased with this novelty, tried to take it off, and went down to the bottom of a gully on its eight hind legs, while Miss Wood sat mute and unflinching beside the driver. Therefore he, when it was over and they on the proper road again, invited her earnestly to be his wife during many of the next fifteen miles, and told her of his snug cabin and his horses and his mine. Then she got down and rode inside, Independence and Grandmother Stark shining in her eye. At Point of Rocks, where they had supper and his drive ended, her face distracted his heart, and he told her once more about his cabin, and lamentably hoped she would remember him. She answered sweetly that she would try, and she gave him her hand. After all, he was a frank-looking boy, who had paid her the highest compliment that a boy knows; and it is said that Molly Stark, in her day, was not a New Woman.

The new driver banished the first one from the maiden's mind. He was not a frank-looking boy, and he had been taking whiskey. All night long he took it, while his passenger, helpless and sleepless inside the lurching stage, sat as upright as she possibly could, nor did the voices that she heard at Drybone reassure her. Sunrise found the white stage lurching eternally on across the alkali, with a driver and a bottle on the box, and a pale girl staring out at the drifted plain, and knotting in her handkerchief some utterly dead flowers. They came to a river, where the man bungled the ford. Two wheels sank down over an edge, and the canvas toppled like a failing kite. The ripple came sucking through the upper spokes, and as she felt the seat careen she put out her head and tremulously asked if anything was wrong. But the driver was addressing his team with language, and also with the lash. Then a tall man appeared close against the buried axles, and took her out of the stage on his horse so suddenly that she screamed. She felt splashes, saw a swimming flood, and found herself lifted down upon the shore. The man said something to her about cheering up, and its being all right, but her wits were stock-still, so she did not speak and thank him. After four days of train and thirty hours of stage, she was having a little too much unknown at once. Then the tall man gently withdrew, leaving her to become herself again. She limply regarded the river pouring round the slanted stage, and a number of horsemen with ropes, who righted the vehicle and got it quickly to dry land, and disappeared at once with a herd of cattle, uttering lusty yells.

She saw the tall one delaying beside the driver, and speaking, but so quietly that not a word reached her, until of a sudden the driver protested loudly, and the man threw something, which turned out to be a bottle, that twisted loftily and dived into the stream. He said something more to the driver, then put his hand on the saddle-horn, looked half-lingeringly at the passenger on the bank, dropped his eyes from hers, and swinging upon his horse, was gone, just as the passenger opened her mouth and with inefficient

voice murmured, "Oh, thank you!" at his departing back.

The driver drove up now, a chastened creature. He helped Miss Wood in, and inquired after her welfare with a hanging head; then, meek as his own drenched horses, he climbed back to his reins, and nursed the stage on toward the Bow-Leg Mountains much as if it had been a perambulator. As for Miss Wood, she sat recovered, and reflecting what the man on the horse must think of her. She knew she was not ungrateful, and if he had given her an opportunity she would have explained to him. If he thought she did not appreciate his act— Here into the midst of these regrets came an abrupt memory that she had screamed—she could not be sure when. So she rehearsed the adventure from its beginning, and found one or two further uncertainties—how it had all been while she was on the horse, for instance. It was confusing to determine precisely what she had done with her arms. And the handkerchief with the flowers was gone! She made a few rapid dives in search of it. Had she, or had she not, seen him putting something in his pocket? And why had she behaved so unlike herself? In a few miles Miss Wood entertained sentiments of maidenly resentment toward her rescuer, and maidenly hope to see him again.

To that river crossing he came again, alone, when the days were growing short. The ford was dry sand, and the stream a winding lane of shingle. He found a pool — pools always survive the year round in this stream—and having watered his pony, he lunched near the spot to which he had borne the frightened passenger that day. Where the flowing current had been he sat, regarding the extremely safe channel. "She cert'nly wouldn't need to grip me so close this mawnin'," he said, as he pondered over his meal. "I reckon it will mightily astonish her when I tell her how harmless the torrent is lookin'." He held out to his pony a slice of bread matted with sardines, which the pony expertly accepted. "You're a plumb pie-biter, you Monte," he continued. Monte rubbed his nose on his master's shoulder. "I wouldn't trust you with berries and cream. No, seh; not though yu' did rescue a drownin' lady." Presently he tightened the forward cinch, got in the saddle, and the pony fell into his wise mechanical jog, for he had come a long way, and was going a long way, and he knew this as well as the man did.

Steers had jumped to seventy-five. To have flourished in that golden time you need not be dead now, nor even middle-aged; but it is Wyoming mythology already, quite as fabulous as the cat and the fiddle and the high-jumping cow. Indeed, people gathered together and behaved themselves much in the same pleasant, improbable way. Johnson County and Natrona and Converse and others, to say nothing of the Cheyenne Club, had been jumping over the moon for some weeks, all on account of steers; and on the strength of this vigorous price of seventy-five, the Swinton brothers were giving a barbecue at the Goose Egg outfit, their ranch on Bear Creek. Of course the whole neighborhood was bidden, and would come forty miles to a man; some would come further—the Virginian was coming a hundred and eighteen. It had struck him—rather suddenly, as shall be made plain—that he should like to see how they were getting along up there on Bear Creek. "They" was how he put it to himself, and consequently he ought to have been aware that the trousers he bought and the unnecessarily excellent scarf were an extravagance.

In the spring, two days after that miring of the stage, he had learned accidentally that the passenger was the Bear Creek school-marm; but the camp never noticed he ceased to sing that eightieth verse he had made about the A B C which was not printable. He effaced it imperceptibly, giving the boys the other seventy-nine at judicious intervals, so that they dreamed of no guile, but saw in him, whether frequenting camp or town, the same not over-angelic comrade whom they valued and could not wholly understand. All spring he had ridden trail, worked at ditches during summer, and now had just finished with the beef round-up. Yesterday, while he was spending a little comfortable money at the Drybone hog ranch, a casual traveller from the north gossiped of Bear Creek, and the fences up there, and the farm crops, the Westfalls, and the young school-marm from Vermont, for whom the Taylors had built a cabin next door to theirs. He had not seen her, but Mrs. Taylor and all the ladies thought the world of her, and Lin McLean had told him she was "away up

in G." She would have plenty of partners at this Swinton barbecue. Great boom for the country, wasn't it, steers jumping that way?

The Virginian heard, asking no questions; and left town in an hour, with the scarf and trousers tied in his slicker behind his saddle. After looking upon the ford again, even though it was dry and not at all the same place, he journeyed inattentively. When you have been hard at work for months, with no time to think, of course you think a great deal during your first empty days. "Step along, you Monte hawse!" he said, rousing after some while. He disciplined Monte, who flattened his ears affectedly and snorted. "Why, you surely ain' thinkin' of you'self as a hero? She wasn't really a-drowndin', you pie-biter." He rested his serious glance upon the alkali. "She's not likely to have forgot that mix-up, though. I guess I'll not remind her about grippin' me, and all that. She wasn't the kind a man ought to josh about such things. She had a right clear eye." Thus, tall and loose in the saddle, did he jog along the sixty miles which still lay between him and the dance.

Two camps in the open, and his Monte horse, untired, brought him to the Swintons' early for the barbecue, and received good food at length, while the rider was welcomed with good whiskey. *Good* whiskey—for had not steers jumped to seventy-five? Inside the Goose Egg kitchen many small things were preparing, and a steer was roasting whole outside. The bed of flame under it showed steadily brighter against the dusk that was beginning to veil the lowlands. The busy hosts went and came, while men stood and men lay near the fire-glow. Shorty was there, and Nebrasky, and a man called Trampas, and Honey Wiggin, with others, enjoying the occasion; but Honey Wiggin was enjoying himself—he had an audience; he was sitting up discoursing to it.

"Hello!" he said, perceiving the Virginian. "So you've dropped in fer your turn! Number—six, ain't he, boys?"

"Depends who's a-runnin' the countin'," said the Virginian, and stretched himself down among the audience.

"I've saw him number one when nobody else was around," said Trampas.

"How far away was you standin' when you beheld that?" inquired the lounging Southerner.

"Well, boys," said Wiggin, "I expect it will be Miss School-marm says who's number one to-night."

"So she's arrived in this hyeh country?" observed the Virginian, very casually.

"Arrived!" said Trampas again. "Where have you been grazing lately?"

"A right smart way from the mules."

"Nebrasky and the boys was tellin' me they'd missed yu' off the range," again interposed Wiggin. "Say, Nebrasky, who hev yu' offered yer canary to, the school-marm said you mustn't give her?"

Nebrasky grinned wretchedly.

"Well, she's a lady, and she's square, not takin' a man's gift when she don't take the man. But you'd ought to get back all them letters yu' wrote her. Yu' sure ought to ask her for them telltales."

"Ah, pshaw, Honey!" protested the youth. It was well known that he could not write his name.

"Why, if here ain't Bokay Baldy!" cried the agile Wiggin, stooping to fresh prey. "Found them slippers yet, Baldy? Tell yu', boys, that was turruble sad luck Baldy had. Did yu' hear about that? Baldy, yu' know, he can stay on a tame horse most as well as the school-marm. But just you give him a pair of young knittin'-needles and see him make 'em sweat! He worked an elegant pair of slippers with pink cabbages on 'em for Miss Wood."

"I bought 'em at Medicine Bow," blundered Baldy.

"So yu' did!" assented the skilful comedian. "Baldy he bought 'em. And on the road to her cabin there at the Taylors' he got thinkin' they might be too big, and he got studyin' what to do. And he fixed up to tell her about his not bein' sure of the size, and how she was to let him know if they dropped off her, and he'd exchange 'em, and when he got right near her door, why, he couldn't find his courage, and he slips the parcel under the fence and starts serenadin' her. But she ain't inside her cabin at all. She's at supper next door, with the Taylors, and Baldy singin' 'Love has conqwered pride and angwer' to a lone house. Lin McLean was comin' up by Taylor's corral, where Taylor's polled Angus bull was. Well, it was turruble sad. Baldy's pants got tore, but he fell inside the fence, and Lin druv the bull back, and somebody stole them Medicine Bow goloshes. Are yu' goin' to knit her some more, Bokay?"

"About half that ain't straight," Baldy commented, with mildness.

"The half that was tore off yer pants? Well, never mind, Baldy; Lin will get left too, same as all of yu'."

"Is there many?" inquired the Virginian. He was still stretched on his back, looking up at the sky.

"I don't know how many she's been used to where she was raised," Wiggin answered. "A kid stage-driver come from Point of Rocks one day and went back the next. Then the foreman of the 76 outfit, and the horse-wrangler from the Bar Circle L, and two deputy marshals, with punchers stringin' right along—all got their tumble. Old Judge Burrage from Cheyenne come up in August for a hunt, and staid round here and never hunted at all. There was that horse thief—awful good-lookin'. Taylor wanted to warn her about him, but Mrs. Taylor said she'd look after her if it was needed. Mr. Horse-thief gave it up quicker than most; but she couldn't have knowed he had a Mrs. Horse-thief camped on Poison Spider till afterwards. She wouldn't go ridin' with him. She'll go with some—takin' a kid along."

"Bah!" said Trampas.

The Virginian stopped looking at the sky, and watched Trampas from where he lay.

"I think she encourages a man some," said poor Nebrasky.

"Encourages? Because she lets yu' teach her how to shoot?" said Wiggin. "Well—I don't guess I'm a judge. I've always kind o' kep' away from them good women. Don't seem to think of anything to chat about to 'em. The only folks I'd say she encourages is the school kids. She kisses them."

"Riding, and shooting, and kissing the kids," sneered Trampas. "That's a heap too pussy-kitten for me."

They laughed. The sage-brush audience is readily cynical.

"Look for the man, I say," Trampas pursued. "And ain't he there? She leaves Baldy sit on the fence while she and Lin McLean—"

They laughed loudly at the blackguard picture he drew; and the laugh stopped short, for the Virginian stood over Trampas.

"You can rise up now and tell them you lie," he said.

The man was still for a moment in the dead silence. "I thought you claimed you and her wasn't acquainted," said he then.

"Stand on your laigs, you polecat, and say you're a liar."

Trampas's hand moved behind him.

"Quit that," said the Southerner, "or I'll break your neck."

The eye of a man is the prince of deadly weapons. Trampas looked in the Virginian's, and slowly rose. "I didn't mean—" he began, and paused, his face poisonously bloated.

"Well, I'll call that sufficient. Keep a-standin' still. I ain' goin' to trouble yu' long. In admittin' you'self to be a liar, you have spoke God's truth for onced. Honey Wiggin, you and me and the boys have hit town too frequent for any of us to play Sunday on the balance of the gang." He stopped and surveyed Public Opinion, seated around in carefully inexpressive attention. "We ain't a Christian outfit a little bit, and maybe we have most forgotten what decency feels like. But I reckon we haven't *plumb* forgot what it means. You can sit down now, if you want."

The liar stood, and sneered experimentally, looking at Public Opinion. But this changeful deity was no longer with him, and he heard it variously assenting, "That's so," and "She's a lady," and otherwise excellently moralizing. So he held his peace. When, however, the Virginian had departed to the roasting steer, and Public Opinion relaxed into that comfort which we all experience when the sermon ends, Trampas sat down amid the reviving cheerfulness; and noting certain surmises, he ventured again to be facetious.

"Shet yer rank mouth," said Wiggin to him, amiably. "I don't care whether he knows her or if he done it on principle. I'll accept the roundin' up he gave us—and say! you'll swaller your dose too! Us boys 'll stand in with him on this."

So Trampas swallowed.

And the moralist?

He had championed the feeble and spoken honorably in meeting, and, according to all the constitutions and by-laws, he should have been walking in Virtue's especial calm. But there it was! he had spoken; he had given them a peep through the key-hole; and as he prowled away from the assemblage before whom

he stood convicted of decency, it was vicious rather than virtuous that he felt. Other matters also disquieted him; yet he joined Ben Swinton in a seemingly Christian spirit. He took some whiskey and praised the size of the barrel, speaking with his host like this:

"There cert'nly ain' goin' to be sca'ceness about any second helpin'."

"Hope not. We'd ought to have more trimmings, though. We're shy on ducks."

"Yu' have the barrel. Has Lin McLean seen that?"

"No. We tried for ducks away down as far as the Laparel outfit. A real barbecue—"

"There's large thirsts on Bear Creek. Lin McLean will pass on ducks."

"Lin's not thirsty this month."

"Signed for one month, has he?"

"Signed! He's spooning our schoolmarm."

"They claim she's a right sweet-faced girl."

"Yes; yes; awful agreeable. And next thing you're fooled clean through."

"Yu' don't say!"

"She keeps a-teaching the darned kids, and it seems like a good growed-up man can't interest her."

"*Yu' don't say!*"

"There used to be all the ducks you wanted at the Laparel, but their fool cook's dead stuck on raising turkeys this year."

"That must have been mighty close to a drowndin' the school-marm got at South Fork."

"Why, I guess not. When? She's never spoken of any such thing—that I've heard."

"Mos' likely the stage-driver got it wrong, then."

"Yes. Must have drownded somebody else. Here they come! That's her ridin' the horse. There's the Westfalls. Where are you running to?"

"To fix up. Got any soap around hyeh?"

"Yes," shouted Swinton, for the Virginian was now some distance away; "towels and everything in the dugout." And he went to welcome his first formal guests.

The Virginian reached his saddle, under a shed. "So she's never mentioned it," said he, untying his slicker for the trousers and scarf. "I didn't notice Lin anywheres around her." He was over in the dugout now, whipping off his overalls; and soon he was beautifully clean, and ready, except for the tie in his scarf and the part in his hair. "I'd have knowed her in Greenland," he remarked. He held the candle up and down at the looking-glass, and the looking-glass up and down at his head. "It's mighty strange why she 'ain't mentioned that." He worried the scarf a fold or two further, and at length, a trifle more than satisfied with his appearance, he proceeded most serenely toward the sound of the tuning fiddles. He passed through the store-room behind the kitchen, stepping lightly lest he should rouse the ten or twelve babies that lay on the table or beneath it. On Bear Creek you always took your babies to a very late affair, because you had no nurse or maid, and Indians sometimes left their reservations, and the babies might wake up at home and want you. So little Alfred and Christopher lay there among wraps, parallel and crosswise with little Taylors and little Carmodys and Lees, and all Bear Creek offspring that was not yet able to skip at large and hamper its indulgent elders in the ballroom.

"Why, Lin ain't hyeh yet!" said the Virginian, looking in upon the people. Miss Wood was standing up for the quadrille, lively enough to all comers, but with something like battle in her bright eye. The Virginian still waited, lurking by the door. "I didn't remember her hair was that pretty," said he. "But ain't she a little, little girl!"

Now she was in truth five feet three; but then he could look away down on the top of her head.

"Salute your honey!" called the first fiddler. All partners bowed to each other, and as she turned, Miss Wood saw the man in the doorway. Again, as it had been at South Fork that day, his eyes dropped from hers, and she, divining instantly why he had come after half a year, thought of the handkerchief and that scream of hers in the river, and became filled with tyranny and anticipation; for indeed he was fine to look upon. So she danced away, carefully unaware of his existence.

"First lady centre!" said her partner, reminding her of her turn. "Have you forgotten how it goes since last time?"

Molly Wood—she was named from her great-grandmother—did not forget again,

but quadrilled with the most sprightly devotion.

"I see some new faces to-night," said she, presently.

"Yu' always do forgit our poor faces," said her partner.

"Oh no! There's a stranger now. Who is that black man?"

"Well — he's from Virginia, and he ain't allowin' he's black."

"He's a tenderfoot, I suppose?"

"Ha! ha! ha! That's rich, too!" And so the simple partner explained a great deal about the Virginian to Molly Wood. At the end of the set she saw the man by the door take a step.

"Oh," said she to the partner, "how warm it is! I must see how those babies are doing." And she passed the Virginian in a breeze of unconcern.

His eyes gravely lingered where she had gone. "She knowed me right away," said he. He looked for a moment, then leaned against the door. "'How warm it is!' says she. Well, it ain't so screechin' hot hyeh; and as for rushin' after Alfred and Christopher, when their natural mothehs are bumpin' around handy— She cert'nly can't be offended?" he broke off, and looked again where she had gone. "I 'ain't never studied 'em much," he resumed; and while he stood, Miss Wood passed him brightly again, and was dancing the schottische almost immediately. "Oh yes, she knows me," the swarthy cow-puncher mused. "Yu' may not speak to the stranger yu' scrape by in a door, but yu've got to take trouble not to see him, and what she's a-fussin' at is mighty interestin'. Hello!"

"Hello!" said Lin McLean, sourly. He had just looked into the kitchen.

"Not dancin'?" the Southerner inquired.

"Don't know how."

"Had scyarlet fever and forgot your past life?"

Lin grinned.

"Better persuade the school-marm to learn yu'. She's goin' to give me instruction."

"Huh!" went Mr. McLean, and skulked out to the barrel.

"Why, they claimed you weren't drinkin' this month!" said his friend, following.

"Well, I am. Here's luck!" The two pledged in tin cups. "But I'm not waltzin' with her," blurted Mr. McLean, grievously. "She called me an exception."

"Waltzin'?" said the Virginian, quickly; and hearing the fiddles, he hastened away.

Few in the Bear Creek country could waltz, and with these it was mostly an unsteered and ponderous event; therefore was the Southerner bent upon profiting by his skill. He entered the room, and his lady saw him come where she sat, alone for the moment, and her thoughts grew a little hurried.

"Will you try a turn, ma'am?"

"I beg your pardon?" It was a remote, well-schooled eye she lifted upon him now.

"If you like a waltz, ma'am, will you waltz with me?"

"You're from Virginia, I understand?" said Molly Wood, regarding him politely, but not rising. One gains authority immensely by keeping one's seat. All good teachers know this.

"Yes, ma'am, from Virginia."

"I've heard Southerners have such good manners."

"That's correct." The cow-puncher flushed, but he spoke in his unvaryingly gentle voice.

"For in New England, you know," pursued Miss Molly, noting his scarf and clean-shaven chin, and then again steadily meeting his eye, "gentlemen ask to be presented to ladies before they ask them to waltz."

He stood a moment before her, deeper and deeper scarlet; and the more she saw his handsome looks, the keener rose her enjoyment of this. She waited for him to speak of the river, for then she was going to be surprised, and gradually to recall that slight annoyance, and then be very nice to him. But he gave her a more rapid astonishment. "I ask your pardon, lady," said he, and bowing, walked off, leaving her at once afraid that he might not come back. But she had altogether mistaken her man. Back he came serenely with Mr. Taylor, who suspected nothing, and made them acquainted. Thus were the conventions vindicated. It can never be known what the cow-puncher was going to say next, for James Westfall stepped up with the glass of water he had left Miss Wood to bring, and asking for a turn, most graciously received it. She danced away from a situation where she began to feel

herself getting the worst of it. One moment the Virginian stared at his lady lightly circulating, and then he went out to the barrel.

"Been gettin' them instructions?" said Lin McLean; "thought I saw yu' learnin' your steps through the windo'."

"Here's youh good health, seh," said the Southerner. And they pledged again in the tin cups.

"Did she call yu' an exception, or anything?" said Lin.

"Well, it would cipher out right close in that neighbo'hood."

"Here's how, then!" cried the delighted Lin, over his cup. And they proceeded forthwith to feel like brothers.

"Jest because yu' happen to come from Vermont," continued Mr. McLean, "is no cause for stickin' yer nose in the air. Shoo! I was raised in Massachusetts myself, and big men have been raised there too. Daniel Webster and Israel Putnam, and a lot of them politicians."

"Virginia is a good little old State," observed the Southerner.

"Both of 'em's a sight ahead of Vermont. She told me I was the first exception she'd struck."

"What rule were yu' provin' at the time, Lin?"

"Well, yu' see I started to kiss her."

"Jumpin' Jemima!"

"Shucks! I didn't mean nothin'."

"I reckon yu' stopped mighty sudden?"

"Why, I'd been ridin' out with her—ridin' to school, ridin' from school, and a-comin' and a-goin', and she chattin' cheerful and askin' me a heap o' questions all about myself every day, and I not lyin' much, neither. And so I figured she wouldn't mind. Lots of them like it. But she didn't, you bet!"

"No," said the Virginian, absently. "She never." He had pulled her out of the water once, and he had been her unrewarded knight even to-day, and he felt his grievance; but he spoke not of it to Lin; for he felt also, in memory, her arms clinging round him as he carried her ashore upon his horse. But he muttered "Plumb ridiculous!" as her injustice struck him afresh, while the outraged McLean told his tale.

"Trample is what she has done on me to-night, and without notice. We was startin' to come here; Taylor and Mrs. were ahead in the buggy, and I was holdin' her horse and helpin' her up in the saddle, like I done for days and days. Who was there to see us? And I figured she'd not mind, and she calls me an exception! Yu'd ought to've just heard her about Western men respectin' women. So that's the last word we've spoke. We come twenty-five miles then, she scootin' in front, and her horse kickin' the sand in my face. Mrs. Taylor she gressed something was up, but she didn't tell."

"Miss Wood didn't tell?"

"Not she! She'll never open her head. She can take care of herself, you bet!"

The fiddles sounded hilariously in the house, and the feet also. They had warmed up altogether, and their dancing figures crossed the windows back and forth energetically. The two outcasts drew near to it, and looked in with gloom.

"There she goes," said Lin.

"With Westfall again," said the Virginian. "James has a wife and a fam'ly, and James gets the dancin' too." Soon they saw Mr. Taylor favored. "Another married man," the Southerner commented. They prowled round to the storeroom, and passed through the kitchen to where the assembly was robustly tramping. "Still old Taylor. Let's have some whiskey." They had it, and returned. "Uncle Carmody has got her now," drawled the Virginian. "He polkas like a landslide. She learns his monkey-faced kid to spell dog and cow all the mawnin'. He ought to be tucked up cozy in his bed right now, Uncle Carmody ought."

And just here one of the infants beneath the table awaked, and said "Baa!" drowsily.

"Nine, ten, eleven beautiful sleepin' strangers," the Virginian counted, in a sweet voice.

"What do you mean?" said Lin.

"Eleven, twelve. This hyeh is little Christopher in the blue-stripe quilt—or maybe that other pink-head is him. The angels have commenced to drop in on us right smart along Bear Creek, Lin."

"What trash are yu' talkin', anyway?"

"If they look so awful alike in the heavenly gyarden," the gentle Southerner continued, "I'd jest hate to be the folks that has the cuttin' of 'em out o' the general herd. And that's a right quaint notion too," he added, softly; and stooping among the torpid babies, became busy with their wraps and blankets.

Puzzled, Mr. McLean stared; then, with a genial screech, sprang to abet him.

The Swinton barbecue was over. The fiddles were silent, the steer was eaten, the barrel emptied—or largely so—and the tapers extinguished; around the house and sunken fire all movement of guests was quiet; the families were long departed homeward, and after their hospitable turbulence the Swintons slept.

Mr. and Mrs. Westfall drove through the night, and as they neared their cabin there came from among the bundled wraps a still, small voice.

"Jim," said his wife, "I said Alfred would catch cold!"

"Oh, he's not done anything like that."

"He has. Listen how hoarse he is. I told you we ought not to come. He has never been the same child since his teething."

"Bosh! Lizzie, don't you fret. He's little more than a yearlin', and of course he'll snuffle." And young James took a kiss from his love.

"Well, how you can speak of Alfred that way, calling him a yearling, as if he was a calf, and he just as much your child as mine, I don't see, James Westfall!"

"Why, what under the sun do you mean?"

"There he goes again! Do hurry up home, Jim. He's got a real strange cough."

So they hurried home. Soon the nine miles were finished, and good James was unhitching by his stable lantern, while his wife in the house hastened to commit their offspring to bed. The traces had dropped, and each horse marched forward for further unbuckling, when James heard himself called. Indeed, there was that in his wife's voice which made him jerk out his pistol as he ran. But it was no bear or Indian; only two strange children on the bed, at which his wife was glaring.

He sighed with relief, and laid down the pistol.

"Put that on again, James Westfall. You'll need it. Look here!"

"Well, they won't bite. Whose are they? Where have you stowed ourn?"

"Where have I—" But why not imagine what this mother said to her dense lord? "And you ask me!" she concluded. "Ask Lin McLean. Ask him that sets bulls on folks and steals slippers what he's done with our innocent lambs, mixing them up with other people's coughing unhealthy brats. That's Charlie Taylor in Alfred's clothes; and I knew Alfred didn't cough like that, and I said to you it was strange; and the other one that's been put in Christopher's new quilts is not even a bub—bub—boy!"

As this crime against society shone suddenly clear to James Westfall's understanding, he sat down on the nearest piece of furniture, and, heedless of his wife's tears and his exchanged children, broke into unregenerate laughter. Doubtless after his sharp alarm about the bear he was unstrung. His lady, however, promptly restrung him; and by the time they had repacked the now clamorous changelings, and were rattling on their way to the Taylors', he began to share her outraged feelings properly, as a husband and a father should; but when he reached the Taylors, and learned from Miss Wood that at this house a child had been unwrapped whom nobody could at all identify, and that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were already far on the road to the Swintons, James Westfall whipped up his horses and grew almost as thirsty for revenge as was his wife.

Where the steer had been roast, the powdered ashes were now cold white, and Mr. McLean, feeling through his dreams the change come over the air, sat up cautiously among the out-door slumberers and waked his neighbor.

"Day will be soon," he whispered, "and we must light out of this. I never suspicioned yu' had that much devil in yu' before."

"I reckon some o' the fellows will act haidstrong," the Virginian murmured luxuriously among the warmth of his blankets. Being inexperienced of women, or of mothers at least, he failed to divine his worst enemies in this.

"I tell yu' we must skip," said Lin, for the second time; and he rubbed the Virginian's black head, which alone was visible.

"Skip, then, you," came muffled from within; "and keep you'self mighty sca'ce till they can appreciate our frolic."

The Southerner withdrew deeper into his bed; and Mr. McLean, informing him that he was a fool, arose and saddled his horse. From the saddle-bag he brought a parcel, and lightly laying this beside Bokay Baldy, he mounted, and was gone. When Baldy awoke, later, he found the parcel to be a pair of flowery slippers.

In selecting the inert Virginian as the fool, Mr. McLean was scarcely accurate: it is the absent who are always guilty. And McLean's reputation—nay, his very life— But this is what happened:

Before ever Lin could have been a mile in retreat, the rattle of wheels roused all of them, and here came the Taylors. Before the Taylors' knocking had brought the Swintons to their door other wheels sounded, and here were Mr. and Mrs. Carmody, and close after them Mr. Dow, alone, who told how his wife had gone into one of her fits—she upon whom Dr. Barker, at Drybone, had enjoined total abstinence from excitement. She proved the only absentee. The voices of women and children began to be uplifted; the Westfalls arrived in a lather, and the Thomases; and by sunrise, what with fathers and mothers and spectators and loud offspring, there was gathered such a meeting as has seldom been before among the generations of speaking men. To-day can you hear legends of it from Texas to Montana; but I am giving you the full particulars. Of course they pitched upon poor Lin, and some subtle insinuations of Trampas were derided at once; his spiteful nature was known; and here was the Virginian, doing his best, holding horses and helping ladies descend, while the name of McLean was a hissing and a byword. Soon a party led by Mr. Dow set forth in search of him, and the Southerner debated a moment, but judged they might safely go on searching. Mrs. Westfall found Christopher at once in the green shawl of Anna Maria Dow; but all was not achieved thus in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. McLean had, it appeared, as James Westfall lugubriously pointed out, not merely "swapped the duds; he had shuffled the whole doggone deck"; and they sighed over this Satanic invention. The fathers were but of moderate assistance; it was the mothers did the heavy work; and by ten o'clock some unsolved problems grew so delicate that a ladies' caucus was organized in a private room—no admittance for men—and what was done there I can only surmise. During its progress the search party returned. It had not found Mr. McLean. It had found a tree with a notice pegged upon it, reading, "God bless our home!" This was captured. But success attended the caucus; each mother emerged satisfied that she had received her own, and each sire, now that his family was itself again, began to look at his neighbor sidewise. Most of them, being as yet more their wives' lovers than their children's parents, had, like Westfall, seen mirth in it at the go-off, like him been swiftly chastened, and, like him, they now ceased to feel very severely toward Lin McLean. The women could not take this view. "And, anyway," said Mrs. Westfall, "it was real defiant of him putting that up on the tree."

"Yes," spoke the Virginian, "that wasn't sort o' right. Especially as I done the trick myself," he gently announced.

Well, they could not pump up an entirely new indignation, and he was not scolded as sharply as such a stroke of genius deserved. But when they sat down to lunch upon the copious remnant of the barbecue, he did not join them. In telling you that Mrs. Dow was the only lady absent on this historic morning, I was guilty of an inadvertence.

The Virginian, quite good again after his freak, rode away sedately through the autumn sunshine; and as he went he asked his Monte horse a question. "Do yu' reckon she'll have forgot you too, you pie-biter?" said he. Although the cow-puncher's leathern chaps were on his legs again, the scarf was knotted at his neck, and his appearance was not one of which a man need be ashamed, or a woman sorry to see. It was Sunday, and no school-day, and he found her in her cabin that was near the Taylors' house. Her eyes were very bright.

"I thought I'd jest call," said he.

"Why, that's such a pity! Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are away."

"Yes; they've been right busy. That's why I thought I'd call. Will yu' come for a ride, ma'am?"

"Dear me! I—"

"You can ride my hawse. He's gentle."

"What! And you walk?"

"No, ma'am. Nor the two of us ride him this time, either." At this she turned entirely pink, and he, noticing, went on, quietly: "I'll catch up one of Taylor's hawses. Taylor knows me."

"No. I don't really think I could do that. But thank you. Thank you very much. I must go now and see how Mrs. Taylor's fire is."

"I'll look after that, ma'am. I'd like for yu' to go ridin' mighty well. Yu'

have no babies this mawnin' to be anxious after."

Grandmother Stark flashed awake immediately. "I don't know what you mean, sir, by that. And I am not accustomed to permit strangers to advise me upon my duties."

"I was introduced, ma'am. And I wouldn't be oversteppin' for the world. I'll go away if you want."

"You call yourself a man, I suppose," said Molly Wood.

But at her suddenly rigid severity he did not tremble in the least. Her fierce attitude filled him with delight and tenderness, as he stood smiling gravely, and watching the pink of her forehead where the hair rippled.

"A grown-up, responsible man," she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am. I think so." He sat down now.

"And you let them think that—that Mr. McLean— You dare not look me in the face and say it was he who did that last night."

"I reckon I dassen't."

"There! I said so from the first!"

"Who did yu' say it to, ma'am?"

"What! are you afraid?" And she laughed—it was a delicate, mocking strain.

"Why, only they seemed so plumb genuwinely astonished when I owned up about it myself, that I was afraid they'd been foolin' me if you'd told 'em you'd seen me."

"I did not see you. I knew it must—Of course I did not tell any one. When I said I said so from the first, I meant—you can understand perfectly what I meant."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what sort of a trick was it to play? Do you call it a manly thing to frighten and distress women because you—for no reason at all? I should never have imagined it could be the act of a person who wears a big pistol and rides a big horse. I should be afraid to go riding with such an immature protector."

"Yes, ma'am. That was awful childish. Your words do cut a little; for maybe there's been times when I have acted pretty near like a man. But I cert'nly forgot to be introduced before I spoke to yu' last night. Because why? You've found me out dead in one thing. Won't you take a guess at this too?"

Molly Wood now had a desire to run somewhere, but there was nowhere for her to run. "I cannot sit guessing why people do not behave themselves—who seem to know better," said she.

"Oh, ma'am, I've played square and owned up to yu'. And that's not what you're doin' by me. I ask your pardon if I say what I have a right to say in language not as good as I'd like to talk to yu' with. But at South Fork Crossin' who did any introducin'? Did yu' complain I was a stranger then?"

"I—no!" she flashed out; then, quite sweetly, "The driver told me it wasn't *really* so dangerous there, you know."

"That's not the point I'm makin', ma'am. You are a grown-up woman, a responsible woman. You've come ever so far, and all alone, to a rough country to instruct young children that play games—tag, and hide-and-seek, and fooleries they'll have to quit when they get old. Don't you think pretendin' yu' don't know a man—his name's nothin', but *him*—a man whom you were glad enough to let assist yu' when somebody was needed—don't you think that's mighty close to hide-and-seek them children plays? I ain't so sure but what there's a pair of us children in this hyeh room."

Molly Wood was regarding him saucily. "I don't think I like you," said she.

"That's all square enough. You're goin' to love me before we get through. I wish yu'd come a-ridin', ma'am."

"Dear, dear, dear! Men are so big and strong! And they think they only need to sit and make chests at a girl—"

"Goodness gracious! I ain't makin' any chests at yu'!" The Virginian laughed aloud with relish—he did not do so often—and the note in his laughter found more favor with Miss Wood than even his direct and potent countenance. "Please come a-ridin'," he urged. "It's the prettiest kind of a day."

But she would not; and soon he knew inwardly that in spite of hide-and-seek she was somehow beyond him and easily held herself there; so he sealed his determination to reach her one day.

"I must tell yu' good-by now," said he. "But I'm coming again. And next time I'll have along a gentle hawse for yu'."

"Next time! Next time! Well, perhaps I will go. Do you live far?"

"I live on Judge Henry's ranch, over yondeh." He pointed across the mountains. "It's on Sunk Creek. A pretty rough trail; but I can come hyeh to see you in a day, I reckon. Well, I hope you'll cert'nly enjoy good health, ma'am."

"Oh, there's one thing!" said Molly Wood, calling after him rather quickly. "I—I'm not at all afraid of horses. You needn't bring such a gentle one. I—was very tired that day, and — and I don't scream as a rule."

He turned and looked at her so that she could not meet his glance. "Bless your heart!" said he. "Will yu' give me one o' those flowers?"

"Oh, certainly! I'm always so glad when people like them."

"They're kind o' gray, like your eyes."

"Never mind my eyes."

"Can't help it, ma'am; not since South Fork."

He put the flower in the leather band of his hat, and rode away on his Monte horse. Miss Wood lingered a moment, then made some steps toward her gate, from which he could still be seen; and then, with something like a toss of the head, she went in and shut her door.

Somewhat later in the day the Virginian met Mr. McLean, who looked at his hat, and innocently quoted, "'My Looloo picked a daisy.'"

"Don't yu', Lin," said the Southerner.

"Then I won't," said Lin.

Thus, for this occasion, did the Virginian part from his lady—and nothing said about the handkerchief one way or another.

Fragment from a postscript, in a letter received at Bennington, Vermont:

"Please send my Browning and Jane Austen. I have been neglecting serious culture shockingly. But you have no idea how delightful it is to ride, especially on a spirited horse, which I can do now quite well. My dear, these cowboys are most extraordinary!

MOLLY."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

I CANNOT bear to dwell at great length upon the shameful history of the summer and winter following the capture. For a while I was not much troubled, for I was expecting every day to hear that Joan had been put to ransom, and that the King—no, not the King, but grateful France—had come eagerly forward to pay it. By the laws of war she could not be denied the privilege of ransom. She was not a rebel; she was a legitimately constituted soldier, head of the armies of France by her King's appointment, and guilty of no crime known to military law; therefore she could not be detained upon any pretext, if ransom were proffered.

But day after day dragged by and no ransom was offered! It seems incredible, but it is true. Was that reptile Tremouille busy at the King's ear? All we know is, that the King was silent, and made no offer and no effort in behalf of this poor girl who had done so much for him.

But unhappily there was alacrity enough in another quarter. The news of the capture reached Paris the day after it happened, and the glad English and Burgundians deafened the world all the day and all the night with the clamor of their joy-bells and the thankful thunder of their artillery; and the next day the Vicar-General of the Inquisition sent a message to the Duke of Burgundy requiring the delivery of the prisoner into the hands of the Church to be tried as an idolater.

The English had seen their opportunity, and it was the English power that was really acting, not the Church. The Church was being used as a blind, a disguise; and for a forcible reason: the Church was not only able to take the life of Joan of Arc, but to blight her influence and the valor-breeding inspiration

* Begun in April number, 1895.

of her name, whereas the English power could but kill her body; that would not diminish or destroy the influence of her name; it would magnify it and make it permanent. Joan of Arc was the only power in France that the English did not despise, the only power in France that they considered formidable. If the Church could be brought to take her life, or to proclaim her an idolater, a heretic, a witch, sent from Satan, not from heaven, it was believed that the English supremacy could be at once reinstated.

The Duke of Burgundy listened—but waited. He could not doubt that the French King or the French people would come forward presently and pay a higher price than the English. He kept Joan a close prisoner in a strong fortress, and continued to wait, week after week. He was a French Prince, and was at heart ashamed to sell her to the English. Yet with all his waiting no offer came to him from the French side.

One day Joan played a cunning trick on her jailer, and not only slipped out of her prison, but locked him up in it. But as she fled away she was seen by a sentinel, and was caught and brought back.

Then she was sent to Beaurevoir, a stronger castle. This was early in August, and she had been in captivity more than two months, now. Here she was shut up in the top of a tower which was sixty feet high. She ate her heart there for another long stretch — about three months and a half. And she was aware, all these weary five months of captivity, that the English, under cover of the Church, were dickering for her as one would dicker for a horse or a slave, and that France was silent, the King silent, all her friends the same. Yes, it was pitiful.

And yet when she heard at last that Compiègne was being closely besieged and likely to be captured, and that the enemy had declared that no inhabitant of it should escape massacre, not even children of seven years of age, she was in a fever at once to fly to our rescue. So she tore her bedclothes to strips and tied them together and descended this frail rope in the night, and it broke and she fell and was badly bruised, and remained three days insensible, meantime neither eating nor drinking.

And now came relief to us, led by the Count of Vendôme, and Compiègne was saved and the siege raised. This was a disaster to the Duke of Burgundy. He had to have money, now. It was a good time for a new bid to be made for Joan of Arc. The English at once sent a French Bishop — that forever infamous Pierre Cauchon of Beauvais. He was partly promised the Archbishopric of Rouen, which was vacant, if he should succeed. He claimed the right to preside over Joan's ecclesiastical trial because the battle-ground where she was taken was within his diocese.

By the military usage of the time the ransom of a royal Prince was 10,000 livres of gold, which is 61,125 francs—a fixed sum, you see. It must be accepted, when offered; it could not be refused.

Cauchon brought the offer of this very sum from the English—a royal Prince's ransom for the poor little peasant girl of Domremy. It shows in a striking way the English idea of her formidable importance. It was accepted. For that sum Joan of Arc the Savior of France was sold; sold to her enemies; to the enemies of her country; enemies who had lashed and thrashed and thumped and trounced France for a century and made holiday sport of it; enemies who had forgotten, years and years ago, what a Frenchman's face was like, so used were they to seeing nothing but his back; enemies whom she had whipped, whom she had cowed, whom she had taught to respect French valor, new-born in her nation by the breath of her spirit; enemies who hungered for her life as being the only puissance able to stand between English triumph and French degradation. Sold to a French priest by a French Prince, with the French King and the French nation standing thankless by and saying nothing.

And she—what did she say? Nothing. Not a reproach passed her lips. She was too great for that—she was Joan of Arc; and when that is said, all is said.

As a soldier, her record was spotless. She could not be called to account for anything under that head. A subterfuge must be found, and, as we have seen, was found. She must be tried by priests for crimes against religion. If none could be discovered, some must be invented. Let the miscreant Cauchon alone to contrive those.

Rouen was chosen as the scene of the trial. It was in the heart of the English

power; its population had been under English dominion so many generations that they were hardly French now, save in language. The place was strongly garrisoned. Joan was taken there near the end of December, 1430, and flung into a dungeon. Yes, and clothed in chains, that free spirit!

Still France made no move. How do I account for this? I think there is only one way. You will remember that whenever Joan was not at the front, the French held back and ventured nothing; that whenever she led, they swept everything before them, so long as they could see her white armor or her banner; that every time she fell wounded or was reported killed—as at Compiègne—they broke in panic and fled like sheep. I argue from this that they had undergone no real transformation as yet; that at bottom they were still under the spell of a timorousness born of generations of unsuccess, and a lack of confidence in each other and in their leaders born of old and bitter experience in the way of treacheries of all sorts—for their kings had been treacherous to their great vassals and to their generals, and these in turn were treacherous to the head of the state and to each other. The soldiery found that they could depend utterly on Joan, and upon her alone. With her gone, everything was gone. She was the sun that melted the frozen torrents and set them boiling; with that sun removed, they froze again, and the army and all France became what they had been before, mere dead corpses—that and nothing more; incapable of thought, hope, ambition, or motion.

CHAPTER II.

My wound gave me a great deal of trouble clear into the first part of October; then the fresher weather renewed my life and strength. All this time there were reports drifting about that the King was going to ransom Joan. I believed these, for I was young and had not yet found out the littleness and meanness of our poor human race, which brags about itself so much, and thinks it is better and higher than the other animals.

In October I was well enough to go out with two sorties, and in the second one, on the 23d, I was wounded again. My luck had turned, you see. On the night of the 25th the besiegers decamped, and in the disorder and confusion one of their prisoners escaped and got safe into Compiègne, and hobbled into my room as pallid and pathetic an object as you would wish to see.

"What? Alive? Noël Rainguesson!"

It was indeed he. It was a most joyful meeting, that you will easily know; and also as sad as it was joyful. We could not speak Joan's name. One's voice would have broken down. We knew who was meant when she was mentioned; we could say "she" and "her," but we could not speak the name.

We talked of the personal staff. Old D'Aulon, wounded and a prisoner, was still with Joan and serving her, by permission of the Duke of Burgundy. Joan was being treated with the respect due to her rank and to her character as a prisoner of war taken in honorable conflict. And this was continued—as we learned later—until she fell into the hands of that bastard of Satan, Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais.

Noël was full of noble and affectionate praises and appreciations of our old boastful big Standard-bearer, now gone silent forever, his real and imaginary battles all fought, his work done, his life honorably closed and completed.

"And think of his luck!" burst out Noël, with his eyes full of tears. "Always the pet child of luck! See how it followed him and staid by him, from his first step all through, in the field or out of it; always a splendid figure in the public eye, courted and envied everywhere; always having a chance to do fine things and always doing them; in the beginning called the Paladin in joke, and called it afterward in earnest because he magnificently made the title good; and at last—supremest luck of all—died in the field! died with his harness on; died faithful to his charge, the Standard in his hand; died—oh, think of it—with the approving eye of Joan of Arc upon him! He drained the cup of glory to the last drop, and went jubilant to his peace, blessedly spared all part in the disaster which was to follow. What luck, what luck! And we? What was our sin that we are still here, we who have also earned our place with the happy dead?"

And presently he said:

"They tore the sacred Standard from his dead hand and carried it away, their most precious prize after its captured

owner. But they haven't it now. A month ago we put our lives upon the risk—our two good knights, my fellow-prisoners, and I—and stole it, and got it smuggled by trusty hands to Orleans, and there it is now, safe for all time in the Treasury."

I was glad and grateful to learn that. I have seen it often since, when I have gone to Orleans on the 8th of May to be the petted old guest of the city and hold the first place of honor at the banquets and in the processions — I mean since Joan's brothers passed from this life. It will still be there, sacredly guarded by French love, a thousand years from now —yes, as long as any shred of it hangs together.*

Two or three weeks after this talk came the tremendous news like a thunder-clap, and we were aghast—Joan of Arc sold to the English!

Not for a moment had we ever dreamed of such a thing. We were young, you see, and did not know the human race, as I have said before. We had been so proud of our country, so sure of her nobleness, her magnanimity, her gratitude. We had expected little of the King, but of France we had expected everything. Everybody knew that in various towns patriot priests had been marching in procession urging the people to sacrifice money, property, everything, and buy the freedom of their heaven-sent deliverer. That the money would be raised we had not thought of doubting.

But it was all over, now, all over. It was a bitter time for us. The heavens seemed hung with black; all cheer went out from our hearts. Was this comrade here at my bedside really Noël Rainguesson, that light-hearted creature whose whole life was but one long joke, and who used up more breath in laughter than in keeping his body alive? No, no; *that* Noël I was to see no more. This one's heart was broken. He moved grieving about, and absently, like one in a dream; the stream of his laughter was dried at its source.

Well, that was best. It was my own mood. We were company for each other. He nursed me patiently through the dull long weeks, and at last, in January, I was strong enough to go about again. Then he said:

"Shall we go, now?"

"Yes."

There was no need to explain. Our hearts were in Rouen, we would carry our bodies there. All that we cared for in this life was shut up in that fortress. We could not help her, but it would be some solace to us to be near her, to breathe the air that she breathed, and look daily upon the stone walls that hid her. What if we should be made prisoners there? Well, we could but do our best, and let luck and fate decide what should happen.

And so we started. We could not realize the change which had come upon the country. We seemed able to choose our own route and go wherever we pleased, unchallenged and unmolested. When Joan of Arc was in the field, there was a sort of panic of fear everywhere; but now that she was out of the way, fear had vanished. Nobody was troubled about you or afraid of you, nobody was curious about you or your business, everybody was indifferent.

We presently saw that we could take to the Seine, and not weary ourselves out with land travel. So we did it, and were carried in a boat to within a league of Rouen. Then we got ashore; not on the hilly side, but on the other, where it is as level as a floor. Nobody could enter or leave the city without explaining himself. It was because they feared attempts at a rescue of Joan.

We had no trouble. We stopped in the plain with a family of peasants and staid a week, helping them with their work for board and lodging, and making friends of them. We got clothes like theirs, and wore them. When we had worked our way through their reserves and gotten their confidence, we found that they secretly harbored French hearts in their bodies. Then we came out frankly

* It remained there three hundred and sixty years, and then was destroyed in a public bonfire, together with two swords, a plumed cap, several suits of state apparel, and other relics of the Maid, by a mob in the time of the Revolution. Nothing which the hand of Joan of Arc is known to have touched now remains in existence except a few preciously guarded military and state papers which she signed, her pen being guided by a clerk or her secretary Louis de Conte. A bowlder exists from which she is known to have mounted her horse when she was once setting out upon a campaign. Up to a quarter of a century ago there was a single hair from her head still in existence. It was drawn through the wax of a seal attached to the parchment of a state document. It was surreptitiously snipped out, seal and all, by some vandal relic-hunter, and carried off. Doubtless it still exists, but only the thief knows where.—NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.



THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

From the portrait, by an unknown painter, in the Hôtel de Ville at Rouen.

and told them everything, and found them ready to do anything they could to help us. Our plan was soon made, and was quite simple. It was to help them drive a flock of sheep to the market of the city. One morning early we made the venture in a melancholy drizzle of rain, and passed through the frowning gates unmolested. Our friends had friends living over a humble wine-shop in a quaint tall building situated in one of the narrow lanes that run down from the Cathedral to the river, and with these they bestowed us; and the next day they smuggled our own proper clothing and other belongings to us. The family that lodged us—the Pierrons—were French in sympathy, and we needed to have no secrets from them.

CHAPTER III.

It was necessary for me to have some way to gain bread for Noël and myself; and when the Pierrons found that I knew

how to write, they applied to their confessor in my behalf, and he got a place for me with a good priest named Manchon, who was to be the chief recorder in the Great Trial of Joan of Arc now approaching. It was a strange position for me—clerk to the recorder—and dangerous if my sympathies and late employment should be found out. But there was not much danger. Manchon was at bottom friendly to Joan and would not betray me; and my name would not, for I had discarded my surname and retained only my given one, like a person of low degree.

I attended Manchon constantly straight along, out of January and into February, and was often in the citadel with him—in the very fortress where Joan was imprisoned, though not in the dungeon where she was confined, and so did not see her, of course.

Manchon told me everything that had been happening before my coming. Ever since the purchase of Joan, Cauchon had been busy packing his jury for the destruction of the Maid—weeks and weeks he had spent in this bad industry. The University of Paris had sent him a number of learned and able and trusty ecclesiastics of the stripe he wanted; and he had scraped together a clergyman of like stripe and great fame here and there and yonder, until he was able to construct a formidable court numbering half a hundred distinguished names. French names they were, but their interests and sympathies were English.

A great officer of the Inquisition was also sent from Paris, for the accused must be tried by the forms of the Inquisition; but this was a brave and righteous man, and he said squarely that this court had no power to try the case, wherefore he refused to act; and the same honest talk was uttered by two or three others.

The Inquisitor was right. The case as here resurrected against Joan had already been tried long ago at Poitiers, and decided in her favor. Yes, and by a higher tribunal than this one, for at the head of it was an Archbishop—him of Rheims—Cauchon's own metropolitan. So here, you see, a lower court was impudently preparing to retry and redecide a cause which had already been decided by its superior, a court of higher authority. Imagine it! No, the case could not properly be tried again. Cauchon could not properly preside in this new court, for more than one reason: Rouen was not in his diocese; Joan had not been arrested in her domicile, which was still Domremy; and finally this proposed judge was the prisoner's outspoken enemy, and therefore he was incompetent to try her. Yet all these large difficulties were gotten rid of. The territorial Chapter of Rouen finally granted territorial letters to Cauchon—though only after a struggle and under compulsion. Force was also applied to the Inquisitor, and he was obliged to submit.

So, then, the little English King, by his representative, formally delivered Joan into the hands of the court, but with this reservation: *if the court failed to condemn her, he was to have her back again!*

Ah, dear, what chance was there for that forsaken and friendless child? Friendless indeed—it is the right word. For she was in a black dungeon, with half a dozen brutal common soldiers keeping guard night and day in the room where her cage was—for she was in a cage; an iron cage, and chained to her bed by neck and hands and feet. Never a person near her whom she had ever seen before; never a woman at all. Yes, this was indeed friendlessness.

Now it was a vassal of Jean de Luxembourg who captured Joan at Compiègne, and it was Jean who sold her to the Duke of Burgundy. Yet this very De Luxembourg was shameless enough to go and show his face to Joan in her cage. He came with two English earls, Warwick and Stafford. He was a poor reptile. He told her he would get her set free if she would promise not to fight the English any more. She had been in that cage a long time now, but not long enough to break her spirit. She retorted scornfully—

"Name of God, you but mock me. I know that you have neither the power nor the will to do it."

He insisted. Then the pride and dignity of the soldier rose in Joan, and she lifted her chained hands and let them fall with a clash, saying—

"See these! They know more than you, and can prophesy better. I know that the English are going to kill me, for they think that when I am dead they can get the Kingdom of France. It is not so. Though there were a hundred thousand of them they would never get it."

This defiance infuriated Stafford, and

he—now think of it—he a free, strong man, she a chained and helpless girl—he drew his dagger and flung himself at her to stab her. But Warwick seized him and held him back. Warwick was wise. Take her life in that way? Send her to Heaven stainless and undisgraced? It would make her the idol of France, and the whole nation would rise and march to victory and emancipation under the inspiration of her spirit. No, she must be saved for another fate than that.

Well, the time was approaching for the Great Trial. For more than two months Cauchon had been raking and scraping everywhere for any odds and ends of evidence or suspicion or conjecture that might be made usable against Joan, and carefully suppressing all evidence that came to hand in her favor. He had limitless ways and means and powers at his disposal for preparing and strengthening the case for the prosecution, and he used them all.

But Joan had no one to prepare her case for her, and she was shut up in those stone walls and had no friend to appeal to for help. And as for witnesses, she could not call a single one in her defence; they were all far away, under the French flag, and this was an English court; they would have been seized and hanged if they had shown their faces at the gates of Rouen. No, the prisoner must be the *sole* witness—witness for the prosecution, witness for the defence; and with a verdict of death resolved upon before the doors were opened for the court's first sitting.

When she learned that the court was made up of ecclesiastics in the interest of the English, she begged that in fairness an equal number of priests of the French party should be added to these. Cauchon scoffed at her message, and would not even deign to answer it.

By the law of the Church—she being a minor under twenty-one—it was her right to have counsel to conduct her case, advise her how to answer when questioned, and protect her from falling into traps set by cunning devices of the prosecution. She probably did not know that this was her right, and that she could demand it and require it, for there was none to tell her that; but she begged for this help at any rate. Cauchon refused it. She urged and implored, pleading her youth and her ignorance of the complexities and intricacies of the law and of legal procedure. Cauchon refused again, and said she must get along with her case as best she might by herself. Ah, his heart was a stone.

Cauchon prepared the *proces verbal*. I will simplify that by calling it the Bill of Particulars. It was a detailed list of the charges against her, and formed the basis of the trial. Charges? It was a list of *suspicions and public rumors*—those were the words used. It was merely charged that she was suspected of having been guilty of heresies, witchcraft, and other such offences against religion.

Now by law of the Church a trial of that sort could not be begun until a searching inquiry had been made into the history and character of the accused; and it was essential that the result of this inquiry be added to the *proces verbal* and form a part of it. You remember that that was the first thing they did before the trial at Poitiers. They did it again, now. An ecclesiastic was sent to Domremy. There and all about the neighborhood he made an exhaustive search into Joan's history and character, and came back with his verdict. It was very clear. The searcher reported that he found Joan's character to be in every way what he "would like his own sister's character to be." Just about the same report that was brought back to Poitiers, you see. Joan's was a character which could endure the minutest examination.

This verdict was a strong point for Joan, you will say. Yes, it *would* have been if it could have seen the light; but Cauchon was awake, and it disappeared from the *proces verbal* before the trial. People were prudent enough not to inquire what became of it.

One would imagine that Cauchon was ready to begin the trial by this time. But no, he devised one more scheme for poor Joan's destruction, and it promised to be a deadly one.

One of the great personages picked out and sent down by the University of Paris was an ecclesiastic named Nicolas Loyseleur. He was tall, handsome, grave, of smooth soft speech and courteous and winning manners. There was no seeming of treachery or hypocrisy about him, yet he was full of both. He was admitted to Joan's prison by night, disguised as a cobbler; he pretended to be from her own country; he professed to

be secretly a patriot; he revealed the fact that he was a priest. She was filled with gladness to see one from the hills and plains that were so dear to her; happier still to look upon a priest and disburden her heart in confession, for the offices of the Church were the bread of life, the breath of her nostrils to her, and she had been long forced to pine for them in vain. She opened her whole innocent heart to this creature, and in return he gave her advice concerning her trial which could have destroyed her if her deep native wisdom had not protected her against following it.

You will ask, what value could this scheme have, since the secrets of the confessional are sacred and cannot be revealed? True—but suppose another person should overhear them? That person is not bound to keep the secret. Well, that is what happened. Cauchon had previously caused a hole to be bored through the wall; and he stood with his ear to that hole and heard all. It is pitiful to think of these things. One wonders how they could treat that poor child so. She had not done them any harm.

CHAPTER IV.

On Tuesday the 20th of February, whilst I sat at my master's work in the evening, he came in, looking sad, and said it had been decided to begin the trial at eight o'clock the next morning, and I must get ready to assist him.

Of course I had been expecting such news every day for many days; but no matter, the shock of it almost took my breath away and set me trembling like a leaf. I suppose that without knowing it I had been half imagining that at the last moment something would happen, something that would stop this fatal trial: maybe that La Hire would burst in at the gates with his hellions at his back; maybe that God would have pity and stretch forth His mighty hand. But now —now there was no hope.

The trial was to begin in the chapel of the fortress and would be public. So I went sorrowing away and told Noël, so that he might be there early and secure a place. It would give him a chance to look again upon the face which we so revered and which was so precious to us. All the way, both going and coming, I ploughed through chattering and rejoicing multitudes of English soldiery and English-hearted French citizens. There was no talk but of the coming event. Many times I heard the remark, accompanied by a pitiless laugh—

"The fat Bishop has got things as he wants them at last, and says he will lead the vile witch a merry dance and a short one."

But here and there I glimpsed compassion and distress in a face, and it was not always a French one. English soldiers feared Joan, but they admired her for her great deeds and her unconquerable spirit.

In the morning Manchon and I went early, yet as we approached the vast fortress we found crowds of men already there and still others gathering. The chapel was already full and the way barred against further admissions of unofficial persons. We took our appointed places. Throned on high sat the president, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, in his grand robes, and before him in rows sat his robed court—fifty distinguished ecclesiastics, men of high degree in the Church, of clear-cut intellectual faces, men of deep learning, veteran adepts in strategy and casuistry, practised setters of traps for ignorant minds and unwary feet. When I looked around upon this army of masters of legal fence, gathered here to find just one verdict and no other, and remembered that Joan must fight for her good name and her life single-handed against them, I asked myself what chance an ignorant poor country girl of nineteen could have in such an unequal conflict; and my heart sank down low, very low. When I looked again at that obese president, puffing and wheezing there, his great belly distending and receding with each breath, and noted his three chins, fold above fold, and his knobby and knotty face, and his purple and splotchy complexion, and his repulsive cauliflower nose, and his cold and malignant eyes—a brute, every detail of him—my heart sank lower still. And when I noted that all were afraid of this man, and shrank and fidgeted in their seats when his eye smote theirs, my last poor ray of hope dissolved away and wholly disappeared.

There was one unoccupied seat in this place, and only one. It was over against the wall, in view of every one. It was a little wooden bench without a back, and it stood apart and solitary on a sort of dais. Tall men-at-arms in morion, breastplate, and steel gauntlets stood as stiff as their



RAINGUESSON AND DE CONTE MAKING THEIR WAY TO ROUEN.

own halberds on each side of this dais, but no other creature was near by it. A pathetic little bench to me it was, for I knew whom it was for; and the sight of it carried my mind back to the great court at Poitiers, where Joan sat upon one like it and calmly fought her cunning fight with the astonished doctors of the Church and Parliament, and rose from it victorious and applauded by all, and went forth to fill the world with the glory of her name.

What a dainty little figure she was, and how gentle and innocent, how winning and beautiful in the fresh bloom of her seventeen years! Those were grand days. And so recent—for she was but just nineteen now—and how much she had seen since, and what wonders she had accomplished!

But now — oh, all was changed, now. She had been languishing in dungeons, away from light and air and the cheer of friendly faces, for nearly three-quarters of a year—she, born child of the sun, natural comrade of the birds and of all happy free creatures. She would be weary, now, and worn with this long captivity, her forces impaired; despondent, perhaps, as knowing there was no hope. Yes, all was changed.

All this time there had been a muffled hum of conversation, and rustling of robes, and scraping of feet on the floor, a combination of dull noises which filled all the place. Suddenly—

"Produce the accused!"

It made me catch my breath. My heart began to thump like a hammer. But there was silence, now—silence absolute. All those noises ceased, and it was as if they had never been. Not a sound; the stillness grew oppressive; it was like a weight upon one. All faces were turned toward the door; and one could properly expect that, for most of the people there suddenly realized, no doubt, that they were about to see, in actual flesh and blood, what had been to them before only

an embodied prodigy, a word, a phrase, a world-girdling Name.

The stillness continued. Then, far down the stone-paved corridors, one heard a vague slow sound approaching: *clank* . . . . . clink . . clank—Joan of Arc, Deliverer of France, in chains!

My head swam; all things whirled and spun about me. Ah, *I* was realizing, too.

CHAPTER V.

PRESENTLY she appeared; a thrill swept the house, and one heard deep breaths drawn. Two guardsmen followed her at a short distance to the rear. Her head was bowed a little, and she moved slowly, she being weak and her irons heavy. She had on men's attire—all black; a soft woollen stuff, intensely black, funereally black, not a speck of relieving color in it from her throat to the floor. A wide collar of this same black stuff lay in radiating folds upon her shoulders and breast; the sleeves of her doublet were full, down to the elbows, and tight thence to her manacled wrists; below the doublet, tight black hose down to the chains on her ankles.

Half-way to her bench she stopped, just where a wide shaft of light fell slanting from a window, and slowly lifted her face. Another thrill!—it was totally colorless, white as snow; a face of gleaming snow set in vivid contrast upon that slender statue of sombre unmitigated black. It was smooth and pure and girlish, beautiful beyond belief, infinitely sad and sweet. But, dear, dear! when the challenge of those untamed eyes fell upon that judge, and the droop vanished from her form and it straightened up soldierly and noble, my heart leaped for joy; and I said, all is well, all is well—they have not broken her, they have not conquered her, she is Joan of Arc still! Yes, it was plain to me, now, that there was one spirit there which this dreaded judge could not quell nor make afraid.

She moved to her place and mounted the dais and seated herself upon her bench, gathering her chains into her lap and nestling her little white hands there. Then she waited in tranquil dignity, the only person there who seemed unmoved and unexcited. A bronzed and brawny English soldier, standing at martial ease in the front rank of the citizen spectators, did now most gallantly and respectfully put up his great hand and give her the military salute; and she, smiling friendly, put up hers and returned it; whereat there was a sympathetic little break of applause, which the judge sternly silenced.

Now the memorable inquisition called in history the Great Trial began. Fifty experts against a novice, and no one to help the novice!

The judge summarized the circumstances of the case and the public reports and suspicions upon which it was based; then he required Joan to kneel and make oath that she would answer with exact truthfulness to all questions asked her.

Joan's mind was not asleep. It suspected that dangerous possibilities might lie hidden under this apparently fair and reasonable demand. She answered with the simplicity which so often spoiled the enemy's best laid plans in the trial at Poitiers, and said,

"No; for I do not know what you are going to ask me; you might ask of me things which I would not tell you."

This incensed the Court, and brought out a brisk flurry of angry exclamations. Joan was not disturbed. Cauchon raised his voice and began to speak in the midst of this noise, but he was so angry that he could hardly get his words out. He said—

"With the divine assistance of our Lord we require you to expedite these proceedings for the welfare of your conscience. Swear, with your hands upon the Gospels, that you will answer true to the questions which shall be asked you!" and he brought down his fat hand with a crash upon his official table.

Joan said, with composure—

"As concerning my father and mother, and the faith, and what things I have done since my coming into France, I will gladly answer; but as regards the revelations which I have received from God, my Voices have forbidden me to confide them to any save my King—"

Here there was another angry outburst of threats and expletives, and much movement and confusion; so she had to stop, and wait for the noise to subside; then her waxen face flushed a little and she straightened up and fixed her eye on the judge, and finished her sentence in a voice that had the old ring in it—

"—and I will never reveal these things though you cut my head off!"

Well, maybe you know what a deliberative body of Frenchmen is like. The

judge and half the court were on their feet in a moment, and all shaking their fists at the prisoner and all storming and vituperating at once, so that you could hardly hear yourself think. They kept this up several minutes; and because Joan sat untroubled and indifferent, they grew madder and noisier all the time. Once she said, with a fleeting trace of the old-time mischief in her eye and manner—

"Prithee speak one at a time, fair lords, then I will answer all of you."

At the end of three whole hours of furious debating over the oath, the situation had not changed a jot. The Bishop was still requiring an unmodified oath, Joan was refusing for the twentieth time to take any except the one which she had herself proposed. There was a physical change apparent, but it was confined to court and judge; they were hoarse, droopy, exhausted by their long frenzy, and had a sort of haggard look in their faces, poor men, whereas Joan was still placid and reposeful and did not seem noticeably tired.

The noise quieted down; there was a waiting pause of some moments' duration. Then the judge surrendered to the prisoner, and with bitterness in his voice told her to take the oath after her own fashion. Joan sunk at once to her knees; and as she laid her hands upon the Gospels, that big English soldier set free his mind:

"By God if she were but English, she were not in this place another half a second!"

It was the soldier in him responding to the soldier in her. But what a stinging rebuke it was, what an arraignment of French character and French royalty! Would that he could have uttered just that one phrase in the hearing of Orleans! I know that that grateful city, that adoring city, would have arisen, to the last man and the last woman, and marched upon Rouen. Some speeches—speeches that shame a man and humble him—burn themselves into the memory and remain there. That one is burnt into mine.

After Joan had made oath, Cauchon asked her her name, and where she was born, and some questions about her family; also what her age was. She answered these. Then he asked her how much education she had.

"I have learned from my mother the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, and the Belief. All that I know was taught me by my mother."

Questions of this unessential sort dribbled on for a considerable time. Everybody was tired out by now, except Joan. The tribunal prepared to rise. At this point Cauchon forbade Joan to try to escape from prison, upon pain of being held guilty of the crime of heresy—singular logic! She answered simply—

"I am not bound by this prohibition. If I could escape I would not reproach myself, for I have given no promise, and I shall not."

Then she complained of the burden of her chains, and asked that they might be removed, for she was strongly guarded in that dungeon and there was no need of them. But the Bishop refused, and reminded her that she had broken out of prison twice before. Joan of Arc was too proud to insist. She only said, as she rose to go with the guard—

"It is true I have wanted to escape, and I do want to escape." Then she added, in a way that would touch the pity of anybody, I think, "It is the right of every prisoner."

So she went from the place in the midst of an impressive stillness, which made the sharper and more distressful to me the clank of those pathetic chains.

What presence of mind she had! One could never surprise her out of it. She saw Noël and me there when she first took her seat on her bench; and we flushed to the forehead with excitement and emotion, but her face showed nothing, betrayed nothing. Her eyes sought us fifty times that day, but they passed on and there was never any ray of recognition in them. Another would have started upon seeing us, and then—why then there could have been trouble for us, of course.

We walked slowly home together, each busy with his own grief and saying not a word.

Note by the Translator.—It is deemed best to leave out twelve chapters at this point, until the work shall appear in book form. These chapters furnish the moving details of the succession of extraordinary inquisitions known to history as the Great Trial, and are not suited to serial publication. They will not bear mutilation or interruption, but must be read as a whole, as one reads a drama. Throughout these wearing persecutions Joan fought her single-handed battle with dignity and splendid courage, defeating her formidable adversaries in six of the trials, and refusing to surrender even in the presence of the executioner and his instruments of torture.



THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER ten days' wait. The great theologians of that treasury of all valuable knowledge and all wisdom, the University of Paris, were still weighing and considering and discussing the Twelve Lies.

I had but little to do, these ten days, so I spent them mainly in walks about the town with Noël. But there was no pleasure in them, our spirits being so burdened with cares, and the outlook for Joan growing so steadily darker and darker all the time. And then we naturally contrasted our circumstances with hers: this freedom and sunshine, with her darkness and chains; our comradeship, with her lonely estate; our alleviations of one sort and another, with her destitution in all. She was used to liberty, but now she had none; she was an out-of-door creature by nature and habit, but now she was shut up day and night in a steel cage like an animal; she was used to the light, but now she was always in a gloom where all objects about her were dim and spectral; she was used to the thousand various sounds which are the cheer and music of a busy life, but now she heard only the monotonous footfall of the sentry pacing his watch; she had been fond of talking with her mates, but now there was no one to talk to; she had had an easy laugh, but it was gone dumb, now; she had been born for comradeship, and blithe and busy work, and all manner of joyous activities, but here were only dreariness, and leaden hours, and weary inaction, and brooding stillness, and thoughts that travel day and night and night and day round and round in the same circle, and wear the brain and break the heart with weariness. It was death in life; yes, death in life, that is what it must have been. And there was another hard thing about it all. A young girl in trouble needs the soothing solace and support and sympathy of persons of her own sex, and the delicate offices and gentle ministries which only these can furnish; yet in all these months of gloomy captivity in her dungeon Joan never saw the face of a girl or a woman. Think how her heart would have leaped to see such a face.

Consider. If you would realize how great Joan of Arc was, remember that it was out of such a place and such circumstances that she came week after week and month after month and confronted the master intellects of France single-handed, and baffled their cunningest schemes, defeated their ablest plans, detected and avoided their secretest traps and pitfalls, broke their lines, repelled their assaults, and camped on the field after every engagement; steadfast always, true to her faith and her ideals; defying torture, defying the stake, and answering threats of eternal death and the pains of hell with a simple "Let come what may, here I take my stand and will abide."

Yes, if you would realize how great was the soul, how profound the wisdom, and how luminous the intellect of Joan of Arc, you must study her there, where she fought out that long fight all alone—and not merely against the subtlest brains and deepest learning of France, but against the ignoblest deceits, the meanest treacheries, and the hardest hearts to be found in any land, pagan or Christian.

She was great in battle—we all know that; great in foresight; great in loyalty and patriotism; great in persuading discontented chiefs and reconciling conflicting interests and passions; great in the ability to discover merit and genius wherever it lay hidden; great in picturesque and eloquent speech; supremely great in the gift of firing the hearts of hopeless men with noble enthusiasms, the gift of turning hares into heroes, slaves and skulkers into battalions that march to death with songs upon their lips. But all these are exalting activities; they keep hand and heart and brain keyed up to their work: there is the joy of achievement, the inspiration of stir and movement, the applause which hails success; the soul is overflowing with life and energy, the faculties are at white heat; weariness, despondency, inertia—these do not exist.

Yes, Joan of Arc was great always, great everywhere, but she was greatest in the Rouen trials. There she rose above the limitations and infirmities of our human nature, and accomplished under blighting and unnerving and hopeless conditions all that her splendid equipment of moral and intellectual forces could have accomplished if they had been supplemented by the mighty helps of hope and cheer and light, the presence of friendly faces, and a fair and equal fight, with the great world looking on and wondering.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WATER-LILY.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.

RADIANT and pure as a pearl
The exquisite petals unfold,
And fragrance like frankincense floats
From the bosom of tremulous gold.

Such mystical, innocent beauty,
With subtle-sweet, odorous breath,
Has sprung where the water broods black
Over evil and darkness and death.

JANE HUBBS'S SALVATION.

BY HELEN HUNTINGTON.

THE barracks of the Franklin division of the Salvation Army were in an old brick building on one corner of the main street. The first floor of this structure was devoted to a saloon known as "The City," on the second was a tailoring establishment, while the Army had possession of the third floor, the scale of morality seeming to increase as the steps of the grimy, dilapidated staircase mounted heavenward.

Franklin was a Western town, the metropolis of a wide farming section, and the haven for many an emigrating Scandinavian. Life there went with a rush and a bang. The market value of things was worshipped, and there were no altars erected to Beauty even as an unknown god.

Trees, where they grew, were ruthlessly sacrificed to a smooth road-grade; the banks of the little river, which rushed through the town as if it too was infected with the general fever of enterprise, were used as a dumping-ground for refuse, and the pride of citizens was largely concentrated in a new sewer of solid masonwork.

On the street corners the ne'er-do-wells lounged all day—men who had gone West to pick up dollars, and had then been unwilling to make the exertion of stooping. At night the streets were alive with people—bold-faced girls in flaunting gowns, half-grown lads, shopkeepers seeking relaxation after a hard day's work, cowboys who had ridden in from some neighboring ranch, travelling agents for commercial houses, Swedish and Norwegian laborers, and sometimes, scanty relics of a vanishing race, a group of Indians, clad in cheap ready-made coats and trousers, with moccasined feet, and long flowing hair not yet sacrificed to the demands of civilization. All these wandered aimlessly along, jostling each other, and exchanging rough jokes, until attracted and swallowed up by the open doors of a saloon, a cheap eating-house, or a gambling-den.

For seven years the Salvation Army had toiled in this barren vineyard, and in spite of many changes among the soldiers, the boom of the big drum was still heard nightly, when the slender file of the Army marched out on the street to do battle with the devil in man.

They were always treated, if not with respect, at least with the careless toleration accorded to the insane in older civilizations. On pleasant nights they had often quite a ring of listeners when they held their open-air meetings in front of the largest hotel, and when some visiting staff-captain or attractive young female lieutenant with a guitar was in town, this ring swelled to a crowd, who contributed grudging pennies when the lieutenant passed around the tambourine.

Their profits, reckoned in dollars and cents, were scanty, but among the sick, the destitute, and the abandoned there were many who associated vague and half-forgotten ideas of heavenly mercy with a blue poke-bonnet or a scarlet jersey.

In the autumn of '92 the Army was for some time without a regular captain. The nightly meetings on the street corner had often no audience but the cab-drivers who were stationed there, and an inquisitive small dog who ran around the circle of kneeling, praying soldiers, and sniffed at their heels as if he would learn of salvation through his one acutely developed sense.

At this time the hearts of the soldiers

were as near to despairing as their faith would permit; but when the outlook seemed darkest a new captain, an English woman, arrived in Franklin, and interest in the religion of the flag and drum revived.

The new-comer was known as Captain Green. She was excessively stout, with a fair rosy-cheeked face, and large candid blue eyes which gazed benignly upon a despairing world—a world without distinctions for her other than those of sinners and saved.

She possessed a vast fund of nervous energy, a glib tongue, and a powerful soprano voice, which never faltered over melodic difficulties of any kind, and soared shrilly above all considerations of time or tune. Pitched high or low, sharp or flat, it was all one to Captain Green; and also, as she would familiarly assert, to the Lord, who thought only of the heart.

Under her guidance the affairs of the Army flourished. There were new converts to the ranks, among them a man with a trombone, who added largely to the noise and attraction of the meetings.

One Sunday the Army marched around the square, as usual, before beginning their afternoon "free-and-easy" meeting in the hall. When they reached the door on their return, Captain Green paused and surveyed the knot of ragged, unkempt, blear-eyed loafers in front of "The City" with a commanding but kindly eye.

Here was sin in its most inviting shape. For prosperous, well-groomed iniquity the captain had little toleration. She lowered the flag she was carrying, and let it rest on the sidewalk while she addressed these lost ones in her strong, hearty voice:

"Come to our 'all, dear people!" she said. "Come and spend a 'appy hour with us! We're goin' to 'ave a regular hell-battling, sin-chilling, devil-driving time!" This last in a burst of inspiration: "Come, and get saved—once and for all!"

The men moved not a muscle, and remained as if they saw and heard not. The rest of the Army were clattering up the narrow wooden stairs, still singing as when marching through the streets. Their voices floated downward in a burst of discordant melody:

"Good-by, old devil!
Good-by, old devil!
Good-by, old devil!
Good-by!"

The trombone gave a final blare in a different key. The captain, perceiving that she was as little heeded as the angel by Balaam, gave vent to a mild and unresentful "God bless you!" and followed her company.

After her departure a few of the loungers shifted their positions, as if to throw off a certain feeling of embarrassment; one of them swore roundly at a dog who brushed against him; finally two or three slouched up the stairs after the captain.

The hall which they entered was long and narrow, and lighted from the north by three unshaded windows.

At one end was a platform extending the entire width of the room, and furnished with two rows of wooden chairs, in which sat the soldiers of the Army, like the "freaks" in a dime museum.

Facing this platform were three rows of benches clamped to the floor, and in the rear of the hall an ancient and rusty stove of extraordinary size and shape.

The floor was dark and grimy and covered with tobacco stains; near the stove was a pile of peanut shells, and in one corner a bucket of water and a tin dipper. A rude drapery of flags was festooned over the platform, and on the wall facing the audience hung a large woodcut of General Booth, and two sketches in colored crayons done by an artistically minded soldier in his moments of leisure, and labelled respectively, "Despair and Mercy" and "Eternity." The first represented a female, modelled on the lines of ancient Egyptian sculpture, weeping colossal tears into her handkerchief, while a poke-bonneted sister stood by her side and pointed heavenward. The second showed a broad red road leading, in perspective of the most elementary description, to where three green palm-trees represented eternal and unfading glories.

The room was about half full when the meeting began — the men huddled together in the vicinity of the stove, the woman ranged with more show of decorum in the front seats. Among the latter was a haggard creature, whose worn face seemed a sort of hideous mask for youth. She wore a long coat of brown plush, and a fantastic white felt hat trimmed with peacock feathers. Her gloveless hands were strained together in her lap, as if in a kind of nervous expectation. The captain rose and began a song, in which

the soldiers joined. As she sang she walked up and down the platform, clapping her hands in time to the music, and beaming now at the audience, now at the Army, who all seemed in an ecstasy of delight, like children playing some noisy game. The drum, beaten by a lusty soldier who on week-days earned his livelihood as a blacksmith, kept time, and the tambourine rattled an irresponsible accompaniment. The first song was followed by another and another. Then the captain made a fervent prayer, after which there was testimony from the soldiers. The last to speak was a young Norwegian girl, in whose face was that mingling of peace and exaltation seen, too, on the faces of nuns. She seemed to look at the world only by the light of an inward mystical faith which made spiritual things discernible and left all else in shadow. She spoke with a quaint accent, and a cooing, coaxing tone, like an over-fond mother remonstrating with a wayward child. Her eyes were fixed on some point at the end of the hall above the heads of the hearers.

"Oh, friends," she said, "come and git salvation! Gif your hearts to God! I have got dis salvation, dear people, and I am so glad dis afternoon I am saved. I am so glad I know what salvation iss. De devil, he iss always trying to derude us, but God will save you. God bless you! Gif God your hearts!"

At intervals during this simple speech the captain cried out, "Hallelujah!" and when the girl resumed her seat she gave orders to fire a volley, which was accomplished by each soldier giving a mighty shout.

After this there were more songs. A tall, lean, angular woman of the stern New England type joined in these roistering choruses with the abandon of a bacchante, swaying her body to and fro, tapping the floor with her foot, clapping her hands, her eyes flaming with fiery zeal. Her thin shrill voice could be heard above all the others. It was as if she found in this emotional religious fury an outlet for the suppressed, perhaps unsuspected longings of her nature.

Captain Green's immense vitality infected the whole assembly. The dull faces of the mud-colored group around the stove brightened. At this auspicious moment Captain Green judged it well to take up a collection, which resulted, as she announced after counting the coins in the tambourine which had been passed around, in a dollar and seven cents. As a reward for this munificent offering, she said that Sister Lee would sing a song with the guitar.

A slight girl of about nineteen came forward, in her hands an old guitar. She slipped the faded green ribbon around her neck, and began twanging the strings and singing in a sweet quavering voice:

"The bells ring to church from the steeple;
There they sit on the soft-cushioned seats,
Forgetting that thousands of people
Are going to hell on the streets!"

The audience listened with grave attention. It was a lengthy song, these words recurring again and again as a chorus.

The woman in the brown plush coat furtively wiped her eyes during its progress, and observing this, Christine, the Norwegian girl, went down and began to talk to her in an undertone, with one hand on her shoulder. The woman buried her face in her handkerchief, and began to shake with half-suppressed sobs. The clear voice of the little singer kept on with its monotonous refrain. In the penitent's ear Christine murmured vague, awesome, half-understood words. The room was growing a little darker as the afternoon wore on; there was the scent of burning iron from the stove in the close air. The people were unnaturally silent, it seemed. To the haggard woman a supernatural influence appeared to be hovering near. To her was coming a mysterious, unearthly change. She was to "get saved." Her sins, her shameful sins, were to be made "as white as snow." She was going to have "a changed heart." It had all been promised, but she knew not how it was to be done, nor why she wept and trembled.

Christine's murmured words rang unmeaningly in her ears: "Gif God your heart, dear sister. Come to Him now. Oh, come to Him now!"

The song had ceased. The captain was inviting such as wished salvation to come forward. As she spoke she placed a wooden chair in front of the platform. The woman felt Christine's hand gently urging her forward. With her face buried in her hands she stumbled out of her seat and toward the chair. When she reached it she fell on her knees, and the soldiers, leaving their places on the plat-

form, descended and knelt beside her. The captain began to pray; her voice had a tone of anguished pleading; she seemed begging mercy and pardon from a stern, unpitying, uncomprehending judge, demanding an unmerited boon, a human soul.

One or two of the soldiers groaned. There were low ejaculations—"Hear us, O Lord!" "Have mercy, Lord!"—like a ragged sort of litany.

When the captain ceased praying they sang again, less noisily now, an older and simpler song:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

When the first stanza had wailed to a close, the drummer leaned over and whispered to Christine, who was still holding the convert's hand, "Has she got peace yet, sister?"

The girl made a slight motion with her head. The soldiers struck up the second stanza, and were half-way through when the sound of a shrill, piercing steam-whistle was heard from somewhere in the distance. It was repeated three times, then once again after a pause. Then came a clangor of bells, a sound of hurrying feet, of excited voices. The audience shuffled uneasily in their places, with heads cocked toward the windows.

One or two bolder spirits rose and slunk away toward the door. They were followed by others, the gradual desertion became a precipitate flight, and in five minutes the hall was quite empty, save for the soldiers and the convert.

The whistle sounded again.

"A second alarm!" murmured one of the men, involuntarily. The singing had stopped by degrees. The convert raised her swollen, tear-stained face.

"A fire?" she whispered to Christine.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Thirty-one."

"*Holy Mother!*" In early infancy the convert had been received into the bosom of the Church which never gives up her own.

With a quick movement she freed herself from detaining hands, and was gone with the rapidity of an arrow, leaving the soldiers to look at each other with surprised dismay.

"Lieutenant," said the captain at length, "you might as well run down and find out where the fire is."

The lieutenant waited for no second bidding. He disappeared, and his comrades huddled together at one of the windows to look out on the street, which was thronged with hurrying black figures, all speeding in the same direction. As they watched they heard a rattle of wheels, a clang of bells, a clatter of hoofs, the barking of an excited dog. A fire-engine flew up the street, pursued by a crowd of boys.

Presently the lieutenant reappeared, breathless and excited.

"It's the old Central House," he cried. "Going to be a big fire, I guess."

The captain cast one glance around the empty hall, and then buttoned on her cape.

"Come!" she said, simply, and the whole Army corps in its turn vanished down the narrow staircase.

The captain and the lieutenant were the last to arrive at the scene of the fire. On their way thither they had time for a brief interchange of words.

"That Jane Hubbs, who just got saved, had a room at the old Central," observed the lieutenant as they hurried along. "'Twas turned into a kind of tenement. No good— She lived there with a girl they called 'the Dasher.'"

"Sarah Olson," replied the captain. "Yes, I know her. Poor sinful soul!" She was panting for breath, and her words came in gasps. "Don't go quite so fast, lieutenant," she added. "You know I'm quite a size."

There was an immense crowd in front of the old Central. Volumes of smoke poured out the front door and from the windows of the second story. In the rear the thin red flames leaped into the air. The sidewalks were cumbered with various articles of household furniture—bedding, crockery, stove-pipe, kitchen utensils, chairs, tables—all of the poorest description. The Central, long since abandoned as a hotel, was weather-beaten and out of repair, almost tottering on its foundations.

"Be'n a reg'lar death-trap for years," said a voice among the pleasantly excited spectators. "A good thing to get rid of it."

Nevertheless, the volunteer firemen worked zealously, more, perhaps, for reputation and the plaudits of the on-lookers than from a desire to save the crazy old building.

As the captain approached the scene of the disaster she observed a woman dressed in a brown plush coat, and wearing a white felt hat trimmed with peacock feathers, who was arguing violently with the man who guarded the door. Recognizing her late hardly won spiritual prize, the captain made her way to the front, where she could hear what was going on.

"I tell you she's *drunk!*" the woman screamed—"drunk as a dog! *Cannons* wouldn't wake her. I know *her*. Her and me has lived together for years."

The man looked at her stolidly.

"Yer can't go in," he said, not unkindly. "The stairs go right up where the fire is worst—might tumble in any minute. If it's the Dasher yer mean, better let her and the old house go together. Good riddance!"

The woman uttered a desperate exclamation, which the captain secretly prayed might not be profane.

"Le' me *go*, I say!" she cried.

The man seized her wrists, but she wrenched them away.

"Well, go, then! 'Tain't my affair," he said, sulkily. "Reg'lar she-devil," he added, to the bystanders, as the woman was lost to sight in the smoky interior.

The captain went up to the man and touched his sleeve. There was a shadow on her usually beaming face.

"Can she get through?" she asked. The man stared at her curiously, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's the smoke, ma'am," he answered. "An' the stairs go right up where the fire's worst. She ain't never goin' to get the other out—anyhow—drunk's she is, too."

The news that the Dasher was still in the building, and that Jane Hubbs had gone in to rouse her from her drunken sleep and drag her out, spread rapidly.

The crowd around the door grew thicker, and the solemn murmur which witnesses the nearness of mortal danger could be heard among the hissing of the streams of water from the hose, the crackling of flames, the falling of timbers, and the loud hoarse orders from the chief of the fire brigade.

But there was no one who manifested a personal interest in the two women whose lives were in jeopardy, save the captain and her band of warriors.

Five minutes passed. The fire, which had been mostly in the rear of the building, was at last under control. The staircase still stood, but was hardly visible through the dense clouds of smoke. Two firemen had gone in search of the missing women, but, ignorant of the position of their room, they had taken the wrong turn, been cut off from the stairs by the flames, and forced to make a descent by means of a ladder placed at one of the windows.

Several times some one in the throng cried, "There they are!" but it was always a false alarm. Another five minutes went slowly by; a silence spread over the people. Here and there a woman whose nerves were overwrought began to sob. The firemen had again gone in search of the two missing ones. The hose played on the rear of the house, though now the water only fell upon the charred black leaves, where the fire had worked its mighty but short-lived will.

Suddenly a great shout went up from the watchers. Figures were seen emerging from the thinning smoke. First came a fireman carrying Jane Hubbs. Her arms hung limply down; her dress was partly burnt away; her hair, scorched and tangled, hung about her face.

Behind was the other fireman, half supporting, half dragging a young person, dressed in a greasy flannel wrapper, unfastened, evidently hastily put on. No other than the Dasher, with heavy swollen eyes and a sodden red face.

She submitted stupidly to the man's guidance, like an animal forced to go where it does not will. The smoke made her cough and choke, and she stumbled constantly, and would have fallen, but for the rough grasp on her arm. As they neared the door she met the gaze of the hundreds of eyes concentrated on her, and seemed to realize that, in spite of her recent peril, the gaze did not express either friendliness or thanksgiving. A wavering smile crept over her thick loose lips. She gave a scarcely perceptible toss of her head, as if she would have said:

"Here I am again, you see! You'll not get rid of me this way." Her guide and conductor released her from his grip, and she staggered up against a tree.

Public attention was distracted from her to Jane Hubbs, who had been placed on a couple of old coats hastily thrown on the ground.

The captain supported her head, and the soldiers stood guard around. At a

little distance a dense ring of spectators looked on.

"Dead, ain't she?" said one, in a loud whisper.

"Git up on my shoulder, Johnny, and yer kin see real good," cried a benevolent boy to his little brother.

"Them Salvationists is always in for any kind of a row."

The women pushed and elbowed their way to the front ranks.

"She ain't scarred much," observed one, in a disappointed tone. "Looks real natural."

On one side the firemen explained the rescue.

"They was a-layin' in the little passageway that goes to the back part of the house when we found 'em," said the older of the two.

"Must 'a' got so far when the fire got too much for 'em—or, 'tany rate, for Jane Hubbs. She was a-layin' on top of th' other one. That's the reason she got burned more. Th' other one was drunk. Nothin' hurts 'em when they're drunk. Seems a queer dispensation, come to think of it."

"She's comin' to!" cried an excited voice in the crowd, and all attention was at once concentrated on Jane, who had indeed opened her eyes. They wandered vaguely until they rested on the bloated, scarlet face of the Dasher, who had approached, and was now weeping maudlin tears over her comrade.

"I got her," said Jane, faintly, to the captain.

The captain's glib tongue failed her for once. She made no answer, but wiped away the tears which were raining down over her honest, distressed face.

"I knowed she wasn't no good," went on Jane, still more feebly. "She'd 'a' gone to hell—sure!—but I'd—got—salvation. I—I did—get—salvation—all right — didn't I?" a momentary doubt seeming to cross her mind.

"Yes, yes, poor sister!" answered the captain, gently. "Heaven is ready for you — and Jesus is waiting — with a crown."

Jane's features relaxed into a smile. She closed her eyes once more, and a grayer pallor stole over her face.

The soldiers of the Salvation Army fell on their knees, and one or two onlookers removed their hats.

At this moment the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, was seen pushing his way through the crowd.

"It's too late," said the captain, gravely, as he came up. "She's gone to glory!"

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XXX.

LÜTZEN.

THE first great battle in the war for German liberation, if not liberty, was fought on the 2d of May, 1813. Frederick William III. of Prussia and Alexander I. of Russia had made together a triumphal entry into Dresden; had been received by white-robed virgins, and had listened to meaningless speeches of welcome, and still more unprofitable verses. They both hoped that the King of Saxony would here join them and unite his army with theirs. But that monarch had not forgotten the battle of Jena, so he retired to Prague, under protection of Austria, there to wait until one side or the other had been defeated, after which he might come forward and make terms with the stronger party.

So the Prussians marched on to Leipzig, and a little way beyond to the village of Lützen, where in 1632 Gustavus, the great Swede, gave up his life in the cause of religious liberty. With the Prussians came the Russians—not 100,000 strong, as they had boasted, but only a trifle over 35,000. The Prussians had about an equal force, so that here at the very heart of Germany these two allies, in the seventh year after Jena, could only gather together 70,000 men for the purpose of defending their country against invasion. And Jena was in everybody's mind, for that inglorious field lay not more than thirty miles to the southwest, and Auerstädt still nearer. Napoleon had ridden across this battle-field a few days before, coming from Paris by way of Erfurt and Weimar — places which did not fail to awaken in him and his men the belief that one Frenchman was a match for two Prussians. In 1806 the Prussian army,

though largely outnumbering that of France, had run away in confusion. In 1813 Napoleon opened his campaign at the head of nearly 120,000, against the 70,000 of Alexander and Frederick William.

Here was an advantage of 50,000 men in favor of Napoleon. But there were many other elements to be considered. The allies had more cavalry and artillery, and were operating in a country flat as the plains of Texas, therefore one in which horseflesh could be of the greatest service. Napoleon's army was made up of young recruits, whose military instruction had been gained principally in the long march from France to the seat of war. But the French leaders were masters in their art. Each knew how to get the utmost out of the men, how to give them confidence, how to relieve them from the merely ornamental detail of soldier life, and, above all, each one knew how to fight. They had good reason to feel confident, for their enemy were also inexperienced soldiers, commanded by men not one of whom ranked as a first-class general.

On mounting his horse at Weimar, Napoleon said, "I shall conduct this campaign not as Emperor, but as *General Bonaparte.*" The year 1812 had been a lesson to him, and he proposed that now he would share the hardships of his men and seek to retrieve himself, at least in the eyes of his marshals.

On the night of May 1st he slept at Lützen, occupied himself with reading about the battle of 1632, and next morning leisurely inspected the battle-field, little thinking that he was about to associate the name of Lützen with his own in memorable manner; for Napoleon here displayed generalship equal to any in his career, and displayed it under most difficult conditions.

He was marching to Leipzig, there to unite with the rest of his army, to defeat the small allied force; to separate Prussia from Austria, and then once more occupy Berlin. It was an excellent plan so far as Napoleon could judge of kings and cabinets, and as he jogged along the Saxon highway he hummed, "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,—mironton," etc., with a mind easier than it had been for a twelvemonth past. But he did not know the spirit of new Germany, and could not think that the small army opposed to him would dare attack him.

The head of the French column was already at Lindenau, which forms now a part of Leipzig, and Napoleon himself had passed the village of Mark-Ranstädt, six miles west of Leipzig, when he received news that made him withdraw to one side of the road, while his men marched on, leaving him buried in thought. There was some firing in the direction of Leipzig, and that was in order, for Napoleon intended there to drive back what he took to be the Prussian advance-guard. But between ten and eleven o'clock a violent burst of artillery was heard in his rear, upon his right flank, in the neighborhood of a little village called Gross Görschen, which was about three miles southeast of Lützen, and about ten miles from the head of the French column.

This was the moment which born soldiers yearn for, and which frightens the ordinary one.

At once Napoleon ordered the whole of his command to turn about and march the other way—towards the sound of the cannon. This operation is simple enough on the open prairie and on the drill-ground, but most difficult when the one road is jammed with artillery, ammunition-wagons, and baggage.

The country in this plain of Leipzig is perfectly flat, and the little villages look one so much like the other that they rather confuse than assist the pilgrim of to-day. The land is rich as Mississippi river-bottoms, and for miles is cultivated like a vegetable-garden. But no trace of the battle can be seen, and I could find no one in the neighborhood who could refer me to any one capable of telling me more than was on my map and in my note-book. In the pretty village of Lützen I sought the old castle where Napoleon spent the night of May 1st, but no thanks to the officials of the place, who knew little of the great things that happened here in the days of their fathers. The Napoleonic headquarters are now occupied by local officials, and the buildings are sadly neglected. From the towers of Lützen one can readily see every point of this important field—notably the cluster of villages for whose possession so much precious blood was spilled.

The reader must bear in mind that though the country is flat as the prairie, it is slightly cut up by irrigating ditches, which afforded considerable shelter dur-



NAPOLEON AT WEIMAR.

ing the battle to the infantry, but made the work of cavalry and artillery difficult. The villages, too, had very substantial houses and barns, which in 1813 were bullet-proof, and consequently of greater relative value than they would be to-day.

About this little group of villages, Gross Görschen, Klein Görschen, Rana, and Kaya, the battle raged all day, and until half past six in the afternoon. Napoleon was in a state of mind bordering on desperation. If the Prussians won the day, his army would be cut in two, for the allies had attacked his column while it was on the move, in its long helpless line. Villages were taken, then lost, then retaken. Both sides fought with fury—one of those battles when darkness and complete exhaustion end the fight. At one time the French were being chased out of a village by Prussians—it was their fifth repulse—and Napoleon stood on a slight elevation near by as the messenger rode up with the bad news. An eyewitness recorded that in this moment Napoleon cast upon his chief of staff a look whose meaning was a question—"Do you believe that my star has sunk at last?"

Napoleon fought the battle of Lützen with comprehensive thoroughness. He was complete master of himself and every one of his military units. His personal power was felt in every part of the field. He was playing for tremendous stakes, and the loss of one little Saxon village on the 2d of May, 1813, meant to him the loss of Saxony, the loss of Austria, retreat and ruin. He exposed himself to the bullets of the enemy with apparent indifference, and watched every dent in his long swaying line as a professional fighter on the lookout for a good opening for a telling blow. At last his eye found the point he sought, and he launched one division of the young guard to help retake the village of Kaya, out of which his men had just been violently ejected for the fifth time. At the same time he made a radical change in the whole scheme of the fight by ordering sixty pieces of artillery brought to one point which he designated. He knew exactly where each piece was, and ordered them taken from the different corps in action.

These sixty pieces now concentrated their fire upon the allies, and Napoleon flew like a fury from one end of his line to the other, cheering his gunners to a final and desperate struggle. One by one the sixty pieces came into action, and inch by inch they crept forward towards the positions still stubbornly held by the allies. When darkness finally fell upon this savage picture it concealed some 15,000 bodies of dead or wounded Frenchmen, to say nothing of 2000 Russians and 8000 Prussians who fell on that day.

When I followed the ground of this battle-field there was no difficulty in finding the very spot where Napoleon ranged his sixty guns. It is a slope towards the village of Gaya from near Starsiedel—so gentle, so clean, it seemed to have been made for just such a man at just such a moment. There was no other slope like it anywhere near, and yet no eye but that of Napoleon seemed able to make use of it. So little has the topography been modified by modern works that it has not been necessary, in studying this battle, to use any other map than that published today by the War Department.

The 2d of May, 1813, closed with no immediate advantage to either side. The Prussians had held their ground, and the French had saved their line from being cut in two. Both sides lay down to sleep, confident that the fight would begin again at daybreak with still more ferocity and obstinacy. But before turning in Napoleon called a Polish officer and gave him this order: "Hurry to Krakau, and carry the news that I have won a battle." The Corsican knew that Poland and Austria would be more influenced by news of success than by a dozen diplomats.

But so little did Napoleon himself believe in this victory that he kept his troops all night in squares, ready to repel a sudden attack. He had not captured a single cannon; he had not gained a single foot of the battle-ground.

Times had indeed changed since the days of Auerstädt and Jena. Napoleon was now fighting against the German people, not merely against a mercenary army. The men who now faced him did not require to be flogged in order to make soldiers of them; they went into battle happy with the hope of a free country.

But the generalship of the allies was bad enough to have ruined a better cause than that of German liberation. The Prussian King and the Russian Czar were constantly in the way, particularly the Russian, who was very anxious to

make a military reputation. The nominal commander-in-chief of the allies was called Witgenstein, a Russian mediocrity not fit for a high command. Who really commanded on the side of the allies I have not yet found out—sometimes one crowned head, sometimes another; sometimes the nominal commander-in-chief, sometimes Blücher, sometimes Scharnhorst, and sometimes different aides-de-camp, who pretended to be inspired from headquarters.

At about ten that night the Russian chiefs held a council of war, and decided that they had best retire, giving as a reason that they were short of ammunition. Then old Blücher got up and said to them: "What! Has all this blood been spilled for nothing? Never—never will I consent to retreat. No; this very night I'll pitch into the Frenchmen, and I'll make those ashamed of themselves who talked of retreat."

Then old Blücher, who was seventy-one years old, stalked savagely out of the room, mounted his charger, placed himself at the head of twelve squadrons of Prussian cavalry, and tumbled into the French headquarters so furiously that he came within two hundred yards of where Napoleon had sought shelter behind his squares of infantry. The attack did not accomplish all that was anticipated, owing to an irrigating ditch of awkward size, but it produced upon the French something akin to a mild panic. They were not used to such recklessness on the part of Germans, and commenced to take precautions which formerly they would have deemed unnecessary.

While the Prussian King was in bed that night at Groitzsch (six miles from the battle-field, in a southeast direction), he was suddenly awaked by his ally Alexander, who came in person to tell him that they must at once retreat to beyond the Elbe. Frederick William would not listen to the Czar's rather awkward explanations on the subject, but interrupted him: "Oh, I know how it is! Once begin retreat, and we'll not stop at the Elbe—we'll be back at the Vistula again. At this rate, I can see myself once more in Memel. It will be Auerstädt all over again."

As a soldiers' battle this was a glorious day, and Germans everywhere spoke with pride of their fellow-countrymen, who had met the French in fair fight and proved fully their equals. But the patriots groaned in spirit as the long lines of Prussian wounded returned across the Elbe, followed by the rest of the allied army. Goethe seemed to have spoken the truth when he said that Napoleon was too big a man for Germans to attack. And there seemed to be a fatal spell upon Prussia, by which, no matter how bravely her people fought, her leaders always managed to lose what the soldiers had won. On the French side they saw unity of command; on the side of the allies was no unity at all. The King of Prussia was treated as a military cipher by the Russian Czar, whose military knowledge was equally worthless. Instead of marching ahead independently under such a popular leader as Blücher or York, Gneisenau or Scharnhorst, the Prussian army was made merely an appanage of the Russian. No one can be blamed for this excepting the Prussian King. Instead of declaring war with Napoleon in January, and leading the way for the Russians, he dawdled away the time until the Cossacks had overrun his country and forced him to fight, not as a leader, but as a follower. Throughout the war we shall see the same faults of leadership on the part of the allies—faults which were manifest at the very first battle, and which must weaken all movements of allied armies where the command is not in one capable hand. At Lützen the military capacity was altogether on the German side of the alliance, but the power to dictate was with the Russians.

Napoleon felt badly when he saw how well the German soldier fought, but his spirits revived when he thought of the two monarchs who commanded.

XXXI.

SOME UNEXPECTED FIGHTS IN THE PEOPLE'S WAR.

"When a people has prosperity, intelligence, civil liberty, and a sense of moral obligations, such a people will allow itself to be destroyed rather than surrender these things." So wrote Gneisenau, and so talked Blücher and the rest of the German patriots—and so thought the people of Germany in so far as they dared dream of deliverance. But all the princes of Germany did not think so, particularly those who had gained in importance by submission to Napoleon.

And it is because Germans accomplished so much in spite of the princes to whom they were subject that this period carries lessons to us who believe in government for the people and by the people.

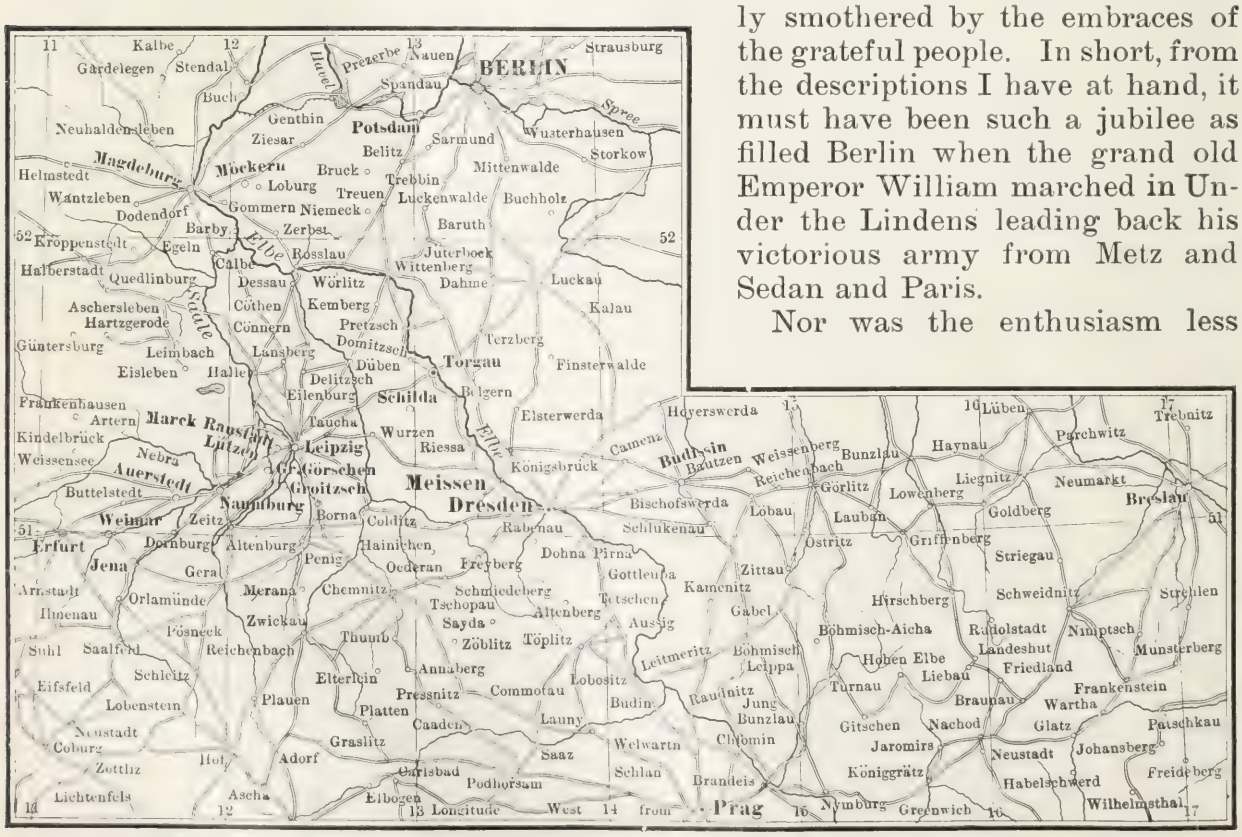
The free city of Hamburg had been incorporated by Napoleon into his empire, but the moment its citizens heard that Germans in Königsberg and Breslau were arming in the cause of liberty, they too became rebels, and made common cause with their fellow-Germans in Prussia. On the 24th of February, nearly a month, therefore, before the declaration of war, and when both Hamburg and Prussia were in bondage to France, the republic at the mouth of the Elbe rose up against the Napoleonic garrison.

The longshoremen and apprentices joined with their more prosperous fellow-citizens, and after soundly thrashing every Frenchman they could find, they hoisted once more the free flag of Hamburg. The French commandant barricaded himself with his garrison, and managed to take vengeance on a goodly number of public-spirited citizens by means of drum-head court martial, but by the 12th of March he had to evacuate the city to make room for the advance-guard of the German army of liberation.

It was the enterprising guerilla Tettenborn who appeared on March 16th under the walls of Hamburg. His command consisted of Cossacks, who had ridden all the way from Moscow to the German Ocean before the King of Prussia could make up his mind whether to serve France or his people. The leaders of these Cossacks were, to be sure, Germans fired with zeal for the cause of their country, but none the less strange is it that the Prussian government of that day looked on with folded hands while the Czar of Siberia preached liberty in the land of Luther.

When Tettenborn entered Hamburg at the head of his rough riders, which, by-the-way, was on the very day that war was made known in Breslau, four hundred miles away (March 18th), the good people went wild with joy. The day of deliverance had come at last, and the band of snub-nosed cowboys from the steppes of the Don appeared to the maidens of Hamburg as so many gallant Lancelots or Lohengrins. Their horses were decked with flowers; the air was filled with song and cheering; the visitors were feasted as only Hamburgers know how to feast —for have they not always been the best cooks of Germany? Those who were present wrote that they were nearly smothered by the embraces of the grateful people. In short, from the descriptions I have at hand, it must have been such a jubilee as filled Berlin when the grand old Emperor William marched in Under the Lindens leading back his victorious army from Metz and Sedan and Paris.

Nor was the enthusiasm less



MAP SHOWING THE RELATION OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF LÜTZEN TO BERLIN, DRESDEN, AND PRAGUE.

From Napoleon's manuscript map.



ONE OF TETTENBORN'S COSSACKS ENTERS LÜNEBURG.

marked in two other great free cities of the Hanseatic League.

In Lübeck the scenes of Hamburg were repeated when a German commanding three hundred Cossacks entered that Baltic city on March 21st, thus setting free the most northerly city of what Napoleon was pleased to call the Rhine Confederation. Bremen also tried to strike for liberty. An English war-brig had landed some men, and, in conjunction with peasants and boatmen armed with pitchforks and oars, they had attacked the French coast-guard and customs officials. But in Bremen there was a French general named Vandamme, whom we shall meet again at the battle of Kulm. He had prepared for a popular outbreak by such an exercise of military law as had made the Spaniard Alva hated when he ruled the Protestant Netherlands in the spirit of apostolic order. The flag of Bremen did not fly therefore at the mouth of the Weser until October 12, 1813.

There is a fourth town also famed in the history of free cities, Lüneburg, not more than twenty miles southeast of Hamburg, and not twelve miles from the Elbe.

In Lüneburg the people sprang to arms at the very first sight of a prowling Cossack. Their arms, to be sure, were but pitchforks and other domestic utensils, but these sufficed to drive out the French spies and police and customs officials and tax-gatherers and other representatives of the hated rule. On March 26th a detachment of French gendarmes tried to force their way into the town,

but they were driven back. Finally, on April 1st, the French once more secured a foothold in the town, at the head of 2300 troops, many of them Saxons. Of course the plain citizens could do little against a regular military force, but what they could they did, and in consequence many were at once shot by the French for having weapons in their possession, while some fifty were sent to jail to await sentence.

But help was nearing in the shape of some of the volunteers of the Lützow corps, a battalion of Pomeranian infantry from the neighborhood of Stettin, and a Russian battalion. With them came some 2000 Cossacks under German leadership. They came in forced marches to save from death the fifty citizens in jail, and the last fifty miles of heavy marching was done by the Prussians in twenty-four hours, the infantry keeping pace with the Cossack ponies.

In spite of the wearing march just completed, and in the full light of day, on April 2d, this band of deliverance stormed the walls of Lüneburg, and after a desperate fight at every gate and in the narrow streets the patriots triumphed.

The French were driven out, but only to find themselves thrown upon the lances of Cossacks. An effort was made to retake the town, but that failed, and Lüneburg was free.

The French surrendered as prisoners of war their commanding general, 100 officers, 2200 privates, and three standards.

In the history of war this is a remarkable event, that a walled town should be captured by so small a party and after so vigorous a defence. It was the stroke of a few enterprising men wholly separated from the main armies, and operating much after the manner of independent guerillas.

But with all the courage that day shown by men, the hero of it all was a woman. Joanna was her name—another Joan of Arc arisen to make weak kings feel ashamed of themselves.

This beautiful girl of twenty, with blue eyes and golden hair, of sweet womanly character, and known only for acts of gentleness — this modest German maid became a fighting fury when she saw the Pomeranians struggling against the French. She sprang out into the rain of bullets, filled her apron with cartridges from abandoned ammunition-wagons, and then, holding the ends of her apron fast between her teeth, she hurried from man to man amongst the brave defenders, giving them the ammunition they sadly needed. Her powder and shot decided the day at Lüneburg, and from the sandy shores of the Baltic to the rocky peaks of German Switzerland the story of this day brought hope to German hearts—the story of Joanna, the maid of Lüneburg.

Joanna narrowly escaped being shot by court-martial sentence when the French, later on, again occupied all this part of the country.

Her heroism was sung by poets. She died in 1842, the wife of a respected citizen of Berlin, who had served through the war of liberation. Yet to-day few people who pass the Hindersin Street in Berlin know that it commemorates the marriage name of the beautiful Joanna, the maid of Lüneburg.

It is refreshing to recall a few of the many instances of courage and patriotism shown by the people of Germany in so many different parts of the great fatherland in these early days of the great war.

At Moeckern, about twelve miles east of Magdeburg, and on the road to Berlin, on April 5th, only three days after Lüneburg, 20,000 Frenchmen were routed by 10,000 Prussians.

There were no macadamized or chaussée roads in Prussia at that time, and as the whole country is as sandy as Long Island, military moving was very slow, particularly for the artillery. It seems incredible, but the allies who were in Potsdam on March 29th required six full days for marching thence to the Elbe near Dessau, a distance of less than sixty miles.

The French had been seeking once more to get Berlin in their power, making as their base Magdeburg, the city for which the lamented Queen Luise had so ardently pleaded with Napoleon at Tilsit. They got no further than Moeckern, however, though their way was blocked by a force much smaller than their own. It was over this road that Napoleon's troops chased the Prussian "regulars" flying from Jena in 1806, when Magdeburg surrendered without a blow, and the King went away to hide himself.

In 1813 there was the same Napoleon, but the "regulars" of 1806 had made room for an army of citizens—less "regular," but more plucky.

Moeckern was the first serious conflict or skirmish in the war, as Lützen was to be the first great battle. It was fought on the allied side as a soldiers' battle, contrary to the orders of the commanding general, who was marching with reenforcements from Berlin. As at Lützen, the victory lay with the party that could occupy and hold a few villages—in a sandy plain that seems even to-day scarce worth cultivating, let alone fighting for. As at Lützen, the French had great numerical advantage, particularly the advantage of experienced leadership. We have seen that even Napoleon at Lützen gained but a barren victory; at Moeckern there was no Napoleon, and though the French were two to one, they were driven from the field and chased so long as there was a ray of daylight. The Prussians won their points mainly in hand-to-hand fighting with the bayonet—a test of personal courage, coolness, and endurance equal to any which a soldier can be called upon to endure. The accounts of eye-witnesses to this fight unite in referring to the bitterness, not to say fury, with which the Prussians launched themselves at the Frenchmen, determined to wipe out old scores. The very fact that the fight occurred showed that the men could not be held back when there were Frenchmen in sight.

Each volunteer in the ranks could recall outrages upon those he held dear perpetrated by Napoleon's men, and there were six full years of oppression behind them.

It did seem, indeed, as though the dream of the German people was to be realized —even more rapidly than the most sanguine dared hope. The war had been declared but a short three weeks, and lo! all of North Germany was in arms, and the French had been driven away to beyond the Elbe. The news of Hamburg's liberation, of Lübeck, of Lüneburg, and finally of Moeckern, all following so close one on the other, spurred the patriots to superhuman efforts; for these were all triumphs of the popular cause carried out quite independently of kings and cabinets and court intrigues.

The war of the people between Hamburg and Magdeburg was glorious, but there was much dragging in the neighborhood of the imperial Russian headquarters. Frederick William had allowed Russia to name the commander-in-chief of the allied army, thus forcing generals like Blücher and Gneisenau to subordinate themselves to men vastly inferior in soldier qualities.

But Blücher, while nominally an insignificant part of the great Russian combination, had much of the fox in him, and was particularly crafty in disobeying the spirit of his instructions while still pretending to obey the letter of the law. He managed to slip away from Breslau on March 16th, before war was officially declared, and at once hunted up the nearest French force, in the hopes of a fight. He entered Saxony, and found there a king who ran away with his money and jewelry at the first news of danger, and left Dresden in charge of the French. Dresden is another beautiful city on the Elbe which sent valuable cargoes to Hamburg, notably porcelain-ware and fine textiles. But it was lucky that the Senate of Hamburg did not look to the Dresden monarch for an example of what a patriotic leader should be.

Dresden has most beautiful palaces, museums, terraces, parks, and is singularly full of attractions to English and Americans who go abroad for education or recreation. But of all the Dresden monuments none was so dear to the people as their famous bridge—one of the three famous bridges of Europe, Prague and Regensburg having the other two. The French decided to evacuate Dresden, because too weak to hold it. But they decided at the same time to destroy this bridge. It may be well to recall this, when later Blücher was called a savage for ordering a bridge in Paris to be blown up—the Pont de Jena.

On March 9th the French commander started his work of destruction by sending a party of laborers to tear up the road-bed. These laborers were driven from their work by a band of patriotic apprentices, or, rather, they were forced to relay the paving-stones as they had found them. The next morning the French commander once more started upon his work of vandalism, but once more the towns-people crowded upon the scene, paying anything but compliments to the guard sent to clear them away. The uproar increased as the crowd swelled, and when a French officer commenced to measure off the space required for the charge of gunpowder, the people forgot the teachings of their passive officials,

threw the measuring-line over the bridge into the Elbe, and would have done the same to several Frenchmen had not a strong re-enforcement of police restored quiet. Then came a troop of Saxon cuirassiers, who trotted up very bravely to the point of conflict, and who had orders to cut the people—their own people—down, and keep the bridge clear. But a public-spirited stone-mason stepped out of the crowd, and with a loud "Halt!" made them a speech such as the soldiers of his Saxon Majesty had not been used to. Said the stone-mason:

"Fellows, we are all of us brothers and Germans; don't cut in among us. I have a better plan. Let us unite and give the French a thrashing."

This was followed by tremendous cheering, in the midst of which the cuirassiers took it upon themselves to beat a retreat, preferring rather to incur flogging in their barrack-yards than the odium of assisting the French to blow up this beautiful bridge.

The Napoleonic garrison meanwhile shut itself up, hoping that the popular storm would soon blow over; but they had to wait some very uncomfortable minutes. The apprentices, laborers, mechanics, and other patriots were so delighted at their success in converting Saxon cuirassiers that they marched in a body to the famous Brühl Palace, where the French commander held his precarious court. They drove away his sentries, smashed his windows, and smashed also the windows of the Saxon Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was held responsible for Saxons being made allies of Napoleon. The French general was not hurt, and smiled to think what a very tame thing, after all, was a German riot. In Paris there would have been by this time a dozen corpses dangling from handy lamp-posts; the river would have been strewn with the carcasses of obnoxious officials. The German is a poor hand at conspiracy—is too humane and too honest. Had he been otherwise, not a Frenchman would have recrossed the Elbe on the return from Moscow.

In Dresden that night the people who had been fighting for their bridge went to sleep thinking they had done their work thoroughly. The secret police of Napoleon, however, remained awake, and, one by one, hunted up the patriots who had made themselves conspicuous during the day and had been too honest to conceal themselves at night. These were all bunched together outside the town, and hurried off under strong escort to the Saxon fortress of Königstein, a lonesome rock towering above the Elbe, full of blackholes, mostly occupied by people who differed in politics from the Saxon monarch.

Meanwhile the French commander sent for re-enforcements, and soon came the great Marshal Davoust with 10,000 more men, making now a French garrison of 14,000 men to overawe a mob so gentle as that of a Saxon town. He had miners brought from Freiberg, and under the third arch from the palace side of the Elbe he laid a mass of gunpowder. The beautiful Brühl Terrace, where in warm weather hundreds of Saxon families nowadays sip beer and admire the beautiful view, was then crowded with cannon pointed against the citizens of Dresden. Cavalry patrolled the streets night and day, and they had orders to arrest or cut down any citizens who appeared in groups of three or more.

On March 19th the beautiful bridge was blown up—the bridge that had been dear to Saxons for five hundred years—and the French had not even the apology of military necessity for this ungenerous act. Those who read of this campaign, and compare it with that of the Germans to Paris in 1870, must be amazed at the many opportunities which the Germans neglected of paying back the French in their own coin.

Within a week old Blücher was in Dresden. The French garrison had anticipated his coming by marching away in the night, followed by the hootings of the rabble.

The people everywhere loved Blücher, and received him as their father. They loved him for his ignorance of grammar; for his rough vernacular, full of quaint oaths and colloquial jokes; they warmed to him instinctively because the old general was wholly devoid of pretensions. He did not care for medals and gold lace and the showy society of courtiers; on the contrary, he liked his pipe in the company of the towns-people, where he could crack his jokes and learn the news without being constantly reminded of what was etiquette. But what could all the people of Saxony do for Blücher, so long as the Saxon King refused to join the

Prussians. They fed the men from Breslau and Berlin; they sang with them and drank with them; but they had been so well drilled in the school of passive obedience that they could only say, "We shall fight with you against Napoleon if you will only persuade our dear King to lead us."

The most courageous of the Saxon army was General Thielmann, who commanded the strong Elbe fortress of Torgau, with its German garrison of nearly ten thousand men. Torgau is a beautiful little town to-day, with a castle as interesting as any in Europe—now converted into barracks for Prussian infantry. Luther preached here; his wife lies buried here, and one of the churches was consecrated by the great Reformer. It is still further endeared to Protestant Germans by the battle which Frederick the Great here fought in 1760, in which he routed the apostolic army of Austria most memorably. It was on the retreat from this battle that little Gneisenau was born, in the village of Schilda, hard by, the son of an obscure Austrian artillerist, and of a mother who had sad reasons for seeking still greater obscurity.



A SAXON CUIRASSIER.

Torgau lies below Dresden and above Magdeburg—a menace to any army seeking to march from Berlin to Leipzig, and correspondingly so to an invader marching from Jena to Berlin. The Prussian and Russian monarchs held triumphal entry into Dresden on April 24th, and exhausted promises and fair words in seeking to win the Saxon King to their side. The patriots labored in vain with Thielmann. He was a German and spoke as a German, and he begged his King not to give up Torgau to the French. But he could not act the traitor, and refused to make common cause with the army of the allies until ordered to do so by his King. This order did not come. The King had no confidence in Prussia, or, rather, in Prussia's monarch. He believed that Napoleon would win the campaign, and that he would be rewarded by a large share of Prussian territory. So he ordered Thielmann to hand Torgau over to France. Thielmann did so on May 11th, and at once laid down his commission in the Saxon army—another cheering evidence that in 1813 there were eminent German generals who loved their country more than their shoulder-straps.

The battle of Lützen (May 2d) happened while Germans still hoped that Torgau would be cast on the side of the allies; and had that battle ended in the retreat of Napoleon, no doubt but that Saxony's King would at once have been forced to join the party of liberation, and likewise the Austrian Kaiser Franz.

But Lützen was not cheering news to timid courtiers, whatever it might be to simple citizens. On the 11th of May the plain facts of the case were, so far as Kaiser Franz and other undecided monarchs were concerned, that Napoleon was driving before him the armies of Alexander and Frederick William, and that he controlled Magdeburg, Torgau, and Wittenberg on the Elbe; Spandau on the Havel, near Berlin; Stettin and Küstrin on the Oder. Kaiser Franz sent a special messenger to Napoleon on May 12th, the day after Torgau's surrender, congratulating him on having won the battle of Lützen; but, with strange dishonesty, he sent also a messenger to the camp of the allies, promising to join them towards the end of May.

There was so much lying done at that time, done on both, or rather all, sides, that a truthful statement came to be regarded as either an accident or a blunder. Kaiser Franz, as a good apostolic Hapsburger, hated the Lutheran Hohenzollern cordially—much as Austrians do to-day, in spite of Triple Alliances.

But Napoleon had treated the Danube empire with so much contempt that for the moment there was a very strong disposition in Vienna to harm him, if that could be done without much danger. So that through the labyrinth of lies, which in that day passed for diplomatic craft, even the uninitiated felt some hope of Austrian assistance, provided the patriot army proved its power to face Napoleon in the field.

The organizer of the new Prussian army, General Scharnhorst, was wounded at Lützen. But he thought so little of his wound that he started for Vienna on a mission of the utmost importance—to discuss the military situation with the Austrian government, and, above all, to encourage Kaiser Franz to join against Napoleon. But the Austrian minister, Metternich, who was the echo of his master, looked upon Scharnhorst as an anarchist, a man of popular ideas, a dangerous demagogue, and would not let him come to Vienna. The Hapsburger had even more dread of popular uprisings than the Hohenzollern monarch, and the term republican at that time sounded in Vienna as nihilist does to-day in St. Petersburg. So poor Scharnhorst took up his quarters in Prague, lived at the inn under an assumed name, fretted at the way time passed, and in so fretting his wound became worse, and at last, on June 28, 1813, in a strange land, and in the darkest hour of the struggle for German liberty, he closed his tired eyes in death.

When Scharnhorst passed away, his dear friend Blücher could not keep back his tears; he declared that the loss of Scharnhorst meant to the cause as much as the loss of a great battle. Stein and Gneisenau and every patriot appreciated his worth to the army, for he was the only one of the great generals who had some influence upon the King, while with heart and soul supporting the objects of the radical reformers.

Born in Hanover, he died in Bohemia—lived and died amongst strangers. His life was one of work in silence—living for an ideal; submitting to constant discouragement from the King whom he labored to save; subject to the sneers of courtiers, who were jealous of his influence, and who despised him because he was not of titled ancestry. His bones have since been laid to rest in Berlin, in the "Invalide" cemetery, and his monument, by Rauch, stands under the Lindens. But much more may still be done before Germany can repay this wonderfully simple genius for the long years of silent labor in which he organized the German victories which have culminated in German unity and a German Empire.

XXXII.

NAPOLEON WINS ANOTHER BATTLE, BUT LOSES HIS TEMPER.

To be an alderman in the capital of a petty German prince was not an easy job in the days of Napoleon. Dresden, for instance, had to be particularly active, decorating its public places one day for one monarch, next day for that monarch's enemy.

To be sure, the same dramatic properties did for French and allies alike, but still, minor alterations had to be made in the lettering of the placards. On the way to the battle of Lützen the Dresdeners had beflagged themselves in honor of Blücher, Alexander, and Frederick William; now, on May 8th, they hurriedly tore down their German lettering and hastened to put up texts suitable for Frenchmen. Napoleon made his entry on that day.

He had been there in the early summer

of 1812, and had again been there in the early winter of the same year, huddled up in furs, and flying to Paris, away from his frozen army. Now he was once more there, and looked down with sour mien upon some round-backed officials, who stood beside the road, trying to make believe that their backs had not been equally rounded on the day before, when the Prussian monarch was there.



THE BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE AT DRESDEN AT THE PRESENT DAY.

"Who are you?" said Napoleon, gruffly.

"We are aldermen of Dresden," was the answer.

They had come to pay compliments, but the Corsican was a practical politician, and cut them short with the words, "Have you bread?"

The aldermen looked at each other in embarrassment, for this they had quite overlooked. Napoleon now commenced one of his characteristic tirades—a string of disjointed expletives somewhat like this:

"You must get me bread and meat and wine. You deserve to be treated like conquered people. I know all that you have done. I know every Prussian volunteer that you have equipped to fight against me. I know that you hate France. I know all the libels you have printed against me. I know how you cheered the Emperor Alexander and the Prussian King. The wreaths I see now on your houses are the same that were hung for my enemies."

The ruder Napoleon waxed, the more did the aldermen bow their backs. When the lecture ended, the aldermen were dismissed, and were promised that if they treated the army well they in return would be protected.

Then the conqueror sent for the Saxon King, who was hiding in Austria; told him that if he did not come at once he

should lose all his possessions—and of course that little monarch obeyed. All seemed going well with the French, for German princes sold Napoleon their people, as in 1776 they sold their soldiers to George III.

But Napoleon was too good a soldier to feel quite at his ease. He felt the new influences that were opposing him. His messengers were being stopped by enterprising patriots; his recruiting was rendered difficult, because the "Landsturm" peasantry sounded the alarm whenever a Frenchman showed himself; Napoleon had no fear of regular armies, but he dreaded an angry people armed with pikes and pitchforks.

The shadow of the rugged Stein once more came across his path, like the spectre of a people in arms. Napoleon had hounded this man out of the Prussian service after Tilsit, and would have hanged him without a trial had he been able to catch him. The greatness of Stein lay in that every German trusted him, and that Napoleon singled him out for persecution. After the battle of Lützen, on May 3d, Napoleon wrote in his bulletin: "The Tartars who burned Moscow have come to Germany, and with them all the scum and deserters of Germany, France, and Italy. They come to preach rebellion, lawlessness, civil war, and murder. Stein and his conspirators, the apostles of every crime, seek to make a moral conflagration from the Vistula to the Rhine, and after the manner of savages they seek to lay the land waste between us."

Four days later he wrote: "The infamous Stein is despised by all honest people; he tried to stir up the mob against people of property," etc., etc.

All these lies were believed in France, just as half a century later those were believed which the third Napoleon scattered shortly before he too lost his crown.

But meanwhile the allied monarchs had once more taken courage, and decided to make another stand in their retreat from Lützen, and they selected a beautiful spot called Bautzen, about thirty miles almost due east of Dresden, near the source of the river Spree (which in this neighborhood makes good paddling for a canoeist, but is not large enough for more practical navigation). It is a land of picturesque villages, of rich soil, and very interesting ethnologically in that even to-day the peasants all speak the language of the Wends, who lived here long before Germany was known to history.

Napoleon brought 150,000 men to Bautzen. The allies opposed him with 90,000. The Frenchman won the battle and proclaimed another victory; but he fought very hard for it, and did not manage to capture a single gun, a single banner, or a single prisoner. He lost between 20,000 and 24,000 men in dead and wounded to the enemy's 12,000. In fact, he could now commence to calculate the moment when a few more such victories would ruin him. The allies had, as at Lützen, the disadvantage of a divided command. They had intrenched themselves on the right bank of the Spree, and, so far as infantry was concerned, they had a good position, but it was not one where their excellent cavalry could do them much service.

They retreated as methodically as though in a field drill, and left Napoleon to count the day's cost, and watch the Spree run red with blood on its way to Berlin and Hamburg. He stamped in rage at Berthier, who gave him news of the results — plenty of killed and wounded Frenchmen, but nothing that he could send to Paris to justify his bulletins of glory, not even a Lützow volunteer. The Germans, on their side, had 3000 French prisoners and twelve cannon with them as they retired from the field.

As to the Prussian monarch, we have no evidence that he did anything serviceable during this battle.

To General York he was conspicuously rude, for he never lost an opportunity of making that peppery old soldier feel his royal displeasure because of his having left the Napoleonic cause in the winter of 1812. Gneisenau he also sneered at; in short, he was pleased to blame every one excepting himself for the retreat.

At one time, indeed, it seemed as though Napoleon might have had the pleasure of seeing the Prussians and Russians punching one another's heads instead of carrying out the original purpose of this unsympathetic alliance. There were angry words exchanged at headquarters in regard to the day's fighting.

The Russian guards had been purposely kept out of action by the Czar, but their commander had the impudence to reflect upon the behavior of the Prussian troops during the day's work. At once the Prussian Colonel Horn halted his brigade, pointed to a height occupied by

fifty pieces of artillery, and challenged the Russian to a duel. Each should lead his men against that French position.

Both sides prepared for the charge, when interference from headquarters luckily stopped this affair of "honor."

The retreat of the allies was to the eastward, mainly for political and Russian reasons. The allies wanted to keep close to the Austrian frontier, and the Russians were very much afraid lest Napoleon should cut off their retreat to Poland. So on May 21st they started towards Breslau, fighting every now and then, until June 4th, when, to the disgust of every patriot, a truce was agreed upon, which lasted until August 10th, with six days' grace.

These ten weeks were filled with diplomatic intrigue—lying and counterlying. The monarchs of Russia and Prussia cast longing eyes towards Austria, and Austria in turn held back until she could enter the alliance on her own terms. Kaiser Franz, however, wished it clearly understood from the outset that he did not propose to fight for German liberty; on the contrary, he thought liberty a very dangerous thing. He wished no reference made to such things as popular movement, national constitution, people in arms, or any of the many terms which indicate that the throne is in any way dependent upon the good wishes of mere citizens. In other words, Kaiser Franz offered the assistance of his army on condition that the Prussian King surrendered the dearest object for which his people had taken up arms—German liberty and German unity. The Austrian dreaded the idea of a united Germany, for it would make Prussia too strong; he liked the idea of a great many petty states, for by that means his own relative importance was magnified.



FIELD-MARSHAL GEBHARD LEBRECHT VON BLÜCHER.
From the bust by Rauch in the museum at Berlin. Photographed by the author.

Gneisenau judged correctly when he wrote (May 29, 1813), "The thing we have most to fear is the flabbiness [Kleinmuth] of those who are at the head." He did not say whether he meant particularly Alexander, Frederick William, or the Russian commander-in-chief.

But so weak was the Russian leadership that old "Go-Ahead," as the men called Blücher, wrote on June 1st a strong letter to his King, urging him to cut loose from the Russian army and to make an independent fight of it. "I can foresee," wrote he, "that the [allied] army will be ordered to retire each time that the enemy appears; and that this sort of thing will make our men still more discouraged."

Old Blücher was not consulted regarding the truce. He wanted to fight all the

time, drawing Napoleon all the while further and further from his sources of supply. He was disgusted with his Muscovite brethren in arms, and would have been happy to see them all go back and leave Prussia to a single-handed war to the knife. Gneisenau gave expression to the universal feeling of the patriots, writing on May 29th:

"The command of the army is wholly in Russian hands. We have nothing to say about it. We are not even listened to. We are merely tools. We have to look on and see our country pillaged by our alleged friends, quite as much as by the avowed enemy. Even our own troops are robbed (by the Russians) of the food that has been collected for us with the greatest difficulty; and we are indignant that our allies even plunder our wounded upon the battlefield."

Blücher and Gneisenau did not, of course, know anything about the secret work that was going on amongst the diplomats, or they would have been more angry still at the truce. But still they feared that a truce at this time was but the prelude to another shameful treaty of peace.

And so it would have been had Napoleon been in his right mind. Happily for Prussia, however, he was blinded by a madness, which consisted in believing that his own will must of necessity prevail. He rejected overtures of peace which were very moderate, and soothed his generals by assuring them that the allies were sure to quarrel amongst themselves, to make gross mistakes, and then he would smash them again, as he had done so often before.

When the truce was signed he rode back to Dresden for rest, over the battleground of Bautzen—he must have thought of Borodino now and then. His road at one point was blocked by seventy ammunition-carts that had been captured and exploded by Prussian guerillas. The sight made him angry, and he turned away and galloped across country. At another point he was so furious at a little dog that snapped at his horse's heels that he drew his pistol and attempted to shoot the animal behind him. Luckily the pistol missed fire, which so added to his rage that he threw it away from him. Had the pistol gone off, the chances are that Napoleon would have shot one of his marshals, for he was a very bad shot.

On June 10th he was once more back in Dresden, and took up his quarters in the Marcolini Palace, which was then famed for its beautiful garden, and is still a favorite resort of Dresdeners, particularly when the fountains play about the Neptune group. This palace has been converted into a hospital, and the visitor to-day finds little there of historic interest, for the rooms once occupied by Napoleon have been dismantled. However, there is there a garrulous janitor, who takes one to the room where the great Corsican had his famous scene with Metternich — a room looking out upon the beautiful garden.

Metternich came to Dresden on June 25th, bearing a letter from Kaiser Franz to his dear son-in-law—for let us not forget that Napoleon had divorced his excellent wife in order to marry the daughter of an emperor. The father-in-law's letter professed much good-will towards the husband of Marie Luise; but it was not wholly sincere, for on June 27th a contract was signed at Reichenbach, a short way from the Austrian border on the way to Breslau, in which contract Kaiser Franz practically agreed to join with England, Sweden, Prussia, and Russia in castigating this same son-in-law.

On the day before this convention of Reichenbach was signed, Metternich drove to the Marcolini Palace, and found Napoleon in a worse temper than usual. His spies had been supplying bad news—his troops were not holding their own against Wellington in Spain; the Prussian patriots were arming far too effectively to please him. The man of destiny stood with his hat under his arm, his sword by his side, and wasted no words in compliment. "Here you are at last, Monsieur de Metternich," he snapped out. "If you desire peace, why have you come so late? We have already wasted a month, which I might have employed in destroying the Russians and Prussians. . . . Do you want to fight me? Three times I have given Kaiser Franz his throne back again—and I was even fool enough to marry his daughter; but nothing seems to bring him to his senses. . . . I have given the Russians and Prussians a good thrashing—shall I take you in hand next? Well, so be it. We shall meet again in October —in Vienna."

And so on, one insult heaped upon the other, brag and bluster and bluff—weapons which had served him fairly well in

the past, but had now grown blunt. Napoleon intended to frighten Metternich, or rather Kaiser Franz, into either siding with him, or at least remaining neutral. But even that weak and easy-going monarch had grown tired of Napoleon's offensive manner, and as Metternich listened to the angry Corsican he could afford to be cool, for he knew that his master was drawing up the contract that linked him with the allies.

He answered Napoleon by some empty diplomatic phrases about Europe's desire for peace, when Napoleon turned upon the Austrian ambassador with the words, "Metternich, how big a bribe did England give you for talking this way to me?"

The Austrian's answer to this insult has not yet been made public.

But Napoleon went on to say that France would not allow him to make peace, that she needed more glory.

"But, sir," protested Metternich, "France does indeed need peace. My way to Dresden carried me through the midst of your regiments. Your soldiers are children, and if these are shot away, will you call out younger ones still?"

Napoleon grew white with anger at this painfully true observation. He crumpled his hat and dashed it in fury to the floor, and with lips sputtering with rage, "Sir," screamed he, "you are no soldier; you have never lived in camps and learned to despise life. Je me fiche bien de la vie de deux cents mille hommes. What are 200,000 men more or less to me? Human life be damned!"

"Let us open the windows," then said Metternich, with irony, "that all Europe may hear."

Napoleon was now lashed to such a pitch of fury that he cared no longer what he said or did. He kicked his hat upon the floor, and Metternich did not offer to pick it up. This was proof positive that Austria had nothing further to offer France. Napoleon stormed away aimlessly, insulting his wife, his father-in-law, and everything which at the moment displeased him, dismissing Metternich with the words, "*Au revoir* in Vienna."

As the Austrian statesman passed from the audience-room to his carriage he was besieged by anxious courtiers and generals eager to know the result of the meeting. "Were you satisfied with what the Emperor said?"

"Oh, quite," answered Metternich; "for your master has cleared up everything about which I was in doubt. I swear to you that he is a madman."

For once Metternich nearly spoke truth, and well had it been for France had the men who heard this acted upon it.

For on August 16th the truce came to an end, and old Marshal Go-Ahead Blücher at once sprang into the saddle, ready for more fighting.



BLÜCHER'S FAVORITE PIPE.

Smoked during his campaign against Napoleon. Now in the National Körner Museum at Dresden.

THE "BOSS" OF LING-FOO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE mandarin Ting lay in his luxurious bed, and his concubine sat near him, twanging a guitar and humming a classic love-song. She could see his yellow hand on the yellow silk counterpane, with its palmful of yellow finger-nails grown in great spiral twists, and guarded as the old rascal took care of little else — for little else is so difficult to keep. He saw her plump peachy face, her pouting lips, her gentle slanted eyes, her little jet-black bang above her broad brow. He saw the mass of jewels he had given to her, covering one side of her head with a dozen rows of pearls and jade-stones alternated, and shining against her raven-black hair. He knew that just such another fifteen hundred dollars' worth of stones matched these on the other side, and round her coil he saw jewelled stick-pins and a posy of the tiny yellow buds of the *Olea fragrans*.

He looked, and thought her good, from her head down her pink silk coat to the embroidered bottoms of her wide purple trousers—to her tiny silken shoe points, in fact. But what she saw was different. The floating wicks in the bronze lamps showed his splendid bed, like a four-poster with a tester at the top, but nearly enclosed by exquisite carved-work backed by embroidered silk. The cabin of his chop-boat, wherein he travelled, had plate-glass instead of paper or shell windows, and everywhere—even in the panels attached to the roof beams—was carved, heavily gilt Singapore wood. Carved chairs, panelled with "marble-stone pictures," two or three small tables, and a divan on which to recline and smoke, completed her view.

The mandarin indulged in a waking dream. He was returning to Ling-foo with the price of a steam-launch line. A year before, some Europeans had asked permission to start a launch fleet for towing cargo and chop boats up the river. He heard their plans, and told them the Emperor opposed all such barbarous foreign deviltries. He wished to find out how much the Europeans really cared for their scheme. The enormous bribe they offered satisfied him that there was a fortune in the venture, so he established the line for himself. And now he had sold the franchise and plant, and was in a position to bleed the new owners by making them believe that the imperial government opposed the traffic. They would have to pay him heavily—until the Peking officials really did get wind of what was going on, when they would cut him out, and make their own demands. The sum he got for the property was in a chest under his bed, and was almost precisely the sum of the fortune with which he started out in life.

Ah, his fortune! That sent his memory back to his youth in Che-kiang province, to Ka-shing, where he used to toil for a silversmith — so many hours, so many days, so many years, so monotonously, for so little—everlastingly polishing silver-gilt flowers and butterflies and setting rows of pearls in them, that they might be fit for the hair of ladies. Old Ka-shing, before the rebellion, delighted his mind's eye as he thought of its million souls, its honorable list of literary graduates, its palaces, tea-gardens, temples, its three pagodas, its guild-halls, and the gay fast life on the water among the flower-boats, with their beautiful women, and incessant songs sung to the gurgling of hot wine. And then came thoughts of Ka-shing as it is—with greater areas of the rubble of destroyed houses than of inhabited streets and buildings. And yet it was in the desolate Ka-shing that he got his fortune.

He dropped his hand down beside the bed and under it; yes, the newer fortune in the camphor-wood box was there. And the girl, looking at him, kept singing. So all was well.

His mind dwelt upon the city at the time of the Tai-ping rebellion. The Tai-pings, who sought to overthrow the Tartar rule, easily took the city, and found that most of the people had flown—though the wells were all choked with the bodies of women and girls who leaped into them to escape dishonor. The rebels cut down most of those who did not escape, putting even babies to the sword, and all such women as were not young, beautiful, and willing to live dishonorably with the rebel leaders rather than die. The fires of miles of buildings lighted the heavens; corpses choked the ditches; blood smeared the foot-paths; shrieks, blows, curses, and



A MANDARIN'S STREET PAGEANT.

the crackle of fire-arms filled the air. Such were the scenes in many and many a province; for the world never knew of a war like that of the Tai-pings, wherein, by the time our own rebellion had ended, more persons had died than now live in England or France.

Mandarin Ting was there, and crawled into an ovenlike brick grave, hearing a man beg for mercy as he crept in.

"Do not be afraid," said young Ting. "I am a Ka-shing man seeking refuge."

It was a long while before the man who was first in the tomb could believe he was not in the company of a Tai-ping, who would kill him. Poor wretch! he had been in hiding in the city, and had heard his aged mother and wife murdered, and his daughter worse than murdered, before her ruffianly captor at last killed her. Only he and his son escaped, and they became separated. After two days and nights in the tomb, Ting and the old man crept out and foraged for roots and herbs, and seeing the country deserted, resolved to go by different routes to Ling-foo. Before they parted, the old man made Ting swear, by heaven and earth and his ancestors, that he would honorably discharge a great trust if it was confided to him. Ting took the fearful oath, and the old man told him that he had buried a great treasure under his house in Ka-shing — his money, jewels, porcelains, pictures, and the rest.

"Go seek my son," said he. "He is called Prize Essay Ho" (Ho-hung-chang). "Seek him while you live. When it is possible, return to Ka-shing and resurrect the treasure, but still seek my son, and give him my fortune. He will richly reward you."

The two men parted, and from that day Ting never made the slightest effort to find Prize Essay Ho. When Gordon, the foreign fighting devil, crushed the Tai-pings, Ting returned to Ka-shing, where he wedded his old employer's daughter, and set up a little mat shed on the ruins of the Ho dwelling. He told his secret to his wife, and they dug and found the treasure. With it they went to Soo-chow, and Ting studied for literary honors. His studies and aims he kept to himself, and when, at Peking, he bought a rank, or button, above the heads of 10,000 graduates, he abandoned his wife and went to take a small post in the New Dominion. Now, at fifty, he was intendant, or Tao-tai, of Ling-foo and of its arsenal—places rated in gossip at a million dollars profit in three years. His salary was only $3000, but salaries are as small in China as official stealings are magnificent.

Thinking thus over his past career, he fell asleep, to be awakened by a crash of timber and glass. The cabin door shot open, and the room was filled with cursing men, the light of torches, and the din of pistols. River pirates had captured the chop-boat. The concubine flung herself upon the mandarin, and a pirate tried to pull her off, while she clung to and almost crushed her master.

"What have you got?" roared the pirate.

"Nothing," the old man gasped. "Don't kill me. Woman, you are crushing me, but don't let him drag you away —keep between us. Oh, sir, I am a poor man, with nothing—nothing."

"Stop your pig-squealing, you old tomb-full-of-bones, or we'll hammer in your skull. Hand over your purse, and your little cat's jewels, and that jade-stone ring off your thumb. Here, men, take these porcelains and bronzes and boxes of clothing. You, there" (to a young man), "pull off that she-cat, and search the man and his bed. And look under it—while I help with the boxes."

The young man lifted the concubine by the simple process of winding his fingers in her hair and pulling with all his might. Then he searched the mandarin and his bed. The others had gone for the moment.

"Don't be a coward," said the young pirate. "Only a cur yelps before he's hurt."

"Hi-yah!" said the old man, "you speak Che-kiang dialect?"

"Yes."

"I am Che-kiang also," said the mandarin. "Do you want to make money and have a valuable friend?"

"Yes; anything's better than what I'm doing now. Speak quick—what do you mean?"

"There are two boxes under the bed. Push the big one far under. Take the smaller one and make a great crying about the treasure that is in it. Then come to the yamen of the Tao-tai of Ling-foo. Ask for the Tao-tai, and I'll reward you—or, if you get in trouble, I'll get you off safe. Quick—the smaller box

part of the show. His long silk robes are new and handsome, and the button on his cap and jewels of his buckle are fine.

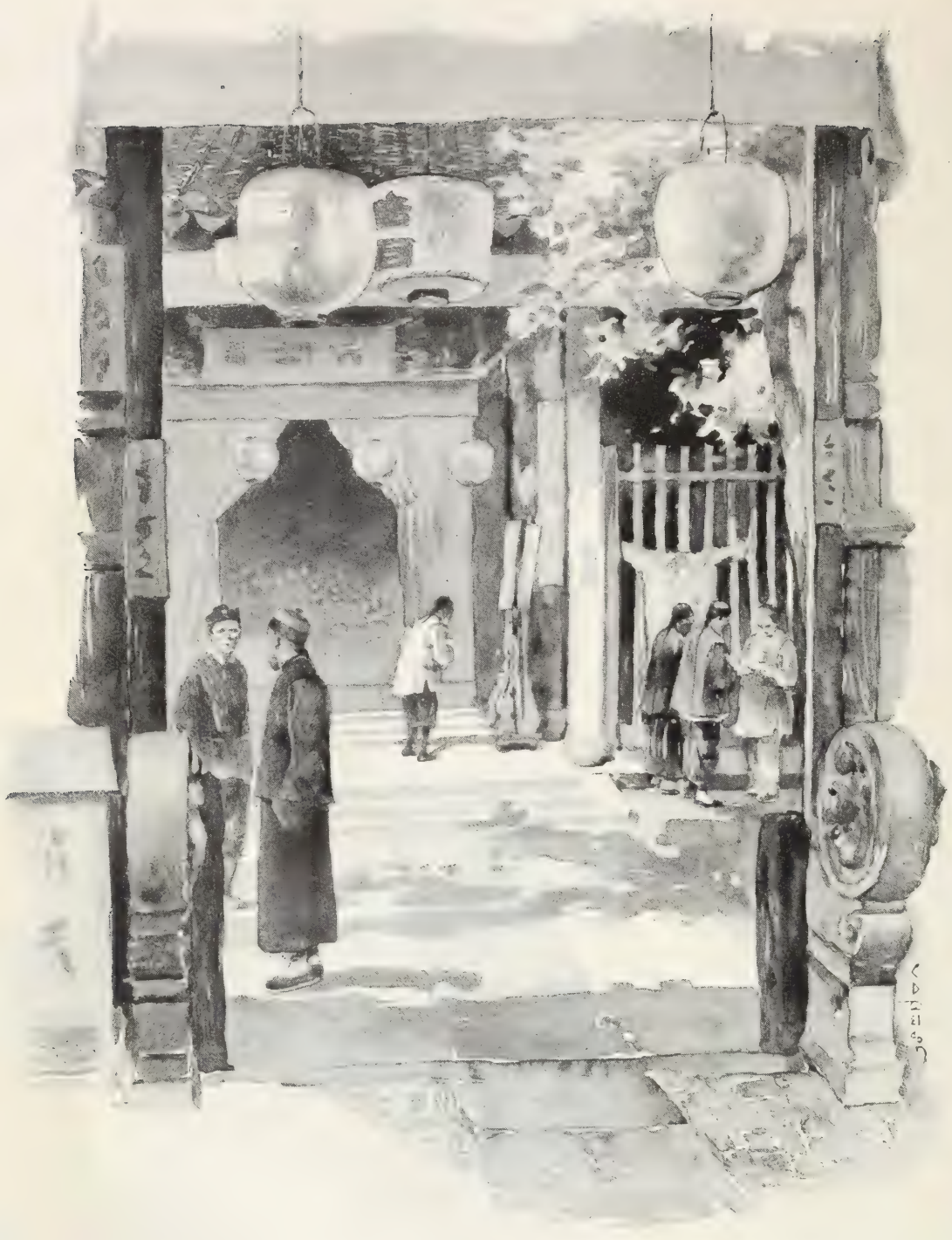
He passes through his reception-hall to a typical and truly beautiful garden. Its grotesque columns of rock and petrified wood, its pavilions of open carved-work, its mosaic walks, its pond and lotus flowers, its miniature mountain of rock tunnelled through, its seats and pots of porcelain—all these and other things form a pretty picture of tastefully ordered, costly ornamentation. In his private reception-hall he reclines on a cushioned platform, ready for his water-pipe.

Strange Oriental Tammanyite! He is disturbed by the repeated proofs that the Viceroy over him is not friendly. To have a jealous, distrustful superior in office is to hang over a rumbling volcano. Some foreigners had recently asked leave to store petroleum in Ling-foo, and had learned what bribe would be necessary. The Tao-tai's hands itched for the money; but the Viceroy interfered, rebuked him, and granted the permit. Ah, well, the Tao-tai has done good squeezing elsewhere, he flatters himself. Ordered to make 1000 great Krupp-gun cartridges at the arsenal, he made 20 of steel, at several dollars each, and 980 of earthen-ware for next to nothing. When painted, these looked like real cartridges. Ordered to make 10,000 rifles, he found that they would cost seven or eight dollars less if bought ready-made in America. So he made the purchase, and pocketed a fortune. Moreover, he had just rebuilt the walls of Ling-foo with the stone that had tumbled down from them. It was good enough stone. By charging for new stone quarried at a distance he turned many a dollar. Of course his best, steadiest squeeze was from the internal-revenue tax. That is every Tao-tai's best field, just as every chehsien or judge has the land tax to fatten upon. The revenue increases and can always be inflated, but Peking always gets the same returns, and from the land tax Peking hears nothing of increased valuations or the new lands that are made by receding waters.

While the old mandarin smoked he was interrupted in his reverie by his secretary, who consulted him about several matters in hand. There was, for instance, a petition from a company of merchants whose guild-hall had been destroyed by fire, and who prayed not to have to make the governor as large an annual "present" as usual. There was also the case of certain gamblers who had robbed a Foo-chow merchant of two thousand taels, and who complained of hav-



A BIT OF A TYPICAL GARDEN.



THE TAO-TAI'S YAMEN.

ing spent three times that amount in fees and bribes since they had been in jail. "Look sharply into that," said the governor, "for no such sum has reached me. Find out what palms under mine are itching too much. If the gamblers are near the end of their means, make them pay the two thousand taels they took from the Foo-chow man and let them go, warning them to leave here forever; but give me the two thousand taels, for the Foo-chow man has not made out his case." Then there was the matter of a pawnbroker who wanted to borrow a large amount. The Tao-tai determined to lend it at one per cent. a month interest. "I have still some money idle," said he. "I have looked this man up, and find he is shrewd and bound to succeed, so I may as well share his profits."

The complacency of the old governor received a dreadful shock next day. There came tidings of the capture of a foreign passenger-ship and the murder of three of its officers by pirates, who, for some reason, made off without their

booty. On the very heels of this news came a sharp message from the Viceroy, scoring the Tao-tai for the lax government that permitted such lawlessness, and demanding the immediate capture of the pirates, on penalty of a report of the case to Peking. The Tao-tai was both vexed and alarmed. He had no doubt that these pirates were his assailants, whom he had been trying hard to bag, and now their deviltry had given his enemy, the Viceroy, a hold upon the tenure of his power. But in the midst of his depression, within another twenty-four hours, young Ho came knocking at the yamen gate. Mandarin Ting was radiant as he bade his secretary usher in the young thief. Ho told the story of his promise to make one more cruise with the water-robbers; but, he said, they had never shed blood, and on this occasion, when he climbed aboard the captured ship and saw the purser weltering in his blood on the deck, and the pirates dragging the dead captain to the side rail to throw the body overboard, one glance sent failure to his heart, and he slid down to his sloop and pushed it off, leaving the pirates to get ashore as best they could.

"If the capture of these outlaws is accomplished," said the Tao-tai, "you will have done me a greater favor than before. You shall be richly rewarded. But this must be written down. Take it down at once, secretary."

"What is your name?" the secretary asked, beginning the formality.

"Yes," said the Tao-tai; "I have not yet heard your name."

"Ho—Prize Essay Ho," said the pirate.

The Tao-tai gripped the arms of his chair. It was with a gasp that he managed to ask, "Where was he born?"

"In Ka-shing, sir; my father—all my people—were killed in the Tai-ping rebellion."

"Take all that down in the public room," said the startled governor. Then he added, to his secretary, "Come back for a moment when you have refreshed Mr. Ho."

When the secretary returned, the mandarin had recovered control of himself.

"Have him locked up as he is leaving the yamen," said he. "I doubt his story. He is a terrible villain, who repents only when the sword is held over him. Get from him every minute detail about his companions before he dreams that he is to be locked up. Notify the Viceroy by special messenger at once that we have a leader of the pirate band in custody. By heaven and earth, he will think that his talons are quickly cut."

Left to himself, the Tao-tai trembled with the strain of his emotions. "At last!" he exclaimed. "Out of the grave! out of the grave! But he shall find he has walked from one grave into another. He shall go from my cage to the headsman."

Like the case of the gamblers and the non-resident, this affair was a case taken from the chehsien's court to that of the Tao-tai, by the Viceroy's order, and the Tao-tai knew that his methods would not be interfered with or spied upon.

The pirates were captured in a little water-side farming village, where each one posed as a farmer. Pearl came in terror to the bars of her husband's cage, and learned that the Tao-tai had been threatened by the Viceroy, and was likely to forget his promises, and condemn Ho with the others. The runners clamored for bribes, but Ho told Pearl she must keep all she had, as even the sale of the tea-house would not bring enough to alter his fate. Getting no money, the runners tore her arms loose from the cage poles and dragged her away. The trial followed on the same day, and, true to his word and his resolution to wash his hands of his past life, Ho betrayed his associates. Suddenly Precious Pearl's old servant-woman rushed forward and fell at the Tao-tai's feet, with the cry of "My husband! At last I have found you!"

The Tao-tai leaned forward, and scrutinizing her, turned pale. He saw that she was the wife he had abandoned—under the law his only wife, though a younger one lounged in his yamen.

"Lock up this mad-woman," he said. "Let the trial proceed."

So she too was carried off, screaming and writhing. She broke from her captors for a moment, and facing the Tao-tai, cried out: "Hark, you people! I am his wife. He disowns me because I stood by and saw him steal the fortune of this young Ho whom he now intends to kill."

The old mandarin appeared calm as he roared a demand for quiet, but he was prodigiously disturbed. He sent for his wife at dead of night and tried to make terms with her. He knew that he had committed the same offence that we call

bigamy, and also the worse one of forcing a respectable woman into concubinage while pretending to make her a wife. This meant ruin for him if it was heard in Peking. Therefore he caressed his true wife, and promised to acknowledge her if she would say that the hideous charge that he had robbed young Ho was the vaporing of reckless anger. She readily agreed to do his bidding, and she swelled with pride at learning that he kept two other women; for every China woman yearns to preside over a large household, with subordinate wives to wait upon her. But when he gave her money and said he would send her to board with a quiet family for a few days, she suspected trickery, and made a great outcry for justice and the law and her rights.

"Silence, swine!" said he, assuming a terrible countenance. "You are my wife, and no one can deprive you of your rights. But let me get out of this trouble with Ho before I have to face a houseful of jawing women when I acknowledge you. I need all my wits. One misfortune at a time is sufficient. I order you to go in hiding, and to keep silence as to who and what you are, or, by heaven and earth, I will strangle myself; and then what can you do?"

When Precious Pearl found that the old woman did not return, and when she heard the gossip about what had happened at the trial, she easily guessed the truth. She learned that the Tao-tai had a so-called wife at home, and she knew that he had outraged the law. With a smile she listened to those who insisted that the old woman was insane. She recalled the old woman's earnest words about the evil that resulted when a Ting and a Ho came together. She knew that her husband was born to great wealth, and she felt that in some crooked way Ting had obtained it. She determined to make good use of her faith in the old woman's sanity. Having learned that the Tao-tai's reigning wife had really been carried to his house in "a flowery" (the red bridal-chair which only a first wife may use), and had really gone through the marriage ceremony, Precious Pearl closed the tea-house, and made haste by express boat to the viceregal yamen at the provincial capital. On the strength of possessing important information about the pirates of Ling-foo, she gained the presence of the Viceroy, and told her story. He was a courteous man, and anxious to hear ill of the Ling-foo Tao-tai, so he addressed her kindly.

"Your husband is greatly to be pitied," said he; "and as for you, no woman ever more deserved a py-lo, or arch of honor. But your story cannot be proved. Tao-tai Ting will deny that he promised protection to your man, and he has by this time found a way to secrete and silence his true wife. The petition for the immediate execution of all the pirates, approved by me, is on its way to the Emperor. Before we can prove the truth of what you say your tea-house-keeper will be dead."

"He will not," said Precious Pearl, most bravely. "In the midst of my affliction I have three times dreamed of seeing my tea-house-keeper give cash to a beggar, and that beggar was the Tao-tai in each dream. And each time you have appeared and said to me that the beggar was a villain whose crimes you exposed."

"What! You have three times had that dream? Then surely Heaven is directing you." So greatly was the Viceroy impressed by her words that he sent her in to his women and bade them feast and clothe her and keep her until time passed to test the value of her dream. In three days he sent for her, and bowed to her, and addressed her in respectful terms.

"Heaven is certainly guiding you," said he. "Your tea-house-keeper is likely to be saved, and by almost a miracle. The Tao-tai's wife has committed suicide under such circumstances that the Emperor must take cognizance of the matter. She became impatient, and he came at midnight to her and cursed her—while the women of the house listened at the door—and promised to install her in his home if she would be patient, or strangle her if she annoyed him. She feigned submission, but she knew that he would not curse and threaten her if his heart was gentle toward her. So, even while you were telling me the story here, she assembled the household and told them the tale of Tao-tai Ting's early life, of his marriage to her, and of the digging up of the Ho treasure. The next morning they found her dead in bed. She had swallowed opium to attest her honor and her virtuous suffering. The full account of the matter has this hour been despatched to the Son of Heaven at Peking by my hand."

Back at work in her tea-house, the brave wife heard read to her the next instalment of her own life story in a decree published in the Peking *Gazette*. It set forth that because the old woman accused the Tao-tai "with the shadow of death upon her," he must be tried and witnessed against by the pirate Ho, whom he had but just sentenced. All the other pirates must be put to death at once, having nothing to offer in the case. The decree commanded that the Tao-tai "be deprived of his rank while on trial and be tried as a common citizen, that the truth, which might be hindered by his authority, may surely appear."

Ho, Precious Pearl, and the inmates of the house where Mrs. Ting died, all told their stories before the Viceroy. Ting, the degraded mandarin, admitted that he once lived with the deceased woman—an off-cast creature, he said. She never was his wife. He acknowledged using the treasure of the elder Ho, but said he never dreamed that the pirate Ho was the son, for whom he had searched incessantly. Unfortunately, he said, he had never known the given names of the true owner of the treasure.

The Viceroy found Ting guilty, and sent him and the records of the trial to Peking, where the old man paid out $30,000 in one week, in bribes and fees and presents, for food, fair treatment, and the sympathy of the Board that sat as a court of appeal on his case. He got off lightly, if some well-vouched-for stories of what happens at Peking are true. In the end the Board declared him bereft of all rank, and ordered him to pay to Ho the sum of Ho's father's fortune.

The Viceroy was elated by his triumph over his presumptuous subordinate. He bade Ho come to the capital and engage in some honorable business in which he could receive the patronage of the official and wealthy classes.

"I will make your fortune twice what it is," said he; "but you must know that I do this not for you, since you have been no better than a good-for-nothing, but for your little stay-at-home. A precious pearl is alike precious to all who know its value, so she has been alike precious to you and to me, and, I doubt not, to all who have ever been in her presence. The mother of my children loves her, and so do the side women in my house. She is to be their friend and visitor. Watch your Precious Pearl to learn the ways of virtue, and remember that you cannot watch her more closely than a man who has been a pirate is certain to be watched, until his conduct erases his crimes from the memories of his neighbors."

THE NERVES OF A WAR-SHIP.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

SOME years ago, when the early improvements in guns and armor were treading on one another's heels with more than usual celerity, London *Punch* depicted the naval conflict of the future as reduced to an interchange of polite notes between the commanders of the hostile fleets, each admiral in turn acquainting his adversary with successive additions to his armament, until finally the struggle and the correspondence terminate with the weaker party, with fine discretion, admitting the preponderance of force against him, surrendering his vessels, and requesting the pleasure of the company of the victor to dinner on board his (late) flag-ship at 7 P.M.

This forecast is now antiquated. The modern naval strategist depicts the defeated admiral as yielding not to crude overwhelming force, but because his trained professional discernment enables him to perceive, perhaps after a long period of manœuvring, that his adversary has secured a tactical advantage. The lay mind at once leaps to the conclusion that at last war and chess are assimilated. But the lay mind—as sometimes happens—is wrong. Should Admiral Black decline to recognize the logic of the situation, Admiral White does not make certain orderly moves which inevitably terminate in Admiral Black being blown out of water. Not at all. Indeed, the naval historian of some distant century may safely describe the "subsequent proceedings" after the manner of Mr. Bret Harte:

"For in less time than I write it every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age,

> And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
> Till—"

not till either Brown or Jones who started the row surrendered, but—

> "Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of *Thompson* in."

And it is the untoward fate of *Thompson*, be it observed, who until that moment has been a total stranger to the exercises, which brings them to the irrelevant and illogical conclusion which is typical of free fights in general. Strategy in a chess game, among temperate people at least, does not provoke such a consequence. But we have the authority of the leading naval strategist of the day that the free fight (translated into French as *mêlée*), and controlled solely by chance, is the inevitable concomitant of a battle between fleets.

To the people who pay for navies this may seem disquieting, especially when they are told, with some particularity, that between nautical adversaries of equal force the actual fight "is a kind of Donnybrook Fair, in which it will be hard to know friend from foe," that in it "skill is reduced to a minimum," and all the advantages of the "elaborate and mighty weapons of the age" are "thrown away"; that "chance reigns supreme," and that a fleet never so highly drilled is placed "on terms of equality with an assemblage of ships which have never acted together before."*

It may even lead them, not unnaturally, to inquire whether it be not better policy to stop building ships and guns, and in preference undertake the difficult task of evolving more highly trained types of strategic specialists than we have; or ultimately to assume that if their improved vessels and guns and armor and engines and explosives and projectiles are to serve only in the end to be mixed up (mêlée) with some one else's improved vessels and guns, etc., and that the outcome of chance alone is then to determine victory or defeat, science has somehow proved delusive. And as for strategy, so long as they know that "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men" continue to "gang aft agley," they are not likely to regard even this as wholly free from accident. Thus it is not an impossible conclusion that they may infer the existence of a hole in their naval fence, and this without abating a jot of the credit due to Captain Mahan for his masterly discussion of sea-fight and mêlée, which, if it has not revealed the aperture, has certainly brilliantly illuminated its vicinity.

A mêlée, whether between ships or men, is a struggle in which the contending forces are not *en masse* under intelligent control and guidance. When two fleets thus grapple—that is, when the supreme moment for which they have been called into existence arrives—they are not floating battalions, but floating mobs, in which the individuals, the ships separately, fight as units, and not in constant concert. On shore, even in the height of an engagement, a general may maintain communication with his brigades or regiments, and be able, to some extent, to take advantage of fortuitous circumstances as they develop themselves; but the admiral of one of two contending fleets, having no certain and efficient way of making his wishes known to his command, is little more than helpless. He may hoist signal-flags, as Nelson did, which the wind will blow edgewise to some of his ships, and which the smoke from the guns will obscure—all of which happened back in Nelson's time; but to the white clouds from the cannon now are added the greater black clouds from the fiercely driven furnaces, while the fearful hail from the enemy's machine and quick-fire guns may well render it impossible to handle these huge sheets of bunting on an exposed deck.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the fleet commander can communicate better with his ships at night than by day, for then he has the Ardois system of red and white electrically operated signal-lanterns, or Very's colored lights shot out of pistols, or he may vibrate the beam of the great electrical search-lamp to make the usual code; but then, naval actions are not, as a rule, fought at night. Of course, in an action against land defences, where there is no mêlée, these difficulties are not so serious; but in the midst of a sea-fight against another fleet modern conditions appear to conspire to render the admiral's occupation gone. In fact, the question can well be asked where his post may be during such an engagement. The Navy Regulations, which assign stations to every one else, are silent as to him. To

* From Captain Mahan's *The Influence of Sea Power upon History*. Introduction.

shut him up in the conning-tower is to cut off his view of the general progress of the action. He may not go aloft, for the tops, when there are any, are fully occupied by machine-guns and their crews; and to expose himself to modern secondary-battery fire on the open decks or on the bridge, or, Farragut fashion, in the rigging, would be certain destruction. In short, for all of actual practical command or place that is now left him after the mêlée is once begun, he may as well go below with the other "idlers" and help the surgeon and the chaplain.

The truth is that before the problem of intercommunication between ships at sea, whether naval vessels in a fight or peaceful ocean greyhounds seeking to avoid one another in a fog (and the solution, if it ever come, will be as applicable to one case as to the other), invention has halted. Some day we may be able to send messages by electrical means—possibly by the aid of sensitive and selective circuits and the newly recognized phenomena of electrical resonance—through air or water undisturbed by smoke or mist; and then the admiral, safely ensconced behind armor-plating, will telegraph, or even talk, his orders to his ships, just as the master of a fog-encompassed liner will inform some other, to him invisible, commander of his course and speed. But this is Utopian at present; and until Mr. Tesla, perhaps, tells us how to do it, our fence-mending must stay undone in that way.

Is it, however, certain that only by gaining a prior strategic advantage can we reasonably hope to reduce the chance element of the mêlée? The distinguished historian of the Sea Power may well point to our great armor-clads, grim with the most powerful of weapons, speedy as railway trains, and governed by men of the highest intelligence and skill, and inferentially ask what more science can do toward meeting the existing difficulties of the chance medley save in training these officers to still greater intellectual potencies as tacticians and strategists.

But, with all deference, it may be submitted that the question is one not for science, but for invention. Science cannot originate. It can select, it can advise, it can adapt, it can teach us the right use of ways and means, but it can no more invent than a university can bear children.

Hitherto invention has chiefly been directed to increasing the endurance of armor to resist blows and the power of guns to deliver them. But this imports no new factor in a problem where the equal strength of the contending parties is assumed. To find the new point of departure we must go back to the simple elements which decide any physical contest. And these are not only strength and endurance, but also dexterity. As between two equally strong men it is the trained gladiator who overcomes the big-muscled lout, so between equally powerful ships that one may be expected to win which is the more skilfully handled during the fight. We may not unreasonably go a step further and assert that as between two fleets, otherwise equal, that fleet will prevail the ships whereof are as units, and by their respective commanders the more dexterously controlled. Now such control implies not only skill on the part of the captain, but the physical contrivances present on board the ship itself which will enable him to exert it in the best, quickest, and most certain way. In the human organism, if the nerves which, directed by the brain, govern the muscles fail to perform their full and proper functions, high development of brain or muscle is of little avail. So in the war-ship—perhaps the highest expression of human ingenuity ever concentrated in a single organism—if, between him who directs the vessel in combat and the engines, the guns, and the helm efficient instrumentalities strictly analogous to the nerves in the body are absent, dexterous working of that mighty fabric is impossible, and a paralysis, greater or less in degree, must ensue. Here, then, is indicated a possible factor which may serve to render the outcome of the mêlée less purely fortuitous than the tactician conceives. If perforce our highly drilled battalion must be converted into a mob, let us see to it that the mob be one of athletes with brain, brawn, and nerves harmoniously adjusted and co-ordinated, and not a disorganized phalanx of clumsy stevedores.

Of course, in a sense, this factor was vital in the sea-fights of the past, but never under such conditions; never was it of so great moment as in the conflicts of to-day. The battle of Trafalgar and that of the Yalu River were as wide asunder as the poles in more ways than

geographically. The famous duel of the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama* bears little resemblance to an encounter between two modern war-ships. There was plenty of time in days not long gone by to manœuvre a ship which could not move faster than eight or nine knots an hour, or to point the old smooth-bores by tackle, handspike, and quoin in the period which intervened between sighting an enemy and getting within range. Guns were muzzle-loading, quick-fire and machine pieces were not invented, and electricity in any form on shipboard was unknown. One could stand on the quarter-deck right beside the steering-wheel and yell orders down the after-hatch with the certainty that the whole battery on the open decks would respond in due season, besides incidentally looking after sail-trimmers and boarders, if they were called away, and controlling the engine into the bargain, and never touch a bit of apparatus except the speaking-trumpet and the handle of the engine-room bell. But now we have changed all that. The swift steamers rush together with express-train speed. A few seconds' error on the part of either in putting over her helm to avoid collision may expose her to a terrible raking fire or to the *coup de grace* of her adversary's ram. Earlier knowledge by one commander than the other of his enemy's distance may cause a conflict to be ended by a single shot. But even granting that the critical moment is seized, how is a man to make his thoughts known throughout that great and complex structure and to so many minds with the certainty that the desired effects shall follow? He is shut up in an iron box, and the engines are shut up in another and bigger box, and the guns with their crews are in other and different boxes, and some of these boxes may be completely isolated. Nor are the conditions which surround him particularly favorable to ordinary modes of intercommunication. The forced draught under the furnaces is roaring, steam is belching forth from the lifting safety-valves, and, as the vessels close upon one another, to the thundering reports of the heavy guns are added the coughs and the barks and the cracks of the machine and quick-fire pieces, and the crash of wood and iron splintering under the enemy's projectiles, and the bursting of his shells on the decks or against the armor. It is difficult adequately to realize such an inferno, even if one wants to try to do so. The men shut up in the big box with the engines under the water-line know nothing of what is going on. An accident of battle may make it necessary to steer the ship by a wheel located also under water and far aft. Even the men at the guns, enclosed, as has been said, in compartments, may get only stray glimpses of their target through ports obscured by gun-shields and smoke. These conditions at first sight seem dangerously to approach those of a mêlée even on board the ship itself, and in some particulars at least to make the captain as helpless as the admiral; for, even if he has the helm and the engines under control, he must trust to the subordinates at every gun independently to point them correctly and to handle them to the best advantage, and with the doing of that the casualties of action tend seriously to interfere. These are the conditions which invention must meet, and to say that this has not been adequately done is to admit that we have been building huge and powerful tools which it is not sure we can use either with full efficiency or to the extent of their capacities. It might be added that it is also uncertain whether vessels inferior in guns, speed, and armor, but having, so to speak, superior nervous systems, may not be able to vanquish our less manageable defenders, were it not for the reassuring fact that there are probably no ships in existence which are any better off in this respect than our own. But the permanence of this state of affairs may end at any time.

The inventor's market is the world, and if one country fails to appreciate his efforts, another, gifted with clearer or quicker discernment, may secure the advantage. Such possibilities are not remote when the policy of our naval authorities toward the inventor can rarely be described as encouraging.

Meanwhile we have made a beginning, which, so far as it goes, is excellent. A brief review of this progress will also serve to indicate the path of future advance.

Some years ago there was described in these pages the first form of the now highly perfected range-finder. This is one of the most important of the war-ship's nerves, for it enables the commanding officer to recognize the distance of his enemy, and thus to place the guns so that

the projectiles will hit. Two observers merely look at the on-coming vessel through pivoted spy-glasses. The necessary placing of the latter in order properly to direct them disturbs an electrical circuit, and the disturbance translates itself into the enemy's distance in yards on an indicator in the conning-tower; and this is done so accurately that the error in measurement is now only about a hundred feet, or less than one-third the length of a first-class cruiser, in a range of three miles.

This knowledge must now go instantly to the "men behind the gun." It is but the work of a moment for the index of a dial close at hand to be moved, and the result is a repetition of the range indication on similar dials in full view of the gunners. Not only is range thus silently signalled, but by similar means the captain can direct which guns shall be discharged and which reserved, or dictate the time of opening and ceasing, and also the order and succession of fire.

This seems to be a fairly complete nervous system by itself, but it has been carried to a far higher state of refinement than the foregoing suggests. The range-finding telescopes, for instance, are necessarily exposed, and may be shot away in the very beginning of a conflict. That difficulty is met by the fact that in a naval duel they need only be used but once, and then at a long range—say 5000 yards—and before the decisive firing begins. Afterwards a small hand instrument resembling the ordinary nautical sextant comes into play, which, being set in accordance with the range-finder indication, enables the distance of the hostile vessel to be measured thereafter instantly and at any moment, no matter how fast she may be going. As there may be many of these so-called "stadimeters" at hand, the destruction of the range-finder becomes no irreparable loss.

Then another difficulty suggests itself in the fallibility of the gunners, and the errors which they are likely to make in the heat of battle, so that even if the range were correctly told to them they might wrongly adjust the gun-sights. But this also is forestalled by the simple expedient of never sighting the gun at all. There is a telescope, however, connected electrically with the gun, and there is a dial near the gun which is set for the range. One bluejacket works the elevating screw and another looks through the telescope at the enemy, and when the position of the dial index corresponds to that of the range-indicator, the gun is laid right for the projectile to go to its mark, and nobody knows or cares anything about elevation angles or sight adjustments. Or the telescope may be connected to the gun mechanically to accomplish the same results. This is a long way different from crouching behind an old-fashioned Dahlgren with the lock-string held taut and trying to balance one's self on a rolling deck, and at the same time to catch a glimpse of the target through the sight notches.

It being assured that the loaded guns will be properly directed, there is nothing left to do but fire them. The electrical firing circuits are ready, the guns are connected, and the captain in the conning-tower may either, as already stated, telegraph his orders to the men in charge of them, or fire them himself in such order as he pleases by the row of marked press-buttons which is in front of him.

So much for the handling of the guns. To manage the ship herself means immediate control of engines and of helm. The latest form of engine-room telegraph not only signals by dial indication such orders as "Stop," "Back," etc., which are sufficient for the control of the engines of ships cruising alone, but conveys to the engineers explicit direction as to the number of revolutions of the propelling screws (corresponding approximately to a certain speed) that is necessary if ships are to cruise in fleet formation, and then automatically repeats back its message and the fact that it has been obeyed to the sending station. The helm indicator is even more ingenious. It enables the captain not only to inform the helmsman the exact angle at which the rudder is to be put, but it makes the rudder itself automatically signal back to him the information that it has been put there, so that he can now control both the speed and the movements of the vessel rapidly and with a degree of certainty which has hitherto been unknown. The latest of all these inventions is an electrical device for accurately measuring and instantly indicating a ship's speed, and this is of vital necessity, for such knowledge is a most important factor at every moment of a conflict. It is so arranged that an index before the commanding officer's

eyes shows him the speed of his vessel at all times.

Then there is that great eye the search-light, operated perhaps by an electric motor, and this in turn again governed by the commander from his post, so that he directs its glare at will upon the advancing enemy, or sends it flying around the horizon in search of the ever-menacing torpedo-boat. And down far below the water there is another motor which sets in operation the mechanism of the fish-torpedo, which a touch of the captain's finger can also release from the leash; or there may be greater electric engines, which he can direct as he pleases to rotate the turrets, and so train the weapons in them.

Much, it is true, has been accomplished, but much more still remains to be done. Electricity has been applied to controlling the rudder, but not to actually moving it. Perhaps practicable electric steering engines may be devised which can be controlled directly, and so do away with intermediate helmsmen. What is wanted is the obliteration of everybody and everything except the electric nerves between the commander and the parts of the machine which he is to manage. Men must make the latter ready for use, and see that they work in the best possible way; but the supreme power of instant control ought to be concentrated under one capable brain through apparatus of great facility, rapidity, and precision of operation.

To assert that we have not made progress in providing nerves for our ships commensurate with that achieved in creating brains and muscles is, in substance, to say that the inventors of the country have not dealt with the problem. The single fact that of the important instruments before detailed most of them, the range-finder, the stadimeter, the range-indicator, the telescopic sight, the newest forms of helm and engine controlling telegraphs, and the speed-indicator, are the invention of one man, Lieutenant Fiske, and he an officer in active service in the navy, is sufficient to show how little attention the subject has attracted from the fifty thousand ingenious Americans who yearly ask the government for patents.

The same activities which during late years have evolved the lightning express train, the twenty-story steel building, the fast elevator, the harnessing of Niagara, and the wondrously rapid adaptation of electricity to the practical uses of life have given us guns and armor and ships than which none better exist. But the task of the inventors of the nation is still incomplete. It yet remains for them to provide other and more highly perfected physical appliances in order to enable these great weapons of defence to be used to the best advantage. Admiral Mahan may do much in the beginning to turn the tide of a battle by his skilful strategy, and no one will underrate it; but when the fight gets thick, Captain Mahan in the conning-tower must know that each and every capability of the huge mechanism is surely responsive to his direction, and then, and not until then, he will also know that the victory, as nearly as Providence permits it in advance to any man, lies in the palm of his hand.

MONEY-BORROWERS.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE conditions of the United States are more favorable than those of any other country to the support and promotion of the irregular or illegitimate money-borrower. And New York, as the financial centre of the nation, is naturally the best field for his operations. If it were possible to gather statistics on the subject, the ascertained number of the resident and floating population who live wholly or partially by borrowing would doubtless be incredible. Many of them are borrowers by profession. They never neglect an opportunity to solicit a loan, proportioned to what they think their chance of getting it, and the success they meet with is surprising. They are apt to be men of talent misplaced, and of enterprise misdirected. It is essential that they should have knowledge of human nature, correct instincts, small scrupulosity, great coolness, and, in addition, pleasant address, with excellent manners.

Other borrowers are amateurish, fatuous, occasional, impulsive, incidental—the class includes many varieties—but they all have, in common, indolence, spurious pride, and selfishness. Borrowing, like

other vices, grows and strengthens by indulgence. It may be begun in inconsideration, but it speedily arrives at unfeelingness and shamelessness. The temptation to it is often so strong that he who resists proves his force of will conclusively. To be principled against erratic borrowing is the sole safety, as hundreds know, and thousands have discovered too late. The worst of it is that lenders to irresponsible, reckless borrowers are almost always compassionate persons of slender or very moderate means. The well-to-do or rich seldom part with money without pledges. The man in dire need, from whatever cause, is rarely such a fool as to seek the millionaire for relief.

Rash borrowers are, unhappily for their victims, hardly ever advertised. If they should gain such notoriety as they merit, many of the yet unplucked might be preserved. But, as it is, they go from one neighborhood which they have fleeced to another yet unshorn. This is easy in New York, with its distances, well-defined social boundaries, and diversity of population, all of which assist the borrower in plying his dishonest trade. In that city only two persons, it is said, are sure to find a fellow—the woman who is in love with him, and the man who wants to borrow money of him.

A conspicuous borrower was a private citizen, little known except to those of whom he had got money. He was the son of a noted New York millionaire, who allowed him only $5000 a year, because he (the son) frequently gambled, which outraged the father's austere business sense. The young man was extravagant, and made up for his inadequate income by raising the wind wherever he could, depending on his expectations. His father, whose sole ambition was pecuniary, resented the loans made to his son on this account, and took special pains to publish the fact that he would not pay a dollar lent to his boy.

One of his largest creditors was a distinguished journalist, by no means rich, but very kind-hearted, who let him have, through amiable weakness, what he asked for, without any thought of repayment. He borrowed, commonly in small amounts, through a long series of years, frequently accompanying the journalist on periodic journeys to Washington, Albany, Chicago, and elsewhere, and improving the occasion financially.

The millionaire only heard long after his son had become almost a pensioner on the open-handed journalist of what had been going on between them, and hurried to the editor's office to express his mind.

"Mr. ——," he exclaimed, angrily, "I understand that you're lending my son —— money. I want you to know that I won't pay a dashed dollar of his debts to anybody."

The newspaper chief, who continued writing at his desk, never looked up, but merely retorted:

"Who the Hades asked you to?"

And Crœsus flung himself out in increased temper. He was amazed to find a man who had no reverence for wealth, and who could lend money interminably from pure benevolence. It was to him an undreamed-of experience, and he remembered it to the last.

After some years the journalist died, in the prime of his intellect, with a shrunken estate, and widely lamented. Then the rich man, out of genuine regard for his memory—he did not consider that he owed him anything—presented his children with a number of first-mortgage railway bonds. Erelong he too went to his grave, leaving to his kindred an enormous fortune. The improvident son, not satisfied with his small share, brought suit against his elder brother for recovery, and the latter finally compromised by allowing him $1,000,000. Then, to the astonishment of everybody, he paid to the celebrated editor's heirs every cent, including interest to date, he had borrowed, the whole sum amounting, it is said, to about $75,000. He had always said that he would discharge the debt, but nobody believed him, of course, the creditor least of all. If the journalist could have known it he would have turned with astoundment in his coffined sleep.

This is an entirely exceptional case. The borrower was in effect professional, and very rarely do professional borrowers meet their obligations, even when unanticipated circumstances enable them to do so. Their dishonest habit so hardens and debauches them usually that they become as incapable of gratitude as they are of simple justice. In the beginning they are often appreciative of and sincerely thankful for pecuniary favors, and think they will reciprocate some day. But the day never comes. The longer

they remain in the vicious trade—it is a trade with them—the more selfish, the more rapacious, the more insensible they grow. Finally they look on their fellows merely with an eye to their own financial advantage, entirely indifferent to the wrong they do, to the suffering they may inflict. They lose all moral sense, if they have ever had any, all prompting of humanity, all consciousness of shame. They get to be embodiments of deception, falsehood, baseness, and fraud.

A very bad feature of this swindling process which goes by the name of borrowing is that while the lenders are robbed and their confidence in humanity maimed, the swindlers themselves are not benefited a whit. It might be some comfort to the lenders if the borrowers should profit by what they lose. But these waste all they get by fair means or foul. They never have any money, nor would they have under any circumstances. What is ill got is ill spent, and only the benevolent suffer. The irregular borrower is always as poor in purse as he is in morals, whatever his knavish success. Like most wrong-doers, he sins to no purpose, without even material recompense.

The borrower often seems as if he had missed his destiny in not becoming a financier or diplomatist, such insight, shrewdness, and power of persuasion has he. Men who are furious at him for any number of broken promises and repeated filchings seek him in violent wrath, and are mollified, and almost apologetic for having dared to ask for their own. It is almost impossible to imagine what they say, but they have a way of saying it that acts magically, turning righteous indignation into tender complaisance.

An example of this kind lived in New York years ago, and would be vividly remembered if his name were mentioned. He had been for a good while in Colorado, where he had led a checkered, half adventurer's career. In the East he figured as a politician and negotiator of numberless financial schemes, that began in self-advertising and ended in gabble. He pretended to have a large interest in valuable mines, was constantly prating of millions, but had very little cash save what he borrowed. He was the debtor of almost everybody he met, and had the reputation of having got money out of capitalists as imperious and heartless as Bowery pawnbrokers.

One morning two well-known men about town were talking in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when one said to the other, "Here comes that infernal swindler," naming the Coloradoan. "He has owed me $500 for six months, and has sworn he would pay it again and again. This time I'll either collect it, of which there isn't the least likelihood, or thrash him publicly."

His companion, having no particular interest in the affair, and not caring to witness the anticipated encounter, walked off down Twenty-third Street.

It was some weeks before he met the angry creditor downtown. Then he inquired about the outcome of the interview referred to. The direct question was avoided, but he pressed it. The other man hung his head, and then stammered out, irritably: "No, I didn't get anything. In fact, before the infernal rascal left me he managed to borrow $500 more."

After a man has depended on borrowing for a certain time his moral nature is so weakened that he is scarcely capable of amendment. He resembles the tramp, who may at the outset have been deprived of work he would have been very glad to perform. But after a period of idleness wholesome occupation of any kind becomes odious, and nothing short of starvation will drive him to labor. The borrower, who is a sort of tramp, though more intelligent, and far more pernicious, resents after a while the very idea of earning money, and appears to disdain the man ready and anxious to earn it. He no doubt accounts himself—so perverse is the understanding of the word—a gentleman, and his brother sluggard a vulgar vagabond.

Some borrowers—the worst of their class—bear themselves loftily to the fall of the curtain, stealing by false pretences considerable sums year after year, and keeping up a show of respectability. But most of the tribe descend spirally, sinking lower and lower with passing time. At the start they request a loan of hundreds as a brief accommodation, with an air of dignity and an aspect of business. At the close their address, polish, neat attire, have vanished, and they are little better than mendicants, asking for a dollar, or even less. At this stage they have generally become tipplers, and disclose the fact unpleasantly.

Intemperance always marks the lowest grades. Scoundrels of the first rank, whether burglars, gamblers, blackmailers, or borrowers, never drink to excess.

A man of the world can generally tell how long a borrower has been in the field by the amount he applies for, and by the mode of his application. If he calmly expresses a desire for $100 or $200, with an easy, expectant demeanor, there is reason to believe him a novice, a social artist, or a close student of the trade. He may, indeed, be a man who intends to pay; and this is the impression that every astute borrower aspires to convey. If the petitioner requests $10 to $20, he has had varied experiences, and is on the decline. When he names $5 as his need, he is uncertain of himself, and may be assigned to the list of wounded veterans. Any lower figure reveals him as a deadbeat, and sounds a note of warning.

An ancient rule for getting rid of a persevering petitioner for loans is to grant his petition. This no longer holds good. He will return with fresh petitions and renewed energy, stimulated by a single success. The probability is that he will contrive to get more accommodations, as he styles them (it is very hard to refuse a man after once yielding to his importunities), and will finally leave the accommodator a very considerable and permanent creditor.

Borrowing by a preconceived project has long been practised, and is still. The borrower selects his subject; cultivates him; makes a favorable impression; talks to him in a way to inspire complete confidence in his integrity. He is apt to introduce the topic of impostors and sharpers, and to denounce them stintlessly. The entire breed, he declares, should be exterminated, and excuses his heat on the ground of the heavy losses they have inflicted on him. In due season he asks for a trifling loan until the next day, and returns it with the utmost promptness. Other loans are got—always for specious reasons—and are quickly paid. The lender has perfect faith in the borrower, whom he believes to be as good as gold. He has established his credit by rigorous punctuality and fierce condemnation of all financial rogues. The *dénouement* is that he borrows a sum much greater than the aggregate of all the previous amounts, that he never returns it, that he has no property, that he is a deliberate rascal, and that his last victim is but one of many.

It is impossible to divine the innumerable resources and stratagems of the borrower, especially when he chooses New York for his arena, or to determine whose intentions are honest and whose are fraudulent. The originally honest man frequently becomes, by force of circumstances, fraudulent, and thus complicates the question irretrievably. We hardly suspect what a prominent part borrowing takes in the tragicomedy of life. How large a proportion of men make their exit from the secular scene with all their debts discharged? One half the world, according to the old saw, does not know how the other half lives. Is it not by borrowing?

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

I HAD a dream of a Republic, which was so vivid that it seemed real, and almost prophetic. It would have been perfect had it not been for a moment interrupted by the nightmare of a Red Spectre, clad in the robes of Calamity, and exhibiting not the placid peaceful features of James Monroe, but the agitated tropical countenance of a country so shaken that even its boundary lines get moved every year or two. The nightmare spectre, with horrid war in its hair, passed with much muttering, leaving a sulphurous smell on sea and land, but the dream remained, the dream of a great Republic, the hope of humanity. I will try to recall it.

It seemed that the world had grown old and evil. Its populations were domineered over by certain great families, who claimed a divine right to make their peoples work for them, and fight for them whenever these families had a mis-

understanding with each other. So these populations had no liberty in directing their own affairs, and they were kept at hard labor, and compelled to slay each other when they had no quarrel with the neighbors they killed, and were constantly involved in wars and famines, and were in a vicious circle of suffering and endurance, out of which there seemed no way of escape from generation to generation. If they revolted, as they occasionally did, against the divine right of others to tyrannize over them, they gratified a thirst for revenge, but they got little comfort out of the ruin they caused.

By-and-by some of them escaped out of these conditions, and made their way across a vast stormy ocean to a new country, uncultivated, uncivilized, occupied by savages. They had to endure great hardships to get a foothold, and, as was perhaps natural, in fighting to get it they committed many injustices, for they were all Europeans, who had been nurtured in war and injustice. But they laid down certain new principles for the government of a nation. One of them was that "governments get their just power from the consent of the governed." Seeing that such a government must rest upon intelligence, they began to educate the people--all the people. They let it be seen that they did not like kings and dynastic families and privileged aristocracies. They were not, however, for a long time free from kings and dynasties, and they were not let alone to develop their ideas. Pretty much all the world regarded them as dangerous innovators. Even the mother-land, from which many of them came, treated them as bad children. But, encouraged by their isolation, and by the fact that the Old World had on hand as much war as it could manage, they got bolder, and began to declare that all men were born with an equal right to make the most of themselves, and then they wanted to be independent of dynasties, and of the complicated and tyrannous European conditions. They fought for this with their mother, who acted like a step-mother, and won their independent existence, and got the recognition of the world as a real nation among nations; but they were not very much considered, and their so-called mother continued to try to boss them. They were still a small people, without many resources, but they resented being bossed, and fought their mother again. It was not much of a fight, but at the end of it they had gained some respect, even from their antagonist, who drew off, and changed her attitude to that of supercilious patronage.

It was notable, however, from the first, that while the kings did not think much of the Republic, the peoples were very much interested, and began to look towards it as the Land of Liberty, and to regard the "experiment" as one they would like to have a hand in. And they flocked across the ocean to join it. Hence the nation grew in population by leaps and bounds. But still more remarkable than this drawing to it, and still more distasteful to the dynasties, was the influence that the Republic, merely by its example, began to exert upon the Old World. The peoples began to get the idea of their own importance and of liberty, and the yeast of this idea so worked that in a century Europe was transformed, and entered upon a career in which the human being counts for something. The reflex action of the Republic upon Europe seemed not the least of its achievements.

II.

If the Republic, with its fundamental ideas of freedom and education, could have been peopled by a race from another planet, it would have had a smoother existence. But its inhabitants were Europeans, with the habits and prejudices of ages, and with many of the legacies of centuries of wrong-doing. Among these was slavery. And this caused no end of trouble, involved her in contradictions that made her boast of liberty seem hypocrisy, and engaged her in unjust wars and adventures, and at length in a horrible fratricidal conflict. And the heritage of this gigantic evil long remained to plague those who had incorporated it into their structure of national life. Yet wonderful is the way of Providence, and potent is the leaven of a great truth. In spite of errors and mistakes that it would seem should have killed any governmental experiment, I saw at the end of a period of time—a period too short to raise a barbarian Saxon tribe into semi-civilization—a great nation, over seventy millions of people, occupying between two oceans a vast continenfal domain, free from sea to sea, with greater variety and abundance of resources than any other area of the same extent on the globe. A great nation, in-

deed, so conscious of its power that it seemed strange that any one should question it, or that it was worth while to concentrate it in order to answer any question of its strength. I knew then that I had seen "an eagle mewing her mighty youth," and only just awakening to a sense of its strength and responsibility for it. And as I gazed at the spectacle the words of John Milton seemed prophetic: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means."

III.

What did she mean? What Milton meant for another Commonwealth, which was too firmly set in Old World complications and dynastic slaveries to realize his vision. What has ever since amazed the flocking and twilight birds—the glowing sun of a people's Republic? What did she mean? Peace. Peace, and the power to preserve it for herself, to guard her own borders from the encroachment of the twilight birds. "We have come to a far virgin country," said the Founders; "we have put oceans between us and the rivalries and wars of the Old World, between its governmental theories and our own, and we do not propose ever to interfere with their principles or their quarrels. We will have no alliances with them. We hope for entire friendship and amity, and we do not withdraw ourselves from the world of history, of trade, of civilization. We also are one of the heirs of the ages, and we are not indifferent to the welfare of humanity. And our just rights as an independent nation must be respected everywhere; we also must have the freedom of the world. But it must be the freedom of trade and intercourse without any ambitious or dynastic alliances. In return for our abstention from your affairs we ask you to leave us free to develop our ideas on this continent—ideas which seem to us for the good of humanity. We shall respect your inherited possessions on this continent, but we ask you to encroach no further. We cannot be involved in your disputes, in your ambitions for dominion and markets, and we cannot allow you to make our continent the arena of them. They controvert, in the first place, the fundamental principles upon which we found this Republic, and, in the second place, we do not care to be forced to keep an enormous standing army in order to resist the encroachments of restless neighbors. We wish to live and grow by industries and in the development of a high civilization, and not by fighting, and we respectfully insist that we shall have time enough for our experiment. If we fail, if there is not virtue enough in our people and in those who join us from the world at large to maintain a Republic, you will probably come in and administer upon our bankrupt affairs. But we are conscious of a mission in the world, a mission of good-will, and we warn you that so long as we have any vitality we are not the subject of holy or unholy alliances, nor in the position to need supervision like the sick man on the Bosporus, and we do not take kindly to the idea of anxious watchers with loaded cannon drawing near to our doors. That is a European condition which we do not care to see repeated or extended on this continent. We have quite other ideas for this continent."

There was an idea prevalent in the early part of this century that the very existence of the Republic was considered a menace to the European system, and that the time would come when "the robber bands of Europe"—this was the phrase of three-quarters of a century ago—would combine to wipe it out; that simply because it was a Republic it would have to fight the world in arms. That idea has practically disappeared, partly because of the astonishing growth of the Republic, partly because it has scrupulously stood for non-interference and peace, but largely because the world itself has changed, and is already leavened by the American idea. In my vision I saw this period pass, and the Republic still growing, becoming every day more powerful in men and in wealth and in intelligence, sedulously avoiding quarrels, invoking arbitration in place of war in all disputes, keeping on its even way, but never for a moment relaxing its notion of continental importance, and never ceasing in

all its international official intercourse to maintain its position of non-European encroachment. So wise it was in this, so moderate, so firm, so industrious in cultivating its power of self-defence, that it was let alone, and no one cared to enter a serious protest. It could afford to overlook minor slights, and even condescension, conscious that time and the tendencies of the age were working for it, and that it could forego either the bluster or the arming resorted to by nations not so fortunately situated. In my vision I saw it calmly biding its time until the day when it should be so powerful that no one would dare attack it. And it never made the least bluster about its position or its power, content that its shining example of industry, opportunity, and peaceableness should vindicate to the world the principle of constitutional popular liberty.

IV.

As I looked, there came great changes in the world. There was a wide movement of nationalities, a drawing together of kin, a consolidation of peoples. Old animosities died out; new animosities were kindled. The question of race, of race affinities, came to the front. The colonial enterprises of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries revived. Old, silent Africa became a battle-ground of powerful nations that needed an outlet for young ambition and a market for skill. Asia began to be absorbed and brought into modern life, its old dynasties crumbling away on the approach of invaders from all sides. Even the Orient, China, and Japan stirred into consciousness, and began to take a hand in the affairs of the world. Only the Republic, for a century, was uninvaded and practically unchanged. This peace in the Western world was due to the growth and influence of the great Republic.

This moving world, entering upon new schemes of conquest and division of territories, was not at all in concord as to schemes of civilization or the great moral issues of life. There was, for instance, a Russian view, a Latin race view, and an Oriental view. There were, however, two powers that were practically in concord, and held widely different views from the others as to what the highest civilization is. These were Great Britain and the great Republic. Neither was homogeneous, but the informing spirit of each did not differ much from the other. The one was a conglomerate Empire. The other, which originated from Great Britain, had become the consolidated home of all nationalities, but it was ruled still by the fundamental laws, the fundamental conceptions of a high civilization, and of individual civil liberty of what it once called the mother-land. If these two were considered as of one family, it had to be owned that they quarrelled as bitterly as members of the same family only can quarrel, and that they indulged in their little hates, their little contempts and bumptiousnesses and affectations of superiority. These were called family jars, which ought not in the extremest resort to go any further than the police court. They were also sharp rivals in trade, and the Empire had a habit of being overbearing, which was galling to the younger nation. But the Republic admitted that wherever the Empire went, there went respect for law, order, decency, and an elevation of the race. And the Empire admitted that the Republic was the most conservative of republics, and growing like a giant, and was, on the whole, her best friend—some said her only friend—in the world. At any rate, if there were to be a sort of Armageddon, a great world battle of differing civilizations, these two must stand together, or everything in civilization they most cared for would go to ruin. They knew that nothing would so please the other nations, who were contending for the headship of the world, as to see them fight, and fight to a desperate finish, as is the habit of their kind.

Therefore, whatever the family irritations of Great Britain and the great Republic, they did not gratify the eager, jeering nations with such a spectacle of suicide and chaos. The one, whose empire encompassing the globe involves it in every agitation of the fickle world, respected the tradition of the other, which kept its own and adjacent territory free from the perils of dynastic struggles, and left it in peace. Indeed, when a loftier view of life than the commercial spirit ruled its councils, it rejoiced that there was one land free from the ancient hatreds and entanglements, invincible in numbers, in wealth, and intelligence, which in the stormy days possibly to come would be its friend.

So impressed was I at the spectacle of

this resplendent Republic haloed by a "heavenly radiance," and this Empire representing the most enlightened civilization the world has seen, standing together in a self-respecting concord for all that is best which man has attained in his weary struggle—standing for peace in a belligerent world for human progress, and the noblest individual development—that when I awoke I could not think it was a Dream.

V.

In the modern phraseology of criticism certain books, novels, stories, and essays are characterized as "strong." This description is usually applied to those that treat the sexual relations with a frankness that verges on indecency, and the further the descriptions cross the line of what would be considered proper language among pure-minded people the "stronger" they are. The term is applied to those pictures of life by women which shock by their naïve or knowing boldness, and if their efforts might be psychologically classed as hysterical, they must nevertheless be admitted to be "strong." Vulgarity is not reckoned an essential of strength, nor is it always mistaken for it; but vulgarity is not considered weakness, and the critic who would not introduce into his notice certain passages that seem to excite his admiration confidentially assures his readers that they will find them "strong," and consequently to be taken seriously. It is admitted that stories that deal with high social conditions, however sinful, are not so "strong" as those that deal with low life, and take their point of view of women and of society from that of the *demi-monde*. If the novelist does not choose to be indecent, he has another chance of earning the epithet of "strong": he can be thoroughly disagreeable, he can make his characters repellent, or he can make them suffer without cessation or hope of relief. He may do this in a romantic style; but he is not so sure of being considered "strong," romantic as he is, if he is what he calls real, which is apt to be melodramatic and intense. "Intense" is another excellent thing to be. Sometimes, not always, but often, in the critical estimate, to be intense is a man's way of being hysterical. If it is not overdone it is "morbid." Now to be morbid is not well, but we have to own that it is "strong." To admit natural sunshine and the laughter of the world into the pages would be the very reverse of "strong." It certainly would not be tragic. And what we want is tragedy. Why not? Life is full of comedy, some of it faded and mournful enough. Why not have tragedy in our literature? There is a dignity in tragedy—the dignity of death.

It has come about that the novels and stories which are to fill our leisure hours and cheer us in this vale of tears have become what is called tragic. It is not easy to define what tragedy is, but the term is applied in modern fiction to scenes and characters that come to ruin from no particular fault of their own—not even when the characters break most of the ten commandments, but by an unappeasable fate that dogs and thwarts them. Ugliness and misfortune and suffering unrelieved make a modern tragedy, and there has come an opinion that tragedy of this sort is the highest type of literature. Vulgar or dissolute surroundings, undeserved fate, and a bad end make a satisfactory tragedy. This situation has much of the tragic in it. It is nothing else than tragic to see a rosy-cheeked or a spectacled young woman whose life has been mainly guarded from evil and surrounded by the sunshine of family and social affection, or a young man of considerable culture and considerable promise whose enjoyment of life is scarcely at all abated by cigarettes and a sceptical philosophy, sit down with an inkstand and a steel pen, and on white paper sketch the blackness of life, the misery of humanity, the wretchedness of a world of damnable complications, of which neither of them can have had more than the slightest experience. No other human being can create such "strong" and hopeless tragedy as those young candidates for immortality. And it is tragedy of a peculiar kind. Strong as it is, I am sometimes unable to feel its dignity, or its divine or its relentless character. I sometimes feel that matters might turn out differently, even with the approval of the gods, if the young writers had not such an awful sense of their responsibility to make the world more unpleasant than it is.

But the young only follow more experienced and skilful leaders in this—leaders who are supposed in their melodramatic tales to touch the height of an-

cient and dignified tragedy in literature. And these writers bring to their task the most exquisite art and the allurements of style, and a full-blown cynical conception of life, which they are able to support by the aid of prison reports. They bring together a half-dozen human beings of feeble will and strong passions, ignorant, or half educated, or æsthetically educated, who have an assortment of good and bad qualities, as we all have (which are under the control of the novelist, and not of the owner of them), who cannot tell a lie, but can break any marriage tie they have sworn to, who can murder in a helpless sort of way, who break all the social conventions of decency, but have conventions of their own about morality, who violate all the laws of thrift and order and of conduct expressed by Moses or by the state, and pass their lives in misery, and are defeated in every transient aspiration for a better life, and come altogether to a pitiful and squalid end. And for this misery and this end they are in no wise to blame. They could not help themselves, poor things—they do not know that it was the novelist in half the cases who would not let them help themselves, but kept them grinding along in his circle of cruel complications. They are the subjects of a pitiless fate, a cast-iron destiny, and the picture of their sufferings is a real classic tragedy. It is not due to their own violation of moral law or to the whim of the novelist, but to what the Chinese call Chance and the Moslems call Fatality. This is the romance of fatality, and if it is tragedy, it is a tragedy of fatalism.

If we are permitted to turn to what used to be called in literature tragedy, we find that the Greek dramatists have another conception of it. In the dramas of Æschylus we see the impassioned presentation of humanity in action, and humanity in action upon the basis of the poet's ethical conception of the divine government of the world. Not a mechanical Fate, but a providential Nemesis, had been the lesson of Homer and the lyric poets; and this was the ruling motive of Greek tragedy—the sense of a righteous power, the Hebraic idea of offended holiness punishing pride and vice to the children's children, but showing mercy to the penitent. The signal catastrophe of the downfall of the luxurious and insolent Persians gave a terrible example of the moral law. As Mr. Symonds wrote, "Before the eyes of the men who witnessed the calamities of Œdipus and Agamemnon on the stage the glory of godless Asia had vanished like a dream." This Nemesis, realized in actual history, emphasized in Greek belief, was present in the statue of Nemesis carved by Phidias and in the tragedies of Æschylus. It set forth the moral law, and the tragedy flowed from its disobedience. This had the faintest relation to the Fatality of the Orient and of the modern novelist.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed January 10, 1896.—President Cleveland, December 17th, sent to Congress a special message referring to the refusal of the British government to submit to arbitration Great Britain's boundary dispute with Venezuela, and asking for the appropriation of a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of a Commission to determine the exact boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. The House, on the following day, passed unanimously a bill appropriating $100,000 for such a Commission, and two days later this bill was unanimously passed by the Senate. The President appointed as the Commission, Associate Justice David J. Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Richard H. Alvey, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia; Andrew D. White, Frederick R. Coudert, and Daniel C. Gilman.

To protect the Treasury reserve, Secretary Carlisle, on January 6th, offered for sale four per cent. thirty-year bonds of the value of $100,000,000, to be paid for in gold.

The beretta was conferred upon Cardinal Satolli in the Baltimore cathedral, January 5th.

Alfred Austin was appointed Poet-Laureate December 29th by Queen Victoria.

A filibustering expedition into the Transvaal, led by Dr. Jameson, an agent of the British South Africa Company, resulted in defeat. The German Emperor telegraphed his congratulations to President Kruger of the South African Republic, and preparations for war were begun in England.

OBITUARY.

December 23d.—At London, Sergius Stepniak, the writer, aged fifty-four years.

January 8th.—At Paris, Paul Verlaine, the poet, aged fifty-one years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A SUBURBAN ADVENTURE.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

"BUT, Doctor," I protested, "what is the man good for? You say he can't milk, can't drive, doesn't know how to take care of carriages or horses, broke the lawn-mower the first time he tried to use it, and is unable to distinguish between a cabbage-plant and a California redwood. What *is* his strong point?"

The Doctor laughed, and looked toward his wife at the other end of the table.

"Well," he said, slowly, "we've had Andrew three months, and I don't know as I can say what his strong point is." He paused, and then added, cheerfully: "Unless it is smoking. He is a good smoker; I've seldom seen a better. And I'll give him credit for economy and good sense in that line, too; he smokes a pipe—since I locked up my cigars. Yes, Andrew's strong point is the steady, long-distance smoke."

"My dear, you're too hard on Andrew," came from the other end of the table. "You know he has done good work at painting."

"Yes," answered the Doctor, "he does like to paint. I told him to paint a new fence which I recently had built around the lot back of the barn. Before I knew it he had given it six coats. I have no idea how many more he has put on at odd times since, but I know it has noticeably increased its apparent bulk. The posts of that fence look as if they were wearing diving-suits, and the barbed wire along the top has the appearance of a chain cable. I ran down the Jersey coast for a couple of days, and he painted the barn and carriage-house. He painted 'em roofs and all, and when I got back raw paint was dripping off the eaves. I remonstrated, and next day I found him in the cellar of the barn painting that. Yesterday I saw him peering down the well, and I can only fear the worst."

"But why do you keep him?" I insisted.

The Doctor looked embarrassed, almost sheepish. I saw, when it was too late, that it was like asking a man who is a drunkard why he drinks. He looked toward the other end of the table, but got no help. At last he said, simply: "I don't know. But, as I said, he smokes freely and easily. And as long as the landscape holds out I think I can depend on him to paint."

Two hours later I suggested the advisability of my returning to the city. The Doctor looked troubled.

"I was going to drive you to the station," he said, "but I just got a telephone call which is urgent."

"But can't Andrew drive me?" I asked.

"Well, he can start with you, and he might get you there. He has driven me there a few times; though it is expensive for me, because I have to treat the people he runs down free. I'll tell him to take the buckboard and old Bob, and reduce the danger to a minimum."

"Oh, I'll risk it," I laughed.

"But," interposed my hostess, turning to her husband, "this is not the way to use a guest."

"Well, I know it isn't," said the Doctor, half impatiently. "But what can I do? I—I—of course I'll treat you free too," he said, as he turned to me.

I laughed again, and intimated that I felt little fear.

"But you don't know Andrew," went on the Doctor. "I told you that he can't milk at all; in point of fact, he is a worse driver than he is milker. You'll find that going to the station with him will be a good deal like Horace Greeley's famous ride with Hank Monk which Mark Twain tells about."

In a few minutes Andrew was at the door with the buckboard. He had a bland, honest Scandinavian face which suggested a clear conscience and the prospect of a good week for painting. I took my seat beside him, and we were off.

"Put your right arm around the back of the seat and be ready to seize the dash-board with your other hand," called the Doctor.

I was convinced that my friend was making game of me, and glanced at my watch. Fatal move!

"I'm afraid we haven't much time in which to make that train," I said.

"Yah, aye tank not," answered Andrew. He dropped the rein from his right hand, seized the whip, and struck old Bob a resounding crack. It could not have hurt much, but it was a sort of a transcontinental cut; as the whip momentarily rested along his side it reminded me of a railroad map of a line reaching from New York to San Francisco. The animal broke into a run and veered sharply to the left. Andrew dropped the left line, seized the other in both hands, and drew him squarely across the street. A bevy of girls in Sunday frocks scrambled up a retaining-wall and on to a lawn as we cut a scallop in the sidewalk and then went tearing down the middle of the street.

"De hoss are not use to driving," said Andrew, as he slapped the reins up and down. "Aye tank he be a colt."

A man on a bicycle fell off as we took a crossing diagonally and rounded the first corner on two wheels. The animal's gait was a moderate run, but we were nevertheless making slow

general progress, since two-thirds of our effort was taken up in crossing from one gutter to the other, as Andrew hauled first on the left line and then on the right.

"Aye tank he never was broke right," said Andrew. "Aye'll learn him not to shy," and he dropped both reins, took the whip, and applied it lightly, but with an all-embracing end-to-end touch which drove the animal mad. We were rushing straight down the middle of the street, and I was congratulating myself that it could not last long at that rate, when Andrew took up the lines again and began to pull blindly.

"See; he begin to shy again. What you scart about, you loafer?—aye don't see not'ings."

A woman screamed and dragged a baby-carriage out of the way. We snipped a bit of bark off a shade tree, and the next second winged a lamp-post on the opposite side of the street. A man leaped from a crossing, and we ran down his straw hat. We took the next corner close-hauled, the forward wheel passing one side of a low hydrant and the corresponding hind wheel the other.

"See; he try to upset us on de water-spout," said Andrew. "Aye'll learn you!" and he leaned over the dash-board and again applied the whip on the transequine plan. The animal went ahead furiously. Some women ran screaming out of the way. A man shouted.

"There's a policeman right ahead!" I cried.

"All right. Aye know dat fellow. He can't stop us. Aye'll run over 'im."

He clapped the whip in his mouth crosswise, braced himself, and zigzagged in the direction of the officer. Left alone, the horse would certainly have gone over him; but a lucky, though unintentional, pull by Andrew caused us to pass to the right, and we only grazed the official legs with our near wheels. We snapped a spoke from a carriage which was struggling out of our way, and then rushed straight for a memorial monument to a Revolutionary hero.

"Look out!" I shouted.

"Aye sees it," answered Andrew. "Aye won't hit it. Aye knows how to drive." He dropped one line, half rose, and put his whole strength on the other. It saved us, and we brought off only one iron picket from the surrounding fence. We crossed the street and struck a stone horse-block. The buckboard threw us high into the air, but caught us adroitly as we came down. Then we turned in and crossed the corner of a front yard and went through the shower of a lawn-sprinkler. We took to the street again and knocked down a man.

"Aye'll get you dare in time," said Andrew, talking without removing the whip from his mouth. "Aye drove in the old country. Yust you hold on." We were on the last reach for the station. Fortunately the horse was now running away in good earnest, and Andrew had largely lost control of him. The buckboard was rocking like a boat in a heavy swell, first on the wheels of one side, then on those of the other. A score of dogs were in full cry behind us, but their chase was hopeless. We ran down a flock of geese, and they rose all around us. Men ahead were shouting to other drivers to clear the track.

"Aye drove when aye was a boy. Aye like to drive," explained Andrew.

We dashed across the plaza before the station.

"Right here," I shouted to Andrew, as I saw that we must run down a group of hackmen if we went nearer. He threw his whole weight on the lines, and the horse stopped stiff-legged. I went out over the forward wheel and struck the ground on my hands and knees. I scrambled to my feet, picked up my umbrella, which Andrew had jettisoned, and ran for the station. He started the horse with a crack of the whip, missed going over me by a hair's-breadth, turned a square corner, and tore back across the plaza and up the street. I collapsed on the nearest bench, and waited twenty minutes for the train.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

It was intensely cold, almost too cold for the ducks to be flying, but the crack of dawn saw the Colonel over at the bar, shivering in the blind of yellow reeds. A flotilla of decoys bobbed up and down in the icy blue water a few yards from shore. "Cato," the Colonel's colored servant and armorer, was seated on the floor of the blind, hugging a Chesapeake water-spaniel close in his arms for warmth.

"Pretty cold this morning, Cato," said the Colonel, stamping.

"Yas, seh."

"Ducks seem to have gone somewhere else," remarked the Colonel, ten minutes later.

"Yas, seh."

It seemed to be growing colder. A half-hour passed.

"Fresh Pond must have been frozen over last night," said the Colonel.

"Yas, seh."

P[illegible]g! went a gun 'way up on the flats near the mouth of Gunpowder River.

"There!" remarked the Colonel, speaking to himself—"there's another jackass who hasn't sense enough to stay in the house."

"Yas, seh; that's so, seh."

Cato's tone showed no intention to be impertinent, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Cato," remarked the Colonel, "fetch those guns; we'd better look after that kitchen fire," looking at him sternly.

"Yas, seh," shivered Cato; "you and me gin'ally agrees, if it do take some time to com' to conclushuns."

J. B.



A WOMAN'S WAY.

"I wish he'd come, if he is coming. He's kept me waiting a half-hour."
"I always told you he was effeminate."

A LEGEND OF THE STRAND.

'Tis said an author who had starved to death
Went walking, some years after he had lost his breath,
In spirit up Fleet Street, then down the Strand,
And found himself before a bookman's stand.
"What's this?" he mused, as in his hand
A book
He took.
"Dear me, my verse!" he cried, and kissed the tome.
"You killed me—cost me hearth and home.
To publish you I spent
My every cent.
No man would buy,
And I
Was soon a shadow of my former self,
Whilst you lay snugly on my dusty shelf.
Heigho!" he sighed.
"Thou wert my pride,
And ruin." Quoth the book: "Not so!
You died too soon to really know.
I have become
A rarity, and worth a wondrous sum.
And through me now
You wear the laurel on your brow!"
E'en as the volume spake
A mortal came, the little book did take,
And as the spirit watched him from the shade,
Some twenty pounds for it he paid.

"Egad!" the author cried, as back he sped
To Hades. "I have on my head
Enough of hay entwined to feed a horse!
I'm proud of it—oh yes, I am, of course—
But what a shame to decorate
An author's pate
And leave his stomach to disintegrate!"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AFTER INFORMATION.

It was in August last. He was travelling up the Rhine, and vineyard after vineyard had been pointed out to him.

"They're very beautiful," he said. "But, say, where are your quarries?"

"Quarries?" asked the German. "What do you mean?"

"I mean quarries, of course," he replied. "I've seen your vineyards, and now I want to see your stone-yards."

"We haven't any—" began the German.

"Haven't any?" cried the American. "Why, where in Hades do you get your rhinestones?"

AT ANY COST.

In wrath and tears Edith Howlett had gone to bed. She had been tucked in once, given a drink twice, kissed good-night three times, and the lamp had been extinguished, but the spark of rebellion still burned in her childish soul.

"Mamma," she cried.

"Go to sleep, Edith," her mother said, sternly; "I shall not come in there again."

"I want a drink, mamma," Edith pleaded.

"You've had two drinks already. Now go to sleep."

There was a brief silence, and then Edith tried again.

"Mamma, come and kiss me good-night."

"You've been kissed good-night, dear, and I shall not come in again, so go to sleep at once like a good girl."

There was another pause, while the lonely child cudgelled her little brain for a new expedient.

"Mamma," she cried, at last, "please come in; I'm so hungry."

"You cannot have anything to eat to-night, and if I come in there again," the mother said, with rising choler, "it will be to give you a good spanking!"

There was a longer pause, and just as it began to look as if the evening's battle were over, the child's voice was heard again.

"Mamma," she pleaded, "I'm so lonely in here. Please come in and spank me!"

Earle H. Eaton.

AN UNWILLING SACRIFICE.

"Did you attend the Progg-Budlong wedding last night, Ike?" inquired the able editor of the Hawville *Clarion*, note-book in hand.

"Shore thing!" replied Alkali Ike.

"I suppose the Rev. Jack Jonks officiated, and that the ceremony was impressive?"

"That was about the size of it. Don't reckon I ever had the pleasure of minglin' in one that was more impressive."

"H'm, yes. Who was the best man?"

"I was one of 'em. The other three was Tarantula Jim, Whoop Rawson, and Three-fingered Babcock."

"Pshaw! There is never more than one best man at a wedding, all the world over."

"Mebby they don't have but one in the East, but out yere we have as many as we need. One best man couldn't have pulled that thar ceremony through last night no more than a rabbit. It took all me an' them three other gents could do to lead the groom to the altar, so to speak.

"Tell you how it was: The obsequies started off all accordin' to Hoyle, an' everything was goin' along as slick as you please—except that the licker was shameful, an' the stove smoked like a Dutchman, till finally we pulled the confounded thing down an' flung it out into the yard—till the groom took to his legs, jest before it was everlastin'ly too blamed late, an' skinned out across the scenery in the general direction of Lower California as the crow flies, hittin' only the high places on the face of nature as he went.

"Me an' them three other gents put chase to the poltroon, as they say in stories, an' Tarantula overtook him early in the second mile, and got whipped by the groom in three licks before the rest of us could ketch up. Whoop Rawson got some of the same a couple of minutes later; but then me an' Three-fingered got thar an' swarmed over the happy man in great plenty, an' he agreed to listen to reason after I had showed him the error of his ways by bendin' my six-shooter over his head.

"He went back with us like a little lamb—the four of us packin' him along by the four corners. We sorter supported him in this manner, suthin' like a capital letter X, as it were, while the officiatin' clergyman cleared his th'oat an' pronounced 'em man an' wife the first dash out of the box, to be safe, an' then got off the rest of the impressive ceremony afterwards.

"After we had all whirled in an' congratulated the happy couple thar was a dance, durin' which one of the fiddlers had a fit an' fell off from the table an' broke his bow-arm, an' the floor got swagged down in the middle shameful. After which we all dispersed, feelin' that it had indeed been good to be thar."

Tom P. Morgan.

THE FIRST IN HIS EXPERIENCE.

During the late war Captain Smith, of Richmond, with two friends, chanced to be in the vicinity of a certain farm-house, in the attic of which (so rumor stated) was stored a goodly number of demijohns filled with fine old spirit. The Captain, who had a stammering tongue and a weakness for "the rosy," suggested that his companions and himself should stop at the house in question at such an hour in the evening as would elicit an invitation to spend the night. The plan was accordingly put into execution, but though the party sat around the fire until a late hour after tea, no refreshments were brought out. The three were assigned to the same sleeping apartment, and after their host had bid them "good-night," they perceived in one corner of the room a rough stairway, at the head of which was a trap-door. This evidently led to the loft of which they had heard, and, resolved not to be cheated out of the coveted potation, the Captain seized the candle and ascended the steps. Unfortunately, however, when he had reached the middle of the attic, a sudden gust from some opening in the wall extinguished the light, and, in groping his way in the darkness, he struck against an object which fell to the floor with a noise which resounded through the house. A moment afterwards he heard a door on the first floor open, followed by the heavy tread of the farmer making his way to the upper story. Discovery and disgrace were imminent. Escape was impossible. In his despair a strategy

suggested itself to the Confederate, and, in a manner unconveyable through this medium, he uttered three prolonged, agonized caterwauls.

A momentary silence followed this effort; and then, to his infinite relief, the retreating steps of his host smote upon his ear. When quiet again reigned the officer signalled cautiously to his comrades, and, guided by their voices, succeeded in getting back to his room, and finally to bed.

The next morning, as they sat around the breakfast table, their rural entertainer expressed a hope that his guests had rested well.

"Ye-ye-yes," stammered the Captain, "p-p-p-pretty well, but a co-confounded cat got in that loft over our heads, and made a th-thunderin' noise, and waked us up."

"Yes," said the farmer, dryly, "there are a good many cats about here, an' I often hear 'em hollerin' around, but last night was the very first time I ever heard a *stutterin'* cat holler." GILBERTA S. WHITTLE.

A SOFT ANSWER.

YOUNG Sloam was ever noted for his perfect breeding, and though as a college student he was sometimes a trifle the worse for a late supper, he never forgot to be true to his code. On one such occasion, after a most determined effort to enter a house which he believed his own, he was met at the door by the scantily attired master of the mansion with information as to his whereabouts, and the added news that the householder had a sick wife and child upstairs who had been disturbed.

Sloam made abject apologies, and departed; but his home seemed to elude him, and again the same irate householder was brought to his door by Sloam's knocks for admission.

"Didn't I tell you this was my house?" cried the indignant man. "And don't you remember that my wife and child are ill?"

"I remember perfectly," answered Sloam, sobered for the moment, "and I merely returned, sir, to ask how they were getting along."

A MATHEMATICAL NIGHTMARE.

THE Professor of Mathematics in one of our larger colleges, the father of a bright boy of eight years, took a nap the other afternoon on the lounge in his study. The rest was well earned, for the professor had just finished a three hours' exercise in Atelian Functions. He had not been asleep long when his wife heard the most heart-rending groans issuing from the apartment. Rushing to where her husband was, she found him sitting upright upon the lounge, holding his face in his hands.

"What *is* the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. K.

"I've had the most horrible dream," the professor replied. "I dreamt that our Charlie was a minus quantity under the radical sign, and *I couldn't get him out!*" J. S. R.



"Now here's a try for that hole."



"No one is looking."



THE WOODCHUCK. "There isn't, hey?"

BLINK'S FIRST GOLFING.

STRANGE ADVENTURE IN A LIFT.

"It was," said the Major, as he got a good forced draught established through his second cigar, "the most startling experience which any man ever had with an elevator. The blood in my veins, gentlemen, stands still when I think of it. Did the rope break? No, it did not. Ah, if it only had!

"You see, it was this way: I attended the annual dinner of the Descendants of the Great-Uncles of Revolutionary Generals. I may say in passing that I am a Descendant myself. At this dinner I responded to the toast of 'Liberty,' and I hope I speak with all modesty when I say that my remarks were greeted with an astonishing outburst of applause. It was the last toast on the list, and really, gentlemen, I never heard so much applause in my life. I had not flattered myself before that I was a sufficiently good speaker to win such applause from so discriminating a body; but there it was, and I heard it with these ears. In fact, to tell the truth, it was so great that I didn't more than half finish my speech. I was actually crushed out by applause.

"After my remarks the dinner broke up. I don't know what time it was, but I suspect it would have been pretty late for a Great-Uncle, but was not so bad for a Descendant. I started home, and then began a series of unfortunate and calamitous events. I became the victim of the drinking habits of men who ought, above all others, to keep sober. It began instantly I got on the sidewalk. Two cabs drove up. They looked precisely alike, but something told me to take the second one. A policeman, whose number I failed to take, forced me into the first one, with the insulting remark that there was no second cab, though I saw it with these eyes. The officer, gentlemen, had been drinking. I am now convinced that he was in collusion with the driver of the cab into which he thrust me.

"It appears that this driver had also been drinking. He seemed unable to find my home from my very explicit directions, and began driving aimlessly about town. I became disgusted at last, threw my feet up on the opposite seat, and soon fell into a light slumber, with the touching applause of my brother Descendants still ringing in my ears.

"At last the cab stopped, and I alighted. What was my disgust to discover that the scoundrel had driven me not to my home, but to my place of business at the Icarian Building! My Great-Uncle blood boiled, and my first thought was to pull the wretch from his box and, holding him by the legs, pound the pavement with him till he roared for mercy, but I finally decided to spare him. It then occurred to me that I wanted some papers which were in my office on the sixteenth floor, and that I might as well embrace the opportunity to get them.

"As you may remember, the Icarian has twenty-three stories. I walked to the elevators, but found them all stopped, and nobody in sight. The door to one, however, was open, and it seemed to be in running order. It was, gentlemen, another case of drinking; the elevator-man was away somewhere, steeping himself in liquor. I knew this as soon as I saw his deserted post. But I felt equal to the emergency, and stepped in, determined to go up to the sixteenth floor, get the papers I wanted, and return, after which I proposed to summon a sober cabman and drive home. I closed the elevator door behind me, and threw the lever in the direction marked 'up.'

"Gentlemen, it was rightly labelled; that movement of the lever meant up. The elevator began to ascend faster than I had ever known it to go before. My knees bent under me. The speed was so great that it was utterly impossible to see when I reached the sixteenth floor. I was shooting upward like a rocket. I knew that it was arranged to stop automatically at the top, so I had no particular fear. Before I could catch my breath it bumped against the roof, and, as I expected, stopped. But what, gentlemen, did it do next? Shot down faster than it had shot up! My feet almost left the floor. I do not think I weighed two pounds. In a fraction of a second it was at the bottom. What then? As I live, gentlemen, and am a Descendant, it shot up again faster than before. My legs failed me, and I collapsed on the floor. But the end was not yet. At the top again it shot downward. The mere attraction of gravitation will not account for its speed this time: something pushed that elevator. I floated in the air. The next second I was again forced to the bottom of the car in a heap as it shot upward. Then I again floated like thistle-down; once more I was crushed to the floor; and so on." The Major stopped abruptly.

"Go on, Major," said somebody.

"There is no more to tell," he answered.

"But you aren't tearing up and down in the thing yet."

"Oh no. In the morning I found myself at home in bed. I never asked any questions, but I suppose, of course, that after I became unconscious the thing stopped for some reason, and I was taken out, identified by papers in my pocket, and sent home. It was an awful experience, gentlemen, and shows the grave dangers which attend drinking by policemen, cab-drivers, elevator-operators, and other public and semi-public servants. As a Descendant of the Great-Uncles of Revolutionary Generals, I protest against it." H. C.

A SMALL GIRL'S VIEW.

AUNTIE. "Ethel, you must *not* be so impatient. Remember that Rome was not made in a day."

ETHEL. "Why, Auntie, how *can* you say such a thing? It is wicked, really wicked. You *know* that God made all the world in six days, and He certainly did not spend more than five minutes on Rome!"

NO RIP VAN WINKLES WANTED.

THIS story is told of Mr. Joseph Jefferson: A number of years ago he played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite part. The hotel at which he staid was infested by an Irishman "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest which he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee, and proprietor rolled into one.

At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness, and realized that he had left no call at the office, he was naturally indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose, and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of this individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was accordingly summoned. Said the clerk:

"Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat, the Hibernian led him to one side, and said, in a mysterious whisper: "He were shnoring loike a horse, sor; and oi'd heerd the b'ys saying something about how he were once afther shlaping for twinty years, so oi says to mesilf, 'Moike, it's a-cooming onto 'im again, and it's yer juty to get the craythor out o' yer house instantly!'"

NOT FOND OF EXERCISE.

IT was a typical Nantucketer who was met by another in the clam market. The month was August.

"Terrible hot," said the incomer, mopping his heated brow, and depositing a half-bushel of quahaugs on the appointed bench.

"Waal, for my part, I likes this sort o' weather," said the second old shell-back, decapitating an eel he had just "skun."

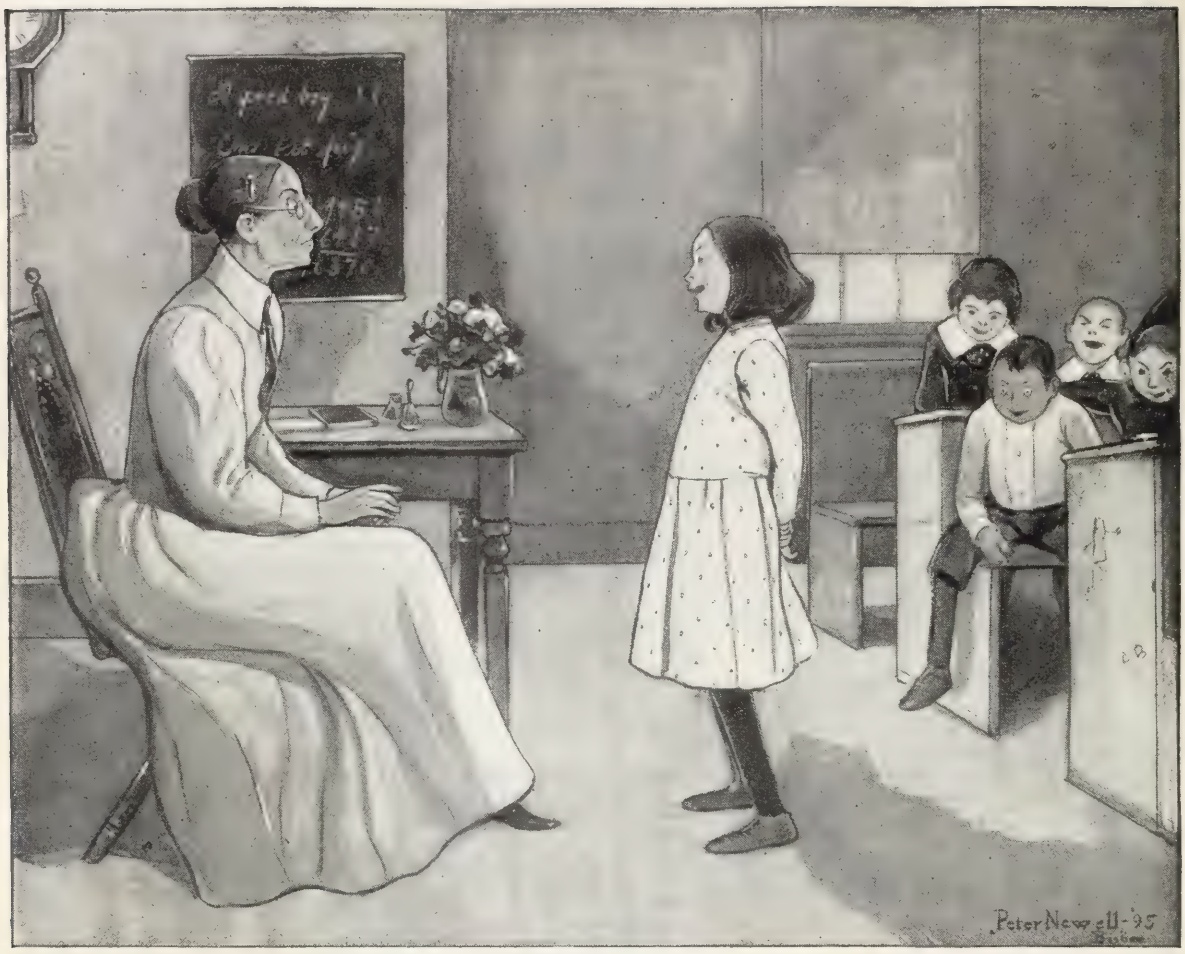
"You does, eh?" queried he of the clam-bucket, in surprise.

"Waal, yes," returned the other. "I noways likes it when you've got to exercise to keep from perishin'. *Now* you can just sag roun' like an' thar's no sufferin'."

JOHN PAUL.



"Now, Maria, be gentle. Remember that the weak shall inherit the earth."
"Yes, when every one else is done with it."



KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE.

TEACHER. "You must know that you can't do two things at once."
MARY JANE. "Can't, hey! I kin kiss Johnny Sweet an' wink at Billy Tim both at the same time."

LENTEN PHILOSOPHY.

Good Mr. Jones, a moral man, and model of propriety,
Had pondered on the usages ordained by good society
For men to follow during Lent to banish Mephistopheles,
And show an utter absence of their natural and lawful ease.

Quoth he: "Although my natural abilities, I'm well aware,
Are not the sort to set on fire the Hudson or the Delaware,
It seems to me I have evolved a scheme with clear philosophy
For ideal Lenten living which comports with true theosophy.

"My plan, which I am sure you'll say's the essence of simplicity,
Is, briefly, to give up all things which give me great felicity.
I'll try to brush the allegiance that to former life is due aside,
And force my habits, old and dear, to contemplate a suicide.

"Those things for which I've always felt the deepest animosity
I now will do—a sort of penitential reciprocity.
For I am a religious man, who'll face with all temerity
The Lenten course which promises the maximum asperity.

"I love to go to church and sing with fervor the doxology;
I love to stay at home o' nights and ponder o'er philology;
In beverages water like, in fare prefer a homeliness;
I'd rather hear a lecture than an actress in her comeliness.

"And so, you see, my theories will not allow me latitude
In Lent to make my daily life its 'customed moral platitude.
Unselfishly a club I'll join, and nightly take a drink or two;
The ballet I'll attend, and there perhaps will give a wink or two.

"These things, and more, for which I've always had a certain queasiness,
I'll manfully attempt to do, and smother my uneasiness;
And who knows but, by practising all this with assiduity,
In time I'll make this self-denying life a perpetuity?"

WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.



EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.

Engraved by Florian from the mural painting by J. E. Lenepveu in the Pantheon at Paris.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.*

BY THE SIEUR LOUIS DE CONTE
(HER PAGE AND SECRETARY).

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII.

TOWARD the end of the ten-day interval the University of Paris rendered its decision concerning the Twelve Articles. By this finding, Joan was guilty upon all the counts: she must renounce her errors and make satisfaction, or be abandoned to the secular arm for punishment.

The envoys brought the verdict to Rouen, and with it a letter for Cauchon which was full of fervid praise. The University complimented him on his zeal in hunting down this woman "whose venom had infected the faithful of the whole West," and as recompense it as good as promised him "a crown of imperishable glory in heaven." Only *that!* —a crown in heaven; a promissory note and no endorser; always something away off yonder; not a word about the Archbishopric of Rouen, which was the thing Cauchon was destroying his soul for. A crown in heaven; it must have sounded like a sarcasm to him, after all his hard work. What should *he* do in heaven? He did not know anybody there.

On the 19th of May a court of fifty judges sat in the archiepiscopal palace to discuss Joan's fate. A few wanted her delivered over to the secular arm at once for punishment, but the rest insisted that she be once more "charitably admonished" first.

So the same court met in the castle on the 23d, and Joan was brought to the bar. Pierre Maurice, a canon of Rouen, made a speech to Joan in which he admonished her to save her life and her soul by renouncing her errors and surrendering to the Church. He finished with a stern threat: if she remained obstinate the damnation of her soul was certain, the destruction of her body probable. But Joan was immovable. She said—

"If I were under sentence, and saw the fire before me, and the executioner ready to light it—more, if I were in the fire itself, I would say none but the things which I have said in these trials; and I would abide by them till I died."

A deep silence followed, now, which endured some moments. It lay upon me like a weight. I knew it for an omen. Then Cauchon, grave and solemn, turned to Pierre Maurice—

"Have you anything further to say?"

The priest bowed low, and said—

"Nothing, my lord."

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything further to say?"

"Nothing."

"Then the debate is closed. To-morrow, sentence will be pronounced. Remove the prisoner."

She seemed to go from the place erect and noble. But I do not know; my sight was dim with tears.

To-morrow—24th of May! Exactly a year since I saw her go speeding across the plain at the head of her troops, her silver helmet shining, her silvery cape fluttering in the wind, her white plumes flowing, her sword held aloft; saw her charge the Burgundian camp three times, and carry it; saw her wheel to the right and spur for the Duke's reserve; saw her fling herself against it in the last assault she was ever to make. And now that fatal day was come again—and see what it was bringing!

* Begun in April number, 1895.

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CHAPTER VIII.

JOAN had been adjudged guilty of heresy, sorcery, and all the other terrible crimes set forth in the Twelve Articles, and her life was in Cauchon's hands at last. He could send her to the stake at once. His work was finished now, you think? He was satisfied? Not at all. What would his Archbishopric be worth if the people should get the idea into their heads that this faction of interested priests, slaving under the English lash, had wrongly condemned and burned Joan of Arc, Deliverer of France? That would be to make of her a holy martyr. Then her spirit would rise from her body's ashes, a thousandfold re-enforced, and sweep the English domination into the sea, and Cauchon along with it. No, the victory was not complete yet. Joan's guilt must be established by evidence which would satisfy the people. Where was that evidence to be found? There was only one person in the world who could furnish it—*Joan of Arc herself.* She must condemn herself, and in public —at least she must *seem* to do it.

But how was this to be managed? Weeks had been spent already in trying to get her to surrender — time wholly wasted; what was to persuade her now? Torture had been threatened, the fire had been threatened; what was left? Illness, deadly fatigue, and the sight of the fire, the presence of the fire! That was left.

Now that was a shrewd thought. She was but a girl, after all, and, under illness and exhaustion, subject to a girl's weaknesses.

Yes, it was shrewdly thought. She had tacitly said, herself, that under the bitter pains of the rack they would be able to extort a false confession from her. It was a hint worth remembering; and it was remembered.

She had furnished another hint at the same time: that as soon as the pains were gone, she would retract the confession. That hint was also remembered.

She had herself taught them what to do, you see. First, they must wear out her strength, then frighten her with the fire. Second, while the fright was on her, she must be made to sign a paper.

But she would demand a reading of the paper. They could not venture to refuse this, with the public there to hear. Suppose that during the reading her courage should return? she would refuse to sign, then. Very well, even that difficulty could be got over. They could read a short paper of no importance, then slip a long and deadly one into its place and trick her into signing *that.*

Yet there was still one other difficulty. If they made her seem to abjure, that would free her from the death penalty. They could keep her in a prison of the Church, but they could not kill her. That would not answer; for only her death would content the English. Alive she was a terror, in a prison or out of it. She had escaped from two prisons already.

But even that difficulty could be managed. Cauchon would make promises to her; in return, she would promise to leave off the male dress. He would violate his promises, and that would so situate her that she would not be able to keep hers. Her lapse would condemn her to the stake, and the stake would be ready.

These were the several moves; there was nothing to do but to make them, each in its order, and the game was won. One might almost name the day that the betrayed girl, the most innocent creature in France, and the noblest, would go to her pitiful death.

And the time was favorable — cruelly favorable. Joan's spirit had as yet suffered no decay, it was as sublime and masterful as ever; but her body's forces had been steadily wasting away in those last ten days, and a strong mind needs a healthy body for its rightful support.

The world knows, now, that Cauchon's plan was as I have sketched it to you, but the world did not know it at that time. There are sufficient indications that Warwick and all the other English chiefs except the highest one—the Cardinal of Winchester — were not let into the secret; also, that only Loyseleur and Beaupère, on the French side, knew the scheme. Sometimes I have doubted if even Loyseleur and Beaupère knew the whole of it at first. However, if any did, it was these two.

It is usual to let the condemned pass their last night of life in peace, but this grace was denied to poor Joan, if one may credit the rumors of the time. Loyseleur was smuggled into her presence, and in the character of priest, friend, and secret partisan of France and hater

of England, he spent some hours in beseeching her to do "the only right and righteous thing"—submit to the Church, as a good Christian should; and that then she would straightway get out of the clutches of the dreaded English and be transferred to the Church's prison, where she would be honorably used and have women about her for jailers. He knew where to touch her. He knew how odious to her was the presence of her rough and profane English guards; he knew that her Voices had vaguely promised something which she interpreted to be escape, rescue, release of some sort, and the chance to burst upon France once more and victoriously complete the great work which she had been commissioned of Heaven to do. Also there was that other thing: if her failing body could be further weakened by loss of rest and sleep, now, her tired mind would be dazed and drowsy on the morrow, and in ill condition to stand out against persuasions, threats, and the sight of the stake, and also be purblind to traps and snares which it would be swift to detect when in its normal estate.

I do not need to tell you that there was no rest for me that night. Nor for Noël. We went to the main gate of the city before nightfall, with a hope in our minds, based upon that vague prophecy of Joan's Voices which seemed to promise a rescue by force at the last moment. The immense news had flown swiftly far and wide that at last Joan of Arc was condemned, and would be sentenced and burned alive on the morrow; and so, crowds of people were flowing in at the gate, and other crowds were being refused admission by the soldiery; these being people who brought doubtful passes or none at all. We scanned these crowds eagerly, but there was nothing about them to indicate that they were our old war-comrades in disguise, and certainly there were no familiar faces among them. And so, when the gate was closed at last, we turned away grieved, and more disappointed than we cared to admit, either in speech or thought.

The streets were surging tides of excited men. It was difficult to make one's way. Toward midnight our aimless tramp brought us to the neighborhood of the beautiful church of St. Ouen, and there all was bustle and work. The square was a wilderness of torches and people; and through a guarded passage dividing the pack, laborers were carrying planks and timbers and disappearing with them through the gate of the churchyard. We asked what was going forward; the answer was—

"Scaffolds and the stake. Don't you know that the French witch is to be burnt in the morning?"

Then we went away. We had no heart for that place.

At dawn we were at the city gate again; this time with a hope which our wearied bodies and fevered minds magnified into a large probability. We had heard a report that the Abbot of Jumièges with all his monks was coming to witness the burning. Our desire, abetted by our imagination, turned those nine hundred monks into Joan's old campaigners, and their Abbot into La Hire or the Bastard or D'Alençon; and we watched them file in, unchallenged, the multitude respectfully dividing and uncovering while they passed, with our hearts in our throats and our eyes swimming with tears of joy and pride and exultation; and we tried to catch glimpses of the faces under the cowls, and were prepared to give signal to any recognized face that we were Joan's men and ready and eager to kill and be killed in the good cause. How foolish we were; but we were young, you know, and youth hopeth all things, believeth all things.

CHAPTER IX.

In the morning I was at my official post. It was on a platform raised the height of a man, in the church-yard, under the eaves of St. Ouen. On this same platform was a crowd of priests and important citizens, and several lawyers. Abreast it, with a small space between, was another and larger platform, handsomely canopied against sun and rain, and richly carpeted; also it was furnished with comfortable chairs, and with two which were more sumptuous than the others, and raised above the general level. One of these two was occupied by a prince of the royal blood of England, his Eminence the Cardinal of Winchester; the other by Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. In the rest of the chairs sat three bishops, the Vice-Inquisitor, eight abbots, and the sixty-two friars and lawyers who had sat as Joan's judges in her late trials.

Twenty steps in front of the platforms

was another—a table-topped pyramid of stone, built up in retreating courses, thus forming steps. Out of this rose that grisly thing the stake; about the stake bundles of fagots and firewood were piled. On the ground at the base of the pyramid stood three crimson figures, the executioner and his assistants. At their feet lay what had been a goodly heap of brands, but was now a smokeless nest of ruddy coals; a foot or two from this was a supplemental supply of wood and fagots compacted into a pile shoulder-high and containing as much as six pack-horse loads. Think of that. We seem so delicately made, so destructible, so insubstantial; yet it is easier to reduce a granite statue to ashes than it is to do that with a man's body.

The sight of the stake sent physical pains tingling down the nerves of my body; and yet, turn as I would, my eyes would keep coming back to it, such fascination has the grewsome and the terrible for us.

The space occupied by the platforms and the stake was kept open by a wall of English soldiery, standing elbow to elbow, erect and stalwart figures, fine and sightly in their polished steel; while from behind them on every hand stretched far away a level plain of human heads; and there was no window and no house-top within our view, howsoever distant, but was black with patches and masses of people.

But there was no noise, no stir; it was as if the world was dead. The impressiveness of this silence and solemnity was deepened by a leaden twilight, for the sky was hidden by a pall of low-hanging storm-clouds; and above the remote horizon faint winkings of heat-lightning played, and now and then one caught the dull mutterings and complainings of distant thunder.

At last the stillness was broken. From beyond the square rose an indistinct sound, but familiar—curt, crisp phrases of command; next I saw the plain of heads dividing, and the steady swing of a marching host was glimpsed between. My heart leaped, for a moment. Was it La Hire and his hellions? No—that was not their gait. No, it was the prisoner and her escort; it was Joan of Arc, under guard, that was coming; my spirits sank as low as they had been before. Weak as she was, they made her walk; they would increase her weakness all they could. The distance was not great—it was but a few hundred yards—but short as it was it was a heavy tax upon one who had been lying chained in one spot for months, and whose feet had lost their powers from inaction. Yes, and for a year Joan had known only the cool damps of a dungeon, and now she was dragging herself through this sultry summer heat, this airless and suffocating void. As she entered the gate, drooping with exhaustion, there was that creature Loyseleur at her side with his head bent to her ear. We knew afterwards that he had been with her again this morning in the prison wearying her with his persuasions and enticing her with false promises, and that he was now still at the same work at the gate, imploring her to yield everything that would be required of her, and assuring her that if she would do this all would be well with her: she would be rid of the dreaded English and find safety in the powerful shelter and protection of the Church. A miserable man, a stony-hearted man!

The moment Joan was seated on the platform she closed her eyes and allowed her chin to fall; and so sat, with her hands nestled in her lap, indifferent to everything, caring for nothing but rest. And she was so white again; white as alabaster.

How the faces of that packed mass of humanity lighted up with interest, and with what intensity all eyes gazed upon this fragile girl! And how natural it was; for these people realized that at last they were looking upon that person whom they had so long hungered to see; a person whose name and fame filled all Europe, and made all other names and all other renowns insignificant by comparison: Joan of Arc, the wonder of the time, and destined to be the wonder of all times! And I could read as by print, in their marvelling countenances, the words that were drifting through their minds: "Can it be true; is it believable, that it is this little creature, this girl, this child with the good face, the sweet face, the beautiful face, the dear and bonny face, that has carried fortresses by storm, charged at the head of victorious armies, blown the might of England out of her path with a breath, and fought a long campaign, solitary and alone, against the massed brains and learning of France,—



THE MAID OF ORLEANS.
From the statue by Fremiet.

and had won it if the fight had been fair!"

Evidently Cauchon had grown afraid of Manchon because of his pretty apparent leanings toward Joan, for another recorder was in the chief place, here, which left my master and me nothing to do but to sit idle and look on.

Well, I supposed that everything had been done which could be thought of to tire Joan's body and mind, but it was a mistake; one more device had been invented. This was to preach a long sermon to her in that oppressive heat.

When the preacher began, she cast up one distressed and disappointed look, then dropped her head again. This preacher was Guillaume Erard, an oratorical celebrity. He got his text from the Twelve Lies. He emptied upon Joan all the calumnies, in detail, that had been bottled up in that mess of venom, and called

her all the brutal names that the Twelve were labelled with, working himself into a whirlwind of fury as he went on; but his labors were wasted, she seemed lost in dreams, she made no sign, she did not seem to hear. At last he launched this apostrophe:

"O France, how hast thou been abused! Thou hadst always been the home of Christianity; but now, Charles, who calls himself thy King and governor, endorses like the heretic and schismatic that he is, the words and deeds of a worthless and infamous woman!" Joan raised her head, and her eyes began to burn and flash. The preacher turned toward her: "It is to you, Joan, that I speak, and I tell you that your King is schismatic and a heretic!"

Ah, he might abuse *her* to his heart's content; she could endure that; but to her dying moment she could never hear in patience a word against that ingrate, that treacherous dog our King, whose proper place was here, at this moment, sword in hand, routing these reptiles and saving this most noble servant that ever King had in this world—and he *would* have been there if he had not been what I have called him. Joan's loyal soul was outraged, and she turned upon the preacher and flung out a few words with a spirit which the crowd recognized as being in accordance with the Joan of Arc traditions—

"By my faith, sir! I make bold to say and swear, on pain of death, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and the best lover of the faith and the Church!"

There was an explosion of applause from the crowd — which angered the preacher, for he had been aching long to hear an expression like this, and now that it was come at last it had fallen to the wrong person: he had done all the work; the other had carried off all the spoil. He stamped his foot and shouted to the sheriff—

"Make her shut up!"

That made the crowd laugh.

A mob has small respect for a grown man who has to call on a sheriff to protect him from a sick girl.

Joan had damaged the preacher's cause more with one sentence than he had helped it with a hundred; so he was much put out, and had trouble to get a good start again. But he needn't have bothered; there was no occasion. It was mainly an English-feeling mob. It had but obeyed a law of our nature—an irresistible law—to enjoy and applaud a spirited and promptly delivered retort, no matter who makes it. The mob was with the preacher; it had been beguiled for a moment, but only that; it would soon return. It was there to see this girl burnt; so that it got that satisfaction—without too much delay—it would be content.

Presently the preacher formally summoned Joan to submit to the Church. He made the demand with confidence, for he had gotten the idea from Loyseleur and Beaupère that she was worn to the bone, exhausted, and would not be able to put forth any more resistance; and indeed, to look at her it seemed that they must be right. Nevertheless, she made one more effort to hold her ground, and said, wearily—

"As to that matter, I have answered my judges before. I have told them to report all that I have said and done to our holy Father the Pope—to whom, and to God first, I appeal."

Again, out of her native wisdom, she had brought those words of tremendous import, but was ignorant of their value. But they could have availed her nothing in any case, now, with the stake there and these thousands of enemies about her. Yet they made every churchman there blench, and the preacher changed the subject with all haste. Well might those criminals blench, for Joan's appeal of her case to the Pope stripped Cauchon at once of jurisdiction over it, and annulled all that he and his judges had already done in the matter, and all that they should do in it thenceforth.

Joan went on presently to reiterate, after some further talk, that she had acted by command of God in her deeds and utterances; then, when an attempt was made to implicate the King, and friends of hers and his, she stopped that. She said—

"I charge my deeds and words upon no one, neither upon my King nor any other. If there is any fault in them, I am responsible and no other."

She was asked if she would not recant those of her words and deeds which had been pronounced evil by her judges. Her answer made confusion and damage again:

"I submit them to God and the Pope."

The Pope once more! It was very embarrassing. Here was a person who was asked to submit her case to the Church, and who frankly consents—offers to submit it to the very head of it. What more could any one require? How was one to answer such a formidably unanswerable answer as that?

The worried judges put their heads together and whispered and planned and discussed. Then they brought forth this sufficiently shambling conclusion—but it was the best they could do, in so close a place: they said the Pope was so far away; and it was not necessary to go to him, anyway, because these present judges had sufficient power and authority to deal with the present case, and were in effect "the Church" to that extent. At another time they could have smiled at this conceit, but not now; they were not comfortable enough, now.

The mob was getting impatient. It was beginning to put on a threatening aspect; it was tired standing, tired of the scorching heat; and the thunder was coming nearer, the lightning was flashing brighter. It was necessary to hurry this matter to a close. Erard showed Joan a written form, which had been prepared and made all ready beforehand, and asked her to abjure.

"Abjure? What is abjure?"

She did not know the word. It was explained to her by Massieu. She tried to understand, but she was breaking, under exhaustion, and she could not gather the meaning. It was all a jumble and confusion of strange words. In her despair she sent out this beseeching cry—

"I appeal to the Church universal whether I ought to abjure or no!"

Erard exclaimed—

"You shall abjure instantly, or instantly be burnt!"

She glanced up, at those awful words, and for the first time she saw the stake and the mass of red coals—redder and angrier than ever, now, under the constantly deepening storm-gloom. She gasped and staggered up out of her seat, muttering and mumbling incoherently, and gazed vacantly upon the people and the scene about her like one who is dazed, or thinks he dreams, and does not know where he is.

The priests crowded about her imploring her to sign the paper, there were many voices beseeching and urging her at once, there was great turmoil and shouting and excitement, amongst the populace and everywhere.

"Sign! sign!" from the priests; "sign—sign and be saved!" And Loyseleur was urging at her ear, "Do as I told you—do not destroy yourself!"

Joan said plaintively to these people—

"Ah, you do not do well to seduce me."

The judges joined their voices to the others. Yes, even the iron in *their* hearts melted, and they said—

"Oh, Joan, we pity you so! Take back what you have said, or we must deliver you up to punishment."

And now there was another voice—it was from the other platform—pealing solemnly above the din: Cauchon's—reading the sentence of death!

Joan's strength was all spent. She stood looking about her in a bewildered way a moment, then slowly she sunk to her knees, and bowed her head and said—

"I submit."

They gave her no time to reconsider—they knew the peril of that. The moment the words were out of her mouth Massieu was reading to her the abjuration, and she was repeating the words after him mechanically, unconsciously—and *smiling;* for her wandering mind was far away in some happier world.

Then this short paper of six lines was slipped aside and a long one of many pages was smuggled into its place, and she, noting nothing, put her mark to it, saying, in pathetic apology, that she did not know how to write. But a secretary of the King of England was there to take care of that defect; he guided her hand with his own, and wrote her name—*Jehanne.*

The great crime was accomplished. She had signed—what? She did not know—but the others knew. She had signed a paper confessing herself a sorceress, a dealer with devils, a liar, a blasphemer of God and His angels, a lover of blood, a promoter of sedition, cruel, wicked, commissioned of Satan; and this signature of hers bound her to resume the dress of a woman. There were other promises, but that one would answer, without the others; that one could be made to destroy her.

Loyseleur pressed forward and praised her for having done "such a good day's work."

But she was still dreamy, she hardly heard.

Then Cauchon pronounced the words which dissolved the excommunication and restored her to her beloved Church, with all the dear privileges of worship. Ah, she heard that! You could see it in the deep gratitude that rose in her face and transfigured it with joy.

But how transient was that happiness! For Cauchon, without a tremor of pity in his voice, added these crushing words—

"And that she may repent of her crimes and repeat them no more, she is sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of affliction and the water of anguish!"

Perpetual imprisonment! She had never dreamed of that—such a thing had never been hinted to her by Loyseleur or by any other. Loyseleur had distinctly said and promised that "all would be well with her." And the very last words spoken to her by Erard, on that very platform, when he was urging her to abjure, was a straight, unqualified promise —that if she would do it she should *go free from captivity.*

She stood stunned and speechless a moment; then she remembered, with such solacement as the thought could furnish, that by another clear promise — a promise made by Cauchon himself—she would at least be the Church's captive, and have women about her in place of a brutal foreign soldiery. So she turned to the body of priests and said, with a sad resignation—

"Now, you men of the Church, take me to your prison, and leave me no longer in the hands of the English;" and she gathered up her chains and prepared to move.

But alas, now came these shameful words from Cauchon—and with them a mocking laugh:

"Take her to the prison whence she came!"

Poor abused girl! She stood dumb, smitten, paralyzed. It was pitiful to see. She had been beguiled, lied to, betrayed; she saw it all, now.

The rumbling of a drum broke upon the stillness, and for just one moment she thought of the glorious deliverance promised by her Voices—I read it in the rapture that lit her face; then she saw what it was—her prison escort—and that light faded, never to revive again. And now her head began a piteous rocking motion, swaying slowly, this way and that, as is the way when one is suffering unwordable pain, or when one's heart is broken; then drearily she went from us, with her face in her hands, and sobbing bitterly.

CHAPTER X.

THERE is no certainty that any one in all Rouen was in the secret of the deep game which Cauchon was playing except the Cardinal of Winchester. Then you can imagine the astonishment and stupefaction of that vast mob gathered there and those crowds of churchmen assembled on the two platforms, when they saw Joan of Arc moving away, alive and whole—slipping out of their grip at last, after all this tedious waiting, all this tantalizing expectancy.

Nobody was able to stir or speak, for a while, so paralyzing was the universal astonishment, so unbelievable the fact that the stake was actually standing there unoccupied and its prey gone. Then suddenly everybody broke into a fury of rage; maledictions and charges of treachery began to fly freely; yes, and even stones: a stone came near killing the Cardinal of Winchester—it just missed his head. But the man who threw it was not to blame, for he was excited, and a person who is excited never can throw straight.

The tumult was very great indeed, for a while. In the midst of it a chaplain of the Cardinal even forgot the proprieties so far as to opprobriously assail the august Bishop of Beauvais himself, shaking his fist in his face and shouting:
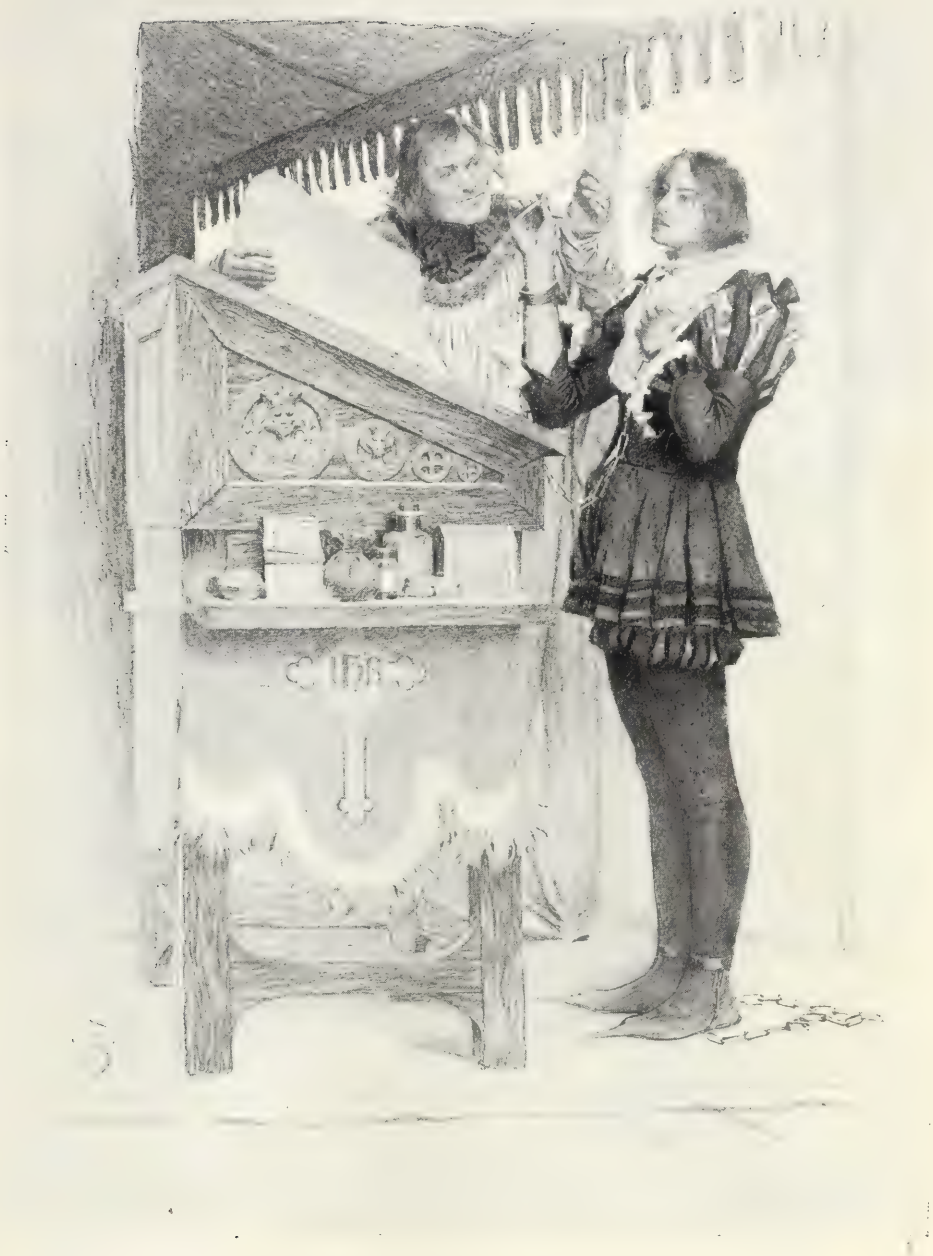
"By God, you are a traitor!"

"You lie!" responded the Bishop.

He a traitor! Oh, far from it; he certainly was the last Frenchman that any Briton had a right to bring that charge against.

The Earl of Warwick lost his temper, too. He was a doughty soldier, but when it came to the intellectuals—when it came to delicate chicane, and scheming, and trickery — he couldn't see any further through a millstone than another. So he burst out in his frank warrior fashion, and swore that the King of England was being treacherously used, and that Joan of Arc was going to be allowed to cheat the stake. But they whispered comfort into his ear—

"Give yourself no uneasiness, my lord; we shall soon have her again."



JOAN SIGNS THE LIST OF ACCUSATIONS.

Do you think the exhausted prisoner was allowed to rest and sleep after she had spent the small remnant of her strength in dragging her tired body back to the dungeon?

No; there was no rest for her, with those sleuth-hounds on her track. Cauchon and some of his people followed her to her lair, straightway; they found her dazed and dull, her mental and physical forces in a state of prostration. They told her she had abjured; that she had made certain promises—among them, to resume the apparel of her sex; and that if she relapsed, the Church would cast her out for good and all. She heard the words, but they had no meaning to her. She was like a person who has taken a narcotic and is dying for sleep, dying for rest from nagging, dying to be let alone, and who mechanically does everything the persecutor asks, taking but dull note of the things done, and but dully recording them in the memory. And so Joan put on the gown which Cauchon and his people had brought; and would come to herself by-and-by, and have at first but a dim idea as to when and how the change had come about.

Cauchon went away happy and content. Joan had resumed woman's dress without protest; also she had been for-

mally warned against relapsing. He had witnesses to these facts. How could matters be better?

But suppose she should *not* relapse?

Why, then she must be forced to do it.

Did Cauchon hint to the English guards that thenceforth if they chose to make their prisoner's captivity crueler and bitterer than ever, no official notice would be taken of it? Perhaps so; since the guards did begin that policy at once, and no official notice *was* taken of it. Yes, from that moment Joan's life in that dungeon was made almost unendurable. Do not ask me to enlarge upon it. I will not do it.

CHAPTER XI.

FRIDAY and Saturday were happy days for Noël and me. Our minds were full of our splendid dream of France aroused —France shaking her mane—France on the march—France at the gates—Rouen in ashes, and Joan free! Our imagination was on fire; we were delirious with pride and joy. For we were very young, as I have said.

We knew nothing about what had been happening in the dungeon the yester-afternoon. We supposed that as Joan had abjured and been taken back into the forgiving bosom of the Church, she was being gently used, now, and her captivity made as pleasant and comfortable for her as the circumstances would allow. So, in high contentment, we planned out our share in the great rescue, and fought our part of the fight over and over again during those two happy days—as happy days as ever I have known.

Sunday morning came. I was awake, enjoying the balmy, lazy weather, and thinking. Thinking of the rescue—what else? I had no other thought now. I was absorbed in that, drunk with the happiness of it.

I heard a voice shouting, far down the street, and soon it came nearer, and I caught the words—

"*Joan of Arc has relapsed! The witch's time has come!*"

It stopped my heart, it turned my blood to ice. That was more than sixty years ago, but that triumphant note rings as clear in my memory to-day as it rang in my ear that long-vanished summer morning. We are so strangely made; the memories that could make us happy pass away; it is the memories that break our hearts that abide.

Soon other voices took up that cry—tens, scores, hundreds of voices; all the world seemed filled with the brutal joy of it. And there were other clamors—the clatter of rushing feet, merry congratulations, bursts of coarse laughter, the rolling of drums, the boom and crash of distant bands profaning the sacred day with the music of victory and thanksgiving.

About the middle of the afternoon came a summons for Manchon and me to go to Joan's dungeon—a summons from Cauchon. But by that time distrust had already taken possession of the English and their soldiery again, and all Rouen was in an angry and threatening mood. We could see plenty evidences of this from our own windows—fist-shaking, black looks, tumultuous tides of furious men billowing by, along the street.

And we learned that up at the castle things were going very badly indeed; that there was a great mob gathered there who considered the relapse a lie and a priestly trick, and among them many half-drunk English soldiers. Moreover, these people had gone beyond words. They had laid hands upon a number of churchmen who were trying to enter the castle, and it had been difficult work to rescue them and save their lives.

And so Manchon refused to go. He said he would not go a step without a safeguard from Warwick. So next morning Warwick sent an escort of soldiers, and then we went. Matters had not grown peacefuler meantime, but worse. The soldiers protected us from bodily damage, but as we passed through the great mob at the castle we were assailed with insults and shameful epithets. I bore it well enough, though, and said to myself, with secret satisfaction, "In three or four short days, my lads, you will be employing your tongues in a different sort from this—and I shall be there to hear."

To my mind these were as good as dead men. How many of them would still be alive after the rescue that was coming? Not more than enough to amuse the executioner a short half-hour, certainly.

It turned out that the report was true. Joan had relapsed. She was sitting there in her chains, clothed again in her male attire.

She accused nobody. That was her way. It was not in her character to hold a servant to account for what his

master had made him do, and her mind had cleared, now, and she knew that the advantage which had been taken of her the previous morning had its origin, not in the subordinate, but in the master—Cauchon.

Here is what had happened. While Joan slept, in the early morning of Sunday, one of the guards stole her female apparel and put her male attire in its place. When she woke she asked for the other dress, but the guards refused to give it back. She protested, and said she was forbidden to wear the male dress. But they continued to refuse. She had to have clothing, for modesty's sake; moreover, she saw that she could not save her life if she must fight for it against treacheries like this; so she put on the forbidden garments, knowing what the end would be. She was weary of the struggle, poor thing.

We had followed in the wake of Cauchon, the Vice-Inquisitor, and the others —six or eight—and when I saw Joan sitting there, despondent, forlorn, and still in chains, when I was expecting to find her situation so different, I did not know what to make of it. The shock was very great. I had doubted the relapse, perhaps; possibly I had believed in it, but had not realized it.

Cauchon's victory was complete. He had had a harassed and irritated and disgusted look for a long time, but that was all gone now, and contentment and serenity had taken its place. His purple face was full of tranquil and malicious happiness. He went trailing his robes and stood grandly in front of Joan, with his legs apart, and remained so more than a minute, gloating over her and enjoying the sight of this poor ruined creature, who had won so lofty a place for him in the service of the meek and merciful Jesus, Saviour of the World, Lord of the Universe—in case England kept her promise to him, who kept no promises himself.

Presently the judges began to question Joan. One of them, named Marguerie, who was a man with more insight than prudence, remarked upon Joan's change of clothing, and said—

"There is something suspicious about this. How could it have come about without connivance on the part of others? Perhaps even something worse?"

"Thousand devils!" screamed Cauchon, in a fury. "Will you shut your mouth?"

"Armagnac! Traitor!" shouted the soldiers on guard, and made a rush for Marguerie with their lances levelled. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was saved from being run through the body. He made no more attempts to help the inquiry, poor man. The other judges proceeded with the questionings.

"Why have you resumed this male habit?"

I did not quite catch her answer, for just then a soldier's halberd slipped from his fingers and fell on the stone floor with a crash; but I thought I understood Joan to say that she had resumed it of her own motion.

"But you have promised and sworn that you would not go back to it."

I was full of anxiety to hear her answer to that question; and when it came it was just what I was expecting. She said—quite quietly—

"I have never intended and never understood myself to swear I would not resume it."

There—I had been sure, all along, that she did not know what she was doing and saying on the platform Thursday, and this answer of hers was proof that I had not been mistaken. Then she went on to add this—

"But I had a right to resume it, because the promises made to me have not been kept—promises that I should be allowed to go to mass, and receive the communion, and that I should be freed from the bondage of these chains—but they are still upon me, as you see."

"Nevertheless, you have abjured, and have especially promised to return no more to the dress of a man."

Then Joan held out her fettered hands sorrowfully toward these unfeeling men and said—

"I would rather die than continue so. But if they may be taken off, and if I may hear mass, and be removed to a penitential prison, and have a woman about me, I will be good, and will do what shall seem good to you that I do."

Cauchon sniffed scoffingly at that. Honor the compact which he and his had made with her? Fulfil its conditions? What need of that? Conditions had been a good thing to concede, temporarily, and for advantage; but they had served their turn—let something of a fresher sort and

of more consequence be considered. The resumption of the male dress was sufficient for all practical purposes, but perhaps Joan could be led to add something to that fatal crime. So Cauchon asked her if her Voices had spoken to her since Thursday—and he reminded her of her abjuration.

"Yes," she answered; and then it came out that the Voices had talked with her about the abjuration—*told* her about it, I suppose. She guilelessly reasserted the heavenly origin of her mission, and did it with the untroubled mien of one who was not conscious that she had ever knowingly repudiated it. So I was convinced once more that she had had no notion of what she was doing that Thursday morning on the platform. Finally she said, "My voices told me I did very wrong to confess that what I had done was not well." Then she sighed, and said with simplicity, "But it was the fear of the fire that made me do so."

That is, fear of the fire had made her sign a paper whose contents she had not understood then, but understood, now, by revelation of her Voices and by testimony of her persecutors.

She was sane now, and not exhausted; her courage had come back, and with it her inborn loyalty to the truth. She was bravely and serenely speaking it again, knowing that it would deliver her body up to that very fire which had such terrors for her.

That answer of hers was quite long, quite frank, wholly free from concealments or palliations. It made me shudder; I knew she was pronouncing sentence of death upon herself. So did poor Manchon. And he wrote in the margin abreast of it—

RESPONSIO MORTIFERA.

Fatal answer. Yes, all present knew that it was indeed a fatal answer. Then there fell a silence such as falls in a sick-room when the watchers by the dying draw a deep breath and say softly one to another, "All is over."

Here, likewise, all was over; but after some moments Cauchon, wishing to clinch this matter and make it final, put this question—

"Do you still believe that your Voices are St. Marguerite and St. Catharine?"

"Yes—and that they come from God."

"Yet you denied them on the scaffold?"

Then she made direct and clear affirmation that she had never had any intention to deny them; and that if—I noted the *if*—"if she had made some retractions and revocations on the scaffold it was from fear of the fire, and was a violation of the truth."

There it is again, you see. She certainly never knew what it was she had done on the scaffold until she was told of it afterward by these people and by her Voices.

And now she closed this most painful scene with these words; and there was a weary note in them that was pathetic—

"I would rather do my penance all at once; let me die. I cannot endure captivity any longer."

The spirit born for sunshine and liberty so longed for release that it would take it in any form, even that.

Several among the company of judges went from the place troubled and sorrowful, the others in another mood. In the court of the castle we found the Earl of Warwick and fifty English waiting, impatient for news. As soon as Cauchon saw them he shouted—*laughing*—think of a man destroying a friendless poor girl and then having the heart to laugh at it:

"Make yourselves comfortable—it's all over with her!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE young can sink into abysses of despondency, and it was so with Noël and me, now; but the hopes of the young are quick to rise again, and it was so with ours. We called back that vague promise of the Voices, and said the one to the other that the glorious release was to happen at "the last moment"—"that other time was not the last moment, but this is; it will happen now; the King will come, La Hire will come, and with them our veterans, and behind them all France!" And so we were full of heart again, and could already hear, in fancy, that stirring music the clash of steel and the war-cries and the uproar of the onset, and in fancy see our prisoner free, her chains gone, her sword in her hand.

But this dream was to pass also, and come to nothing. Late at night, when Manchon came in, he said—

"I am come from the dungeon, and I have a message for you from that poor child."

A message to me! If he had been noticing I think he would have discovered me—discovered that my indifference concerning the prisoner was a pretence; for I was caught off my guard, and was so moved and so exalted to be so honored by her that I must have shown my feeling in my face and manner.

"A message for me, your reverence?"

"Yes. It is something she wishes done. She said she had noticed the young man who helps me, and that he had a good face; and did I think he would do a kindness for her? I said I knew you would, and asked her what it was, and she said a letter—would you write a letter to her mother? And I said you would. But I said I would do it myself, and gladly; but she said no, that my labors were heavy, and she thought the young man would not mind the doing of this service for one not able to do it for herself, she not knowing how to write. Then I would have sent for you, and at that the sadness vanished out of her face. Why, it was as if she was going to see a friend, poor friendless thing. But I was not permitted. I did my best, but the orders remain as strict as ever, the doors are closed against all but officials; as before, none but officials may speak to her. So I went back and told her, and she sighed, and was sad again. Now this is what she begs you to write to her mother. It is partly a strange message, and to me means nothing, but she said her mother would understand. You will 'convey her adoring love to her family and her village friends, and say there will be no rescue, for that this night—and it is the third time in the twelvemonth, and is final—she has seen The Vision of the Tree.'"



CAUCHON ACCUSES JOAN OF VIOLATING HER OATH.

"How strange!"

"Yes, it *is* strange, but that is what she said; and said her parents would understand. And for a little time she was lost in dreams and thinkings, and her lips moved, and I caught in her mutterings these lines, which she said over two or three times, and they seemed to bring peace and contentment to her. I set them down, thinking they might have some connection with her letter and be useful; but it was not so; they were a mere memory, floating idly in a tired mind, and they have no meaning, at least no relevancy."

I took the piece of paper, and found what I knew I should find:

"And when in exile wand'ring we
Shall fainting yearn for glimpse of thee,
O rise upon our sight!"

There was no hope any more. I knew it now. I knew that Joan's letter was a message to Noël and me, as well as to her family, and that its object was to banish vain hopes from our minds and tell us from her own mouth of the blow that was going to fall upon us, so that we, being her soldiers, would know it for a command to bear it as became us and her, and so submit to the will of God; and in thus obeying, find assuagement of our grief. It was like her, for she was always thinking of others, not of herself. Yes, her heart was sore for us; she could find time to think of us, the humblest of her servants, and try to soften our pain, lighten the burden of our troubles,—she that was drinking of the bitter waters; she that was walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

I wrote the letter. You will know what it cost me, without my telling you. I wrote it with the same wooden stylus which had put upon parchment the first words ever dictated by Joan of Arc—that high summons to the English to vacate France, two years past, when she was a lass of seventeen; it had now set down the last ones which she was ever to dictate. Then I broke it. For the pen that had served Joan of Arc could not serve any that would come after her in this earth without abasement.

The next day, May 29th, Cauchon summoned his serfs, and forty-two responded. It is charitable to believe that the other twenty were ashamed to come. The forty-two pronounced her a relapsed heretic, and condemned her to be delivered over to the secular arm. Cauchon thanked them. Then he sent orders that Joan be conveyed the next morning to the place known as the Old Market; and that she be then delivered to the civil judge, and by the civil judge to the executioner. That meant that she would be burnt.

All the afternoon and evening of Tuesday the 29th the news was flying, and the people of the country-side flocking to Rouen to see the tragedy—all, at least, who could prove their English sympathies and count upon admission. The press grew thicker and thicker in the streets, the excitement grew higher and higher. And now a thing was noticeable again which had been noticeable more than once before—that there was pity for Joan in the hearts of many of these people. Whenever she had been in great danger it had manifested itself, and now it was apparent again—manifest in a pathetic dumb sorrow which was visible in many faces.

Early the next morning, Wednesday, Martin Ladvenu and another friar were sent to Joan to prepare her for death; and Manchon and I went with them—a hard service for me. We tramped through the dim corridors, winding this way and that, and piercing ever deeper and deeper into that vast heart of stone, and at last we stood before Joan. But she did not know it. She sat with her hands in her lap and her head bowed, thinking, and her face was very sad. One might not know what she was thinking of. Of her home, and the peaceful pastures, and the friends she was no more to see? Of her wrongs, and her forsaken estate, and the cruelties which had been put upon her? Or was it of death—the death which she had longed for, and which was now so close? Or was it of the *kind* of death she must suffer? I hoped not; for she feared only one kind, and that one had for her unspeakable terrors. I believed she so feared that one that with her strong will she would shut the thought of it wholly out of her mind, and hope and believe that God would take pity on her and grant her an easier one; and so it might chance that the awful news which we were bringing might come as a surprise to her, at last.

We stood silent awhile, but she was still unconscious of us, still deep in her sad musings and far away. Then Martin Ladvenu said, softly—

"Joan."

She looked up then, with a little start, and a wan smile, and said—

"Speak. Have you a message for me?"

"Yes, my poor child. Try to bear it. Do you think you can bear it?"

"Yes"—very softly, and her head drooped again.

"I am come to prepare you for death."

A faint shiver trembled through her wasted body. There was a pause. In the stillness we could hear our breathings. Then she said, still in that low voice—

"When will it be?"

The muffled notes of a tolling bell floated to our ears out of the distance.

"Now. The time is at hand."

That slight shiver passed again.

"It is so soon—ah, it is so soon!"

There was a long silence. The distant throbbings of the bell pulsed through it, and we stood motionless and listening. But it was broken at last—

"What death is it?"

"By fire!"

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it!" She sprang wildly to her feet, and wound her hands in her hair, and began to writhe and sob, oh, so piteously, and mourn and grieve and lament, and turn to first one and then another of us, and search our faces beseechingly, as hoping she might find help and friendliness there, poor thing—she that had never denied these to any creature, even her wounded enemy on the battle-field.

"Oh, cruel, cruel, to treat me so! And must my body, that has never been defiled, be consumed to-day and turned to ashes? Ah, sooner would I that my head were cut off seven times than suffer this woful death. I had the promise of the Church's prison when I submitted, and if I had but been there, and not left here in the hands of my enemies, this miserable fate had not befallen me. Oh, I appeal to God the Great Judge, against the injustice which has been done me."

There was none there that could endure it. They turned away, with the tears running down their faces. In a moment I was on my knees at her feet. At once she thought only of my danger, and bent and whispered in my ear: "Up!—do not peril yourself, good heart. There—God bless you always!" and I felt the quick clasp of her hand. Mine was the last hand she touched with hers in life. None saw it; history does not know of it or tell of it, yet it is true, just as I have told it. The next moment she saw Cauchon coming, and she went and stood before him and reproached him, saying—

"Bishop, it is by you that I die!"

He was not ashamed, not touched; but said, smoothly—

"Ah, be patient, Joan. You die because you have not kept your promise, but have returned to your sins."

"Alas," she said, "if you had put me in the Church's prison, and given me right and proper keepers, as you promised, this would not have happened. And for this I summon you to answer before God!"

Then Cauchon winced, and looked less placidly content than before, and he turned him about and went away.

Joan stood awhile musing. She grew calmer, but occasionally she wiped her eyes, and now and then sobs shook her body; but their violence was modifying now, and the intervals between them were growing longer. Finally she looked up and saw Pierre Maurice, who had come in with the Bishop, and she said to him—

"Master Peter, where shall I be this night?"

"Have you not good hope in God?"

"Yes—and by his grace I shall be in Paradise."

Now Martin Ladvenu heard her in confession; then she begged for the sacrament. But how grant the communion to one who had been publicly cut off from the Church, and was now no more entitled to its privileges than an unbaptized pagan? The brother could not do this, but he sent to Cauchon to inquire what he must do. All laws, human and divine, were alike to that man—he respected none of them. He sent back orders to grant Joan whatever she wished. Her last speech to him had reached his fears, perhaps: it could not reach his heart, for he had none.

The Eucharist was brought now to that poor soul that had yearned for it with such unutterable longing all these desolate months. It was a solemn moment. While we had been in the deeps of the prison, the public courts of the castle had been filling up with crowds of the humbler sort of men and women, who had learned what was going on in Joan's cell, and had come with softened hearts to do—they knew not what; to hear—they knew not what. We knew nothing of this, for



THE MARTYRDOM OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

they were out of our view. And there were other great crowds of the like caste gathered in masses outside the castle gates. And when the lights and the other accompaniments of the Sacrament passed by, coming to Joan in the prison, all those multitudes kneeled down and began to pray for her, and many wept; and when the solemn ceremony of the communion began in Joan's cell, out of the distance a moving sound was borne moaning to our ears — it was those invisible multitudes chanting the litany for a departing soul.

The fear of the fiery death was gone from Joan of Arc now, to come again no more, except for one fleeting instant— then it would pass, and serenity and courage would take its place and abide till the end.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT nine o'clock the Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France, went forth in the grace of her innocence and her youth to lay down her life for the country she loved with such devotion, and for the King that had abandoned her. She sat in the cart that is used only for felons. In one respect she was treated worse than a felon; for whereas she was on her way to be sentenced by the civil arm, she already bore her judgment inscribed in advance upon a mitre-shaped cap which she wore:

HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, IDOLATER.

In the cart with her sat the friar Martin Ladvenu and Maître Jean Massieu. She looked girlishly fair and sweet and saintly in her long white robe, and when a gush of sunlight flooded her as she emerged from the gloom of the prison and was yet for a moment still framed in the arch of the sombre gate, the massed multitudes of poor folk murmured "A vision! a vision!" and sunk to their knees praying, and many of the women weeping; and the moving invocation for the dying rose again, and was taken up and borne along, a majestic wave of sound, which accompanied the doomed, solacing and blessing her, all the sorrowful way to the place of death. "Christ have pity! Saint Margaret have pity! Pray for her, all ye saints, archangels, and blessed martyrs, pray for her! Saints and angels intercede for her! From thy wrath, good Lord, deliver her! O Lord God, save her! Have mercy on her, we beseech Thee, good Lord!"

It is just and true, what one of the histories has said: "The poor and the helpless had nothing but their prayers to give Joan of Arc; but these we may believe were not unavailing. There are few more pathetic events recorded in history than this weeping, helpless, praying crowd, holding their lighted candles and kneeling on the pavement beneath the prison walls of the old fortress."

And it was so all the way: thousands upon thousands massed upon their knees and stretching far down the distances, thick-sown with the faint yellow candle-flames, like a field starred with golden flowers.

But there were some that did not kneel; these were the English soldiers. They stood elbow to elbow, on each side of Joan's road, and walled it in, all the way; and behind these living walls knelt the multitudes.

By-and-by a frantic man in priest's garb came wailing and lamenting, and tore through the crowd and the barrier of soldiers and flung himself on his knees by Joan's cart and put up his hands in supplication, crying out—

"O, forgive, forgive!"

It was Loyseleur!

And Joan forgave him; forgave him out of a heart that knew nothing but forgiveness, nothing but compassion, nothing but pity for all that suffer, let their offence be what it might. And she had no word of reproach for this poor wretch who had wrought day and night with deceits and treacheries and hypocrisies to betray her to her death.

The soldiers would have killed him, but the Earl of Warwick saved his life. What became of him is not known. He hid himself from the world somewhere, to endure his remorse as he might.

In the square of the Old Market stood the two platforms and the stake that had stood before in the church-yard of St. Ouen. The platforms were occupied as before, the one by Joan and her judges, the other by great dignitaries, the principal being Cauchon and the English Cardinal--Winchester. The square was packed with people, the windows and roofs of the blocks of buildings surrounding it were black with them.

When the preparations had been finished, all noise and movement gradually ceased, and a waiting stillness followed which was solemn and impressive.

And now, by order of Cauchon, an ecclesiastic named Nicholas Midi preached a sermon, wherein he explained that when a branch of the vine—which is the Church—becomes diseased and corrupt, it must be cut away or it will corrupt and destroy the whole vine. He made it appear that Joan, through her wickedness, was a menace and a peril to the Church's purity and holiness, and her death therefore necessary. When he was come to the end of his discourse he turned toward her and paused a moment, then he said—

"Joan, the Church can no longer protect you. Go in peace!"

Joan had been placed wholly apart and conspicuous, to signify the Church's abandonment of her, and she sat there in her loneliness, waiting in patience and resignation for the end. Cauchon addressed her now. He had been advised to read the form of her abjuration to her, and had brought it with him; but he changed his mind, fearing that she would proclaim the truth—that she had never knowingly abjured—and so bring shame upon him and eternal infamy. He contented himself with admonishing her to keep in mind her wickednesses, and repent of them, and think of her salvation. Then he solemnly pronounced her excommunicate and cut off from the body of the Church. With a final word he delivered her over to the secular arm for judgment and sentence.

Joan, weeping, knelt and began to pray. For whom? Herself? Oh no—for the King of France. Her voice rose sweet and clear, and penetrated all hearts with its passionate pathos. She never thought of his treacheries to her, she never thought of his desertion of her, she never remembered that it was because he was an ingrate that she was here to die a miserable death; she remembered only that he was her King, that she was his loyal and loving subject, and that his enemies had undermined his cause with evil reports and false charges, and he not by to defend himself. And so, in the very presence of death, she forgot her own troubles to implore all in her hearing to be just to him; to believe that he was good and noble and sincere, and not in any way to blame for any acts of hers, neither advising them nor urging them, but being wholly clear and free of all responsibility for them. Then, closing, she begged in humble and touching words that all here present would pray for her and would pardon her, both her enemies and such as might look friendly upon her and feel pity for her in their hearts.

There was hardly one heart there that was not touched—even the English, even the judges showed it, and there was many a lip that trembled and many an eye that was blurred with tears; yes, even the English Cardinal's—that man with a political heart of stone but a human heart of flesh.

The secular judge who should have delivered judgment and pronounced sentence was himself so disturbed that he forgot his duty, and Joan went to her death unsentenced—thus completing with an illegality what had begun illegally and had so continued to the end. He only said—to the guards—

"Take her;" and to the executioner, "Do your duty."

Joan asked for a cross. None was able to furnish one. But an English soldier broke a stick in two and crossed the pieces and tied them together, and this cross he gave her, moved to it by the good heart that was in him; and she kissed it and put it in her bosom. Then Isambard de la Pierre went to the church near by and brought her a consecrated one; and this one also she kissed, and pressed it to her bosom with rapture, and then kissed it again and again, covering it with tears and pouring out her gratitude to God and the saints.

And so, weeping, and with her cross to her lips, she climbed up the cruel steps to the face of the stake, with the friar Isambard at her side. Then she was helped up to the top of the pile of wood that was built around the lower third of the stake, and stood upon it with her back against the stake, and the world gazing up at her breathless. The executioner ascended to her side and wound chains about her slender body, and so fastened her to the stake. Then he descended to finish his dreadful office; and there she remained alone—she that had had so many friends in the days when she was free, and had been so loved and so dear.

All these things I saw, albeit dimly and blurred with tears; but I could bear no more. I continued in my place, but what I shall deliver to you now I got by others' eyes and others' mouths. Tragic sounds there were that pierced my ears and wounded my heart as I sat there, but it is as I

tell you: the latest image recorded by my eyes in that desolating hour was Joan of Arc with the grace of her comely youth still unmarred; and that image, untouched by time or decay, has remained with me all my days. Now I will go on.

If any thought that now, in that solemn hour when all transgressors repent and confess, she would revoke her revocation and say her great deeds had been evil deeds and Satan and his friends their source, they erred. No such thought was in her blameless mind. She was not thinking of herself and her troubles, but of others, and of woes that might befall them. And so, turning her grieving eyes about her, where rose the towers and spires of that fair city, she said—

"Oh, Rouen, Rouen, must I die here, and must you be my tomb? Ah, Rouen, Rouen, I have great fear that you will suffer for my death."

A whiff of smoke swept upward past her face, and for one moment terror seized her and she cried out, "Water! Give me holy water!" but the next moment her fears were gone, and they came no more to torture her.

She heard the flames crackling below her, and immediately distress for a fellow-creature who was in danger took possession of her. It was the friar Isambard. She had given him her cross and begged him to raise it toward her face and let her eyes rest in hope and consolation upon it till she was entered into the peace of God. She made him go out from the danger of the fire. Then she was satisfied, and said—

"Now keep it always in my sight until the end."

Not even yet could Cauchon, that man without shame, endure to let her die in peace, but went toward her, all black with crimes and sins as he was, and cried out—

"I am come, Joan, to exhort you for the last time to repent and seek the pardon of God."

"I die through you," she said, and these were the last words she spoke to any upon earth.

Then the pitchy smoke, shot through with red flashes of flame, rolled up in a thick volume and hid her from sight; and from the heart of this darkness her voice rose strong and eloquent in prayer, and when by moments the wind shredded somewhat of the smoke aside, there were veiled glimpses of an upturned face and moving lips. At last a merciful swift tide of flame burst upward, and none saw that face any more nor that form, and the voice was still.

Yes, she was gone from us: JOAN OF ARC! What little words they are, to tell of a rich world made empty and poor!

THE END.

THE FINAL WORD.

BY ALFRED H. LOUIS.

HENCE then at last! For the strife is past
Of the Birth and Death, of the Self and Soul;
The memory breaks, the breath forsakes,
The waves of the Æther o'er me roll.
The pulses cease, and the Hours release
Their wearied school of the nerves and brain;
I fall on the Deep of the Mystic Sleep,
Where the Word that is Life can be heard again.
And the fires descend, and my fragments blend,
And the sand of my Being is fused and runs
To the mould of a glass for the rays to pass
Of the Sun of the Centre that rules all suns.
But, or ever I rest, I take from my breast
My blood-drained heart for the tablet white
Of a gospel page to the far-off Age—
O Hand Eternal! Come forth—and write!



THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY.

BY E. A. ALEXANDER.

MADAME DE CHAMPBARON panted up the staircase leading to Duncan's studio. Its six steep flights had nearly worn her out, and even Victoria, who was young and light-footed, had been forced to stop and rest several times during the ascent.

Madame de Champbaron, an American by birth, had married a Frenchman, distinguished for nothing in the world excepting his title of Count and his smallness and rotundity of person; a contented, amiable little man, who lived luxuriously on his wife's money, created no scandals, and regarded her indulgently as a species of half-tamed barbarian.

The Countess was very plain, had large teeth prominently filled with gold, a false and frizzled bang of light hair, and a tendency to wear impossible combinations of color quite unsuited to her age and sallow complexion. She spoke the language of her adopted country fluently, but with a disagreeable accent and a frequent intrusion of American idioms, and her kindliness of disposition and unfailing good-nature somewhat compensated for the vulgarity which years of intimate contact with the members of her husband's family had failed to modify in the least degree.

Her companion on this occasion was a young niece from Nebraska—Nebraska being Madame de Champbaron's native heath—a girl somewhere between nineteen and twenty years of age, to whom the adjective showy was applicable as an appropriate summing up of her whole handsome personality.

Victoria Butt was the typical product of a fashionable boarding-school where girls are successfully finished and turned out into society with a stock of infinitely varied information on every subject excepting those advertised on its prospectus, and on emerging from this establishment she had been consigned to her aunt for a final veneering of Parisian clothes and accomplishments.

Madame de Champbaron undertook the arduous duties of chaperoning this niece with some misgivings, and proceeded to carry them out to the best of her ability. The girl was perfectly independent, her purse was filled to overflowing by her generous parents at home, and she had an unshakable belief in her capacity for taking care of herself, therefore it is almost needless to remark that she scandalized all the De Champbaron connection within a short time after her first arrival in Paris. The Countess could prevent her from venturing out on the streets alone by sending her with a maid, but she could not keep Victoria from saying exactly what she pleased, or from carrying on incipient flirtations with the young men—both French and American—who soon after the girl's arrival began to frequent the De Champbaron salons.

Miss Butt was very vain of her conspicuous good looks, with a good-natured vanity that spent itself principally in elaborate dress, and was not apt to prove offensive, its justification was so evident in her superb figure and almost faultless complexion and features. Quite recently this vanity had taken the form of a desire to have her beauty perpetuated on canvas, and to gratify this whim Madame de Champbaron and Victoria were making a general tour of the studios in search of a suitable painter. Discovery was difficult of accomplishment, for the girl found it hard to make up her mind; she had her own ideas on the subject and refused to be led. Having no real taste or appreciation of anything artistic, she felt an absolute indifference for all the work that she was taken to see. To the greater number of ignorant people fame and celebrity are everything, but Victoria's ideas of what she wanted in the way of a portrait-painter were founded upon the perusal of a number of trashy novels where bohemian painters figure in fictions of wreathed tobacco smoke, glory, and velveteen jackets, and she intended to continue her search until she could discover some one who quite came up to her preconceived notions of what an interesting painter should be; she did not care a fig whether the man of her choice was known or unknown; what she required was a fitting *mise en scène* and a not too unattractive person.

So far she had been unsuccessful, and aunt and niece started out every afternoon with unfailing regularity, and did studios religiously until dark, but as yet Victoria had given no commission. Of course the painters they visited guessed the object of their visits, and it gave Victoria infinite satisfaction to have them flatter and admire her beauty, and flattery and admiration she received to her heart's content.

They had exhausted all the celebrities on their list—a list which the Count had laboriously compiled from old Salon catalogues; he wrote down the author's name and address whenever he found an illustration of a portrait—and they were now reduced to visiting the comparatively unknown—unknown at least to their philistine circle—and after haunting magnificent establishments in fashionable quarters they found themselves turning to less distinguished places, and on this damp, rainy afternoon were pursuing their investigations in the unattractive neighborhood of Montmartre.

A very dingy entrance on the Boulevard de Clichy, with a still more dingy porter's lodge and hallway, had admitted them to the staircase they were now climbing, and up which they toiled wearily in spite of faint protests from Madame de Champbaron, which were always firmly and decidedly set at naught by her more active niece, who mounted on undaunted, although stale odors of onions and cabbage greeted them at each landing, and the higher they mounted the more squalid their surroundings became.

"What could your uncle have been dreaming of to send us here?" protested the Countess, panting heavily.

"It's marked with a cross," said Victoria, consulting a silver-bound memorandum-book she carried in her hand. "Uncle said he would mark all the most attractive ones so. Whenever he found a particularly attractive-looking picture he put down a cross, and opposite the celebrated names too, although, of course, there was no real need of doing that, because we know all about those without being told."

"He never imagined that it would be a place like this, he is so very particular where we go," said Madame de Champbaron, positively.

They were resting on the fifth landing before mounting to the top floor, where the studio was situated, and when they had regained a little composure plodded on again, and were soon rewarded by the sight of a door bearing the name, "Homer Duncan, Artiste Peintre," in writing on a card.

A bell-cord with a mangy tassel hung beside the doorway, and Victoria proceeded to give it a vigorous pull, which sounded a loud gong within. There was a short silence, and then a step approached, and a young man in a paint-besmeared blouse opened the door, and, looking very much surprised at the smartness of his visitors, evidently did not know what to say or do.

Madame de Champbaron, quite equal to the occasion, although she was a little startled at the young fellow's appearance and still rather short of breath, demanded Mr. Duncan.

"I am Mr. Duncan," said the young man.

Victoria was delighted, and in her element at once. Utterly disregarding her aunt's attempts to continue, she announced in her loud clear voice, which, like everything else about her, was showy: "We have come to see your studio," and she marched past him, leading her astonished aunt into the room beyond.

It soon cleared away, disclosing a great high-ceilinged room with a balcony stretching from wall to wall over the door by which they had entered. A narrow stairway gave access to this gallery, from which opened several small doors. Opposite this a large window, with here and there a pane missing, and replaced by a



MADAME DE CHAMPBARON.

It was large and full of tobacco smoke, through which they dimly distinguished the forms of several young men lounging about on chairs and a broad divan, and who all jumped up as the ladies entered.

The Countess had by this time recovered breath enough to introduce herself and her niece to Duncan, who gave them seats, and after a brief but vivid pantomime between himself and his friends, presented the latter to the ladies, and turned to open the window to let out some of the smoke.

strip of paper, showed the sky with the new white church on the summit of Montmartre brilliant against it over intervening roofs. The two remaining walls, and that to which the gallery was attached, were painted gray, and stuck all over with studies and sketches. On the balcony rail hung some dingy bits of drapery; and the stove, placed between the wall and window, had a pipe that looked as if some dangerous missile had been hurled at it over and over again, for it was battered and twisted into all sorts of queer shapes.

Chairs and easels stood about, and an upright piano was open and had music on its desk. A big carved press in one corner was the most substantial piece of furniture, for the chairs all seemed to be in the last stages of dissolution, and Madame de Champbaron felt very insecure on the one she was occupying, and she had her feet on the only rug in the room, which was ragged and made of matting.

Victoria, seated on the divan, which, like the rest of the furniture, was dilapidated, to her aunt's great surprise, was evidently enjoying herself hugely. She laughed and talked with the young men, who had gathered round her at once, leaving Duncan to entertain the Countess, a task he found almost impossible, for she was still feeling the breathless effects of climbing the stairs, and was much overcome by her unusual experience at the top of them. She had never been in such a place before. It looked so poverty-stricken after the stately houses they had visited during the last few days.

Some one suggested a cup of tea, and in spite of a faint demur on the part of her aunt, Victoria insisted that it would be nice to have some before leaving.

A shout from one of the men brought a clumsy boy shambling down from the upper story, and soon the kettle was singing on the stove, and while tea things were being laid out, Victoria, accompanied by the young men, inspected the pictures.

Madame de Champbaron shuddered at the sight of these productions, which showed great talent, although she could not appreciate it. They departed in every respect from the artistic canons to which she was accustomed. Their almost crude coloring and broadness of treatment offended a taste formed on Bouguereau and Cabanel.

Victoria, on the contrary, was not in the least disconcerted by what she saw; she laughed at some things, asked questions about others, and finally electrified her aunt by announcing her intention of having Duncan paint her portrait, much to the delight of his companions and his own helpless confusion.

Victoria carried everything before her; she made all the necessary arrangements for sittings and so forth at the top of her loud voice and with an utter disregard of the young painter's evident embarrassment, and after drinking several cups of tea, which were served in a chipped and harlequin assortment of china, no cup having the slightest relation to the saucer on which it reposed, swept her aunt out of the studio without having given her time to edge in a word since the beginning of their visit.

She had given Duncan a card, on which Miss Victoria Ellen Butt was engraved beneath the name of Madame de Champbaron, and she requested him to call the next day to select from her extensive wardrobe a gown suitable for the portrait.

The Countess sank back into the cushions of her coupé with a snort of indignation, while Victoria, smiling and perfectly self-possessed, took leave of Mr. Duncan and his friends, who had politely insisted upon accompanying the ladies to their carriage.

"What possessed you to do such a mad thing, Victoria?" said Madame de Champbaron as the carriage rolled away. "Your uncle will be very much displeased."

"Now, Aunt Cordelia, don't be huffy about it," said her niece, with determination. "I made up my mind to have it done as soon as I went in. It is dirty, very dirty, but I feel quite sure it is bohemian."

"Mercy!" ejaculated the Countess, and said nothing more, firmly resolving to call her husband sharply to account for sending them to such a place.

That evening, in Duncan's big studio, there were rejoicing, and unlimited beer, and sounds of revelry that lasted well into the night.

Duncan undertook the portrait with some misgivings, urged on by his friends, who hooted down the idea of his giving up his first commission. There were many things to make him feel uneasy. No price had been mentioned, and he was far too timid to introduce the subject himself. He certainly needed money, for although he had a small income, it nearly all went towards paying the rent of his studio, which was large and rather expensive, and which he could not bring himself to give up for smaller quarters. It had been taken when he first came over, and the rent, in comparison with New York prices, seemed ridiculously small. He could only hope that if the portrait was a success, the price offered for it would be proportionately large. His prospective sitter did not attract him, nor could he enthuse over her personal appearance, as

his friends insisted upon doing, but he hoped to paint something not wholly bad, in spite of her crudeness and lack of refinement. His former work had received some attention, and had been called promising by the critics after the exhibition of a portrait painted from a model, and it was probably the reproduction of this picture that had attracted the Count when he was preparing the list of portrait-painters for his niece.

It was with a feeling of some trepidation that Duncan betook himself to the De Champbarons, as he had been requested to do by Victoria, but her greeting was effusive, and her maid laid out dress after dress in bewildering succession, until, amidst a confusion of loud conversation, furbelows, and costly laces, the selection was made and the hour for the first sitting appointed.

Madame de Champbaron remonstrated, but finding Victoria quite firm in her determination, washed her hands of the whole matter. She was civil to the young painter when he came to inspect Victoria's gowns, but absolutely refused to be present at the sittings, sending the girl in charge of a ferocious-looking and ancient *dame de compagnie*, who had descended in the De Champbaron family for several generations.

This chaperonage was rather a relief to Victoria, who felt herself perfectly free with old Madame Louvois, whose forbidding looks masked a yielding and inoffensive nature; and she even went so far as to take that ancient and respectable dame off to a neighboring *brasserie*—this was directly after the close of the first sitting—where Victoria, Duncan, and his friends, who joined them on the boulevard, had "bocks" at little tables on the sidewalk within sight of the flaming façade of the *Moulin Rouge*, and where Victoria's fashionable appearance made the party very conspicuous.

Madame Louvois returned to the De Champbaron mansion after this escapade bathed in tears, and not even the Countess's repeated assurance that she had been in no way to blame, nor Victoria's reluctant promise that the adventure should not be repeated, could console her for what she considered a terrible impropriety.

A brilliant scarlet gown was selected for the portrait, a good deal more *décolleté* than would have been permitted had Victoria been a young French girl. The vivid coloring of the satin matched the red of her lips, which Duncan suspected was not altogether natural, and he was inclined to believe the same of her hair, which was a deep bronze, and heavily and elaborately dressed.

She was very frank and talkative during the sittings, keeping up an almost constant chatter.

"I don't criticise what you are doing, because I don't know the least thing about it," she said. "You have made me look awfully smart, but hardly as good-looking as I had hoped; don't you think you might take off a little from the mouth?—it looks large to me. Now, my brother really knows; he has been all over and studied the thing a lot, and has some awfully nice things in the way of pictures. He could tell you in a jiffy just what was wrong; it must be so nice to have some one round who can tell you where to change things. I want a real elegant frame, you know. I don't think much of those plain flat things on your other pictures. Let's have something expensive, that sticks out and looks rich. I'm quite particular about this portrait, you see, on account of brother's taste. His most intimate friend is an artist; he lives in our town. I am sure you would like him, for he's perfectly fascinating, and paints such sweet things; they are just as good as photographs, and that's saying a great deal, isn't it? Papa thinks heaps of his work, and had him pick out all our pictures for the new parlor. Why, he takes medals wherever he sends his things; you ought to see the one he got at our State fair; it's too sweet for anything, and in the cutest little plush case you ever saw. It's got the Goddess of Liberty holding a palette on one side and 'To the Brave' printed in raised letters on the other. I tell you he values it. Haven't you any medals?" she asked, and Duncan was forced to admit that he had none, and that there was little prospect of his ever being so fortunate in the future, as there were none awarded where he usually exhibited.

"That's queer, and it's too bad," she said, regretfully. "Never mind, we'll send this to the next fair at home, and, you'll see, papa will attend to its taking a medal; why, he's got more influence than any other man in the State."

Duncan's friends hovered about the portrait while it was in progress and fairly



"DRESS AFTER DRESS IN BEWILDERING SUCCESSION."

gloated over it. They assured him that it was superb, and that nothing to compare with it had been produced for years. It certainly was an audacious piece of color, and very successful. The showy girl and her showy accessories were reproduced on the canvas with almost startling reality, and it was certain to create a sensation wherever it might be exhibited.

The *chic* of the pose and the undoubted skill shown in the treatment had their effect upon Victoria's vanity. She was distinctly pleased, and looked forward to the probable notoriety that would result from its exhibition with not a little satisfaction.

She harped upon her desire that it should satisfy the taste of her cultured brother and his fastidious artist friend, and announced her conviction that it was sure to meet with their admiring approval.

"I have written home about it," she said. "Of course they feel a little disappointed that I didn't go to Bouguereau, but I'll make that all right."

They had some trouble selecting a frame, for her taste differed essentially from Duncan's, but she was good-natured about it and gave in at the end.

"You are a terribly set person," she said, smiling, after she had consented to let him have his own way.

Madame Louvois knitted silently during the sittings, and disapproved of all that was done. The portrait shocked her, for a *portrait d'une jeune fille* she considered it not *convenable*.

The Count came to see it, and pronounced it "*épatant*," in a tone that left Victoria vague as to his admiration or disapproval. Madame de Champbaron positively refused to climb those stairs again. She said she could perfectly well wait to see the picture until varnishing-day, and she and Victoria nearly quarrelled over her lack of interest.

By this time Duncan and his friends were frequenting all Madame de Champbaron's reception days. There was a large conservatory back of the drawing-rooms, where smoking was allowed, and Victoria was always ready to regale them with the Count's excellent cigars and cigarettes. The Countess, who was too good-natured to do otherwise, received them politely, but secretly wished they would not come so often, because they seriously interfered with her plans for Victoria's future. She was busy negotiating a marriage between her niece and a very attenuated blond Marquis, who was a distant cousin of the Count's, and whose mother, who also frequented her receptions, disapproved of Victoria's intimacy with the young men, her ideas of a suitable *dot* rising just in proportion to her disapprobation of Miss Butt's goings on.

Varnishing-day came at last. The portrait was received with enthusiasm and given a place of honor. Already its praise had been sounded in the papers, and a very black and blotchy reproduction of it was the feature of an illustrated supplement.

Victoria, radiant in new spring garments and more showy than ever, arrived, and was met under the gaudy striped awnings of the exhibition building by Duncan and his friends. Madame de Champbaron was with her, clad in a fashionable but excruciating shade of purple that clashed with everything, including her own homely countenance.

Her niece had the satisfaction of being stared at almost before she mounted the staircase which led from the court to the picture-galleries above. It was a moment of delicious triumph for the girl.

The building was packed already. Fashionable people and all that Paris counts of notable or notorious were there, elbowing each other and rustling the leaves of catalogues in a frantic effort to see everything and everybody in spite of heat and dust. The hum of a dozen different languages filled the hot air. Downstairs, in an improvised garden, the paths and parterres were dotted with the sculpture exhibit, and those who had retired from the din and heat above could here rest on benches and refresh themselves at the neighboring buffet. Without, under a half-open arcade, a *café concert* was in full swing, adding its discordant sounds to the various noises within.

They had some trouble in pushing through the crowd to where Duncan's portrait was attracting so much attention. For the first moment Victoria felt disappointed, it looked so much smaller than it had done in the studio, and therefore insignificant, but murmurs of admiration from the people about it — they had instantly recognized the original—soon re-

assured her and made her certain of its success. There were whisperings and comments all about her, and the transient feeling of disappointment passed away. Poor little Madame Champbaron, hemmed in by the crowd, could see nothing but a dash of red and the glitter of burnished gold on the frame. Victoria in her excitement quite forgot her, and Duncan had disappeared, confused by his conspicuousness, leaving his friends to do the honors of the occasion.

The party made a triumphant tour of the galleries, attracting every eye as they passed. Victoria calmly ignored all the other pictures, but pressed on, delighted with the impression she was making on the crowd. She talked and laughed in her loud ringing voice, apparently oblivious of the notice that she was receiving, but in reality glorying in her prominence. She could not understand the feeling of modesty that had prompted Duncan to retire.

"He ought to be so pleased," she repeated over and over again. "Why did he run away like that just when everybody was looking at him?"

They hunted him out later from the corner where he had hidden himself down among the big pieces of statuary, and led him off for luncheon in the out-of-door restaurant, where numbers of people were snatching a hasty meal, and the tables were crowded with exhibitors and their guests. Duncan received quite an ovation as he entered. His picture was the success of the moment, and Victoria's unmistakable identity drew every one's attention to his party. The old chief of the atelier where he had first studied came up to say a kind word of congratulation, and his health was noisily toasted from a neighboring table where a number of his former comrades were having a jolly time.

Victoria was enraptured with it all. Madame de Champbaron, impressed though she was by the way in which Duncan was being fêted, felt thankful that her husband had refused to come before the afternoon; she was almost sure that this uproarious scene would meet with his disapproval.

Her niece made her stop at a *kiosque* on the way home, and bought all the papers, including the one that had published the illustrated supplement. They all gave the portrait great prominence, and some of them went far enough to call its author a genius. It excited much discussion, and was certainly the sensation of the year. Every one talked about it, and crowds flocked around the place where it hung as long as the galleries remained open. Duncan jumped all at once to prominence among his fellow-painters; he was pointed out as a celebrity wherever he went.



THE COUNT PRONOUNCED IT ÉPATANT.

Whenever Victoria drove in the *Bois* she was pleased to observe that a great many people stared at her just as they had stared in the galleries. A few ad-

verse critics, when they found how much the picture was being praised, turned about and praised it in their turn, admitting that their first judgment had been too hasty, and people begged to be taken to Madame de Champbaron's to have a glimpse of the portrait's original. The Countess was assured many times a day that the picture was a masterpiece, and would surely have been purchased for the Luxembourg had it still been in the painter's possession.

She could not help being gratified by this homage and attention, and she invited the painter and his friends to a large dinner given in honor of the success, although after this Victoria's marriage had to be finally abandoned, for the Marquise was scandalized at the notoriety that followed the exhibition of the portrait. In her eyes no amount of *dot* could compensate for this conspicuousness, and she firmly withdrew from all further negotiations.

Victoria intended to return to Nebraska during the summer, and gave Duncan particular instructions about packing and shipping the portrait to her home. It was to follow her as soon as the exhibition closed.

"Papa will send you a check," she said, and she wrote out the address herself so that there could be no mistake.

Duncan hated to part with his work, and watched it while it was being packed in the case and the cover nailed on with something of the feeling of one who watches the nailing up of a coffin. It went off at last, and then he had nothing to do but to wait for his check and wonder how much it would be. He had never summoned up enough courage to speak of remuneration to Victoria. Perhaps there was a standard price for portraits in Nebraska; if there was, he hoped it would be large.

He felt he had a right to indulge himself in some little luxuries, and on the strength of his expectations fitted himself out with a new wardrobe, and bought a set of Empire chairs for the studio. He also gave a small dinner to his friends, and took them afterwards to the play, where they occupied very expensive seats. What he could not get on credit he paid for out of his meagre allowance, which was dwindling fast, and soon became so reduced that before long he had trouble to pay for the bare necessities of life. Bills came pouring in, and his color-merchant became pressing and then impertinent. He had furnished the frame for the portrait; it was a costly one, and he began to fear that he had been rash in allowing it to leave before he had been paid.

It seemed curious that Duncan received no news from Nebraska, but his friends consoled him and cheered his flagging spirits with all sorts of plausible reasons for the delay.

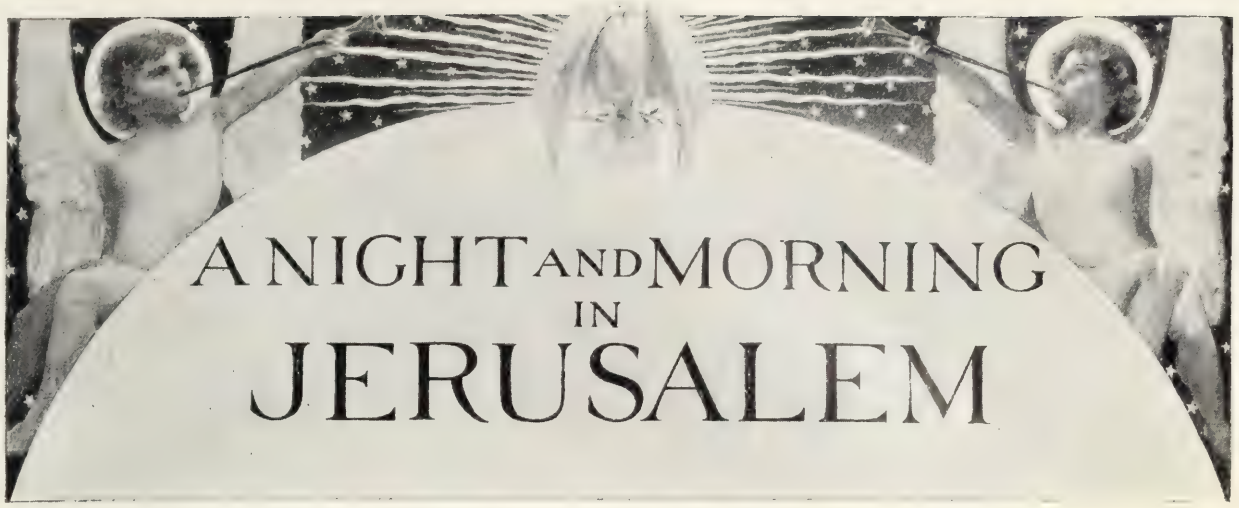
At last, late in September, the long-expected letter arrived.

"Buttsbury, Nebraska, *September 13th.*

"Dear Sir,—The portrait of my daughter arrived a few days ago, and it is with great regret I have to inform you that it is absolutely unsatisfactory. It was seen yesterday by a friend of mine, a distinguished artist of this city, in whose able judgment I have the greatest confidence, and he pronounces it a failure as a work of art. As a likeness of Victoria it is not unpleasing, but our friend considers the workmanship rough and lacking in finish, a verdict in which my son and I entirely concur. Therefore I have had it reboxed and shipped to-day to your address. Yours truly,

Patterson J. Butt."





A NIGHT AND MORNING IN JERUSALEM

BY KATRINA TRASK.

NIGHT.

THE calm deep night enwrapped Jerusalem
With soothing rest unfolding from the dark;
In tranquil sleep beneath its ebon wings
Man had forgot awhile his weary toil.
Soft silence reigned; the busy earth was hushed.
The frowning fortress of Antonia
Loomed grimly on its battlemented hill;
And some few furlongs from its base there stood
The house of Eleazar, of the tribe
Of Judah, a most rigid Pharisee.
The open court was odorous with flowers;
Tall palms and spreading cedars made a shade
From watching moon and penetrating stars.
From time to time the amorous nightingale
Poured forth his poignant melody of song;
And splashing water echoed in the dusk.
Here sat, well hid in shadow from the trees,
Leonidas, the brave imperious Greek,
And laughter-loving, rosy Miriam,
The wife of Eleazar. Tender words
Were murmured softly to the waiting lips
In languorous pauses from each silent kiss.

"Belovèd Miriam, the gods be praised!
After long year's beholding from afar,
Mine arms enfold thee; my impatient heart
Doth leap like a young roe at touch of thee.
Thou fairest of earth's daughters, light and life
Were mingled in thy making; yea, great Zeus
Hath dowered thee with heavenly heritage."

"Leonidas, my love, the silent night
Seemeth to shut me out from all the world,
In the vast universe with thee alone.
I feel at one with the Eternity,
Redeemed from passing nothings of To-day.
I trembled as I stole from out the house,
In answer to thy call, my friend; but here,—
I tremble only lest I had not come.
Long have I prayed and wrestled with my God
To banish from my heart this fatal love,
Yet hath He heard me not, nor deigned reply;
To-night my love o'ermastereth me; plead now
My cause, belovèd, with my soul, that cries
Against my coming, and my thirst for thee."

"O star-eyed, violet-fragrant Miriam,
Then should I plead but for true righteousness!
Love hath high warrant for all deeds on earth;
Great Zeus himself defied all laws for love,
And mighty gods have followed in his course."

"Peace, my Leonidas, I hush thy lips;
I may not hearken to such blasphemy.
There are no gods in heaven or earth save one,
Jehovah, Lord, the God of Israel,
Whose work is absolute. He cutteth down
The wicked in their sin;—I fear Him;—nay,
I dare not linger with thee; let me go;
O thou whom my soul loveth, let me go!"

He caught her lips, retreating, with a kiss
That held her in a tremulous sweet trance
Of rapture, as he whispered tenderly,

"Jehovah,—Zeus,—yea, call Him what thou wilt,
Thy god,—or mine,—or both, have led thee forth
From bondage to the liberty of love.
Remember, O my pure and priceless pearl,
What says thy Hebrew song, 'Can waters quench
Or floods drown love?' I trow not. Can the fire
Consume, or aught destroy? Nay; love is life.
Wilt thou then forfeit it for formal bond?
That were a sin. King David was a man
Made in the manner of Jehovah's heart,—
Thus have your wisest sages chronicled;—
He, too, broke law for love; yet unto him
Was born your mighty monarch, Solomon,
From whom you boast Messiah is to come.
Consider, my belovèd, what reward
Was given to thee for thy heart's sacrifice?"

"My life," she answered, in a voice of scorn,
"Until thou camest was a fevered drought.
I was not like the women of my land,
Content to be but handmaiden to man;

To sit in close seclusion at his feet;
My heart rebelled against the law that shut
My being in a garden, walled for him;
Whene'er I heard men thank God they were men,
I wept that I was woman, and cried out
To be delivered from my bitter lot.
Then—ere the maid a woman had become—
They married me to Eleazar; nay,
They led me as they lead the bleating lamb—
Poor lamb!—to sacrifice at Passover.
I never loved him; oft I hated him;
Wherefore his stern just heart I strove the more
To satisfy in all: I knew no ways
Of idleness; my lamp ne'er lacked its oil;
I rose up early that I well might clothe
My household, though I longed to fly away
As free bird flieth from the fowler's snare.
E'en when the budding earth was beautiful,
And I had fain with lilies of the field
Danced in the sunshine, singing blithe with birds,
I turned my eyes from seeing, taking hold
Of spindle and of distaff, and essayed
To be a virtuous helpmate to my lord.
Had but Jehovah granted me a son,
The sweetness of all sweetness, crushed and held
To tempt my thirsty lips, had been as husks;
For, O Leonidas, he would have filled
My life, love-hungry and disconsolate.
But no child came, and Eleazar's heart
Was newly hardened to the barren wife;
Naught had he ever cared for her beyond
The purposes of his espousals. Dark
And desolate was all my way; but, lo!
Swift in the darkness didst thy presence flash,
Illumining the gloom; as when the sun,
Dense storm-clouds piercing, doth the mountains make
To laugh, rejoicing in its golden light,
My heart was gladdened, though I knew not why.
I thought not I should love thee; ah! no more
Than now I think to love the sun. Thou cam'st
A stranger, and didst sing me many a song
Of thy sea-girdled and blue-vaulted land;
Of love that fires man's heart to poesy;
Of homage given to woman; and of art
That blossoms from warm love, as flowers unfold
In summer; and that honeyed tale which held
My heart enspelled, of her, that royal one—
Whose name hath slipped from my remembrance now—
Thou dost a goddess call;—and her fair son.
If thou hadst wooed me then, or called to me,
For evermore I should have veiled myself.
Wise wert thou in thy luring wiles, my love,
To lead me to thee by an open path;
Freely I listened to the melodies
That floated to me from the land of Greece,
And held me tranced for thee. I saw Greece first,
Then thee—its fine and culminating fruit.
Yea, love, thou art delightful to my heart;
Thine eyes like fish-pools on a summer night
That hold the stars far down; thy lips like grapes;
Thy breath like spice of Araby; thy soul,
O my Athenian! more like to God,
Although thou knowst Him not, than any man's
In Judah's tribe,—strong, fearless, undefiled.
Leonidas, I love thee! My new life
Is but one throb of love beneath thy power.
Now doth my soul rejoice that I was made
A woman, that I might be loved by thee.
O stay me, comfort me; for when, at last,
Thou bidst me let love's willing handmaid, Night,
Lead me to thee, I could not choose but come;—
I came. Behold me! Take me to thy heart,
Close—close—and fold me from the whole wide world.
What seemed a sin, when thought of from afar,
Here, by thy side, doth seem a sacrament.
The care for Eleazar stayed me long,
And held me from thine arms—my rightful home;
Taught by the subtle suasion of thy kiss
I know thy reasoning, and I yield to it.
Now will I go with thee where'er thou wilt;
To sunny Greece, to Egypt's exile shore;
Yea, love, to Sheol, if thy place be there."

MORNING.

The sun-crowned morning woke Jerusalem
To busy life. The mountains round about
Were fresh with dew; the gray-green olive-trees
Upon the verdant hills gleamed tremulous.
Serenely azure arched the boundless sky,
Save for one fleecy cloud on Olivet,
That staid to mark the hallowed place, apart,
Where, in the earlier morning, Christ had prayed.
The holy Temple, on its lofty hill,
Exceeding white, flashed back the sun's bright rays.
Lo! on a sudden, up the narrow street
That led from the high market-place, arose
A swelling murmur of discordant cries;
And spurred by sharp reproaches and harsh blame
Walked Miriam, defiant, beautiful,—
Led by a rabble; men who threatened her,
And women, flinging taunts—more hard to bear.
The men had retribution in their eyes;
The women hatred, merciless, severe,
For she was very fair to look upon.
From their unsparing and condemning gaze
Her lustrous hair veiled her unmantled form;
Yet feared she not; all petty fear was slain
By mighty love, triumphant, unafraid.
Her hand was held in rapture on her breasts,
As though she guarded there a memory.
Like one who dreaded neither foe, stern judge,
Nor executioner, her sandalled feet
Trod with a firm imperious step the way;
Her eyes—rebellious, unashamed—flashed keen
On her accusers through her dusky hair.
Was this the Miriam who, one year agone,
Had wellnigh swooned with timorous shame what day
Leonidas had touched her finger-tips;
Had hid herself from very thought of him?
Now love had led her on by devious paths

To love's supreme surrender. She, the proud,
The pure, the passionless, who nothing knew
Of life's gross wickedness, whose scathing scorn
Had served her well as weapon to protect
Her beauty, who was prone to weigh her grace
To all men with most dainty balances,—
When living forces overswept her soul
Thought not of less nor more, but gave herself
With mighty love's consummate unreserve.
Perchance, if one had sought her yesterday,
To question her well-being—though, as yet,
She had not sinned—she would have then confessed
To dark temptations warring in her soul;
But now, at bay, led on to stony death,
She held high counsel with her throbbing heart
To vindicate and justify her love,
The sole redemption of her desert state,
The day-spring beauty God had granted her.
Could any gift she gave for *this* be sin?—
She looked her fierce accusers in the face,
And smiled in mockery that fired their wrath.

Up the long slope, to the great Temple's gate,
O'erlaid with silver and with beaten gold,
The cruel crowd surged on to find the Christ.
Cool were the polished cloisters where they passed
Into the court of Israel, and paused.
There faltered Miriam; in the inner court,
Behind the mystic-broidered veil, the Ark,
O'ershadowed by the Cherubim, reposed;
Thus thought she, knowing not, as yet, that here,
Without the veil, the Mercy Seat was nigh.

Straight was her weary, storm-tossed soul
Hushed to a listening silence, at the words
That rang out with a vibrant power to rouse
From Him who sat and taught the multitude,
In tones that brought her, even in her woe,
A memory of girlhood and her home,
When softly from the Galilean Sea
A wind had swept to murmur through the pines.
She well divined He was a righteous judge,
A man beyond the petty throng who played
With law and justice for their own advance.
A swift cry of appeal broke from her lips;
He turned His calm face, as He still spoke on,
And looked upon her, Godhood in His eyes;
Then, in her own—while wonder-awed she gazed—
The fierce defiance slowly ebbed, and died.

As one who gains the mountain summit high,—
After long climbing through the hiding mists,—
And sees the stretch of valley and of hills
Beneath his seeking eyes unroll itself,—
So, on a sudden, Miriam saw clear
Life, Love, and Immortality, without
The clouds that cling on human questionings.
Her sin was manifest, true knowledge came
Like a two-edgèd sword, that pierced her pride,
Dividing it asunder; she perceived
The harmony of wisdom; righteousness
And truth stood forth revealed to her; she saw
That life was wholeness, and that sin was death;
That law was law—whatever love might say—
And law was clear, deep-graven on man's heart;
Obedience was more than argument.
Jehovah the Omnipotent was just;
He knew whereof He spake, and why He gave
His statutes for man's guidance: who could know
His plan, or what His purposes might be?
She quailed before the insolence of lust
That for desire had dared to strike at law;
Yea, more than this, beyond, above it all,—
Swift as an eagle mounteth to his crag,—
Her spirit comprehended in that glance
The symmetry of right for beauty's sake,
Unmindful of command; she saw that life
Hath vaster issues than of flesh alone;
Its glory lieth in the victory
Of soul o'er flesh; and vaster issues, too,
Than one small sphere. Her little round had seemed
Of so great measure in her own esteem,
Her love of such deep import; now, at last,
She compassed larger places in her thought;
And saw beyond the confines of her love.
Behold, she seemed of very small account
In that quick vision of the universe.
Her eyes were opened, and straightway she read,
In those serene but sin-condemning eyes,
A new beatitude transcending law,—
The blessing of a universal love,
Too merciful and wide to lay the weight
Of any burden on a fellow-man,
Or take self's joys, unmindful of his peace.
How sordid seemed to her, at last, the soul
That measured gifts by guerdons, love by love;
How bounteous the soul that largely gave
Without a thought of self, or self's delight.
Ah! to have given to the very end
That love benign to Eleazar,—then
Had she well proved herself as worthier
To wake hereafter, satisfied and blest.
But sharpest of the lightning strokes that flashed
Was the keen consciousness to her revealed
That e'en her love for her Leonidas
Had failed in fulness to fulfil itself;
For highest love can hold the least excuse
To be the cause of harm to any man;
Transfigured by its immortality
It lighteth all the life to ways divine;
It maketh of the heart it dwelleth in
A sanctuary; and it blesseth all
That cometh near; it seeketh not its own;
It maketh strong to bear; and to the end
Endureth all things, saving only dross.
O fruitless folly to give more for less,
To barter a supreme and lasting joy
For fleeting moments of a transient bliss!

Then spake to Christ the Pharisees and Scribes,—
"This woman, Master, in adultery
Hath taken been, yea, in the very act;
Now in the law we are commanded such
To stone to death; what sayest Thou of her?"

No answer came. Upon the ruthless throng
Heart-searching silence fell; the Saviour stooped,
And with His finger wrote upon the ground.
The Scribes and Pharisees thought, as He wrote,



"NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE."

He heard them not; but Miriam's own heart
Told her He heard, who did not need to hear.
O that the stones might crush her from His sight
Ere He should look upon her yet again!
Then through the Temple rang that wondrous voice:

"He that among you hath not sinned, let him
First cast a stone at her."

Once more he stooped
And wrote upon the unrecording ground.
As with bent head and veilèd eyes she stood,
Each nerve of her tense frame expectant throbbed
To meet the whizzing stones; she knew full well
No Scribe nor Pharisee would fling them now;
But He,—this holy man who hated sin,—
Would swift fulfil the stern Mosaic law;
For He was pure and spotless; ah! so pure
She made a covenant with her own eyes
That naught should startle them to lifting; yea,
Still would she hold them firm, down-dropped, and veiled,
E'en in the wrestling agony of death,
Lest, peradventure, in the Master's eyes
She should confront a death more hard to bear
Than that which overtook her from His hand.

"Woman," He said,—straightway she lifted them,—
"Where are those thine accusers? Hath no man
Condemnèd thee?"

"Nay; no man, Lord," she cried,
With voice that rose in cadences of hope;
For, in the second look in those great eyes,
She saw, besides the sentence of her sin,
Full, perfect, and all-knowing sympathy,
Divine compassion, and deep-seeing grasp
Of the stern stress and warfare of her life;
The ways that led her to this misery;
The paths she took, in blindness, for the right;
The wrong she called, in ignorance, the truth;
The strife with wrong—and no man helping her;
Yea, e'en the tempting rapture of the bliss,
The measureless delight of soul and sense
That had o'erswept her with Leonidas,
She felt He comprehended, as she said,

"Nay; no man, Lord!"—and waited for her doom.

No stones! He was too merciful for that:
What fatal words would crush her in their stead?
Her cowering soul shrank with a shuddering fear
From the Anathema that now must fall.
The Pharisees and Scribes had, one by one,
Each slunk away, o'ercome with conscious guilt;
Alone they two were standing in the court,
He the immaculate, sin-conquering Christ;
And she the sinner, taken in her sin.

"Neither," spake on that tender, mighty voice,
"Do I condemn thee; go—and sin no more."





MURRAY HALL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

A PHASE OF MODERN COLLEGE LIFE.

BY HENRY T. FOWLER.

INTER-COLLEGIATE athletics, particularly inter-collegiate football, constitute the significant phase of modern college life which has of late been most prominently before the public. In the clubs, at the alumni banquets, on the street, through the newspapers, anywhere and everywhere that men express their opinions, all the questions involved in this subject have been argued. The evil side of college life, when it manifests itself in some wild escapade, also receives its full share of public attention. Such affairs are so widely reported that it is difficult to accept the repeated assertions of the authorities that hazing and other serious breaches of discipline are steadily decreasing. Unintentionally, perhaps necessarily, the public press gives a picture of student life almost as unfair as the view of American life given by that Mohammedan paper which is said to devote the larger part of its space to recording the crimes committed in this country, closing every item with the question, "Is this what the Christ-followers teach?" One might naturally add at the end of each account of college disorders, "Is this what the colleges teach?" Now the president of one of our large universities, in a discussion of football, has called attention to the fact that the ordinary work goes on noiselessly. It is not of a nature to furnish interesting news. Every intelligent man knows, however, that the work goes on, and that old-fashioned study is still the main business of the vast majority of the young men. There are other features of modern college life which do not furnish much interesting matter for the papers, and fail to attract the public notice. It is with one of these that the present article has to do.

Simultaneously with the great development of inter-collegiate athletics there has come another inter-collegiate movement, more widespread and more thoroughly organized. It is now so firmly established that three or four international officers devote their entire time to fostering and developing its interests, eight salaried state and provincial officers pay especial attention to its affairs, and eighteen or twenty recent college graduates give their best efforts to the oversight of local bodies in Cambridge, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Toronto, and other great educational centres. With the co-operation and under the advice of these men

as leaders, thousands of students in thirteen countries of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa are giving much time and earnest effort to developing the movement. With all the interest in athletics, there is probably no contest which brings together the representatives of more than thirty colleges; with all the growth of fraternities, there is not one which has chapters in a hundred institutions; but the Inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association unites in its membership more than thirty thousand young men in five hundred of the American and Canadian schools, colleges, and universities, and binds them by fraternal ties to the members of the associations on the other continents. When there was but little more than one-third the present membership, President Roswell D. Hitchcock declared, "The omnipresence, I had almost said the omnipotence, of the Young Men's Christian Association is the great fact in the religious life of our colleges to-day."

Many an alumnus who returns to his *alma mater* after an absence of ten or fifteen years finds on the campus a building for which there was no recognized need in his undergraduate days. Manifestly it is neither laboratory nor recitation-hall, library nor dormitory. In fact, it is a most unorthodox sort of a college building, resembling a spacious private residence more than a typical college hall. In the last sixteen years comfortable homes, designed primarily for the uses of the Young Men's Christian Associations, have been erected in connection with more than twenty of the American colleges and universities. They are scattered over the continent, from Dartmouth and Toronto in the East and North to the Agricultural and Mechanical College down in Mississippi, and out to the University of California. The oldest of these, the graceful little Murray Hall of Princeton, was erected only sixteen years ago. It is doubtful whether any of the larger and more pretentious structures since built surpass it in beauty, though some of them furnish far more adequate accommodations for the varied forms of activity of the present association. Within the next seven years Hanover College and Toronto University followed with small buildings, and a few months later the large and beautiful Dwight Hall was completed



DWIGHT HALL, YALE UNIVERSITY.

at Yale. With its luxurious reading-room, four rooms for the prayer-meetings and Bible classes of the different college years, its suites for secretary and librarians, cozy library and beautiful auditorium, it seemed nearly perfect for its destined use. Three years afterwards Hamilton College had its tasteful Silliman Hall, and since then each year has seen several buildings dedicated.

It may prove of interest to hastily review the history of a society which in the last few years has become firmly established throughout the college communities, and is rapidly being supplied with substantial buildings. The public is already familiar with the rapid development of the Young Men's Christian Association in the cities. Through the pages of this Magazine the early history of this vigorous branch of the Christian Church has been followed. Here Dr. Lyman Abbott told of its origin and promise twenty-five years ago, at a period when "generally a single room" was "compelled to serve the manifold purposes" of an association. A dozen years later, in the issue of October, 1882, the purposes of the organization were explained, its leaders were pictured, and its wonderful growth in extent and power was recorded. At that time several vigorous shoots had already sprung from the parent stem. Now they in turn have grown great and strong. The largest of these is the Inter-collegiate Association. College associations have existed ever since those of the universities of Michigan and Virginia were founded, during the academic year 1857–8, but it was not until 1876, when there had come to be about twenty-five such organizations, that the society at Princeton sent out a letter to two hundred institutions urging the advantages of union, and requesting that delegates be sent to the International Association Convention of 1877. Twenty-one colleges responded, sending twenty-five delegates. At the request of these young men a college secretary was appointed, and the Inter-collegiate Association became a fact and a factor in our educational system. There were then twenty-six college associations, with a total membership of thirteen hundred. Combine two of the largest university associations of to-day and the membership will be greater than that of the entire twenty-six eighteen years ago. Multiply these thirteen hundred members by twenty-three, and it will not give the full membership of the five hundred societies of North America. One belt of these extends through Canada, from Dalhousie College and Acadia University in Nova Scotia through the University of New Brunswick, Mount Allison College, and McGill University, to the University of Toronto, and even out to Manitoba College. In the South the visitor at the universities of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, and, still further south, at Baton Rouge and Austin, where the universities of Louisiana and Texas are located, and at many another of the educational institutions, will find the same organization working along much the same lines. On the Pacific coast the colleges are oddly clustered together in three groups, with a fourth nucleus just forming. The eight institutions of southern California centre at Los Angeles. In northern California San Francisco is the centre of a much larger group. Thence one must journey eight hundred miles northward before reaching the Oregon cluster. Up in the Puget Sound region the fourth group is beginning to form, with the University of Washington at Seattle, the Puget Sound University at Tacoma, and others. These little bands of institutions, which are huddled together as if for sympathy and mutual protection on that vast stretch of coast, are cut off from one another, and from the great educational centres of the Eastern States; but the Inter-collegiate Association binds them all together, and unites them to the strong life of the Eastern colleges in the sympathy of a brotherhood organized for a common work. With the various parts scattered thus widely the three travelling secretaries are compelled to journey vast distances, for they must hold conventions and conferences here and there, and visit many institutions, from which come pressing demands for aid in this or that peculiar need.

Even in Europe this phase of modern college life is appearing, notwithstanding certain broad differences of temper and spirit in the student life of the two continents. One who has had unusual opportunities to observe says that with the European student awakened life leads to serious thought, while in America it leads to earnest endeavor. A little illustration of the difference is seen in the by-laws of the Société Chrétienne d'Étudiants of Ge-



INTERIOR OF DWIGHT HALL.

neva, which chance to be at hand. These state as the first purpose of the society the "study from a Christian stand-point of questions scientific, literary, social, or religious." The American College Young Men's Christian Association knows no such purpose as this. All study save Bible study it leaves for other agencies to foster. It aims simply to win men to become avowed Christians, to develop the spiritual life of its members, and to train them for religious work. For this purpose it perfects an organization. Professor Drummond exclaims, half vexed, half amused, at some question asked, "Oh, you Americans are all for organization!" Yet the American spirit of organization for Christian service is pervading the European universities. Their delegates have attended the summer student conferences at Northfield, where they have seen the very embodiment of this spirit. A few years ago a representative of the Intercollegiate Association spent several years among the universities of Europe trying to give them what is best in our organized and aggressive methods of Christian work. Societies were formed, conferences held, and united effort made. The way was thus prepared for further international relations of this nature. A year and a half ago the British university men invited the leading college secretary and another prominent representative of the American students to spend a part of the summer visiting and advising with them concerning their religious work. The visitors rendered valuable service at the students' conference and Bible school at Keswick, and, while travelling among some of the leading institutions, the secretary was able to make careful investigations,

trying to discover what the students of each nation could teach the other in methods of Christian work. During the Keswick convention plans already forming were completed and arrangements perfected for an Inter-university Christian Union, with a travelling secretary and all necessary means for effective organization. At the cordial solicitation of students and professors the college secretary returned to attend the Keswick conference last summer; from there he went on to similar student gatherings in Germany and Scandinavia, whence pressing invitations had come. British and German representatives accompanied him to the conference held in the old Vadstena Castle in Sweden, and there united in founding the "World's Student Christian Federation," which associates the British, German, Scandinavian, and American student Christian organizations under a simple but comprehensive constitution. It is to be hoped that something of the thoughtful, more mature spirit of the European student may pervade our college religious life as the result of these fraternal relations, and particularly as the result of the visits to the American students made by the beloved Glasgow professor who has taught us to recognize "the greatest thing in the world."

The first college secretary resigned his office in 1888, and undertook a four years' tour of the Eastern world in order to study the needs and possibilities of the Young Men's Christian Association on foreign missionary soil, where it had already found a foothold. The results of this tour are full of promise for the college life of the Eastern hemisphere, and to-day the College Young Men's Christian Association is firmly established in Asia, and that not merely in the institutions where the missionaries teach. It is the only Christian agency which has been tolerated in the government schools of Japan, yet "the number of Christians in at least seven of the government colleges is greater than was found in our leading Christian colleges a century ago." In India, where it is said that Western science has largely destroyed the faith of the educated in their ancient religion and is leaving them in infidelity, the college association is looked upon as the hope of directly influencing the intelligent natives. Guided by college graduates from America, and working with the power of that wonderful bond of brotherhood which exists among college men the world over, it would seem that this should indeed be the most potent agency for reaching the upper classes of India. The work there is too new for one to do much more than prophesy for it. In Japan, however, it has already made large achievement. The present secretary is now continuing his tour beyond Europe, among the colleges of Asia, and hopes to bring into closer union the Christian students of the world. It is probable that very soon India, Japan, and possibly China, will come fully into the federation.

Thus the vast brotherhood is encircling the globe. But the eighteen years have not been merely a period in which an organization has arisen, spread, and increased in numbers. There has been a marked internal growth in the Christian work of even the most religious of our American institutions. Christian students have always worked for their fellow-students; religious societies have long existed in the colleges, but before the beginning of the inter-collegiate movement each labored in ignorance of the others, and each was therefore one-sided. Now the relations established enable every one to learn of any fruitful plan which another has developed, and also make a universal progress possible. With the community changing every three or four years, the student Christian work can make but little advance if left without supervision. The frequent changes in membership make it impossible to profit much by past experience, and difficult to plan effectively for years to come. The existing superintendence by visiting secretaries gives continuity and furthers constant growth. These secretaries continue while classes come and go, and through them the experience of one college generation is given to another. In different sections of the country annual conferences are held for the newly elected association presidents. Here the work of the previous year is reviewed, its lessons of success and failure are noted, and larger things are planned for the year to come.

Bible study, which is termed the pivotal point of the association work, presents one of the most marked features of progress. The influence of the association has been instrumental in the introduction of scientific Bible study into the

regular curricula of some institutions, even of State universities. The position is beginning to be maintained that a study of Biblical history and literature should be regarded as an important part of a liberal education. On this basis the associations urge the introduction of intellectual Bible study into the curriculum. But they do not regard this as all their work, or the main part of it. Their direct work is to offer opportunities to all the students for the devotional and practical study of the Bible—the study which brings one into a deeper knowledge of the Father and closer communion with Him, and the study which fits one for effective Christian service. In some of the institutions the associations are carrying forward earnest city mission-work. At Harvard, for example, the students conduct a successful mission among sailors, while the Yale men have patiently and carefully built up a broad work in the poorer parts of New Haven. In addition to efforts in Sunday-school and boys' clubs, they support and conduct a rescue mission for men, with evangelistic meetings, lodging-house, and reading-room.

In these and other lines of progress the organization of the student Christian work has had large influence. It must not be thought, however, that in bringing unity and harmony it aims to bring uniformity, and thus impair the individuality of the different bodies of students. The leaders recognize that no two colleges have just the same conditions to meet, and that they cannot work in precisely the same way. The adaptability of the organization is seen in the fact that it flourishes in the smallest as well as in the largest institutions. The conditions of life in Blunt College in Alabama, with its eighteen male students, or in the Normal School at Plattsburg, where there are sixteen young men, are not exactly the same as those in Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, or Harvard, each with its two or three thousand. Yet the association seems to meet the needs of the small institution as well as those of the great university. Of the eighteen young men twelve belong to the association, and of the sixteen all are reported as members. The association is proving its adaptability to the quiet life of the col-



STYLES HALL, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.



BARNES HALL, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

leges located in the smallest villages and the hurried existence of the professional schools of the great cities. The "Students' Movement" of New York, with its comfortable home on Lexington Avenue, is gaining a position of influence among the fifteen thousand young men in the colleges and professional and technical schools of the metropolis. Similar efforts are being made in Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati.

In 1892 two of the inter-collegiate secretaries visited the somewhat isolated colleges of certain sections of our country. In one region twenty-three institutions were reached, in only two of which was there any organized Christian work. In one place there were but four professed Christians out of one hundred and four young men. The secretary visiting the isolated colleges in another part of the country found an institution with two hundred and seventy young men, and just ten of them were avowed Christians. By these visits work was started which will bring the men into touch with the more favored college communities.

The inter-collegiate branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has, in its turn, put out new branches. The first of these is the international work of the Young Women's Christian Association in colleges and cities. This organization sprang up through the influence of the college secretary, who presented the work to the young women of the coeducational institutions. Another great and direct outgrowth is the Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which first took shape during the college summer gathering at Mr. Moody's school in 1886, and brought together in its last convention

nearly fifteen hundred students. Fully seven hundred of the members of this movement have sailed for the mission field during these few years, while more than three thousand are now preparing themselves for foreign service. The summer Bible schools at Northfield, Lake Geneva, and Knoxville constitute an outgrowth which has attracted much public interest.

In these eighteen years the Inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association has influenced at least three thousand young men in choosing the Christian ministry as their life profession, has led many thousands to become avowed Christians, and has trained many more for Christian service in every branch of professional and business life. To-day it is furnishing the world an object-lesson of religious unity. Brown, Wesleyan, Rutgers, Princeton, Oberlin, in fact, the colleges of more than forty denominations, are of its constituency, while the undenominational institutions, such as Cornell, the Universities of Virginia, Missouri, Illinois, and Minnesota, and the government Naval and Military academies, unite with the church colleges in this interdenominational Christian organization. The world-wide aspect of its lesson of spiritual union is emphasized by the World's Student Christian Federation.

In the review of this hopeful phase of modern college life the fact has been lost sight of for the time that the boy who enters an American college will have to face temptations of many kinds. Yet it is certain that if he is to go out from the family he can hardly find a place where the good is seeking him so earnestly as it is in most of our colleges. Entering one of the smaller institutions, he will very probably be met at the railroad station by a member of the Association reception committee. In the larger universities, where this is not practicable, he will find a committee at the Association rooms ready to help him in securing a boarding-place, and to give him assistance in all those ways in which an upper class man can aid a Freshman. He will be invited to be present at a reception for the new students, and urged to attend religious meetings. Perhaps a deputation has visited his preparatory school the previous spring to tell him of the college associations.

A young man familiar with the life of one of our great universities, which is located in a city of moderate size, was talking freely of the vices of the students with a physician who has a large practice among them and unusual opportunities to know the effects of their dissipation. The young man ventured the opinion that, in spite of everything that could be charged, the youth leaving home to engage in business in a great city had more temptations to meet than the one who entered the university. "Why," exclaimed the doctor, "he has more temptations to meet in coming to this little city to go into business." Any one who is familiar with the religious life of the colleges, and the special efforts which are made to bring the new-comers under helpful influences, will hardly differ with this opinion. Add to this testimony the fact that fully fifty per cent. of the young men in American colleges are members of churches,* while not one in twelve of the American young men as a whole are church members, and the comparative danger of college and city life becomes clearer.

Other societies may be able to report membership larger than that of the Inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association, but it should not be forgotten that the number of members at any one time fails to express the real extent of this organization. At least once in four years the entire membership changes. If this rapidly growing body should merely hold its own, during the next twenty years there will go out from our colleges one hundred and fifty thousand who have belonged to the organization—no mean company in our churches, where men do not predominate. Massing statistics, however, can give no conception of the significance of this phase of modern college life. Said Mr. Moody to a speaker at Northfield: "You have a large audience. Each one of these men counts for a hundred." In a sense the statement was almost literal, for a recent estimate shows that one per cent. of American boys have college advantages; but no man can measure the influence of the educated men of the nation. Certainly this feature of college life, which is so new that its effects are just beginning to be felt beyond the college walls, gives indefinite promise of help towards the solution of church, social, and national problems.

* It is interesting to note that during seven years the proportion above stated has increased from about thirty-three per cent. to fully fifty per cent.

A SPRING FLOOD IN BROADWAY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

H. W. THAYER

AS he came down the steps of his sister's little house, that first Saturday in May, he saw before him the fresh greenery of the grass in Stuyvesant Square and the delicate blossoms on its sparse bushes and the young leaves on its trees; and he felt in himself also the subtle influences of the spring-tide. The sky was cloudless, serene, and unfathomably blue. The sun shone clearly, and the shadows it cast were already lengthening along the street. The gentle breeze blew hesitatingly. He heard the inarticulate shriek of the hawker bearing a tray containing a dozen square boxes of strawberries and walking near a cart piled high with crates. When he crossed Third Avenue he noticed that a white umbrella had flowered out over the raised chair of the Italian bootblack at the corner. A butcher-boy, with basket on arm, was lingering at a basement door in lively banter with a good-looking Irish cook. A country wagon, full of growing plants, crawled down the street while the vender bawled forth the cheapness of his wares.

There were other signs of the season at Union Square — the dingy landaus with their tops half open, the flowers bedded out in bright profusion, the aquatic plants adorning the broad basin of the fountain, the pigeons wooing and cooing languidly, the sparrows energetically flirting and fighting, the young men and maidens walking slowly along the curving paths and smiling in each other's faces. To Harry Grant, just home from a long winter in the bleak Northwest, it seemed as though man and nature were alike rejoicing in the rising of the sap and the bourgeoning of spring. It was as though the pulse of the strong city were beating more swiftly and with renewed youth. Harry Grant felt his own heart rejoice that he was back again amid the sights he loved, within a stone's-throw of the house where he was born, within pistol-shot of the residence of the girl he was now going at last to ask to marry him.

It was nearly a year since he had last seen her, but he knew she would greet him as cordially as she had always done. That Winifred was a good friend of his he knew well enough; what he did not know at all was whether or not the friendship had changed to love on her part also. He could hardly recall the time when he had not known her. He could distinctly remember the occasion when he had first told her that he intended to marry her when he was grown up—that was on a spring day like this, and he was seven and she was five, and they were playing together in Gramercy Park while their nurses followed them slowly around the enclosure. Now he was twenty-three and she was twenty-one; and in all these sixteen years there had been no day when he had not looked forward to their marriage. Of course, when he had grown to be a big boy and had been sent away to boarding-school, he had been ashamed to talk about such things. But when he went to college he had gazed ahead four years and almost fixed on the day he intended to propose.

Then his father had died, and the family affairs were left in inexplicable confusion. His uncle had offered to pay Harry's way through Columbia, but he was in a haste to be independent, to make his own path, to have a position which he could ask Winifred to share. He found a place at once in the office of a great dry-goods house; and he had been so successful there that one of their customers had offered him inducements to go out to a swiftly growing city in the new Northwest. Two years had Harry

Grant spent out there—two years of hard work amid men who were all toiling mightily and who were capable of appreciating his youthful energy. Now he was back again in New York to act as the Eastern representative of the chief capitalist of the Northwestern city, an old man, who liked Harry, and who saw how useful his address and his character might be. The position was onerous for a man so young; but it was honorable also, and the salary was liberal even from a New York stand-point. At last he was again able to look at life from the point of view of a New-Yorker. At last he was ready to ask her to share his life.

He was in no hurry for the moment, as he could not make sure of finding her at home until nearly five o'clock, and it was now barely four by the transparent dial which Atlas bore on his back in the jeweller's upper window on the opposite side of the square. He crossed Broadway at Fourteenth Street, and there he was caught up at once and swept along by the spring flood rolling up from downtown that beautiful afternoon in May. The windows of the florists' were lovely with Easter lilies and fragrant with branches of lilac. The windows of the confectioners' were gay with gaudy Easter eggs and with elaborate chocolate rabbits. Young girls pressed giggling through the doors to stand packed beside the soda-water fountains. Elderly men lingered at the street corners to stare at the young women.

Within an hour or two at the most Harry Grant intended to ask Winifred to be his wife, and as he saw the dread question so close before him he could not but wonder what the answer would be. Winifred liked him—that much he felt sure about. Whether she loved him, even a little, that he could not venture to guess. She had sturdy common-sense and she was self-reliant, he knew well, and yet he could not help fearing that perhaps the influence of her grandmother had been more powerful than he wished. It was possible, of course, that the restless and ambitious old lady had inoculated her young granddaughter with some of her own dissatisfaction.

As Harry's circumstances had changed since they were boy and girl together, so had Winifred's. Her father had died also, and then her grandfather, leaving a very large fortune to his widow, and Winifred had gone to live with her grandmother, Mrs. Winston-Smith. (It was her grandmother who had put the hyphen into the name, and who had insisted on its adoption by the son and the granddaughter.) That Mrs. Winston-Smith did not like him, Harry Grant knew only too well, or, at least, that she did not approve of him as a possible suitor for the hand of Miss Winston-Smith. She thought that her granddaughter ought to make a brilliant marriage. She had been heard to say that in England Winifred would have no difficulty in marrying a title. She had taken her granddaughter to London the season before, and they had been presented at court, to go afterward on a round of country-house visits, returning late to finish the summer at Lenox.

All this Harry knew from the newspapers; but what Winifred had thought of it all he did not know, for he had not seen her since the day before her departure for England. And that interview itself had been in the presence of the grandmother and of two or three casual callers. Really he had not had chance of speech with the woman he had loved for three years — ever since Mrs. Winston-Smith had asked him to dinner one night, only to take him into the library and to tell him that she saw that he was attracted by Winifred, and no wonder, but that he must give up the hope of winning her. Mrs. Winston-Smith was some sixty years old at the time of this talk with Harry Grant, and she was a very stately dame, with no lack of manner, but she could, if she chose, express herself with absolute frankness and directness. On that occasion she had seen fit to be perfectly plain-spoken. She had told him that Winifred had been used to luxury and could not do without it, and that if Winifred married against her wishes she would give all her money to the new cathedral, cutting the girl off without a cent. She asked Harry if he did not think it would be very selfish of him to press his suit when its success would mean the misery of the woman he pretended to love. She reminded him that his own income was meagre, and that he had no prospects. If, then, Winifred had no money, how could she as his wife have all the luxuries to which she was accustomed, and which had now become necessities? Of course she did not admit that Winifred was in any way interested in him. In fact, she

hoped and trusted that the girl's affections were in no way engaged; and she relied on Mr. Grant's good sense and on his unwillingness to be so brutally selfish. After all, Winifred was a mere child, and had seen nothing of the world as yet.

Harry Grant had made no promises to Mrs. Winston-Smith, but he had felt the force of some of her arguments. Plainly he had no right to ask the woman he loved to give up everything for his sake; and as plainly he had no wish to live on any money her grandmother might give her. He meant, more than ever, to win her for his wife; but he saw clearly that he must make himself independent first. To be able to give her a home not unworthy of her he had worked hard all these years. At last he had succeeded, and he was in a position to ask her to marry him without at the same time asking her to surrender the most of the little comforts which made her life easy. With the salary he had now he could make her comfortable, even if her grandmother chose to take offence and cut her off without a cent. There was no false pride about the young fellow, and he did not pretend to himself that he did not care whether or not the grandmother carried out her threat. He was well aware that life would be very much pleasanter if Mrs. Winston-Smith should accept the situation and make the best of it, and give her granddaughter an adequate allowance.

Then, as these thoughts ran through his head, he smiled at his own fatuity in taking Winifred's consent for granted in this summary fashion. What Mrs. Winston-Smith said or did mattered little. What was of vital importance was Winifred's own answer to his question. He could not but recognize that to call on a young lady after a year's separation and to ask her in marriage, suddenly, without warning, was an unusual proceeding. And yet that was just what he was going to do; and he found himself musing over schemes for getting her away from her grandmother and from any chance visitors. He tried to devise a means of luring her into the library or of coaxing her into the conservatory. He cared not how soon they might be interrupted; he knew what he had to say, and he was prepared to say it briefly. Five minutes would be time enough—five minutes, if he could but have them clear. When a man has been waiting for years to be able to put a simple question, it ought not to take him long to say the needful words; and he knew that Winifred would not keep him waiting for his answer. Whether it was to be yes or no, she would know her own mind, and be ready and willing to accept him at once or to reject him with as little hesitation.

He had been keeping pace with the throng that was sweeping massively up town, but as the fear seized him that, after all, he had little right to think she might love him, he lengthened his stride in futile impatience to get his answer sooner. He glanced up at Tiffany's clock, then almost over his head, and he slackened his speed as he saw that it was not yet five minutes past four. He had at least half an hour to wait before he could hope to find her at home.

Then, most unexpectedly, he was favored with fortune. The foremost of the carriages drawn up in Fifteenth Street alongside the jeweller's was a handsome coupé, in which a young lady was sitting alone. As Harry Grant drew near to the corner his glance fell on this coupé, and at that moment the young lady looked up. He saw that it was Winifred. As their eyes met a swift blush flamed in her face, and fled as speedily. She smiled and held out her hand and laughed happily as he sprang to the door of the carriage.

"Winifred!" he cried.

"Harry!" she answered.

"I didn't expect to see you here!" he declared.

"Is that the reason you are here, then?" she returned.

He made no reply. He could not take his eyes from her. In his delight at seeing her again he had nothing to say.

"Well?" she asked, when she thought he had stared enough.

"Well," he answered, "I couldn't help it. You are prettier than ever."

Again a blush flitted across her face, fainter this time, and fading sooner.

"That's a very direct compliment, don't you think?" she retorted, withdrawing her hand, which he had kept clasped in his own. "And you are looking well, too. Your life out West there is good for you. I don't wonder you prefer it to this noisy old New York of ours."

"But I don't prefer it," he declared, hotly. "A week of New York is worth a year of the whole wide West put to-



"'WINIFRED!' HE CRIED."

gether. And I've done with all that now. I've come back here for good now—"

"Have you really?" she responded, as he hesitated, having so much to say that he did not know where to begin.

"I got back this morning," he explained, "and I was coming to see you this afternoon. I've—I've so many things to tell you."

She looked at him for a second, and then she glanced away as she said: "You will have to talk very fast, then, if you have so many things to tell me. We are going to sail on Tuesday morning, and this afternoon we are off to Tuxedo for over Sunday."

"You sail on Tuesday?" he cried, despairingly. "Just when I have come back on purpose to see you again!"

"You didn't telegraph Grandma that you were coming, or she might have made other arrangements," the young woman retorted, with a little laugh.

"And if you are going to Tuxedo to-night," he continued, paying no heed to this ironic suggestion, "then you won't be at home this afternoon?"

"No," she answered; "we shall get back just in time to dress and get away to the train. Grandma has two or three errands to do first—she's inside there arranging about some silver things she wants to take over with us."

"But I must see you to-day," he pleaded.

"Aren't you seeing me now?" she returned, as the blush rose again and fell.

"But I've got something I want to say to you!" he urged.

"Won't it keep till Monday afternoon?" she asked, with another light laugh; but beneath the levity there was more than a hint of feeling.

"No," he declared; "it won't keep an hour longer, for it's been kept too many years already. I've come here on purpose to tell you something—and I must do it to-day!"

"If it's something you want to tell Grandma—" she began, as if to gain time.

"But it isn't," he returned, leaning his head almost inside the open window of the carriage. "It's you I want to talk to—not to your grandmother."

"Then," said she, with a subtle change of manner, "if it is something you don't want Grandma to hear, don't try to say it now, for here she comes."

Harry Grant gave a hasty glance behind him, and he recognized the stately figure of Mrs. Winston-Smith in conversation with one of the salesmen just inside the door of the great store.

"Winifred," he said, pleadingly, taking her hand again, "where can I see you again—if only for a minute—only a minute? That's enough for what I want!"

Winifred looked at him and then down at her hands. She hesitated, and finally she answered:

"I think I heard Grandma say she was going to the florist's before she went home — that florist in Broadway near Daly's, you know. She has a lot of things to order there—and I shall sit in the carriage."

"I'll take the cable-car and be there waiting for you," he responded.

"Don't let Grandma see you," she cried; "that is—well—"

Then she sank back on the cushions of the carriage, for Mrs. Winston-Smith was about to leave the store.

Harry Grant had caught sight of the old lady in time. He stepped away from the carriage, and passing behind it, he crossed to the other side of the street without giving Winifred's grandmother a chance to recognize him.

He waited on the opposite corner until Mrs. Winston-Smith took her place in the coupé beside her granddaughter, and until the carriage was turned and had started toward Fifth Avenue.

Then he crossed the broad space nearly to the edge of the park and jumped on the first car that came rushing around the curve. The platform was crowded, but he took no heed of the men who were pressed against him.

His thoughts were elsewhere and his heart was full of hope; it was attuned to the gladness of the spring-time. He did not see the young men and maidens who flocked thickly up Broadway; he saw Winifred only; he saw her face, her eyes, her smile of welcome. He was to see her again, at once almost, and he could tell her then how he loved her, and he could ask her if she would not try to love him. What if the only chance he should have was in the street itself? Only the proposal itself was of importance, the place mattered nothing. Perhaps the unconventionality of the proceeding even added zest to it. There was unconventionality in the frankness with which she had made the appointment. It was this frankness partly which made his heart

leap with hope, and partly it was the welcome he thought he had read in her eyes when their glances met first.

The car sped on its way, stopping at almost every corner to take on and to let off men and women, who brushed against Harry Grant and whom he did not see, so absorbed was he in going over every word of his brief dialogue with the girl he loved. On the sidewalks were thick throngs of brightly dressed women looking into the windows of the shops, where were displayed brilliant parasols and trim yachting costumes and summer stuffs in lightsome colors.

As the car crossed Fifth Avenue he saw the carriage of Mrs. Winston-Smith only a block away. He recognized the coachman upright on the box—and then all at once he wondered what the coachman must have thought of his talk through the open window, and of his abrupt appearance. He smiled—indeed he laughed gently—for what did he care what the coachman might think, or anybody else? It was what she thought which was of importance—and nothing else mattered at all. And again he was seized with impatience to see her once and to tell her that he loved her, and to get her answer. The car was going swiftly, but it seemed to him to crawl. The coachman on the avenue was driving briskly, but Harry Grant was ready to rebuke the man for his sluggishness.

At last the car passed the door of the florist's Winifred had described. Its window was filled with azaleas massed with an artistic instinct almost Japanese. Harry Grant rode to the corner above and walked back very slowly, loitering before a shop window, but wholly unconscious of the spring neck-wear therein displayed. Two minutes later he saw Mrs. Winston-Smith's carriage coming down Twenty-ninth Street. It turned into Broadway and stopped before the florist's wide window. Mrs. Winston-Smith got out and ordered the coachman to wait at the corner.

She had disappeared inside the florist's before the coupé drew up in the side street.

As the coachman reined in his horses Harry Grant stepped up to the open window.

"'Winifred—" he began.

"Oh!" she cried, "you are here already?" and again the blush crossed her face.

"Winifred," he repeated, leaning his head inside the carriage, "I may have only a minute to say what I have to say, and I know this isn't the right place to say it, either, but I have no choice, for I may not have another chance. I have waited so long that I simply must speak now."

He paused for a moment. She said nothing, but she rubbed the back of her glove as though to wear away a speck of dirt.

"Winnie," he went on, "what I want to say is simple enough. I love you. Surely you must know that?"

"Yes," she answered, raising her eyes to his, "I know that."

"Then it's easier for me to go on. You know me; you know all about me; you know all my faults, or most of them anyway; you know I love you. Do you think you could ever love me a little in return? I will try so hard to deserve it. I've been working ever since I was seventeen to make money enough to be able to ask you to marry me. I've got a good position now, one that I'm not ashamed to ask you to share. Will you? Will you marry me, Winnie?"

Before she could make any answer Harry Grant heard the voice of Mrs. Winston-Smith behind him saying to the coachman, "Home!"

He stepped back and found himself face to face with her.

"It's Mr. Grant, isn't it?" she said, with a haughty inclination of her head. "It's very good of you to amuse Winifred while I was in the shop. I'd ask you to come and have a cup of tea with us, but we are off to Tuxedo. And we sail on Tuesday; perhaps Winifred told you."

She stood there, expecting him to open the carriage door for her. It was the least he could do, and he did it. But he could find no words to respond to her conventional conversation. He looked at Winifred, and he saw that the color was deepening on her cheeks, and that her eyes were very bright.

"Grandma," she said, when at last Mrs. Winston-Smith was seated beside her —"Grandma," she repeated, loud enough for the young man to hear as he stood by the open window, "Harry has asked me to marry him—and you came out just before I had time to tell him that I would!"

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE'S VICTORY.

BY THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE United States government was almost as much demoralized by St. Clair's defeat as St. Clair's own army. The loosely knit nation was very poor, and very loath to undertake any work which involved sustained effort and pecuniary sacrifice, while each section was jealous of every other, and was unwilling to embark in any enterprise unlikely to inure to its own immediate benefit. There was little national glory or reputation to be won by even a successful Indian war, while another defeat might prove a serious disaster to a government which was as yet far from firm in its seat. The Eastern people were lukewarm about a war in which they had no direct interest; and the foolish frontiersmen, instead of backing up the administration, railed at it, and persistently supported the party which desired so to limit the powers and energies of the national government as to produce mere paralysis. Under such conditions the national administration, instead of at once redoubling its efforts to insure success by shock of arms, was driven to the ignoble necessity of yet again striving for a hopeless peace.

It would be impossible to paint in too vivid colors the extreme reluctance of the government to enter into or to carry on war with the Indians. It was only after every other shift had been vainly tried that resort was had to the edge of the sword. The United States would gladly have made a stable peace on honorable terms, and strove with weary patience to bring about a friendly understanding. But all such efforts were rendered abortive by the treachery and truculence of the savages (who could only be cowed by a thorough beating), and by the desire of the settlers for lands which the red men claimed as their hunting-grounds.

In pursuance of their timidly futile policy of friendliness, the representatives of the national government, in the spring of 1792, sent peace envoys with a flag of truce to the hostile tribes. The unfortunate ambassadors thus chosen for sacrifice were Colonel John Hardin, the gallant but ill-starred leader of Kentucky horse, who had so often and with such various success encountered the Indians on the field of battle, and a Federal officer, Major Alexander Trueman. In June they started towards the hostile town with one or two companions, and soon fell in with some Indians, who, on being shown the white flag, and informed of the object of the visit, received them with every appearance of good-will. But this was merely a mask. A few hours later the treacherous savages suddenly fell upon and slew the messengers of peace. It was never learned whether the deed was the mere wanton outrage of some bloodthirsty young braves, or the result of orders given by one of the Indian councils. At any rate, the Indians never punished the treachery, and when the chiefs wrote to Washington they mentioned with cool indifference that "you sent us at different times different speeches, the bearers whereof our foolish young men killed on their way," not even expressing regret for the occurrence.

The truculent violence and bad faith of the savages merited severe chastisement, but the United States government was long-suffering and forbearing to a degree. There was no attempt to avenge the murder of the flag-of-truce men. On the contrary, renewed efforts were made to secure a peace by treaty. In the fall of 1792 Rufus Putnam, on behalf of the United States, succeeded in concluding a treaty with the Wabash and Illinois tribes, which at least served to keep many of their young braves out of actual hostilities. In the following spring three commissioners—Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph, and Timothy Pickering, all men of note—were sent to persuade the Miami tribes and their allies to agree to a peace. In his letter of instructions the Secretary of War impressed upon them the desire of the people of the United States for peace in terms that were almost humiliating, and even directed them if necessary to cede some of the lands already granted by the Indians at previous treaties.

In May, 1793, the commissioners went to Niagara, where they held meetings with various Iroquois chiefs, and exchanged friendly letters with the British officers of the posts, who assured them that they would help in the effort to conclude a peace. Captain Brant, the Iro-



THE MURDER OF THE ENVOYS.

quois chief, acted as spokesman for a deputation of the hostile Indians from the Miami, where a great council was being held, at which not only the northwestern tribes, but the Five Nations were in attendance. The commissioners then sailed to the Detroit River, having first sent home a strong remonstrance against the activity displayed by the new commander on the Ohio (Wayne), whose vigorous measures, they said, had angered the Indians, and were considered by the British "unfair and unwarrantable." This was a preposterous complaint. Throughout our history, whether in dealing with Indians, or with other foes, our peace commissioners have invariably shown to disadvantage when compared with the military commandants, for whom they always betray much jealousy. Wayne's conduct was eminently proper, and it is difficult to understand the mental attitude of the commissioners who criticised it because the British considered it "unwarrantable." However, a few weeks later they learned to take a more just view of Wayne, and to thank him for the care with which he had kept the peace while they were vainly trying to treat, for at the Detroit they found they could do nothing. Brant and the Iroquois urged the northwestern tribes not to yield any point, and promised them help, telling the British agent McKee, evidently to his satisfaction, "We came here not only to assist with our advice, but other ways; . . . . we came here with arms in our hands," and they insisted that the country belonged to the confederated tribes in common, and so could not be surrendered save by all. Brant was the inveterate foe of the Americans and the pensioner of the British, and his advice to the tribes was sound, and was adopted by them, though he misled them by his never-fulfilled promise of support. They refused to consider any proposition which did not acknowledge the Ohio as the boundary between them and the United States, and so, towards the end of August, the commissioners returned to report their failure. The final solution of the problem was thus left to the sword of Wayne.

The attitude of the British gradually

changed from passive to active hostility. In 1792 and 1793 they still wished the Indians to make peace with the Americans, provided always there were no such concession made to the latter as would endanger the British control of the fur trade. But by the beginning of 1794 the relations between Great Britain and the United States had become so strained that open war was threatened; for the advisers of the King, relying on the weakness of the young federal republic, had begun to adopt that tone of brutal insolence which reflected well the general attitude of the British people towards the Americans, and which finally brought on the second war between the two nations.

The British officials in Canada were quick to reflect the tone of the home government, and, as always in such cases, the more zealous and belligerent went a little farther than they were authorized. On February 10th Lord Dorchester, Governor of Canada, in an address of welcome to some of the chiefs from the tribes of the North and West, said, speaking of the boundary: "Children, since my return I find no appearance of a line remains; and from the manner in which the people of the United States push on and act and talk . . . . I shall not be surprised if we are at war with them in the course of the present year; and if so, a line must then be drawn by the warriors; . . . . we have acted in the most peaceable manner, and borne the language and conduct of the people of the United States with patience, but I believe our patience is almost exhausted." Of course such a speech, delivered to such an audience, was more than a mere incitement to war; it was a direct appeal to arms. Nor did the encouragement given the Indians end with words; for in April, Simcoe, the Lieutenant-Governor, himself built a fort at the Miami Rapids, in the very heart of the hostile tribes, and garrisoned it with British regulars, infantry and artillery; which, wrote one of the British officials to another, had "put all the Indians here in great spirits" to resist the Americans. The same official further reported that the Spaniards also were exciting the Indians to war, and were in communication with Simcoe, their messengers coming to him at his post on the Miami. At this time the Spanish Governor, Carondelet, was alarmed over Clark's threatened invasion of Louisiana on behalf of the French Republic. He wrote to Simcoe asking for English help in the event of such invasion. Simcoe, in return, wrote expressing his good-will, and enclosing a copy of Dorchester's speech to the northern Indians; which, Carondelet reported to the court of Spain, showed that the English were following the same system adopted by the Spaniards in reference to the Indians, whom they were employing with great success against the Americans. Moreover, the Spaniards, besides communicating with the British, sent messages to the Indians at the Miami, urging them to attack the Americans, and promising help—a promise which they never fulfilled, save that in a covert way they furnished the savages with arms and munitions of war.

The Canadians themselves were excited and alarmed by Dorchester's speech, copies of which were distributed broadcast; for the general feeling was that it meant that war was about to be declared between Great Britain and the United States. The Indians took the same view as to what the speech meant, but to them it gave unmixed pleasure and encouragement. The British officials circulated it everywhere among the tribes, reading it aloud to the gathered chiefs and fighting-men. McKee, the British Indian agent among the northwestern tribes who were at war with the Americans, reported with joy the rapid growth of warlike spirit among the savages in consequence of the speech, and of the building of the British fort on the Miami. He wrote: "The face of the Indian affairs in this country, I have the greatest satisfaction in informing you, seems considerably altered for the better. His Excellency Lord Dorchester's speech and the arrival here of speeches from the Spaniards induce me to believe that a very extensive union of the Indian nations will be the immediate consequence. The Lieutenant-Governor has ordered a strong detachment of the 24th Regiment to take post a mile and a half below this place. This step has given great spirits to the Indians, and impressed them with a hope of our ultimately acting with them, and affording a security for their families should the enemy penetrate to their villages."

Nor did the British confine their encouragement to words. The Canadian authorities forwarded to the Miami tribes, through the agent McKee, quantities of

guns, rifles, and gunlocks, besides vermilion paint and tobacco. McKee was careful to get from the home authorities the best fire-arms he could, explaining that his red protégés preferred the long to the short rifles, and considered the common trade guns makeshifts, to be used only until they could get better ones.

The Indians made good use of the weapons thus furnished them by the "neutral" British. A party of Delawares and Shawnees, after a successful skirmish with the Americans, brought to McKee six of the scalps they had taken; and part of the speech of presentation at the solemn council where they were received by McKee ran: "We had two actions with [some of Wayne's troops who were guarding convoys], in which a great many of our enemies were killed. Part of their flesh we have brought here with us to convince our friend of the truth of their being now in great force on their march against us; therefore, father [addressing McKee], we desire you to be strong, and bid your children make haste to our assistance, as was promised by them." The speaker, a Delaware chief, afterwards handed the six scalps to a Huron chief, that he might distribute them among the tribes. McKee sent to the home authorities a full account of this council, where he had assisted at the reception and distribution of the scalps the savages had taken from the soldiers of a nation with which the British still pretended to be at peace; and a few days later he reported that the lake Indians were at last gathering, and that when the fighting-men of the various tribes joined forces, as he had reason to believe they shortly would join, the British posts would be tolerably secure from any attack by Wayne.

The Indians served the British not only as a barrier against the Americans, but as a police for their own soldiers, to prevent their deserting. An Englishman who visited the lake posts at this time recorded, with a good deal of horror, the fate that befell one of a party of deserters from the British garrison at Detroit. The commander, on discovering that they had gone, ordered the Indians to bring them back, dead or alive. When overtaken, one resisted, and was killed and scalped. The Indians brought in his scalp and hung it outside the fort, where it was suffered to remain, that the ominous sight might strike terror to other discontented soldiers.

The publication of Lord Dorchester's speech caused angry excitement in the United States. Many thought it spurious; but Washington, then President, with his usual clear-sightedness, at once recognized that it was genuine, and accepted it as proof of Great Britain's hostile feeling towards his country. Through the Secretary of State he wrote to the British Minister, calling him to sharp account, not only for Dorchester's speech, but for the act of building a fort on the Miami, and for the double-dealing of his government, which professed friendship, with smooth duplicity, while their agents urged the savages to war. "At the very moment when the British ministry were forwarding assurances of good-will, does Lord Dorchester foster and encourage in the Indians hostile dispositions towards the United States," ran the letter; "but this speech only forebodes hostility; the intelligence which has been received this morning is, if true, hostility itself. . . . Governor Simcoe has gone to the fort of the Rapids of the Miami, followed by three companies of a British regiment, in order to build a fort there." The British minister, Hammond, in his answer, said he was "willing to admit the authenticity of the speech," and even the building of the fort, but sought to excuse both by recrimination, asserting that the Americans had themselves in various ways shown hostility to Great Britain. In spite of this explicit admission, however, the British statesmen generally, both in the House of Lords and the House of Commons, disavowed the speech, though in guarded terms; and many Americans were actually convinced by their denials.

Throughout all this period, whatever the negotiators might say or do, the ravages of the Indian war parties never ceased. In the spring following St. Clair's defeat the frontiers of Pennsylvania suffered as severely as those of Virginia from bands of savages who were seeking for scalps, prisoners, and horses. Boats were waylaid and attacked as they descended the Ohio, and the remote settlements were mercilessly scourged. The spies or scouts, the trained Indian-fighters, were out all the while watching for the war bands, and when they discovered one a strong party of rangers or militia



WAYNE'S ESCAPE

was immediately gathered to assail it, if it could be overtaken. Every variety of good and bad fortune attended these expeditions. Thus, in August, 1792, the spies discovered an Indian party in the lower settlements of Kentucky. Thirty militia gathered, followed the trail, and overtook the marauders at Rolling Fork, killing four, while the others scattered; of the whites, one was killed and two wounded. About the same time the famous Kentucky hunter Kenton found a strong Indian camp, which he attacked at dawn, killing three warriors, but when they turned out in force and one of his own scouts was killed, he promptly drew back out of danger. Neither the Indians nor the wild white Indian-fighters made any point of honor about retreating. They wished to do as much damage as possible to their foes, and if the fight seemed doubtful they at once withdrew to await a more favorable opportunity. As for the individual adventurers, their name was legion; all the old annalists, all the old frontiersmen who in after-life recorded their memories of the Indian wars, tell with interminable repetition how such

and such a settler was captured by two Indians, and, watching his chance, fell on his captors when they sat down to dinner and slew them "with a squaw-axe"; how another man was treacherously attacked by two Indians who had pretended to be peaceful traders, and how, though wounded, he killed them both; how two or three cabins were surprised by the savages and all the inhabitants slain; or how a flotilla of flat-boats was taken and destroyed while moored to the bank of the Ohio; and so on without end.

The United States authorities vainly sought peace, while the British instigated the tribes to war, and the savages themselves never thought of ceasing their hostilities. The frontiersmen also wished war, and regarded the British and Indians with an equal hatred. They knew that the presence of the British in the lake posts meant Indian war; they knew that the Indians would war on them, whether they behaved well or ill, until the tribes suffered some signal overthrow; and they coveted the Indian lands with a desire as simple as it was brutal. Nor were land-hunger and revenge the only motives that stirred them to aggression; meaner feelings were mixed with the greed for untilled prairie and unfelled forest and the fierce longing for blood. Throughout our history as a nation, as long as we have had a frontier, there was always a class of frontiersmen for whom Indian war meant the chance to acquire wealth at the expense of the government; and on the Ohio in 1792 and 1793 there were plenty of men who, in the event of a campaign, hoped to make profit out of the goods, horses, and cattle they supplied the soldiers. One of Madison's Kentucky friends wrote him with rather startling frankness that the welfare of the new State hinged on the advent of an army to assail the Indians—first, because of the defence it would give the settlers; and secondly, because it would be the chief means for introducing into the country a sufficient quantity of money for circulation. Madison himself evidently saw nothing out of the way in this twofold motive of the frontiersmen for wishing the presence of an army. In all the border communities there was a lack of circulating medium, and an earnest desire to obtain more by any expedient.

Like many other frontiersmen, Madison's correspondent indulged almost equally in complaints of the Indian ravages and denunciations of the regular army, which alone could put an end to them, and of the national party which sustained the army.

Major-General Anthony Wayne, a Pennsylvanian, had been chosen to succeed St. Clair in the command of the army, and on him devolved the task of wresting victory from the formidable forest tribes, fighting as the latter were in the almost impenetrable wilderness of their own country. The tribes were aided by the support covertly, and often openly, yielded them by the British. They had even more effective allies in the suspicion with which the backwoodsmen regarded the regular army, and the supine indifference of the people at large, which forced the administration to try every means to obtain peace before adopting the only manly and honorable course—a vigorous war.

Of all men, Wayne was the best fitted for the work. In the Revolutionary war no other general—American, British, or French—won such a reputation for hard fighting and for daring energy and dogged courage. He felt very keenly that delight in the actual shock of battle which the most famous fighting generals have possessed. He gloried in the excitement and danger, and shone at his best when the stress was sorest; and because of his magnificent courage his soldiers had affectionately christened him "Mad Anthony." But his head was as cool as his heart was stout. He was taught in a rough school; for early campaigns in which he took part were waged against the gallant generals and splendid soldiery of the British King. By experience he had grown to add caution to his dauntless energy. Once, after the battle of Brandywine, when he had pushed close to the enemy with his usual fearless self-confidence, he was surprised in a night attack by the equally daring British general Grey, and his brigade was severely punished with the bayonet. It was a lesson he never forgot; it did not in any way abate his self-reliance or his fiery ardor, but it taught him the necessity of forethought, of thorough preparation, and of ceaseless watchfulness. A few days later he led the assault at Germantown, driving the Hessians before him with the bayonet. This was always his favorite weapon; he had the utmost faith in coming to close quarters, and he trained his

soldiers to trust the steel. At Monmouth he turned the fortunes of the day by his stubborn and successful resistance to the repeated bayonet charges of the Guards and Grenadiers. His greatest stroke was the storming of Stony Point, where in person he led the midnight rush of his troops over the walls of the British fort. He fought with his usual hardihood against Cornwallis; and at the close of the Revolutionary war he made a successful campaign against the Creeks in Georgia. During this campaign the Creeks one night tried to surprise his camp, and attacked with resolute ferocity, putting to flight some of the troops; but Wayne rallied them, and, sword in hand, he led them against the savages, who were overthrown and driven from the field. In one of the charges he cut down an Indian chief; and the dying man, as he fell, killed Wayne's horse with a pistol-shot.

As soon as Wayne reached the Ohio, in June, 1792, he set about reorganizing the army. He had as a nucleus the remnant of St. Clair's beaten forces, and to this were speedily added hundreds of recruits, enlisted under new legislation by Congress, and shipped to him as fast as the recruiting officers could send them. The men were of precisely the same general character as those who had failed so dismally under St. Clair, and it was even more difficult to turn them into good soldiers; for the repeated disasters, crowned by the final crushing horror, had unnerved them, and made them feel that their task was hopeless, and that they were foredoomed to defeat. The mortality among the officers had been very great, and the new officers, though full of zeal, needed careful training. Among the men desertions were very common; and on the occasion of a sudden alarm Wayne found that many of his sentries left their posts and fled. Only rigorous and long-continued discipline and exercise under a commander both stern and capable could turn such men into soldiers fit for the work Wayne had before him. He saw this at once, and realized that a premature movement meant nothing but another defeat; and he began by careful and patient labor to turn his horde of raw recruits into a compact and efficient army, which he might use with his customary energy and decision. When he took command of the army—or "Legion," as he preferred to call it—the one stipulation he made was that the campaign should not begin until his ranks were full and his men thoroughly disciplined.

Towards the end of the summer of '92 he established his camp on the Ohio, about twenty-seven miles below Pittsburg. He drilled both officers and men with unwearied patience; and gradually the officers became able to do the drilling themselves, while the men acquired the soldierly self-confidence of veterans. As the new recruits came in they found themselves with an army which was rapidly learning how to manœuvre with precision, to obey orders unhesitatingly, and to look forward eagerly to a battle with the foe. Throughout the winter Wayne kept at work, and by the spring he had under him twenty-five hundred regular soldiers who were already worthy to be trusted in a campaign. He never relaxed his efforts to improve them, though a man of weaker stuff might well have been discouraged by the timid and hesitating policy of the national government. The Secretary of War, in writing to him, laid stress chiefly on the fact that the American people desired at every hazard to avert an Indian war, and that on no account should offensive operations be undertaken against the tribes. Such orders tied Wayne's hands, for offensive operations offered the only means of ending the war; but he patiently bided his time, and made ready his army against the day when his superiors should allow him to use the weapon he had tempered.

In May, 1793, he brought his army down the Ohio to Fort Washington, and near it established a camp, which he christened Hobson's Choice. Here he was forced to wait the results of the fruitless negotiations carried on by the United States peace commissioners, and it was not until about the 1st of October that he was given permission to begin the campaign. Even when he was allowed to move his army forward he was fettered by injunctions not to run any risk—and of course a really good fighting general ought to be prepared to run risks. The Secretary of War wrote him that, above all things, he was to remember to hazard nothing, for a defeat would be fraught with ruinous consequences to the country. Wayne knew very well if such was the temper of the country and the government it behooved him to be cautious, and he an-

swered that though he would at once advance towards the Indian towns to threaten the tribes, he would not run the least unnecessary risk. Accordingly he shifted his army to a place some eighty miles north of Cincinnati, where he encamped for the winter, building a place of strength, which he named Greeneville, in honor of his old comrade in arms, General Greene. He sent forward a strong detachment of his troops to the site of St. Clair's defeat, where they built a post, which was named Fort Recovery. The discipline of the army steadily improved, though now and then a soldier deserted, usually fleeing to Kentucky, but in one or two cases striking through the woods to Detroit. The bands of auxiliary militia that served now and then for short periods with the regulars were of course much less well trained and less dependable.

The Indians were always lurking about the forts, and threatening the convoys of provisions and munitions as they marched slowly from one to the other. Before Wayne moved down the Ohio a band of Kentucky mounted riflemen, under Major John Adair, were attacked almost under the walls of one of the log forts, as they were convoying a large number of pack-horses. The riflemen were in camp at the time, the Indians making the assault at dawn. Most of the horses were driven off or killed, and the men fled to the fort, which, Adair dryly remarked, proved "a place of safety for the bashful"; but he rallied fifty, who speedily drove off the Indians, killing two and wounding others. Of his own men six were killed and five wounded.

Wayne's detachments occasionally fared as badly. In the fall of 1793, just after he had advanced to Greeneville, a party of ninety regulars, who were escorting twenty heavily laden wagons, were surprised and scattered a few miles from the scene of Adair's misadventure. The lieutenant and ensign who were in command and five or six of their men were slain, fighting bravely; half a dozen were captured; the rest were panic-struck, and fled without resistance. The Indians took off about seventy horses, leaving the wagons standing in the middle of the road, with their contents uninjured, and a reserve party brought them safely to Wayne. The victors were a party of Wyandots and Ottawas, under their chief Little Otter. On October 24th the British agent at the Miami towns met in solemn council with these Indians and with another successful war party. The Indians had with them ten scalps and two prisoners. Seven of the scalps they sent off by an Indian runner, a special ally and friend of the British agent, to be distributed among the different lake Indians, to rouse them to war. One of their prisoners, an Irishman, they refused to surrender; but the other they gave to the agent. He proved to be a German, a mercenary who had originally been in Burgoyne's army. Later one of the remaining captives made his escape, killing his two Indian owners, a man and a woman, both of whom had been leaders of war parties.

In the spring of 1794, as soon as the ground was dry, Wayne prepared to advance toward the hostile towns and force a decisive battle. He was delayed for a long time by lack of provisions, the soldiers being on such short rations that they could not move. The mounted riflemen of Kentucky, who had been sent home at the beginning of winter, again joined him. Among the regulars in the rifle company was a young Kentuckian, Captain William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark, and afterwards one of the two famous explorers who first crossed the continent to the Pacific. In his letters home Clark dwelt much on the laborious nature of his duties, and mentioned that he was "like to have starved," and had to depend on his rifle for subsistence. In May he was sent from Fort Washington with twenty dragoons and sixty infantry to escort 700 pack-horses to Greeneville. When eighteen miles from Fort Washington Indians attacked his van, driving off a few pack-horses; but Clark brought up his men from the rear, and after a smart skirmish put the savages to flight. They left behind one of their number dead, two wounded, and seven rifles; Clark lost two men killed and two wounded.

On the last day of June a determined assault was made by the Indians on Fort Recovery, which was garrisoned by about two hundred men. Thanks to the efforts of the British agents, and of the runners from the allied tribes of the lower lakes, the Chippewas and all the tribes of the upper lakes had taken the tomahawk, and in June they gathered at the Miami. Over two thousand warriors, all told, assembled — a larger body than had ever before marched against the Americans.

They were eager for war, and wished to make a stroke of note against their foes, and they resolved to try to carry Fort Recovery, built on the scene of their victory over St. Clair. They streamed down through the woods in long columns, and silently neared the fort. With them went a number of English and French rangers, most of whom were painted and dressed like the Indians.

When they reached the fort they found camped close to the walls a party of fifty dragoons and ninety riflemen. These dragoons and riflemen had escorted a brigade of pack-horses from Greeneville the day before, and having left the supplies in the fort, were about to return with the unladen pack-horses. But soon after daybreak the Indians rushed their camp. Against such overwhelming numbers no effective resistance could be made. After a few moments' fight the men broke and ran to the fort. The officers, as usual, showed no fear, and were the last to retreat, half of them being killed or wounded —one of the honorably noteworthy features of all these Indian fights was the large relative loss among the officers. Most of the dragoons and riflemen reached the fort, including nineteen who were wounded; nineteen officers and privates were killed, and two of the pack-horse men were killed and three captured. Two hundred pack-horses were captured. The Indians, flushed with success, and rendered over-confident by their immense superiority in numbers, made a rush at the fort, hoping to carry it by storm. They were beaten back at once with severe loss; for in such work they were no match for their foes. They then surrounded the fort, kept up a harmless fire all day, and renewed it the following morning. In the night they bore off their dead, finding them with the help of torches; eight or ten of those nearest the fort they could not get. They then drew off and marched back to the Miami towns. At least twenty-five of them had been killed and a great number wounded, whereas they had only succeeded in killing one and wounding eleven of the garrison. They were much disheartened at the check, and the upper lake Indians began to go home. The savages were as fickle as they were ferocious, and though terrible antagonists when fighting on their own ground and in their own manner, they lacked the stability necessary for undertaking a formidable offensive movement in mass. This army of two thousand warriors, the largest they had ever assembled, was repulsed with loss in an attack on a wooden fort, with a garrison not one-sixth their strength, and then dissolved without accomplishing anything at all.

Three weeks after the successful defence of Fort Recovery, Wayne was joined by a large force of mounted volunteers from Kentucky, under General Scott, and on July 27th he set out towards the Miami towns. The Indians who watched his march brought word to the British that his army went twice as far in a day as St. Clair's; that he kept his scouts well out, and his troops always in open order and ready for battle; that he exercised the greatest precaution to avoid an ambush or surprise; and that every night the camps of the different regiments were surrounded by a breastwork of fallen trees, so as to render a sudden assault hopeless. Wayne was determined to avoid the fates of Braddock and St. Clair. His "Legion" of regular troops was over two thousand strong. His discipline was very severe, yet he kept the loyal affection of his men, and he caused the officers to devote much of their time to training the infantry in marksmanship and the use of the bayonet, and the cavalry in the use of the sabre. He impressed upon the cavalry and infantry alike that their safety lay in charging home with the utmost resolution. By steady drill he had turned his force, which was originally not of a promising character, into as fine an army, for its size, as a general could wish to command.

He showed his capacity as a commander by the use he made of his spies or scouts. A few of these were Chickasaw or Choctaw Indians; the rest, twenty or thirty in number, were drawn from the ranks of the wild white Indian-fighters, the men who plied their trade of warfare and the chase right on the hunting-grounds of the hostile tribes. They were far more dangerous to the Indians and far more useful to the army than the like number of regular soldiers or ordinary rangers.

It was on these fierce backwoods riflemen that Wayne chiefly relied for news of the Indians, and they served him well. In small parties, or singly, they threaded the forest scores of miles in advance or to one side of the marching army, and kept close watch on the Indians' move-

ments. As skilful and hardy as the red warriors, much better marksmen, and even more daring, they took many scalps, harrying the hunting parties, and hanging on the outskirts of the big wigwam villages. They captured and brought in Indian after Indian, from whom Wayne got valuable information. The use of the scouts, and the consequent knowledge gained by the examination of Indian prisoners, emphasized the difference between St. Clair and Wayne. Wayne's reports are accompanied by many examinations of Indian captives.

Among these wilderness warriors who served under Wayne were some who became known far and wide along the border for their feats of reckless personal prowess and their strange adventures. They were, of course, all men of remarkable bodily strength and agility, with almost unlimited powers of endurance and the keenest of eyesight, and they were masters in the use of their weapons. Several of them had been captured by the Indians when children, and had lived for years with them before rejoining the whites, so that they knew well the speech and customs of the different tribes.

One of these men was the captain of the spies, William Wells. When a boy of twelve he had been captured by the Miamis, and had grown to manhood among them, living like any other young warrior; his Indian name was Black Snake, and he married a sister of the great war-chief Little Turtle. He fought with the rest of the Miamis, and by the side of Little Turtle, in the victories the northwestern Indians gained over Harmar and St. Clair, and during the battles he killed several soldiers with his own hand. Afterwards, by some wayward freak of mind, he became harassed by the thought that perhaps he had slain some of his own kinsmen; dim memories of his childhood came back to him, and he resolved to leave his Indian wife and half-breed children and rejoin the people of his own color. Tradition relates that on the eve of his departure he made his purpose known to Little Turtle, and added, "We have long been friends; we are friends yet, until the sun stands so high [indicating the place] in the heavens; from that time we are enemies, and may kill one another." Be this as it may, he came to Wayne, was taken into high favor and made chief of scouts, and served loyally and with signal success until the end of the campaign. After the campaign he was joined by his Indian wife and his children; the latter grew up and married well in the community, so that their blood now flows in the veins of many of the descendants of the old pioneers. Wells himself was slain by the Indians long afterwards, in 1812, at the Chicago massacre.

One of Wells's fellow-spies was William Miller. Miller, like Wells, had been captured by the Indians when a boy, together with his brother Christopher. When he grew to manhood he longed to rejoin his own people, and finally did so, but he could not persuade his brother to come with him, for Christopher had become an Indian at heart. In June, 1794, Wells, Miller, and a third spy, Robert McClellan, were sent out by Wayne with special instructions to bring in a live Indian. McClellan, who a number of years afterwards became a famous plainsman and Rocky Mountain man, was remarkably swift of foot. Near the Auglaize River they found three Indians roasting venison by a fire on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brushwood. By taking advantage of the cover yielded by a fallen tree-top the three scouts crawled within seventy yards of the camp-fire; and Wells and Miller agreed to fire at the two outermost Indians, while McClellan, as soon as they had fired, was to dash in and run down the third. As the rifles cracked, the two doomed warriors fell dead in their tracks, while McClellan bounded forward at full speed, tomahawk in hand. The Indian had no time to pick up his gun. Fleeing for his life, he reached the bank of the river, where the bluffs were twenty feet high, and sprang over into the stream-bed. He struck a miry place, and while he was floundering McClellan came to the top of the bluff, and instantly sprang down full on him and overpowered him. The others came up and secured the prisoner, whom they found to be a white man; and, to Miller's astonishment, it proved to be his brother Christopher. The scouts brought their prisoner and the scalps of the two slain warriors back to Wayne. At first Christopher was sulky, and refused to join the whites, so at Greeneville he was put in the guard-house. After a few days he grew more cheerful, and said he had changed his mind. Wayne set him at liberty, and he not only served valiantly as a scout through

the campaign, but acted as Wayne's interpreter. Early in June he showed his good faith by assisting McClellan in the capture of a Pottawatomie chief.

On one of Wells's scouts he and his companions came across a family of Indians in a canoe by the river-bank. The white wood-rangers were as ruthless as their red foes, sparing neither sex nor age; and the scouts were cocking their rifles, when Wells recognized the Indians as being the family into which he had been adopted, and by which he had been treated as a son and brother. Springing forward, he swore immediate death to the first man who fired, and then told his companions who the Indians were. The scouts at once dropped their weapons, shook hands with the Miamis, and sent them off unharmed.

Wells's last scouting trip was made just before the final battle of the campaign. As it was the eve of the decisive struggle, Wayne was anxious to get a prisoner. Wells went off with three companions—McClellan, a man named Mahaffy, and a man named May. May, like Wells and Miller, had lived long with the Indians, first as a prisoner, and afterwards as an adopted member of the tribe, but had finally made his escape. The four scouts succeeded in capturing an Indian man and woman, whom they bound securely. Instead of returning at once with their captives, the champion, in sheer daredevil, ferocious love of adventure, determined, as it was already nightfall, to leave the two bound Indians where they could find them again, and go into one of the Indian camps to do some killing. The camp they selected was but a couple of miles from the British fort. They were dressed and painted like Indians, and spoke the Indian tongue; so, riding boldly forward, they came right among the warriors, who stood grouped around the campfires. They were at arm's-length before their disguise was discovered. Immediately each of them, choosing his man, fired into an Indian, and then they fled, pursued by a hail of bullets. May's horse slipped and fell in the bed of a stream, and he was captured. The other three, spurring hard, and leaning forward in their saddles to avoid the bullets, escaped, though both Wells and McClellan were wounded; and they brought their Indian prisoners into Wayne's camp that night. May was recognized by the Indians as their former prisoner, and next day they tied him up, made a mark on his breast for a target, and shot him to death.

With his advance effectually covered by his scouts, and his army guarded by his own ceaseless vigilance, Wayne marched without opposition to the confluence of the Auglaize and the Maumee, where the hostile Indian villages began, and whence they stretched to below the British fort. The savages were taken by surprise, and fled without offering opposition, while Wayne halted on August 8th and spent a week in building a strong log stockade, with four good block-houses as bastions; he christened the work Fort Defiance. The Indians had cleared and tilled immense fields, and the troops revelled in the fresh vegetables and ears of roasted corn, and enjoyed the rest, for during the march the labor of cutting a road through the thick forest had been very severe, while the water had been bad, and the mosquitoes troublesome. At one place a tree fell on Wayne and nearly killed him, but, though somewhat crippled, he continued as active and vigilant as ever.

From Fort Defiance Wayne sent a final offer of peace to the Indians, summoning them at once to send deputies to meet him. The letter was carried by Christopher Miller and a Shawnee prisoner, and in it Wayne explained that Miller was a Shawnee by adoption, whom his soldiers had captured "six moons since," while the Shawnee warrior had been taken but a couple of days before; and he warned the Indians that he had seven Indian prisoners, who had been well treated, but who would be put to death if Miller were harmed. The Indians did not molest Miller, but sought to obtain delay, and would give no definite answer, whereupon Wayne advanced against them, having laid waste and destroyed all their villages and fields.

His army marched on the 15th, and on the 18th reached Roche du Bout, by the Maumee Rapids, only a few miles from the British fort. Next day was spent in building a rough breastwork to protect the stores and baggage, and in reconnoitring the Indian position.

The Indians — Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Miamis, Pottawatomis, Chippewas, and Iroquois — were camped close to the British. There were between fifteen hundred and two thousand warriors; and in addition there were

seventy rangers from Detroit, French, English, and refugee Americans, under Captain Caldwell, who fought with them in the battle. The British agent McKee was with them, and so was Simon Girty, the "white renegade," and another partisan leader, Elliott. But McKee, Girty, and Elliott did not actually fight.

On August 20, 1794, Wayne marched to battle against the Indians. They lay about six miles down the river, near the British fort, in a place known as the Fallen Timbers, because there the thick forest had been overturned by a whirlwind, and the dead trees lay piled across one another in rows. All the baggage was left behind in the breastwork, with a sufficient guard. The army numbered about three thousand men; two thousand were regulars, and there were a thousand mounted volunteers from Kentucky under General Scott.

The army marched down the left or north branch of the Maumee. A small force of mounted volunteers—Kentucky militia—were in front. On the right flank the squadron of dragoons, the regular cavalry, marched next to the river. The infantry, armed with musket and bayonet, were formed in two long lines, the second some little distance behind the first, the left of the first line being continued by the companies of regular riflemen and light troops. Scott, with the body of the mounted volunteers, was thrown out on the left, with instructions to turn the flank of the Indians, thus effectually preventing them from performing a similar feat at the expense of the Americans. There could be no greater contrast than that between Wayne's carefully trained troops, marching in open order to the attack, and St. Clair's huddled mass of raw soldiers receiving an assault they were powerless to repel.

The Indians stretched in a line nearly two miles long at right angles to the river, and began the battle confidently enough. They attacked and drove in the volunteers who were in advance, and the firing then began along the entire front. But their success was momentary. Wayne ordered the first line of the infantry to advance with trailed arms, so as to rouse the savages from their cover, then to fire into their backs at close range, and to follow them hard with the bayonet, so as to give them no time to load. The regular cavalry were directed to charge the left flank of the enemy. Both orders were executed with spirit and vigor.

It would have been difficult to find more unfavorable ground for cavalry. Nevertheless, the dragoons rode against their foes at a gallop, with broadswords swinging, the horses dodging in and out among the trees and jumping the fallen logs. They received a fire at close quarters, which emptied a dozen saddles, both captains being shot down. One, the commander of the squadron, Captain Mis Campbell, was killed; the other, Captain Van Rensselaer, a representative of one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York, who had joined the army from pure love of adventure, was wounded. The command devolved on Lieutenant Covington, who led forward the troopers, with Lieutenant Webb alongside of him, and the dragoons burst among the savages at full speed and routed them in a moment. Covington cut down two of the Indians with his own hand, and Webb one. At the same time the first line of the infantry charged with equal impetuosity and success. The Indians delivered one volley, and were then roused from their hiding-places with the bayonet; as they fled they were shot down, and if they attempted to halt they were at once assailed and again driven with the bayonet. They could make no stand at all, and the battle was won with ease. So complete was the success that only the first line of the regulars was able to take part in the fighting; the second line, and Scott's horse-riflemen on the left, in spite of their exertions, were unable to reach the battle-field until the Indians were driven from it, "there not being a sufficiency of the enemy for the Legion to play on," wrote Clark. Less than a thousand of the Americans were actually engaged. They pursued the beaten and fleeing Indians for two miles, the cavalry halting only when under the walls of the British fort.

Thirty-three of the Americans were killed and one hundred wounded. It was an easy victory. The Indians suffered much more heavily than the Americans: in killed they probably lost two or three times as many. Among the dead were white men from Caldwell's company, and one white ranger was captured. It was the most complete and important victory ever gained over the northwestern Indians during the forty years' warfare, to which it put an end, and it was

the only considerable battle in which they lost more than their foes. They suffered heavily among their leaders—no less than eight Wyandot chiefs were slain.

From the fort the British had seen, with shame and anger, the rout of their Indian allies. Their commander wrote to Wayne to demand his intentions; Wayne responded that he thought they were made sufficiently evident by his successful battle with the savages. The Englishman wrote in resentment of this curt reply, complaining that Wayne's soldiers had approached within pistol-shot of the fort, and threatening to fire upon them if the offence was repeated. Wayne responded by summoning him to abandon the fort—a summons which he, of course, refused to heed. Wayne then gave orders to destroy everything up to the very walls of the fort, and his commands were carried out to the letter; not only were the Indian villages burned and their crops cut down, but all the houses and buildings of the British agents and traders, including McKee's, were levelled to the ground. The British commander did not dare to interfere or make good his threats; nor, on the other hand, did Wayne venture to storm the fort, which was well built and heavily armed.

After completing his work of destruction, Wayne marched his army back to Fort Defiance. Here he was obliged to halt for over a fortnight, while he sent back to Fort Recovery for provisions. He employed the time in work on the fort, which he strengthened so that it would stand an attack by a regular army. The mounted volunteers were turned to account in a new manner, being employed not only to escort the pack-animals, but themselves to transport the flour on their horses. There was much sickness among the soldiers, especially from fever and ague, and but for the corn and vegetables they obtained from the Indian towns, which were scattered thickly along the Maumee, they would have suffered from hunger. They were especially disturbed because all the whiskey was used up.

On September 14th the Legion started westward towards the Miami towns at the junction of the St. Marys and St. Josephs rivers, the scene of Harmar's disaster. In four days the towns were reached, the Indians being too cowed to offer resistance. Here the army spent six weeks, burned the towns and destroyed the fields and stores of the hostile tribes, and built a fort, which was christened Fort Wayne. British deserters came in from time to time; some of the Canadian traders made overtures to the army and agreed to furnish provisions at a moderate price; and of the savages only straggling parties were seen. The mounted volunteers grew mutinous, but were kept in order by their commander, Scott, a rough, capable backwoods soldier. Their time of service at length expired, and they were sent home; and the regulars of the Legion, leaving a garrison at Fort Wayne, marched back to Greeneville, and reached it on November 2d, just three months and six days after they started from it on their memorable and successful expedition. Wayne had shown himself the best general ever sent to war with the northwestern Indians, and his victorious campaign was the most noteworthy ever carried on against them, for it brought about the first lasting peace on the border, and put an end to the bloody turmoil of forty years' fighting. It was one of the most striking and weighty feats in the winning of the West.

The army went into winter quarters at Greeneville. There was sickness among the troops, and there were occasional desertions; the discipline was severe, and the work so hard and dangerous that the men generally refused to re-enlist. The officers were uneasy lest there should be need of a further campaign. But their fears were groundless. Before winter set in heralds arrived from the hostile tribes to say that they wished peace, and a definite treaty was concluded at Greeneville the following spring.

Wayne had brought peace by the sword. It was the first time the border had been quiet for over a generation, and for fifteen years the quiet lasted unbroken. The credit belongs to Wayne and his army, and to the government which stood behind both. Because it thus finally stood behind them we can forgive its manifold shortcomings and vacillations, its futile efforts to beg a peace, and its reluctance to go to war. We can forgive all this, but we should not forget it. Americans need to keep in mind the fact that as a nation they have erred far more often in not being willing enough to fight than in being too willing. Once roused, our countrymen have always been dangerous and hard-fighting foes, but they have been over-difficult to rouse. The edu-

THE CHARGE OF THE DRAGOONS.

cated classes in particular need to be perpetually reminded that though it is an evil thing to brave a conflict needlessly, or to bully and bluster, it is an even worse thing to flinch from a fight for which there is legitimate provocation.

The conduct of the Americans in the years which close with Wayne's treaty did not shine very brightly, but the conduct of the British was black indeed. On the northwestern frontier they behaved in a way which can scarcely be too harshly stigmatized. Their treatment both of the Indians, whom they professed to protect, and of the Americans, with whom they professed to be friendly, forms one of the darkest pages in the annals of the British in America. Yet they have been much less severely blamed for their behavior in this matter than for far more excusable offences. American historians, for example, usually condemn them without stint because in 1814 the army of Ross and Cockburn burned and looted the public buildings of Washington, but by rights they should keep all their condemnation for their own country, so far as the taking of Washington is concerned, for the sin of burning a few public buildings is as nothing compared with the cowardly infamy of which the politicians of the stripe of Jefferson and Madison and the people whom they represented were guilty in not making ready by sea and land to protect their capital, and in not exacting full revenge for its destruction. These facts may with advantage be pondered by those men of the present day who are either so ignorant or of such lukewarm patriotism that they do not wish to see the United States keep prepared for war, and show herself willing and able to adopt a vigorous foreign policy whenever there is need of furthering American interests or upholding the honor of the American flag. America is bound scrupulously to respect the rights of the weak, but she is no less bound to make stalwart insistence on her own rights as against the strong.

The count against the British on the northwestern frontier is not that they insisted on their rights, but that they were guilty of treachery to both friend and foe. The success of the British was incompatible with the good of mankind in general and of the English-speaking races in particular, for they strove to prop up savagery, and bar the westward march of the settler-folk whose destiny it was to make ready the continent for civilization. But the British cannot be seriously blamed because they failed to see this. Their fault lay in their aiding and encouraging savages in a warfare which was necessarily horrible, and still more in their repeated breaches of faith. The horror and the treachery were the inevitable outcome of the policy on which they had embarked; it can never be otherwise when a civilized government endeavors to use as allies in war savages whose acts it cannot control, and for whose welfare it has no real concern.

Doubtless the statesmen who shaped the policy of Great Britain never deliberately intended to break faith, and never fully realized the awful nature of the Indian warfare, for which they were in part responsible; they thought very little of the matter at all in the year which saw the beginning of their stupendous struggle with France. But the acts of their obscure agents on the far interior frontier were rendered necessary and inevitable by their policy. To encourage the Indians to hold their own against the Americans and to keep back the settlers meant to encourage a war of savagery against the border vanguard of white civilization, and such a war was sure to teem with fearful deeds. Moreover, where the interests of the British crown were so manifold it was idle to expect that the crown's advisers would treat as of much weight the welfare of the scarcely known tribes whom their agents had urged to enter a contest which was hopeless except for British assistance. The British statesmen were engaged in gigantic schemes of warfare and diplomacy, and to them the Indians and the frontiersmen alike were pawns on a great chess-board, to be sacrificed whenever it was necessary. When the British authorities deemed it likely that there would be war with America the tribes were incited to take up the hatchet; when there seemed a chance of peace with America the deeds of the tribes were disowned, and the peace was finally assured by a cynical abandonment of their red allies. In short, the British, while professing peace with the Americans, treacherously incited the Indians to war against them, and when it suited their own interests they treacherously abandoned their Indian allies to their impending ruin.



ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS

BY

CASPAR W. WHITNEY

V.—MUSK-OX AND DESOLATION.

WE left all hopes of a warming fire on the south side of King Lake, when we lashed the newly cut lodge-poles to our sledges and took up our northward way through the outlying relics of timber-land, which the Indians aptly call the "Land of Little Sticks." There is no abrupt ending of the timber-line. For a day or two before reaching King Lake the trees are growing smaller and more scarce; as you draw nearer they stretch away like irregular lines of skirmishers deployed along the frontier to intercept further encroachment by the Barren Grounds. And now you pass beyond these sentries and travel along a ridge which makes out into the white desert—a long wooded peninsula—or mayhap you cross a lake to find a wooded island on the other side. Gradually—imperceptibly almost—the peninsulas grow shorter and the islands smaller, until finally you stand on the shore of King Lake and look north into desolation.

Probably the roughest country in all the North-land is that going down to the Barrens. Nature appears to have made an effort to stay the footsteps of the wanderer while yet there is opportunity to turn from the trials that await him beyond. Isolated hills, sharp little ridges, and narrow shallow valleys, running hither and thither, all rock-covered, and every now and again a lake, go to make up a rugged and confused whole. One could well fancy some Titan ploughman had cross-sectioned the land into huge ridge and furrow, stopping here and there to raise a mound, and sowing all with rocks of every shape and size. It looks forbidding, and it is a great deal more so than it appears.

'Twas over such going I had my first real experience in dog-driving, for up till now there had been little handling of the sledge, and therein lie all the difficulties of the art. If you can imagine a canoe pitching in short choppy waves, you will gain some idea of the action of a lightly loaded sledge being dragged over this ridge and furrow and rock. Without guidance the sledge would soon pound itself to pieces, so you humor and coax it through the furrows, ease it around or lift it over the rocks, pull with the dogs in climbing the ridge, and pull against them in going down. And all the time, because of your enforced running alongside the head of the sledge, in order to handle it by the "tail-line," you are tripping

over rocks you cannot see, being jammed in between others you cannot escape, or blocking the progress of the sledge with an arm or a leg, or, often as not, with your head.

The Indians left me to work out my own salvation, and my dogs added difficulties to those nature had already liberally provided. The most exciting, and withal discomforting, moments I had were in going down hill. Whether in contempt for my inexperience, or misunderstanding my commands, whenever we began a descent and I called w-h-o-a, Foro, the foregoer, invariably broke into a run, starting up the other dogs, and dragging after them me, hanging to the tail-line, of which I did not let go, because I thought it just as well the dogs learned early in the game that they could not "shake" me. And so sometimes I went down hill head-first, at other times feet-first; but the speed of the dogs never lessened until the bottom had been reached, except when I brought up against a rock, stopping them short, and nearly dislocating my arms thereby.

By-and-by I grew skilful enough to stay on my feet once in a while, and on such occasions a rush after the dogs at top speed would take me up to the foregoer about half-way down the hill, where I fell on him as though he were a foot-ball rolling back of the line from a blocked kick and I was after a touch-down. And then we were rather a mixed-up lot, I and the dogs and the sledge — until I had given Foro a few samples of my English pronunciation.

Poor old Foro! how miserable he made my life for a while! After I had dropped on him half a dozen times in the middle of a wild gallop down hill he began to understand my w-h-o-a, and then we got on better.

And what a lesson, too, in snow-shoeing was this dog-driving! It was reasonable, I suppose, for me to believe myself somewhat skilled on snow-shoes by the time I had reached Great Slave Lake. But when I started from Beniah's lodge I discovered there was much to learn. No man may consider himself an expert on snow-shoes until he has driven dogs and handled a sledge over such country as that approaching the "Land of Little Sticks" — even the heart-breaking and shoe-tripping muskeg is not a circumstance to it.

Within the borders of the Land of Little Sticks the general character of the country becomes more rolling. The rocks are always in evidence, but the furrows have broadened to valleys, and the ridges lost their sharpness and gained in height. Still, the little sharp ridges and furrows never disappear entirely. One day you may see them only here and there; on another probably every elevation will reveal them. To a larger or smaller extent they are scattered through all that part of the Barrens I travelled over, and are the most likely musk-ox grounds, because of the moss and lichens that cling to the rocks, and are the easier gathered. The "little sticks" are pine or juniper, from three to eight feet high, that in small patches are scattered—I do not know how many miles apart, but I can give an idea by saying that during the day of thirty-five to forty miles' travel on the course we pursued we came upon probably a couple of these clumps each day of the two and a half we spent crossing the Land of Little Sticks. Each night we camped where the bushes grew into smallish trees and covered probably half an acre. But between these patches nothing inflammable showed above the snow—not even a twig.

As we worked our way due north, travelling by the sun when it shone, as Indians always do, and by my compass when it stormed, as it mostly did, we climbed to the top of the highest elevations that lay in our course or near it, and while we smoked a pipe, viewed the forlorn panorama which, when the storm permitted, unrolled before us so repeatedly and monotonously. There it was, always the same, unchangeable and unchanged — glittering snow, ridge-encircled lakes, rocky mounds and basins, and far away in the distance a small black speck, perhaps—a wood oasis in the desert of snow.

From the hour of leaving our lucky friend in the woods, two days before, we had eaten no meat. We had kept a sharp though unsuccessful lookout for caribou. Beniah had produced some grease from a little bag he carried, and another Indian had found a piece of frozen caribou intestine in the depths of his sledge, and these, with a few hitherto undiscovered bones, remains of dog-feed, stayed our eight stomachs for the first day's travel in the Land of Little Sticks. We had taken along no supply of dried meat or grease, because caribou signs at the edge of timber con-



A PIPE IN THE LAND OF LITTLE STICKS.
From a photograph by Mr. Whitney.

vinced the Indians that the cows had begun their migration to the North, and we should be able to kill enough for the dogs and ourselves. But all signs fail in the Barren Grounds. The caribou may have been moving, but they were not moving our way.

Throughout that second day scouts were sent to the east and west searching for caribou, and on top of every hill in our path we halted and hungrily scanned the uncompromising wilderness for a sight of meat. The usual chatter of the Indians had ceased. In silence, and against a strong head-wind, we plodded all day long, and when in the gloaming we set up our lodge in one of the little patches of pine, there was nothing left us for the evening meal but tea and a pipe.

As we squatted around the fire awaiting the melting of the snow in the tea-kettle, the Indians appeared to be holding a consultation, and shortly one of them left the circle and went to my sledge. So soon as he began unlacing the wrapper I had a fairly clear idea what he was after, and as quickly realized that I was in for a "scrap." I watched the Indian, however, without dissent, and all the other Indians watched me, until he had uncovered and begun opening the bag in which were the dozen balls of pemmican I had brought from Fort Resolution. And then I said, "*Illa*" (no). The Indian hesitated in his foraging, and looked first at me, probably to discover if I was serious, and then to the others, for encouragement, I suppose. Evidently he got it; at least there was a chorus of gutturals, and he set to work at the bag again. And now I rose on my knees and called him by name — Seeyah — and when he paused and looked at me, I added, rather louder and more earnestly, "*Illa, illa.*" That would have been the end of the piratical episode, I think, had Seeyah been the captain of the crew; but while he stood undecided, with his hand in the bag, the others maintained an animated council of war, in whose utterances I seemed to recognize appeals of urgency to him and of defiance to me, and so Seeyah renewed the attack.

I perfectly realized the unpleasantness of my position, but I felt the situation bore most importantly on the relations between the Indians and me for the balance of the trip. It was a crisis I would have cheerfully averted, but being thrust upon me, I believed the success of my venture, to say nothing of my peace of mind, depended on how I survived it. It was not only that the Indians should at this period of their hunger consume those few balls of pemmican, but it was that their disregard of my commands might in the future lead to greater recklessness in provisions; and recklessness of provisions was just as apt as not to end in our starvation, or, what concerned me more, failure of my trip. I had fetched the pemmican to have at a time and cache at a place when, as near as I could estimate, we should be in direst need. To eat it now, with the journey barely begun, was to rob us of our last resource. I felt if I could go without meat for two days and resist the temptation of eating, they, whose very existence is divided into alternate periods of feasting and fasting, could also, and must, if my determination was to carry weight.

I was not a little exasperated, too, that the Indians should treat my wishes with contempt, and so when Seeyah renewed his explorations for pemmican I confess I was in fit humor to leave no doubt in their minds as to whom the disposition of that pemmican actually belonged. Jumping to my feet, I grabbed the Indian by the shoulder and jerked him away from my sledge. Instantly all the Indians were on their feet, jabbering and gesticulating at a great rate; and while the storm of their displeasure raged, I backed up against my sledge and awaited its abatement, shouting *illa* every now and again, and keeping a sharp look-out for any sudden movement on their part. As I write now, and in my mind's eye see those Indians grouped about the teakettle, all talking at once, and casting lowering looks at me, back against my sledge, shouting *illa* whenever I thought they could hear me above their own din, the situation seems very ludicrous. But the humor of it did not appeal to me so much at that time.



INDIAN LEGGING.

Finally, when there came a lull in the vocal bombardment, I stepped forward and entered upon the most elaborate and important speech I had yet attempted in the sign language. I held their attention for probably thirty minutes, and there was no interruption save when the dogs broke into the lodge and scrambled and fought all over us, until whipped out again. I expressed to them that I had brought the pemmican not for myself, but for us all; that we had only begun our journey; that there might come a time when it would save us from death; that I intended leaving it at the last wood; that they could not get it now without fighting for it, and if we fought I should surely be killed, as we were in quarters too confined to use any weapon but a knife, and they were seven against me. and then the "Big Master" (the Hudson Bay Company's commissioner, Mr. Chipman, who I hope will forgive my liking him to an implacable Nemesis in my hour of need) would take all their skins away, and kill them and their women and children. I do not believe at any time they really had an idea of serious personal conflict, but, at all events, I made them understand they could not get the pemmican that night without putting me out of the way, and they left off muttering, drank their tea in sullen silence, glaring at me over the top of their cups. Before pipes had been lighted two of the scouts came in, each with a caribou head on his back and bearing the good news that three had been killed. So peace reigned again in the lodge, and the late unpleasantness was forgotten, while we feasted on the ears and eyes and tongues of those two heads.

But these two heads among eight men furnished, of course, only a mouthful apiece, and the real feast, and, I may add, our last, began the next morning, when we came to where the three carcasses of the caribou lay. It happened that there were a few scattering little sticks near by, and half of us gathered firewood, while the others guarded the caribou from the rapacious dogs. To hold the dogs in check is to turn the sledges upside down and sit on them. But all the while the dogs jump and tug and howl, and now and again one slips his simple harness, and then nothing short of a blow that knocks him nearly senseless drives him from the caribou. It is cruel treatment, but the necessity is extreme. Sometimes, even with the sledge turned over, the starving, straining dogs get started towards the coveted prize, and then every man sets upon them with whipstock and lash, for once those four dogs got to the carcass, there would be no hope of rescuing any of the meat. Sometimes, frenzied by their unsuccessful efforts to get the meat, they turn on one another, and then ensues a dog-fight of such fury as can never be witnessed anywhere beyond the Barren Grounds, with its maddening conditions.

Even though by some transcendent and providential means I should be given plenty to eat, not anything could induce me to again visit the Barrens and witness the sufferings of those poor dumb brutes. Only for one period (I think, though not absolutely certain, because I was too cold and miserable to write in my note-book every day, and must depend largely on memory) of three days on the trip did

they go entirely without meat. At all others they had a little, just a mouthful, except twice, when we camped by a good killing of musk-ox, and then they fared sumptuously. But they were half famished practically all the time, and my conscience smote me sorely as I noted their glaring eyes and tucked-up stomachs, and realized that my thirst for adventure was the cause of it all. We were fortunate enough to kill caribou and musk-oxen at intervals which enabled us to give the dogs just a bite sometimes every day, and at least every other day, with the exception of that three-day period.

When we killed caribou the dogs were fed on the spot, and the little meat remaining was divided among the sledges, to be carried for them against the days we were not so lucky. We never were lucky enough to kill before this little supply was exhausted. Had we been, we, the seven Indians and I, would have eaten meat. As it was, we ate the intestines and fat, and the dogs ate the meat, because there was not nourishment enough in the intestines for the dogs. Before we left Resolution, Beniah and I had a thorough understanding on this point. Many of the Indian expeditions to the Barrens are crippled by loss of dogs from starvation, and I knew the loss of our dogs meant failure; so we decided if there was any starving the greater part of it should fall on us, realizing of course that if the worst came we could eat the dogs. Beniah held to his agreement, and enforced compliance from the others, and to his wisdom in this direction, in fact, is due much of our success in getting out of the Barrens.



FEEDING THE DOGS.

When it is remembered that the ordinary meal for a dog-train—*i. e.*, four dogs, that are travelling thirty or more miles a day—consists of a caribou hind and fore quarter, that we had twenty-eight dogs, and that we never got more than a caribou or two at intervals of several days, the reader may understand why the dogs were like wild animals, and why we ate the intestines and grease and saved them the meat.

When we killed musk-ox we first cut off meat for a day or two's dog-feeding, and then turned the dogs loose on the carcasses, over which they worried and snarled and fought the livelong night. When there were no carcasses, they were fed out of hand from the slender supply on the sledge, and then they fought us, and worried the weaker among themselves into dividing the frozen chunks that were tossed to them.

This dog-feeding was a trying experience. All the trains were fed at the same time—when we camped at night—and such a scene cannot be duplicated anywhere on earth. As we emerged from the lodge with the tiny feed rolled up in the skirt of our capote, there was a rush by the dogs that pretty nearly carried us off our feet, and frequently knocked down the lodge. We always tried, but never with success, to steal a march on the dogs and get away from the lodge before the rush, but the moment one of us showed his head they gathered for the assault, and there was nothing to do but to scramble out as best we could, otherwise they would have poured into the lodge and torn it and our clothes to pieces in their crazy hunger. So we would bolt out in a body, heads down, and hugging the meat to our breasts with one hand, use the whip vigorously with the other, while the dogs jumped into us and on top of us in their frantic endeavors to tear away the little scrap of meat we held. Gradually we would separate, and each man attempt to gather his train by lashing those that did not belong to him, and calling by name those that did.

When, after much fighting, each had gathered his own, the actual process of feeding began, and this again demanded much activity and some strategy to insure every dog of your train getting its portion. I never had time to notice how the Indians did it, but my method was to run each dog in turn a few yards from the other three, quickly toss his meat to him before the others caught up, and then stand guard over him while he ate it.

The eating did not occupy much time—there was only a growl, a grab, and a gulp, and the meat was gone.

It was necessary to be expeditious, for the dogs that had swallowed their meat ran from group to group seeking those that had not, and woe betide the poor beast that attempted to masticate his morsel! Two of my train, Flossie and Finnette, were very timid, and gave me no end of bother. It was only necessary for another dog to start toward them, and they would drop their meat and run off. I found it necessary to hold them by the scuff of the neck while they ate, and I laid my whipstock over the heads of the dogs that fought around me.

Feeding animals in the Zoo isn't a circumstance to feeding dogs in the Barrens.

As I have said, our three-caribou feast of that morning—our third in the "Land of Little Sticks"—was the last. I like to dwell on it even now. First the legs of the caribou were cut off, stripped of their sinews and flesh, and the bones cracked open for the marrow; then the heart and kidneys and two unborn calves; then the tongues and the eyes and the ears; and all the while ribs were roasting, stuck upon sticks about the fire, and a kettle full of what was left from the dog-feed hung suspended from a tripod over all. I confined myself to the marrow and ribs, and simply marvelled at the quantity those Indians ate. When we started on again there was not left a great deal of the three caribou to load on to the sledges, but the Indians were in good humor.

About noon of that day, from the top of a ridge, we saw, far in the distance, a black patch, so much larger than those we had passed it seemed almost as though we had got turned about and were travelling toward the timber's edge. But my compass told me the direction was north, and Beniah made me understand by signs that this was the "last wood." It loomed up almost like a forest; but when we reached it, late in the afternoon, it proved to be not more extensive than about five acres. But all things go by comparison, and those five acres of scattering small pine were as gratifying to us as though they had made a Maine forest. Most of the trees averaged from one to two inches in diameter, though there were some twice as large, and I noticed a very few that

BARREN GROUND CARIBOU.

might have been five or six inches. At any rate, it all blazed warmly, and it was pleasant after our experience in the "Land of Little Sticks" to feel the heat of a fire once more. How deeply I was to appreciate that fire a few weeks later!

Beniah signed me next morning that we should camp here one "sleep," to chop wood to take along with us, and to kill caribou to cache here for our return. But in fact we remained at the "last wood" two "sleeps," because the caribou were not to be had easily, and the stormy weather developed into a blizzard that delayed travel. The first day served to give me an object-lesson as to the deception of distances on the Barrens.



MEDICINE-MAN'S NECKLACE.

All the Indians had hunted unsuccessfully in the morning and returned to wood-chopping in the afternoon, and I determined to venture after caribou, as I knew, with this patch of timber visible from any ridge within five miles or so, I could not lose myself. I had gone, I suppose, about six miles when, by the aid of my field-glasses, I counted five caribou a couple of miles away, at the edge of a lake, and noted that a very strong wind was blowing, and, to my good fortune, from them to me. It is difficult to approach game in this country, notwithstanding its vales and mounds, because the caribou are almost invariably viewed first on a lake or at its edge, to which the undulations descend in continuous long sweeps. But I made a careful stalk, crawling from rock to rock and from snow-drift to snow-drift, and finally reached a point beyond which there was no hope of undiscovered approach. I judged I was about three hundred yards from my quarry, and as they were quietly grazing broadside to me, confidently counted on taking at least a couple of tongues into camp.

I raised my sight to 300 yards; a quick, steady aim, and I pulled trigger for the first time on Barren Ground caribou. But no caribou fell, nor was there any little puff of snow to tell me I had shot over or under. Three times in rapid succession, but with careful sighting, I fired at the same animal with the same results, and before I could reload my half-magazine the caribou were off around a point. That I was disgusted is hardly necessary to say; that I was bitterly disappointed those sportsmen who have lost their supper by poor marksmanship will know. But my wonder at not having scored on such a big target—for all five were bunched—was greater than my disgust or disappointment. I walked over to see if I had drawn blood, and reaching the place where the caribou had been standing in what seemed an incredibly short 300 yards, I paced back, and, to my amazement, found the distance measured just 105 yards! I had, of course, shot far over them. But I was thankful to have made this discovery before reaching musk-ox, even though it had cost us much needed meat, and I vowed on the spot to at once begin schooling my eye to the illusions of the white desert.

I followed the caribou for a while, in hopes of getting another chance, but they had gone too far; and then, as I headed for camp, I began my first lessons in Barren Ground distance-gauging by guessing the yards to a stone and then pacing them off. I was not only astonished at the discrepancy between my guess and the actual distance, but oftentimes by the size of the rock when I reached it. A stone which looked as large as a cabin at four or five hundred yards would turn out to be about as big as a bushel basket. Later, on the one or two very clear cold days we had, the illusion was reversed. Of course the difficulties of determining distances on the Barrens are exactly similar to those that obtain on the ocean, where there is nothing by which to gauge the range of one's vision, nor any object on either side for a comparative focus. I found much difficulty in overcoming the tendency to exaggerate distance, though the Indians apparently were not so troubled.

When I returned to camp that night the Indians had finished chopping the supply of wood we were to take, and likewise during the day finished the remnants of the feast left from the day before, so that again we were without meat. We were to have left the "last wood" the

next morning, but the thermometer registered 58° below, and a blizzard of such severity raged that the Indians would not face it; so we lay in our robes until about three o'clock, when the fury of the storm lessened, and everybody turned out to hunt. When we assembled again, four hours later, there was a yearling for the dogs, an unborn calf for us, and a cow that had not been brought in.

The temptation to linger here, where at least there was a fire to warm our empty stomachs, was considerable; but the morning of the third day broke clear, though with such a biting wind as almost took our breath away, and we realized that the caribou were leaving us, and there was no time to lose. So now we began our last preparations for the plunge into the Barren Grounds proper. We calculated on getting back to this point in about twenty days, and were taking that many nights' supply of wood, intending to push due north for from ten to twelve days. The wood we took from the largest trees to be found in that patch, and was cut into blocks just the width of a sledge—*i. e.*, about fourteen inches—and then split into quarters, because we were to take no axe. Every sledge was shod with extra runners to protect it from the rocks, and when loaded with the wood, there was hardly room for our sleeping-robes and moccasins and duffel. Then we cached the caribou cow that had been killed the day before, along with my rebellion-inciting balls of pemmican, the ten pounds of flour, half of my remaining supply of tobacco, tea, and cartridges, and every article that was not absolutely necessary to our continued progress. I wrote also and left in the cache a brief account of our journey up to that time, and of the course we intended to pursue.

Not far to the westward the Franklin party, seventy-five years before, had raised a monument to their memory in the name of Fort Enterprise, and though I had neither time nor tools, not even the wish, to raise a fool's sign-board in warning to others, I thought it as well to leave some remarks at the threshold of that great wilderness, where those that enter may leave hope behind, but will stand a better chance of getting out if they take it along with them.



Caribou-Eater. Yellow Knife. Caribou-Eater.

TYPES OF NORTH-LAND INDIANS.
From a photograph by Mr. Whitney.

When we left the last wood, toiling over the succession of rocky ridges that lay to the north, a curiously depressing sensation possessed me as I viewed the "last wood" grow smaller and smaller. Piece by piece its size diminished as the intervening elevations shut off the outlying patches. It seemed like bidding farewell to the last tie that connected us with the living world—and then at the next ridge it was gone, and not a green thing relieved the awful ghastliness of the whiteness that encircled us for miles and miles. Wherever I looked—north, south, east, west—nothing showed but that terrible stretch of silent grinning white. And the sun shone down on this desolate scene and on me as placidly as it shone upon the most blessed of God's world, if with less warmth!

There was no halting once we had climbed the long reach of ridges that led north from our camp and passed out of sight of the "last wood." It was absolutely necessary for us to make good time if our wood was to carry us as far north as I wished to penetrate, and I was much pleased with Beniah for the pace he set. In fact, I never ceased to be thank-

ful that I had secured him, for not only did we maintain a good gait in the face of the hardest going, but we kept travelling in such storms as would have stopped any other leader. Beniah was a plucky Indian, the pluckiest in the country. That was why I made such an effort to get him.

We must have gone close to forty miles the first day, and at noon of the second came to a big lake the Indians called, as near as I can write it, *Ecka-tua* (which means fat water—lake), and I was able for the first time since leaving Beniah's lodge to about locate myself on the map. *Ecka-tua* on the map, as I knew, is Point Lake, the source of Coppermine River; and as I also knew it was 334 miles from Fort Enterprise to the mouth of the Coppermine by canoe, viâ *Ecka-tua*, I was sure we would get very close to the Arctic Ocean, travelling due north, at the rate we had been going. I had no sextant, and relied for determination of location upon the deflection of my compass needle (which at this point was 35° east of north), and upon the number of miles we made each day. The number of degrees of deflection I read at night, when it did not storm, by the north star, and the number of miles per day is easily reckoned by every man who has had any walking experience. Besides, I had a pedometer.

Ecka-tua was full four miles wide at our point of crossing. We had no meat to eat and no wood to spare for mid-day tea, so we pushed on, running, which was rather trying on fare limited to an occasional pipe and a mouthful of very dry snow. We were keeping, of course, a sharp lookout for caribou all this time, and besides having scouts out on either side, we halted on the top of every ridge that was high enough to furnish a view, where I scanned the country on all sides through my glasses, and we all smoked another pipe and tried to suck some moisture from the snow. There is a difference in eating snow and sucking the moisture from it; neither is satisfactory, but the former is harmful to the traveller, and pretty certain to be followed by increased thirst and cramps.

Late in the afternoon, from the top of a ridge, we viewed a small herd of eight caribou on a lake below us, and I witnessed the first practical demonstration of the reason why the Indians are such unsuccessful hunters. On the discovery of the caribou the dogs had been driven back just under the brow of the hill, where they were left in charge of half our number, and the rest of us prepared for the attempt to get some meat. The wind was blowing from east to west, and I was surprised to see two of the Indians going off to the east side of the caribou. I circled well to the west, though not too far away to keep Beniah, who was on my right, in sight. I had worked my way down to the lake, and was making a good stalk, with every chance of getting within nice range, when the shouting of the Indians and yelping of the dogs attracted my attention, and, lo and behold! coming down the hill straight for the caribou, and in plain view, were the dogs and the Indians, some riding on the sledges, some running, but all yelling and bearing down on the caribou. Was ever a greater shock visited upon the nerves of a still-hunter! It simply petrified me. I stopped and stared and rubbed my eyes to make sure that those running, shouting Indians were actually the ones I had left a few moments before trembling in anticipation of meat to eat. Of course the caribou started to run. They circled around the lake for a time (showing when they trotted such knee and hock action as would put the hackney to shame), all the Indians and the dogs chasing them meanwhile, and finally turned off over the ridge, where an Indian who had lingered behind was lucky enough to kill one.

I was so disgusted at the display that I sat down and pondered why God in His wisdom had made these men, whose very existence depends on their hunting, so wanting in skill and judgment. Had it been less serious I should have been amused by the spectacle of a snow-shoed Indian chasing the fleetest quadruped on earth. As it was, I could not suppress a smile—in irony, perhaps.

And this is the North-land Indian's method of hunting caribou. Sometimes when hunting singly or in pairs they make the nearest approach they know to a stalk; but the usual method, invariable when they are in a body, is to rush on to the caribou, and trust for success to their own numbers and the confusion of the animals. If it were not that the Barren Ground caribou or reindeer is a stupid sort of creature, the Indians would score no oftener than they do on moose or the woodland

CARIBOU IN SIGHT.

caribou. But the reindeer appears to profit no more by experience than the Indians themselves. In following a leader they are very much like sheep, and I saw many of them killed by Indians who ran to a point where a herd was passing, and which continued to very nearly hold its course despite the proximity of the enemy. Caribou run in single or double file, and very rarely bunched. It is in summer-time, however, that the Barren Ground caribou falls a victim to the rapacity of the Indians.

They are then moving in vast herds of countless numbers, are easily approached, or turned in desired directions by tufts of moss or rock set up in lines, along which the Indians lie in ambush, or driven into lakes, where they are slaughtered by the hundreds. The waste in summer of these food-providing animals of the North on the lakes is almost incredible. Hundreds are shot down merely for their tongues, and calves are killed for no other reason than to gratify the North-land Indian's love of destruction. In winter the caribou's eyesight is keener; they are separated into small herds, and infinitely more difficult of approach. If, therefore, the Indians starve because of unskilled hunting, it is only just retribution for their improvidence and rapacity. It was a bit hard on me that I happened at this particular time to be an innocent sufferer in the result.

After this experience of caribou-hunting I joined no more "chasing" parties; I was having every day all the running I could well attend to, and so thereafter when we sighted reindeer I devoted myself to stalking those that had been cut off from the main body. But never in all my life have I seen such wretched marksmanship as those Indians displayed. They not only miserably bungled their approach to the caribou, but their indiscriminate firing and the commotion they and the dogs created made it about impossible for me to get within range.

Not the least trying of Barren Ground hunting, too, is the bewildering glare that assails your eyes when you have put up your glasses, as you must so soon as you start in pursuit of game. Even the darkest of smoked goggles, and, what are still better, those of native manufacture, that are made of bone, with only a T-shaped aperture before the eye, cannot insure you against snow-blindness. There were very few bright days during our wanderings in the Barrens, nevertheless every man in the party but myself was more or less severely snow-blind, one or two so badly as to necessitate their holding on to a sledge-line for guidance.

As I had in times past been very badly snow-blinded, I took extraordinary precautions in the Barrens; for the thought of getting up with musk-oxen and being unable to sight my rifle was unendurable. So I drew the handkerchief that was wound about my head in lieu of a hat down to the tops of my goggles. This kept the sun from shining down in my eyes, while little pieces of black silk fitted to the wire screening at the sides shut out all light from that direction. I always walked behind my sledge, and kept my eyes on the tail of its moose-skin wrapper. While my eyes pained me incessantly, as much from the smoke of the tiny fire in the lodge as from the glare of the sun, I was never snow-blind.

Referring again, before I go on with my trip, to the handkerchief I wound about my head after the Indian fashion, I may say it served me better than all the other head-gear I possessed. I had set much store by a worsted hood knitted for me in Canada, with a neck-piece that fitted about the chin, and a draw-string by which I could close it up to my eyes. But I found it more harmful than beneficial, for the reason that the freezing of my breath transformed its entire front into a sheet of ice, which it was impossible to thaw by our wretched fire, and served only to freeze my face more quickly than exposure. For the same reason I carried a small pair of scissors to keep my beard and mustache clipped short. So the worsted hood was discarded, and the handkerchief held my hair, which reached nearly to my shoulders, in place over my ears, and permitted me to draw the hood of my fur capote forward and bind it snugly in place. Of course my cheeks and nose and chin froze, but they would have done so anyway, and I could thaw them out by rubbing with snow—a limbering process to which the worsted hood was not susceptible. To be sure, the method was rather hard on my face, which by the time I returned to Beniah's lodge was as blackened and cut up as an alligator-skin; and it was hard on my fingers too, which froze with about every

treatment of this sort, but that was no more than I expected. So long as my feet did not freeze to stop my progress, I suffered all else without a murmur. I was as careful of my feet as of my eyes. There was not much danger of their freezing during the almost continuous running of the daytime, and at night when we camped my first act was to put on my unborn musk-ox skin slippers and a pair of fresh duffel, which I carried inside my shirt, next my skin; then I would put on two more pair of duffel and a pair of moccasins, taken from my sledge. Those I took off I put inside my sweater and slept on them. In the morning I again put my musk-ox-skin slippers and one pair of duffel inside my shirt, where I carried them all day.

But then these are details—and probably uninteresting ones—and I must get on to my first musk-ox hunt.

Two days more of hard running, in a wind that seemed to come direct from the north pole, brought us—we did not know where, but certainly once again to the verge of starvation. Meat there was none, and the little pieces of intestines and grease were not calculated to keep one up to such vigorous work. There had been no change in the country; indeed, the entire stretch of Barren Ground, so far as I saw, repeats over and again its few characteristics. Probably as you go north it becomes a little more rolling, if I may use such a word, where its face is broken by ridges of rock, round-backed and conical hills, small lakes, long, slow-rising, and moderate elevations, all entirely unconnected and separated from one another, and yet the view from an especially prominent elevation always reveals the general prairie (rolling) contour of the whole benighted country. And everywhere silence; no sign of life, no vegetation, save the black moss that is used for fuel in summer by the Indians, and the gray moss and lichens upon which the musk-ox and caribou feed.

It was about three o'clock when we dragged ourselves wearily to the top of one of the many rocky ridges we had been going up and down all day, almost dreading to make the usual survey for the game we had looked for so often and in vain during the last two days. One quick, eager glance, that turned to despair as neither musk-ox nor caribou was to be seen in any direction, and we sat down to draw consolation and nourishment from our pipes.

Suddenly keen-eyed Beniah jumped to his feet, and then on top of a rock, where he stood excitedly pointing to the northwest, and tremulously repeating *ethen, ethen*, as though to convince himself that his eyes were not playing him false. We were all standing in a second, staring into the horizon where Beniah pointed; but I could not discover anything, except what seemed to be a vapor coming up out of the rocks four miles away, and that I did not at once recognize as the mist which arises from a herd of animals when the mercury is ranging between 60° and 70° below zero, and may be seen five miles away on a clear day. A long look through my field-glasses told me the "rocks" were animals of some sort, but not caribou; and as I handed the glasses to Beniah I said, "*Ethen, illa*," and motioned him to look. I think he was nearly as much exercised by the power of the glasses as by the prospect of game; at all events, so soon as he got them ranged on the vapor he set up a yell that I interpreted to mean *ejeri*, and made a rush for his sledge.

Instantly there was excitement enough on top of that ridge to put life into eight hungry men. I never beheld such agitation. The Indians for a minute huddled together, chattering and grinning and gesticulating, and then each man rushed to his sledge and began slipping his dogs from the harness. I knew then we had sighted musk-ox. Of course I had suited my action to the Indians, and began unhitching my dogs also, but my harness came from the fort and had buckles, which in the bitter cold were unyielding, and by the time I had got all my dogs loose, put on my lighter capote—for I saw we were in for a long run—and strapped on my cartridge-belt, all the Indians and all the dogs had several hundred yards start, and were going along at a rattling pace. I saw at once that it was every man for himself on this expedition, and if I got a musk-ox I should have to work for him. And then I settled grimly to the business of running. Within about two miles I had caught up with the Indians, who had stretched out into a long column, with Seco and Echeena leading by half a mile. In another mile I had worked my way through the stragglers, and was hard on the heels of Echeena, but Seco was still



MUSK-OX AT BAY.

about two hundred yards ahead, and going as though he could keep it up indefinitely. On my attempt to pass him Echeena let out a link, and I had all I could do to keep at his heels, but in our race for second place we cut down Seco's lead by a hundred yards.

All this time we had been running over a succession of sharp ridges, completely covered with all shapes and sizes of rocks, and set in snow that was soft and about a foot and a half deep. With tripping shoes we of course sunk in the snow at every step to within six inches of our knees, while our shoes jammed in the rocks that lay close together, or caught on those we attempted to clear in our stride. It was a species of hurdle-racing, with the softest of take-off and landing sides, and obstacles that were not to be knocked over. It was going that would test the bottom of the well-fed, best-conditioned athlete; how it wore on a half-starved man may be imagined.

It seemed as though we should never view the musk-oxen. Ridge after ridge we toiled over, and still that little cloud of vapor appeared as far off as when first sighted. Our positions remained unchanged—Seco leading with three dogs, Echeena and I a hundred yards behind, and half a mile back of us the remainder of the Indians and dogs. At such times as the deadly fatigue of running permitted coherent thought I wondered why Seco maintained such a pace, for I supposed when the musk-oxen were located he would of course delay his attack until all the Indians and dogs had come up; but I had seen enough of the Indians not to take any chances; and so I kept on, each step seeming the last I could possibly make.

As we were working our way up a rather higher and broader ridge I heard the dogs bark, and rushing past Echeena, reached the top in time to see a herd of about twenty-five to thirty musk-oxen, just startled into moving along another ridge about a quarter-mile beyond by Seco, who with his three dogs was racing after them not fifty yards ahead of me. Disgust, disappointment, and physical distress momentarily stupefied me. Then sight of the musk-oxen, thought of what I had endured to reach them, fired me to renewed action. I anathematized Seco and all the North-land Indians for their fool methods of hunting, and increased my pace. The musk-oxen were now in full run to the north along the top of the ridge, galloping like cattle, with heads carried well out, though not lowered, and going at a pace and with an ease over the rocks that surprised me. Their big bodies, with the long hair hanging down to emphasize the shortness of legs, gave a curious appearance to the flying herd.

The wind was blowing a gale from the south, and we had hardly reached the top of the ridge on which the musk-oxen had been running when they disappeared over the northern end of it. By the time I reached the end of the ridge the main herd was a mile away to the north, and still going, but four had separated from the band, and were running through some hollows that bore almost due east. I instantly determined to follow these four—because I saw I could get to the leeward of them, and I felt they would eventually head north to rejoin the herd. A caribou always circles up wind, but musk-oxen travel in any direction that necessity demands. Seco, with his dogs, was just ahead of me, keeping after the main band, and Echeena I had lost sight of. I knew that separation from the Indians might cost me my life, but musk-ox was the first and life the secondary consideration at that moment. And I started off at my fastest gait to the northeast, keeping a ridge between the musk-oxen and me, and knowing if they crossed ahead to the north I should come on their tracks.

I do not know how far I ran, or how long I ran; I only remember that after a time the rocks and the snow whirled around me at such a pace I could not distinguish where one began and the other ended; the great, dull, dead white surface before me appeared to rise and fall, and when I tripped over a rock I seemed to tumble a hundred feet, and take a hundred years to regain my feet. Sometimes I had to pull myself up on to my feet by the aid of the very rock which perhaps had laid me low. Once I lost my snow-shoe, and though it was really not a yard away, I started in a run after it—it seemed so far off. Everything looked as though I was peering through the wrong end of my field-glasses. As I ran, my eyes pained me exquisitely, and I remember the horrible possibility occurred to me of my right eye (which is, in fact, much weaker than my left) going snow-blind by the time I got within shot of the musk-oxen.

And as I reached the bottom of each ridge it seemed to me I could not struggle to the top, even though a thousand musk-oxen awaited my coming. I was in a dripping perspiration, and had dropped my capote and cartridge-belt, after thrusting half a dozen cartridges into my trousers pockets, and my nine-pound 45.90 weighed thirty. I hardly knew whether I was going up ridges or down ridges. Everything waltzed about me. I ran on and on in a sort of stupor, until, as I got to the top of a little ridge, I saw two musk-oxen about a hundred yards ahead of and running easily though directly from me. And then the blood surged through my veins, the mist cleared from my eyes, and the rocks stopped whirling about me, for there, within range, was my quarry. I swung my rifle into position and dropped on my knee for surer aim. Heavens! my hand shook so the front sight travelled all over the horizon, and my heart thumped against my side as though it would burst.

For a moment I rested to get my breath —and the musk-oxen were still going from me—and then—another attempt—the fore sight for an instant held true—another second's breathing—a quick aim—and I pressed the trigger. What a feeling of exultation as I saw my quarry stagger and then drop! I was dizzy with delight. I gave vent to a yell, which, together with the report of my rifle, sent the other musk-ox into a wild gallop. It turned sharply to the left and went over a ridge, with me following on a run, all the while endeavoring to throw another cartridge into my rifle barrel. But the excessive cold, aided by my excitement, handicapped the mechanism, and the shell jammed.

By the time I had sent the cartridge home, running meanwhile, I got over the ridge, and was just drawing a bead on the galloping musk-ox, when two shots in quick succession turned it staggering, and as it dropped I sent a bullet where it would do the most good—just as Echeena and one dog came running down from a ridge opposite. So that I and Echeena had the honor of scoring the first and second musk-ox. Then I went back over the ridge to look at the one I had brought down. It was a cow. The sex was a disappointment, to be sure, and I should not take this head that had cost me so much to secure; but nothing could dull the joy of having, after a tramp of (about) twelve hundred miles, killed the most inaccessible beast in the whole wide world.

After I had made sure the musk-cow was really dead, I started again and to the north, hoping I might get on the track of the other two or some other stragglers from the main herd. Probably I went several miles farther, buoyed up by the excitement of my success, but saw the tracks of no living thing.

The sun was setting as I turned around to go back to my musk-cow, where I supposed the Indians would bring up sledges and camp, and I had walked some time when I realized that, other than going south, I had not the remotest idea in what precise direction I was travelling, or just where that musk-cow lay. I could not afford to waste any time or lose myself, for I had no capote, and the wind I was now facing had frozen my perspiration-soaked shirts as stiff and hard as boards. So I turned about and puzzled out my always half and sometimes wholly obliterated snow-shoe tracks back to my fallen quarry, where I arrived about nine o'clock, to find, sure enough, the lodge pitched and the Indians feasting on raw and half-frozen musk-ox fat.

Gnawing a piece of this fat, and hardly able to crawl with the cold and fatigue, I followed back my tracks from here until I found my capote and belt. It was nearly midnight before Seco, badly frozen, turned up to report the killing of two musk-oxen, and we had tea (for the little fire is never kindled until all are in, because the tea would freeze in a very few minutes after making). Several of the men were snow-blind, and what with their groans, the fighting of the dogs over the frozen musk-cow, my ice-coated shirts, to thaw which there was not warmth enough in my body, and a 67° below zero temperature, the night of our first musk-ox killing was memorable.

I had now killed this most inaccessible of all game, and therefore attained the prime object of my trip to the Barren Grounds.

We continued north another week, having other hunting adventures; and when we finally turned southward, had penetrated two days beyond the arctic circle. We made our way back on snow-shoes to Great Slave Lake, where I left the party, and by canoe pushed on to the frontier, reaching Edmonton June 12th.

BRISEIS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVII.

"NOW ALL IS DONE."

"BRISEIS," said her boy-cousin, here in Regent's Park, "did you see any one as we were leaving the Inner Circle?"

"No one in particular," she answered him, carelessly. "Why?"

"I suppose I must have been mistaken," he said—and with that she resumed her turning over the leaves of his MS. book, to choose some piece for recitation.

But nevertheless he remained restless and dissatisfied; he kept glancing down the dim blue vistas between the trunks of chestnut and sycamore; indeed he was so preoccupied that at first he did not notice what this was that she had begun to read. And then of a sudden he became conscious.

"Don't!" he said, quickly, his face burning red with confusion. "Don't read that, Briseis! I did not know it was there. I'm awfully sorry. I beg your pardon. I forgot it was there, or I would have torn out the leaves. I beg your pardon—"

"But what harm is there in Lord Byron's 'Isles of Greece'?" said she, wondering.

"It is a reproach against your country—a long reproach from beginning to end—and—and I don't want you to imagine—that any English person would think anything like that—or say anything like that to you—"

"Indeed," said she, smiling, to this sensitive small gentleman, "it is no reproach at all, but an exhortation; and it may have had its effect, you know, Adalbert. Anyhow, Greece has won her independence; and she ought to be the last to resent anything Byron ever wrote about her—"

"Give me the book, Briseis," he said, and she handed it to him; "I will look out for something else."

But even now he did not turn at once to the MS. pages.

"Cousin Bry," he said, "you remember the man who spoke to you one morning last week?"

"Oh, yes," she made answer, lightly enough.

"Is it to avoid him that we have taken to coming here?"

For the truth was they had forsaken their familiar retreat, where aforetime they had been half surrounded by bushes; and they had sought out another secluded spot, also overlooking the lake. At this present moment, they were seated in a sort of open enclosure; above their heads the spreading branches of an elm; in front of them a breadth of greensward sloping down to the margin of the water; then the wide space of calm surface; and beyond that, on the other side, a row of tall trees that did not stir a leaf on this windless morning. Under that bank of foliage the oily, olive-green shadows were still and dreamlike—until a swan came breasting along, cleaving the liquid mirror, and leaving behind it two flashing divergent lines of silver. Placid and silent was this haven of rest, though there was a distant rumble of omnibuses, and though a faint film of smoke telling of the great city rose into the mingled white and azure of a cirrhus sky. These surroundings of theirs were no doubt common enough; and yet there was a certain sense of remoteness; even the rumbling of the omnibuses had at times a suggestion of the sea.

When Briseis was asked whether she had chosen this isolated refuge in order to escape from Andreas Argyriades, she laughed—a little uneasily.

"Why, what do you take me for, Adalbert?" she said. "Do I look as if I were afraid of him? Have you seen me watching for him—and hiding? But then, you know, there are sometimes horrid things to be met with, like black beetles, and mice, and earwigs; and although one isn't actually afraid of them, one would rather keep out of their way—"

"For if it was the same man," her cousin continued, "that I saw as we were leaving the Inner Circle, he appeared to be following us—"

"So much the better—so much the better!" she responded, with blithe assurance. "We shall get our interview over all the sooner. And you understand, Adalbert, that we must be back in good time this morning: Sir Francis is coming to lunch, to take some of us to the theatre—*The Mother-in-law*—very amusing they

* Begun in December number, 1895.

say it is—and it is a great chance, for there is such a run on the piece—but he said some time ago that he would look out. Adalbert, did you ever know any one quite so kind, and thoughtful, and generous as he is?" Her manner had completely changed, and her expression too; her beautiful, great, dark eyes were full of a happy light; there was a soft and lingering music in the low tones of her voice whenever she chanced to speak (which was pretty often) of Frank Gordon. "And then he is so modest!" she went on. "Why, if I were he, I should be so proud—oh! so proud as to be unendurable—I should want everybody to know, not merely that I was Sir Francis Gordon, but that I was Gordon of Grantly. And I should expect every one to know the history of the clan, and all the battles and fights of the old time. Why, when I was at Grantly Castle, he seemed to make light of everything—the family portraits—the weapons in the hall—the ancient building itself; he seemed afraid to be thought a *poseur;* he seemed to laugh everything aside, and to consider his visitors as all-important. But there," she said, with a sudden peevishness, "what is the use of my talking? I know what your opinion is: I know you detest him!"

"Oh, yes, of course I do," said her cousin. "Only—only I wonder where else you would find a grown-up man like that—one in his position—taking notice of a lame boy like me."

"There now—that's what it is!" she broke in, eagerly. "That's just where it is! He is generously disposed all round; there is no time-serving and respecting of persons; look at the trouble he must have been at to get you the Highland dirk, and the broadsword, and the targe—"

"Of course, Briseis," her boy-cousin said, "every one understands why he is particularly kind to any one in our house—why he comes to the house at all. Every one knows: it is to see you."

But at this she drew in a little; and there was a touch of color on her forehead as she replied—

"You must not say such things, Adalbert. They might be very much misunderstood."

Some short time thereafter, happening to raise her eyes from the MS. book, she saw that Andreas Argyriades was approaching by one of the paths: even at a certain distance she knew who this was by the green-white waxen pallor of his face and the furtive and watchful look of his small black eyes, to say nothing of his jaunty costume, now supplemented by a cane and a pair of yellow kid gloves. She betrayed no surprise—took no notice, indeed. She resumed her reading, if in lower tones—

> 'Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
> Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
> Let them tell their pale Convention
> How they fared within the North.
> Let them tell that Highland honor
> Is not to be bought nor sold—'

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear friend," Argyriades said, in Romaic, and with a ceremonious bow he took off his straw hat.

She looked up; the recognition she accorded him was of the slightest; but he on his part deliberately went to the foot of an adjacent tree, got hold of one of the small green-painted chairs standing there, and brought it back with him, seating himself beside her.

"Now, my dear friend Briseis—"

"I do not wish to hear anything you may have to say," she interposed, calmly and coldly.

"Again I beg your pardon," he said, with studied politeness, "but it is necessary you should. It is of great importance to you—greater than you imagine. I did not answer the hasty notes you sent me; no, for it is always unwise, it is useless, to reply to what is written in anger. To consider the situation quietly is the better way—"

"I do not wish to consider any situation," she retorted, with some greater warmth. "You know well how the case stands between us. You stole from your dead sister's writing-desk certain letters belonging to me. You offered to hand them over to me if I paid you; and foolishly I sent you the money you demanded. Then you lied; you refused to return them, hoping for more money; and now you come here, again hoping for more money. But, sir, you have made a mistake. I tell you, you may do what you like with those letters. Show them to whom you like! They are perfectly harmless, as you are aware—"

"Perhaps—perhaps," he replied, with absolute equanimity. "Perhaps I might think so; perhaps another might not think so; it matters nothing. But in my

present hard straits, if I cannot come to you now and again and ask you for a little friendly help—if I am forced, greatly against my will, to come to you in a different manner — I do not propose to avail myself of that packet of letters at all. Oh, no. I may myself burn them; they are of little use to me; though I had hoped they might be the means of inducing you to give a little aid to an acquaintance of former times and a fellow-countryman. It was not to be so. Very well. But I have other resources. Indeed I may say that I have means whereby I can very easily secure your consent to any arrangement I choose to propose—"

"Ti thauma!" she exclaimed, scornfully; but she was startled all the same; his manner was so tranquil and confident.

"Oh, yes, truly," he continued, crossing his gloved hands the one over the other, the cane being between. "Do you know why I did not answer the hurried and angry notes you sent to me? Because I wished to have more of them—indignant, demanding, imperative, so much the better. But on reflection I have enough. And it is with these, not with the others, that I propose to secure your kindness, my dear friend. I can dispense with the passionate adorations of our good Lamprinos; I can even burn them. But what have I in their stead? My dear friend, you do not appear to perceive the situation in which you have placed yourself. Supposing that I take only the first of these notes to any one particularly interested in you, and I say, 'Sir, behold here is a communication to me from the beautiful Miss Valieri; and you will see that she pays a first instalment of £5 to procure back to herself certain letters: it is for you to judge whether these letters were likely to have been compromising or not'? My dear friend, you say I can work no harm. Is not that a little harm? Is not that a revenge, a just revenge, in the case of your being implacable and refusing me assistance in my hard straits?—"

Her look had changed. She saw how she had been entrapped; and for a moment or two she was fear-stricken and palpitating.

"But the truth is stronger!" she said, breathlessly. "Even if you tried such a base and wicked thing, the truth would defeat you! For any one would immediately answer you, 'Produce, then, the compromising letters'—"

"And if these were destroyed?—or missing somewhere in Greece?" he said, placidly. "If there remained only this plain and evident testimony that you were so anxious to get them back that you paid a first instalment of money—"

At this moment there chanced to come along one of the workmen of the Park, carrying some garden implement in his hand. As soon as he was near enough, Adalbert Elliott, who had been watching his cousin's face with the intensest scrutiny, and who was almost voiceless, indeed, with excitement and indignation—Adalbert managed to call aloud from the Bath chair—

"Gardener—gardener—come here for a moment! Or will you go for a policeman—will you send a policeman here—there is a lady being terrified by this rascal—"

The British workman does not like meddling in matters which he does not understand. The official in mole-skin stood staring with bovine eyes at the members of this little group, looking from one to the other, saying nothing, asking nothing. But Briseis herself addressed him hurriedly—

"No, no, it is all a mistake. Never mind; it is nothing. We were merely talking. This gentleman is my friend."—'God, what a friend!' she said to herself, as the gardener went leisurely on his way.

"What does your young companion wish?" asked Argyriades, calmly, with a glance at the lad's flushed cheeks and panting breast.

"He wishes a policeman to be sent for," was her instant retort.

"What, for me?" he said, elevating his eyebrows slightly. "Ah, that would be so impolitic. You surely do not court exposure, my dear friend? If there is any exposure, if there is any lamentable result, then it is owing to you, not to me. Besides, what am I doing that is against English law? Here I am sitting quietly, advising an old acquaintance as to what is best in her own interests. Not a single threat even — everything amicable. Now if it were Demetri that you had to deal with, ah, what a position would be yours! Demetri recognizes that in the implacable fight for life it is every one for himself; and he is merciless, relent-

less — relentless, merciless. Whereas I come to you and show you what danger you are in; I wish to be your friend; I wish to help you—"

"Then give me back every one of those notes I sent you!" she said, imperatively. "Keep the letters! And keep the money! Or if it is money you want—" She hesitated. "Yes—to have done with you I will give you ten pounds—I will give you twenty pounds—for everything—everything — everything!" Then again she said: "No, I will not!—not a farthing! Oh, I don't know what to do!" she exclaimed, almost wildly. "But this I do know, that if your brother Demetri is a meaner, a more contemptible scoundrel than you, then I am ashamed that my country should have given birth to such a pair!"

She rose to her feet, as if by some physical effort she would throw off the coils she felt inevitably gathering round her. And Adalbert, who had been looking on in the greatest distress, struck in:

"Briseis, is it not about time we were getting back home? If Sir Francis Gordon is coming to lunch, we must not be late, you know—"

"Yes, yes, yes," she said, quickly, and she placed the MS. volume in the leather pocket.

"And may not I accompany you for part of the way?" Argyriades said, blandly. "There are so many things I wish to make clear to you while I have the opportunity. It is not always safe to write, in delicate negotiations—"

"Then you are afraid of the magistrate, after all!" she said.

"Ah, no, no, not in the least," he responded, as he set out walking by her side. "For what am I doing? In a language that no one around understands I am offering you a little advice—nothing more. I show you how you are situated; and I ask you not to push me to extremities. I am not revengeful; though you have refused help to a countryman, and called him many hard names. These I do not heed; these do not hurt. No, I give you my word of honor, I am not revengeful; and I do not propose to show any one your written entreaties to me, if you will be considerate, if you will give me a few pounds from time to time, until you can give me the large sum that is to redeem what you call everything—everything—everything. I am not merciless, like Demetri; I am reasonable; but above all I am poor, and in hard straits—while you are rich."

"I am not rich!" she answered him—but with some despairing consciousness that answering was of no avail. "My small fortune was lost, altogether lost; and the little I have to live on now—"

"Ah, I know," he said. "I know something of that. But you have rich relatives, and rich friends, and, still more, you have rich expectations: do I not understand something of that too? Reflect, then. Might it not be worth your while to consent to some arrangement—some equitable arrangement—which would benefit me and harm none other—"

"I have no money—I gave you all I had!" she said, desperately.

"Ah, but how easy for you to obtain it! There are always guardians, trustees, relatives who can be appealed to; they advance assistance, because of the rich expectations—how easy all that is!"

And so he went on explaining her position to her, and defending his own conduct, with an insinuating and subtle ingenuity; while her revolted judgment had hardly a word in reply—or perhaps she did not deign to reply. In this manner they left the Park, and crossed over, and got into Devonshire Place; and still he hung on to her, with his crafty plausibilities carefully avoiding any distinct introduction of a threat. But just as they were nearing the house, Adalbert called out—

"Briseis, there is Sir Francis!—won't you wait for him?"

Her eyes lighted up with pleasure and welcome — perhaps with some assurance of safety too. As for Argyriades, he also seemed to recognize the new-comer.

"You will let me hear from you?" he said to Briseis, in an undertone. "Adieu!" And therewith he raised his hat, turned away, and made off in the direction of the Marylebone Road.

During the next second or two something strange and bewildering occurred. She was standing there, ready to put into words the more than friendly greeting that already shone in her face, and having no further thought at all of the baneful influence from which she had just been freed. As Frank Gordon came along she could see that his look was following the figure of the man who had so suddenly slunk away at his approach. That was

but natural. He may even have been surprised; people do not usually beat so hasty a retreat; it was enough to court observation. But what she was not prepared for — she who had studied, who knew, his every shade of expression—was the grave and reserved fashion in which Gordon, who ordinarily was so light-hearted and off-handed, received and returned her welcome. Was he in trouble, then? It could not be that in an instant he had grown suspicious of her! Only—and all this happened with incredible swiftness—as he helped her as usual to get Adalbert and the empty Bath chair into the house, her heart sank somehow. With some strange and vague alarm she felt that he and she were not as they had been. And she did not know what wrong she had done.

Nor was it with much lightness of spirit that he now ascended to the drawing-room, leaving Briseis and her boy-cousin below. He knew that this must be his last visit—or at least one of the last—to a house whither he had been drawn by an unsuspected but all too powerful attraction. It is true he might have made some excuse and escaped from this theatre-engagement also, thereby enabling him to sever the connection at once and finally; but he did not wish to do anything that would provoke remark. He would rather withdraw gradually. And he would take scrupulous care to show, on the one or two occasions on which he might still have to meet Briseis that his attitude towards her differed in nothing from his attitude towards the others. He could keep his own secret —and dree his own weird.

But in those hours of anxious self-examination that had followed his startling discovery, during which he was asking himself whether he had unwittingly been guilty of exhibiting any special favor towards Briseis, there was one point that pricked him hard. In making up the successive small parties for concerts or picture-galleries or theatres, while Mrs. Elliott's convenience, or the size of the box, or some such consideration might rule out this one or that of the other girls, Briseis was always included. It had come to be a general understanding. It was 'Briseis—and who else with her?' And now, at the last moment, here came an opportunity of showing that he had never meant to treat Briseis differently from the rest. The box he had secured at the theatre was for four: if she—by some arrangement apparently accidental—were to be left out, would not that be a demonstration of impartiality? Surely she would not feel hurt? Surely she could not imagine that any slight was intended? The other girls were accustomed to be left at home from time to time. And he knew that he was no traitor to Briseis in so scheming, in so acting; it was what he was in honor bound to do; and then—thereafter—let come what might!

> 'He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
> With adieu for evermore,
> My dear,
> And adieu for evermore.'

Nevertheless it was in no gay mood that he now entered the drawing-room, to receive the usual welcome from these gabbling girls. And at the very outset they noticed the alteration in his demeanor. Could this be Frank Gordon, who was always so full of fun, and devilment, and wild projects? Why, so preoccupied and ill at ease was he that he even condescended to talk about the weather. Beautiful morning—looking like a change, though—dark clouds gathering in the east—coming up against the wind—uncommon to have thunder at this time of the year— But at this moment the little widow made her appearance, smiling upon her favorite as was her wont.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Elliott," he said to her, presently, "but the only box I could get for to-day holds only four. Now I don't think it was quite settled—perhaps you could tell me who are going to be so kind as to make up the party—"

"Really, Sir Francis," said the widow —and her tired and troubled face looked quite sympathetic and pleased as she regarded the young man—"they are all so much indebted to you; but this time I do think my dearest Olga and Brenda were mentioned—I wouldn't dictate—it is for you to say—"

"Oh, but that's all right," said he. "That's all right." And then at this point he hesitated, and very nearly broke away from his resolve. He felt as if he were about to strike Briseis—and that she would quiver under the blow. However, he went on. "There is the fourth place, Mrs. Elliott—?"

She looked at him with some astonishment.

"Oh, yes—of course—I had assumed you would be taking Briseis—"

"But haven't we been rather neglectful of Miss Cinderella?" he suggested. "There shouldn't be a Cinderella in any house—it isn't fair—"

Carlotta Bingham, who was known by this nickname, and who was the youngest and latest addition to the household, colored up when she heard herself mentioned in this connection: she had not hitherto participated in any of these little festivities.

"Oh, our dear Carlotta?" exclaimed the widow, with instant approval. "That would be so nice! That would be so kind of you, Sir Francis. I'm sure you will be such a happy party. They tell me that *The Mother-in-law* is just too laughable for anything." And so that matter was settled; and as the gong now sounded they all of them trooped down to the dining-room, where Briseis had just established her cousin Adalbert at the luncheon table.

To Frank Gordon this was a sombre meal: it seemed to be in consonance with the mysterious darkening of the day all around them, caused by the creeping up of the thunder-clouds that now hung overhead. There was plenty of chattering at the table, it is true; but to him it sounded as if it came from a distance. He instinctively knew that at times Briseis's eyes sought his face, questioning; and he did not dare to meet any of those timid glances. He rather tried to listen to the trash that the anæmic medical student was talking: it appeared to be some kind of cheap cynicism—perhaps sufficient to overawe a company of girls.

"What does a man do when he's drunk? Why, he don't know! If he's got a stiff dose of rum into him, he'll turn his hand to anything. He'll quarrel with a policeman, and knock off his helmet; and that means a five-shilling fine the next morning. Or he'll run out from an earth-work and under heavy fire he'll pick up a wounded comrade, and carry him back into safety; and that means that next day his colonel tells him he's going to recommend him for the Victoria Cross. It's all a toss-up—whether it's to be a five-shilling fine or the V. C.; and when he gets sober again he finds out what has happened!"

The fond mother looked admiringly at the pallid youth; and with unmistakable pride she turned to her neighbor.

"Well, Sir Francis, what do you say to that?" she asked, with a smile.

"There's a good deal of scepticism going about nowadays," he answered her, with careless irrelevance. "Very soon they'll be saying that Balbus never did build any wall."

In fact he was paying but little heed to all this aimless strife of tongues; he was thinking rather of the moment when Briseis should discover that she was to be left behind, and he was wondering how she would take the unexpected change. As it turned out, some chance remark of one of the girls, as they rose from table, revealed the truth; but he resolutely kept his eyes away from Briseis's face. Probably, he said to himself, she would show no sign at all; she was not a school-girl; and if there was any little surprise or disappointment, the general sunniness of her nature would soon throw all that aside. When, a little while thereafter, they parted at the front door—for she had come to see the theatre-goers off—she shook hands with him and bade good-by to him just as usual; and if she regarded him with something of grave inquiry—perhaps of proud and injured and pathetic inquiry—it was mayhap as well that he did not notice. He was glad to get away and bury himself in this four-wheeled cab.

It might have been a hearse, as far as he was concerned; and black as his thoughts were the louring heavens overhead, that looked all the more heavy and ominous because of the steely half-light shining along the house fronts. Fortunately the girls kept jabbering among themselves; and he was left alone in peace. What he was mostly thinking of was this— Had the last farewell been taken?—and in that manner?

The four of them got into the box just as the play began. It was one of those farcical comedies the hero of which courts the laughter of the audience by exhibiting himself as a helpless imbecile in all sorts of impossible situations; and in this case he was neither better nor worse than his kind; the house, from stalls to gallery, roared at the poor man's perplexities and fatuities—even though at times there was a sort of startled hush as the thunder growled overhead. But what Frank Gordon saw was the strangest thing: a phantasmagoria with no laughter in it at all—with no meaning even: a series of scenes without connection: an appearance of figures that had apparently no relation to

each other. A fat, elderly gentleman was vociferously irate about something; two young women, with tragic gestures, wept hysterically; the distracted tomfool tumbled in on the stage with his coat half torn off his back; there was a wild conference of relatives, all of them in evening dress and all of them undoubtedly insane: in short, the fun grew fast and furious, and the audience kept up a continuous chorus of laughter, in spite of that low, muttering growl above the roof. And then, once and again, there was a sudden light in the upper parts of the theatre—a pale and livid flash that made the other lights look orange; then a space of silence followed by an alarming rattle that seemed to shake the gewgaw building and all its canvas simulacra; and after that a fierce hissing of rain that sounded as if it were descending in sheets. It was the oddest kind of accompaniment to this tangled web of nothingness that was being produced on the stage; perhaps it was some consciousness of this overweighing war of the elements that distracted his attention; at all events these figures were to him as figures in a dream; and when at length he had to see about getting his companions safely taken home, he had not the faintest intelligible idea as to what had been passing before him. He had been present at the performance of a mystery.

When they arrived at the house, the girls would have had him go in with them, for tea; but he declined; he resumed possession of the cab, and was driven down to the Sirloin Club, which snug little place he found he had all to himself. So he drew in an easy-chair to the fire; and called for a reading-lamp to be placed on the small table; and took from his pocket a number of letters that he had merely skimmed over in the morning. There was one from the Princess, who had remarkably little to say about her future daughter-in-law, and a great deal to say, of a comical kind, concerning the worldly-pious waverings of the Margravine of Pless-Gmunden. There was one from Lord Rockminster, containing an invitation for the first fortnight in December. There was another from Lady Adela, informing him that she was about to send him her new novel, and he was 'honestly—*honestly*, now,' to tell her what he thought of it, and how many of the people he could recognize. If he knew of any free libraries, in the north or elsewhere, that would accept a copy, she would be delighted to send one; and would it be considered a greater compliment if she added her autograph? But of course the all-engrossing communication was that from Georgie Lestrange—one of the first she had written after her arrival at her new abode; and these pages he pored over, and read again and again, as if he were striving to learn something about the writer—something more than was possible to be learnt during their lad-and-lass skirmishing among the hills and moors and river-valleys of Inverness-shire. Curiously enough, it was to these wild neighborhoods that (as soon as she had said what she had to say about her brother's condition) the longings of her soul seemed to return. Already Miss Georgie was grown nostalgic. The sky of Florida, she declared, was too palely and uniformly blue, and it was too far removed away from the earth. She wanted clouds that came into the picture—that were part of her surroundings—that lent light and shadow to the dappled straths, that gave splendors of color to the sunsets, and brought majesty into the moonlight nights. All of which considerations naturally led up to reminiscences, of a more or less pathetic cast.

"Do you remember," wrote this ingenuous student of art and landscape, "one morning you were fishing the Priest's Bridge Pool; and I was reading a book; and when I began to read I thought the skies were perfectly fine and flawless. Then in a little while I happened to look up, to see what you were doing; and lo and behold! there had stolen into the sky, staring over the crest of the opposite hill, a great mass of white cloud, not shaded with any perspective, but a bolt-upright mass, a blinding white against a blinding blue, and glaring at you as if it had come jumping out of another world. And then such keenness of color; the purple slopes of heather, far off as they were, had come quite *near*—you would have thought you could touch them with your parasol, which was all very remarkable and admirable; but in five minutes the heavens were *black*, and the rain was whipping the Priest's Bridge Pool into smoke, and I was hiding my wee self under an alder-bush . . . Was that the day we startled the heron down by the

Silver Pool, on our way home? Oh, the gorgeousness of that evening!—the hills out in the west like violet velvet against the gold; and all the tops of Aonach Môr burning in crimson; and the down in the still pools, beside the green alders, the crimson repeated again on the smooth water. And there was that gray phantom of a creature; and we crept up behind the bushes; and he was out on a stone; and I think you could have touched him with the point of your rod, before he stretched out his great wings and went away down the river as silently as a moth . . . But best of all were the moonlight evenings—you remember?—when we went a little way up into the open forest, and listened for the belling of the stags, and there was a golden moon just over Ben-na-Vân, and a mist all along the moorland, and Lady Adela, and Rose, and Sibyl—the White Sisters—like three ghosts, and not a single word said because of the stillness. And once we heard the pipes—oh! so far away—a faint, *unearthly* cry—I never heard the like of it before—it was the banshee! Do you remember the magical nights with the moonlight coming through the trees on to the lawn, and the scent of sweet-gale, and the murmur of the stream down in the valley?—do you remember?—*do you care to remember?*—are you as anxious as I am to remember and recall? Well, well, it's no use. Only, I'm sick of blue skies—skies that are monotonously and uninterestingly blue; and my heart flies away back to a country that I know—a country where there are clouds, and wild seas, and rain, and silver, and glorious sunsets, and mystic nights among the hills.

Dahin, dahin,
Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn!"

Why, this was quite a burst of eloquence on the part of Georgie; and for the moment he, too, experienced an upraising of heart in recalling their boy-and-girl escapades. Surely it was none so tragic a fate to which his honor had bound him; that happy-go-lucky companionship in the northern wilds would lead naturally enough into the more serious, the life-long, companionship that lay before him. And all would be well.

But there was something haunting him, even amidst these optimistic resolves and hopes: it was the recollection of a house in Devonshire Place—the front door open—and a last look from which he had turned away his eyes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RESOLVE.

Now hardly had Frank Gordon and the three girls driven away to the theatre when the indefatigable little widow, seeking to console those who had been left behind, proposed that she and they should pay a visit to the Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. Perhaps, strictly speaking, this could scarcely be called introducing the young ladies to polite society—at least, to any great extent; but the entertainment was cheap; much information might be acquired; and there was a Highland piper playing outside one of the distillery stalls. And so, despite the threatening weather, a cab was sent for; and Miss Ada, and Miss Bowles, and Miss Tressider were bidden to get ready.

"I'm very sorry we can't take you as well, dear Briseis," said the widow. "The cab only holds four, of course. And besides I know you are anxious to get on with those dining-room curtains; for I wouldn't let any one else touch them; they might spoil your design; and it was so clever of you to think of a stem of maize and the simple leaves; the gold thread on the dark green cloth is so effective; and such free, bold drawing—where did you learn to do all these clever things?—or is it just a natural gift all round? I'm so sorry we can't take you—"

"Oh, but I would much rather get on with the curtains, Aunt Clara," said Briseis. She had looked dazed and scared all during luncheon—perhaps no one had noticed; and now she seemed chiefly anxious to get away and be alone. But she remained in the hall, to help the girls on with their jackets and capes.

The cab came up; the bustling, loquacious party got out upon the pavement—with many exclamations about the thunderous look of the skies; then they drove off; and the house again grew still. Briseis went into the school-room. Her cousin Adalbert was lying on the sofa, absorbed in reading football news; but as soon as he saw her, he threw aside the paper.

"Briseis," said he at once, "have you and Sir Francis Gordon quarrelled?"

She hesitated. What was the use of a boy confidant? And yet she was sorely distraught; her mind was all tempest-torn with fears and conjectures; to speak to any one was an immeasurable relief. And the lame lad had always been her chivalrous friend and champion.

"What makes you think that?" she asked, evasively.

"He never left you at home before, when others were going."

"Oh, that is nothing—that is nothing," she answered him. "Some one must remain behind—why not I? I have had more than my share of those concerts and theatres. He has been very kind to me—very—"

"He hardly spoke a word to you at luncheon," her cousin continued.

"There was so much talking!" she said.

"Well, then, when he first saw you—I mean outside—when he came along the pavement—and the other man was going away—"

Her expression instantly changed.

"Ah, did you notice that, Adalbert?—did you notice that? Was it so obvious that any one could notice it? Indeed I knew I could not be mistaken! And what had I done? Why should he be angry with me? Yes, I saw him look in that curious way after Argyriades; but why should he blame me if any one speaks to me? Why should he have changed so suddenly—why should he regard me with coldness and distrust? And yet I cannot believe that he could suspect me—that he could be so unjust as to accuse me merely because he saw a stranger going away! No, no; there must be something else," she went on, with growing excitement. "Adalbert, what is it that I have done? What wrong can I have done? Why did he not tell me if I was to blame?"

She was standing by the table, her fingers tightly clasped in front of her; her lips were trembling, and her eyes had filled with tears. It was a strange thing for the helpless lame boy to witness. Ordinarily the demeanor of this beautiful, tall cousin of his was marked by a perfect self-possession—a self-possession sweet and serene and well-wishing: now she was like some frightened child, who had been reprimanded or punished for an unknown offence. Yet how could the poor lad help her? He had no wit or skill in such matters. Indeed, of late, when Briseis seemed to be in trouble, it had always occurred to him that it was to Frank Gordon himself she ought to appeal.

"Briseis," he said, almost at random, "what does that man want who has come twice to threaten you? I cannot understand a word of what he says; but I know he threatens you—you are so scornful and indignant—"

"Ah, that is quite another thing," she answered him, quickly. "That is a question of money; that is a trifle; I am not so concerned about that, except at the moment. It is not of threatening or of money that one thinks when— And yet—and yet," she went on, after a second or so, "there are such strange possibilities. If Argyriades has already tried to make mischief—who can tell? It is all a bewilderment to me—and I have no one to guide me—no one at all. And if there was any chance of mischief, don't you think it would be better to sacrifice anything—anything—to get rid of that man? Don't you think so, Adalbert? If it is only a question of money, what is money?—what is any sacrifice to get rid of such a threat? I have no money—none at all at present; but perhaps my trustee in Edinburgh could get some for me. Don't you think I ought to buy this man off at any cost, to make sure—to make sure?—don't you think so, Adalbert?—don't you think so?"

In her agitation she was really talking to herself; she did not wait for any reply; and her cousin, embarrassed and conscious that he was incapable of advising her, dared not speak. But she seemed to have made up her mind. She cleared a portion of the table. She fetched some writing-materials from the top of a chest of drawers. And then she sat down and hastily wrote two notes: the first of them, addressed to Mr. Murray, the Edinburgh W.S., begged him to advance her five-and-twenty pounds, if that was within the scope of his powers; the second conveyed a curt intimation to Argyriades that she would meet him at a quarter to twelve on the following morning, at the corner of York Terrace and York Gate, while she added that she hoped he would come prepared to state explicitly what sum he would take in return for all communications from her in his possession, including the one she was now penning. These two letters, for safety's sake, she herself carried to the nearest post-office box; thereafter returning to the tranquil embroidery of golden stems and joints and leaves on

the breadth of dark green cloth. Her boy-cousin, furtively regarding her from time to time, guessed that her mind might not be quite as tranquil as her occupation; but he was too diffident to interfere, even with a shy word of sympathy.

The day wore on, and she grew more and more sick at heart, because of all this doubt, and questioning, and anxious surmise. Frank Gordon's change of manner towards her had been so sudden, so unexpected, so inexplicable. 'Why—why?' she kept asking herself. Surely he could not suspect or scorn her simply because a stranger in the street had slunk away at his approach? Or had Argyriades been attempting to find a better market for his stolen wares? Perhaps a sample had been shown? And she was to be condemned unheard — by the one human being on whose opinion and regard she had come to set such perilous store.

And then she drew a cloak of pride around her. Why should she be solicitous about any man's esteem? It was for her to award favor, if she should so choose; that was her prerogative; they who valued her approval, even to the extent of a good word or a friendly look, would have to come for it. The old ballads had told her what the Gordons were—gay, gallant, and fickle; 'he turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a';' and this one, the most careless-hearted of all the race of them, if he had suddenly resolved to become grave and serious and distant, was welcome so to do. Nay, if he believed her capable of this or that folly or infamy, it was not for her to defend herself. The world was wide enough for them both; and she was no Lady Jean Melville, to take to her bed, and lie there pale and wan, because another of the gay Gordons had turned on his heel.

That night was wet; the rain kept softly pattering on the window of her solitary little room, up in the attic; when she looked out, and down, she could see the lamps throwing reflections of quivering gold on the streaming black pavements. She had been crying a little, from time to time. For her cloak of pride had brought her but small comfort, and had long ago been discarded; an anguish of dull foreboding held possession of her; sleep was out of the question; she was all unstrung; and she was abjectly penitent—for she knew not what. Now and again she went to her mirror; perhaps with some pathetic desire to convince herself of the splendor of her youthful beauty; perhaps merely out of dread that this unresting grief might leave traces that she would find it difficult to explain on the morrow. At last, hardly conscious of what she was doing, she opened her writing-desk, and turned up the gas a little, and sought for and brought forth a sheet of MS. scrawled and dotted over.

On more than one occasion Frank Gordon had expressed himself as greatly interested in her reminiscences of Slavonic and Romaic folk-songs, and in the singular faculty she had for improvising, while she was seated at the piano, some little story of the same fashion, and adding to it a wandering, capricious accompaniment by way of mystical refrain. He had even begged her to give him one of these compositions; but she rarely committed them to paper; perhaps she was afraid that by accident they might come under the eye of some professional critic. Nevertheless, his request had remained in her mind; and happening one afternoon to find herself with a brief and unusual space of leisure she had roughly jotted down the haphazard lines and notes of a fragment; and that she had put away in her desk, and forgotten. But now, as she took it out, she thought she would make a fair copy; and she thought she would send it to him—as a timid kind of propitiation, if there was any unknown cause of quarrel between them: in any case, by his manner of receiving this poor little peace-offering, he would show how he still regarded her. And thus it was that the proud-hearted Briseis brought herself to humble contrition (for she knew not what); and in the dark and still hours of the night she proceeded to copy carefully and clearly the irregular verses and the accompanying ripple of melody, though at the outset she spoiled three sheets of paper, because of tears that fell.

It was a simple enough story that she had heard or read of somewhere: the story of a small band of brigands overtaken by the soldiery, and in the forefront of the fray the young wife of the chief of the brigands, a peasant girl whom he had abducted not many months before. This was how it began—

Saddest bride is the stolen bride, and Eleänaia is weeping.
Happiest bride is the stolen bride, and Eleänaia smiles.

Proud she stands by her husband's side, at bay in the mountains,
Proud when the gendarme's bullet speeds straight to her heart.
(Creep closer, child, the moonlight is white in the forest.)

And then it went on to tell how the brigand, when his band had escaped, disguised himself, and went down to the nearest village, to try to obtain a permit that his wife should be buried in consecrated ground; and how his disguise was discovered, and himself taken and shot. But it was not of Eleänaia and her brave and luckless husband that Briseis was thinking as she went on with her transcription, scrupulously correcting here, and expanding there. Surely Frank Gordon could not be offended by her sending him this scrap of ballad-music, amateurish as it might be? He had asked for it, indeed—though that was awhile ago. And anyhow it would establish some kind of link between them; he would surely write in reply; perhaps there might be an explanation. He could not take it amiss!

Next morning it was still wet; but ere any of the household were up, she had been out and along to the pillar letter-box, despatching her wistful, half-reluctant, tentative appeal for reconciliation. And still it rained, on and on; and hourly London became more gloomy, and squalid, and hideous. When it drew towards noon, there was no thought of the lame boy going out in his Bath chair; the day was too distressing; so he had to content himself with a seat at the window, and a bundle of those journals which he had found by experience gave the most dithyrambic accounts of the deeds of his heroes, whether on the muddy football field or on the windy and sea-haunted links of the north.

And so it was that a little before twelve Briseis was enabled to steal forth alone and perhaps unobserved to keep her appointment with Andreas Argyriades. Protected by water-proof and umbrella she made her way through the swimming streets; and at the corner she had mentioned to him she found her compatriot—looking very miserable, indeed, for though he also carried an umbrella, it had proved inadequate to shield his Bank-holiday attire, and he now presented a somewhat damp and bedraggled appearance. Nevertheless his spirit was calm and unruffled; his self-confidence had suffered no abatement; and he received Briseis with a profound courtesy, watching her all the while.

"Have you brought an answer for me, and a definite answer?" she asked, abruptly and coldly.

"Pardon me, my dear friend, it is not so simple as perhaps you think," he replied, in his usual suave manner. "There are many points to be regarded. For example, I have just learnt that my brother Demetri is coming to this country. Very well. When he arrives, what is the first question he will ask of me? He will say—'Andreas, my son, what have you been able to make out of the Valieri-Lamprinos affair?' He is so mercenary, is my brother Demetri! Then if I tell him some paltry sum, he will first laugh at me for a fool, but afterwards he will stab me. Ah, he is terrible—terrible—a famished wolf is merciful compared to him; he spares no one; and you—have you no fear for yourself if he is angry?—"

"Children's tales!" she responded, with contempt. "Do you think you can frighten me with such foolishness?"

"Akousate me!" he pleaded, in silken speech. "I wish to be your friend; and you will need a friend—when Demetri arrives. And how can I give you a definite answer: how can I tell you the exact value he might place on all these papers? No, no; my dear young lady, be guided by me; furnish me with a small sum at present—ten pounds—twenty pounds—what you please—which will be a pacification for Demetri; then subsequently we will consider—"

"We will not consider!" she retorted. "Why should I give you anything? Why should I give you a single drachma? It is only to get rid of you, once and for all; and if you refuse to agree to this conclusion, what is the alternative? The police, Mr. Argyriades!"

He shook his head, almost mournfully.

"Ah, no, you could not be so unwise," he said. "What have I pointed out to you before?—that I have done nothing—"

"You have asked for money; you have threatened me; you have threatened to show these letters—"

"Where is your evidence, my dear friend? Have you a scrap of my handwriting as proof?" he said, in a kind of compassionate manner. "Ah, no, have done with that idea! If you appeal to

your police—to your English law—I can suffer nothing; but you—you will have to suffer the publicity, the exposure; and perhaps your story will be believed, and perhaps it will not. It is so much better to be amicable! Give me twenty pounds—in the mean time—for pacification—"

"I have not a farthing!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, then we are wasting time," he said, a little more sternly. "Shall I put the matter plainly to you, my dear friend? I have certain goods to sell; and they must go to the highest bidder. I have given you the opportunity; but you allow one day after the other to pass, and you do not provide yourself with the necessary funds, though you could easily do so. Well? Well, I must go to another market, that is all. I know who will redeem those compromising documents—oh, yes, and at the figure I ask—and if I have already shown him a little sample, to tempt him—"

"Have you—dared?" she demanded, with her cheek grown a trifle paler: some wild fancy had shot through her brain that here might be the true key to the enigma that had been torturing her through the long dark hours.

"I do not say yes or no, for I do not wish to commit myself," he answered her, calmly. "But at least you will consider what I have it in my power to do, at any moment. Oh, I confess to you that at first I was not so sure, when I was waiting and observing; for there are several young ladies in the house, and the Lord Fragkis Gordon he might be interested in one or the other: perhaps—shall I say it?—it was some little touch of expression on your part, when the name was mentioned, that convinced me I was on firm ground. For you understand, my dear friend, that though all the world must recognize that you are extremely beautiful—beautiful with a youthfulness and a freshness and an animation that not all of the prettiest of our Greek girls are happy enough to possess—all the world must see that; but all the world may not know how quick a tale-teller is the expression of your face, to one who has the skill to remark. So perhaps it was yourself who confirmed my earlier surmises?—but that is of little consequence; what I wish to make clear to you, perfectly clear, is that I am on assured ground. Those letters that you sent to me, are they not my property? May not I do what I choose with them? May not I sell them to whoever will give most for them? Therefore you cannot harm me; but I might harm you—if you were so imprudent as to drive me to extremities. Only, you will not do that. I am sure you will not do that. No; you will take into consideration many things: your own position; the serious costs I have incurred; and the advisability of pacifying Demetri. Is it not so? You will be wise and reasonable; and a wise and reasonable person accepts what is inevitable. Now, my dear friend, I cannot keep you standing here in the rain—it is dreadful: tell me, what can you give me that will propitiate Demetri when he arrives?—"

"I have nothing to do with him," she said, hurriedly—but her attitude was less defiant. "I want back the letters you have of mine; and I ask you, once for all, what I must pay for them, to have an end. At present I have no money, as I told you before; but I have written to my trustee in Edinburgh, to see if he can let me have twenty-five pounds—"

"Yes; twenty-five pounds?" he repeated, in an encouraging way. "That would do very well to pacify Demetri—"

"I have nothing to do with Demetri!" she broke in again.

"But if he is bringing with him the Lamprinos letters?" he said, insidiously.

"And you said you had them here in London!"

"Ah, yes, I may have been a little premature—but that is nothing," he said, coolly enough. "Well, then, let us say that so far it is arranged: twenty-five pounds to propitiate Demetri. And after?"

"After?—not one lepta! No, nor one atom of communication between you and me! I must have the whole of the letters—every one of them: I will verify them myself; I will burn them myself; and then—nothing between you and me!"

"And all that is to come about for twenty-five pounds!" he said, elevating his eyebrows in affected surprise. "Really, if it were not so serious a matter, one might laugh. My dear young lady, you do not seem to comprehend: one does not undertake such trouble as I have encountered for a miserable twenty-five pounds—no, nor anything like that!—"

"What can I do more!" she cried, in a desperate kind of way—for the ingenuity of his arguments had confused her amidst her vague alarm and distress.

"But no, it is not for me to dictate!" he said, blandly. "As I have told you, you have rich friends—and they must know of your great expectations—and if you wish for money, why—"

"I cannot get more than that!" she protested—but more humbly now.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, well, there is then the alternative. If one will not pay, the other must. I have only to show these letters to the person you are thinking of at this moment, and I have only to say to him 'If you are interested in the young lady, would it not be generous of you to pay a considerable sum to withdraw such compromising documents from being handed about?'—"

"And you say you do not threaten!" she interposed, scornfully.

"Pardon me," he answered her. "What I said was that you had nothing to show that I had threatened.—But come, come, my dear friend, I do not wish to threaten at all. Why should we quarrel? We are quite harmoniously agreed so far. You will send me the twenty-five pounds, to make the best bargain I can for you with Demetri. That is the first step—"

"And the last," she said. "It must be first and last—or none. And if I send you the twenty-five pounds, how am I to know that you will return me the letters—every one of them?"

"You cannot trust me, then? Ah, that is the worst of having to do with one like Demetri," he proceeded, in a regretful fashion. "If it had not been for him, you would have had the packet long before now. But Demetri, he is insatiable. Never mind. You have done well. You have left me to deal with him. Do not fear. I will defend you against Demetri. Consider me the protector of your interests. You will send me the twenty-five pounds; and I will make the best bargain I can for you; and there will be no need to show these very strange letters, these very damaging letters, to any other person. You have done well, my dear friend, rest assured. It rejoices my heart to find you so placable, so reasonable. I give you my word of honor that you have resolved wisely. For what is the matter of a few pounds? What is a trifling matter of money to a beautiful young girl when her good name might be called in question—"

"My good name?" said Briseis—with a flash of her eyes.

"Ah, no, no—I meant by those who did not know her," he replied, softly. "That is a precious possession for a young girl, her good name; and of course you have acted with discretion. And it is so much pleasanter to have these amicable relations established. Need I tell you that if it had been war between us, it would have been a somewhat serious war? The famished wolf has no time to think of scruples; and here am I, in the most desperate of straits, and with Demetri coming over to demand explanations. But that is all past now. All is to be amiable and pleasant. And when, if I may ask, do you expect to receive the twenty-five pounds?"

"To-morrow, perhaps, or next day," she said, almost mechanically—for her brain was perplexed and bewildered by the ingenuities of his representations.

"Ah, that is well," said he; "and may I as a last word congratulate you, my dear friend, on the wisdom of your decision? You have done well. Confide your interests to me; and I will secure you against Demetri Argyriades. Adieu, then—for the rain is terrible. Within the coming day or two I shall hear from you; until then—adieu!"

"Sas proskunō," she answered him, absently; and the next moment she found herself alone, standing there in the midst of this wet and dismal London.

The following two or three days were for Briseis Valieri little else than a prolonged agony of suspense and dim apprehension. Every ring at the door-bell caused her heart to jump; but the posts came and went, morning, noon, and evening, and not even a line arrived from Frank Gordon to say that her little propitiatory offering had been received. And then her heart would grow hot, and her cheek would tingle with maidenly pride and shame. Had she humbled herself, only to be spurned? Had she placed herself in the position of a suppliant, when indignant reserve and silence would have better become her?

The Edinburgh W. S. had promptly replied, enclosing his own cheque for the amount she had mentioned, and politely adding that it gave him pleasure to comply with her request. But she hesitated about sending the money on to Argyriades, not because of its value, but

because she had a sort of despairing consciousness that it would not really and finally free her from the terrorism which he was endeavoring to establish over her. Nay, it might even more hopelessly involve her in the toils he was obviously trying to wind round her. It was only when he was talking to her—when he was exercising a devilish cunning in describing to her the helplessness of her position—that she felt ready to give him anything, to promise him anything, in order to get rid of him at once and forever: when she was outside the influence of his plausible speech, she could see clearly enough that whatever she might give or promise would only place her more completely within his grip. Unhappily she had already gone too far. She had sent him money; she had written urgent notes demanding the return of certain papers; she had referred to interviews, and made appointments. And how was all this to be undone by her forwarding to him the sum of money she had just received from Edinburgh? It would but place another weapon of coercion in his hands.

However, that disquietude, harassing as it might be, was now eclipsed by a greater that in a way arose out of it. When day after day passed and nothing had been heard in answer to her timid little presentation of the Greek ballad, she began to convince herself that Argyriades, in some measure at least, must have carried out his threat. Had he, then, gone to Frank Gordon, and, without actually showing documents, intimated that he had secrets to sell? Or had he taken with him one of the letters and produced it to see if he could find a purchaser for such compromising wares—one who, from magnanimous friendship or from any other motive could be induced to buy these things that he might destroy them? And what, she asked herself, in such circumstances would a straightforward young Englishman be likely to do? Why, without doubt, he would forthwith kick the scoundrel out at the door. Yes; but the knowledge would remain; and might be dwelt upon, and perhaps magnified. And who could wonder if this same clean-minded young Englishman should decline to have any further association with a girl who appeared to have doubtful antecedents, whose correspondence was passing about as bank-notes in the hands of blacklegs and blackmailers?

All this fretting and guessing may have unhinged her judgment a little; but gradually she became possessed with the resolve, at once piteous and imperious, that at any cost she must set herself right with Frank Gordon. Whatever had happened, she must know the truth; whatever had happened, he also must know the truth. And she would go direct to himself. It was an unusual, perhaps an unmaidenly, thing to do; and it might involve a certain abasement; but it was too late to take such minor considerations into account. She would go direct to himself—and find out with her own eyes.

CHAPTER XIX.

FACE TO FACE.

THE bronzed November sunshine was streaming into a spacious and lofty apartment in one of the Northumberland Avenue hotels; and up at the end of the room stood Lady Adela Cunyngham and Frank Gordon, talking to each other, and looking down the long tables that were laid out for luncheon, and that presented quite a pretty spectacle with their silver and fine linen, their glossy menu-cards, and their floral decorations of chrysanthemums and old-man's-beard.

"So kind of you to come and help me!" said the handsome young matron. "What should I have done—a poor lone woman arriving all by herself in London—not even Rose or Sibyl turning up to lend me a hand; and as for Sir Hugh—I suppose Sir Hugh will think he has fulfilled his part when he pays the bill. But I had no scruple about asking you, when I learnt you were in town; for you know, Sir Francis, we look on you as one of the family now, ever since we heard of your engagement. And by-the-way, when is Georgie coming home, if her brother is so much better?"

"Soon, I believe," he answered her. "I have offered to go over to New York, to bring her back; but nothing definite has been settled."

Lady Adela cast another surveying and satisfied glance along the brilliant tables.

"Well, I think all is right now; and we may as well go into the reception-room. Oh, one moment, Sir Francis," she said. "I ordered the wines you mentioned; but I did not say anything as to quantities. Now, you know, Sir Hugh is the most generous of men; but he is busi-



"'SO KIND OF YOU TO COME AND HELP ME!' SAID THE HANDSOME YOUNG MATRON."

nesslike as well; and assuredly he will look into the account; and with regard to these wines, how is one to know what has been used — how will there be any check?"

"There will be Sir Hugh's cheque," he said, with a school-boy grin.

"I really do think I should have accepted the hotel proposal — so much a head—"

"Not at all!" he said, promptly. "There won't be any wine drunk—none to speak of. Do you think the Hypatians are likely to take wine at luncheon? If one of them should break out into wild carousal—a furious Maenad—she may put two lumps of sugar into her tea; but the orgie won't go further than that. Oh, there is Aunt Jean," he added, as he saw some one pass the door.

Accordingly the two of them went into the reception-room, where Miss Jean Gordon was found to be the first comer.

"These milliners and their charges will just be the ruin of me!" said she—for she had come south to pay a series of visits, and was busily preparing for the same.

"Now, Aunt Jean," her nephew proceeded—for Lady Adela had turned away to receive the new arrivals—"I'll tell you about some of the people you are to meet—"

"But if they are as celebrated as you say, surely I'll recognize them by headmark?"

"Well, yes, they are celebrated," he replied, somewhat evasively. "They are celebrated, certainly—but—but it's mostly amongst themselves they are celebrated. I don't know that their names have travelled as far as Dee-side. Anyhow, they are extremely important people; and mind, when you're talking to any of them, to put in a good word for Lady Adela's new novel—"

"Merciful me, laddie, I have not read a word of it!" cried Aunt Jean.

"No, nor has anybody else, for it isn't published yet," her nephew explained to her. "But why should you not be sup-

posed to know all about it?—and these writing-people will put paragraphs in the papers, and make a stir—don't you understand that? Have the Dee-side folk got so little gumption as not to understand that?—and why this elaborate entertainment is given? Now don't forget, Aunt Jean: the title is *Faded Jonquils;* and all kinds of well-known personages figure in it; it is a brilliant picture of society; the disguises are delightfully thin; if you're anybody at all, you'll recognize the whole crowd. One or two most distinguished critics have seen the proof-sheets, and are charmed; and she'll get a testimonial from Mr. G. or she's not the woman I take her for. Now let me see: I'd better tell you whom you'll sit next. On your left will be a Mr. Quincey Hooper—he's the London correspondent of an American paper; nothing to alarm you about him; he'll probably tuck the corner of his table-napkin under his chin, and he'll certainly talk all the time about lords: nothing worse than that. Then on the other side you'll have a Miss Penguin. She's a poetess—a great, wild, fearsome poetess. But you won't mind. She's a giddy old crock; and she'll tell you strange stories about a set of people whom she calls the aristocracy. She doesn't know anything about them; but that's neither here nor there; and she's a playful old kitten: you'll find her great fun. Oh, here's my beneficent Miss Caledon—I must go and speak to her"—and off he went to welcome the intrepid young lady-journalist, whose extremely pretty gray eyes appeared at this moment to have something of demure amusement in them.

Now if it was by way of a trick that Frank Gordon had foisted the Passionate Poetess on to poor, innocent, unsuspecting Aunt Jean, he was well served out. For when by-and-by this large company had sedately filed into the luncheon-room, and when they were engaged in finding out their appointed seats—and while the zither-choir from the Black Forest was playing 'Alle Vögel sind schon da, alle Vögel, alle!' so that it seemed as if the birds of innumerable spring-times were hovering around and thrilling all the air with their vibrant melody—in the midst of this hum of confusion young Gordon became aware that a dowdy, pompous, overdressed woman was bearing down on him. He could not understand this at all, for he himself had written out the cards and placed them along the tables; but the next moment the explanation came from Miss Penguin, who now confronted him.

"I wished to have a little chat with you, Sir Francis," said she, "and I took the liberty of transposing one or two of the cards—"

"Well, I'm hanged!" he wrathfully said to himself—which was improper, and also most impolite.

But there was no escape for him; her baleful eye was upon him; and the very first question she asked of him, as they sat down, was the identical question with which she had challenged him at the Hypatia Club.

"Have you read my *Mirrorings?*"

He desperately hunted about for a lie—in vain; and then he blurted out—

"I really don't know what the circulating libraries are coming to. You write to them for the best books, naturally; and they send you nothing but trash. And so—that is—the inexcusable reason—"

"I see," she observed, calmly. "You have not read my book. Consequently you have no answer to my indictment."

"Your indictment?"

He vaguely remembered that on that previous occasion this frowsy old frump with the pale protuberant fringe and the tattered finery had occupied herself chiefly in slandering her fellow-countrywomen, when she wasn't engaged in hacking and slashing at their husbands and brothers and sons; and also that she appeared to hold him, Frank Gordon of Grantly, responsible for all the ill doings and infamies of the 'aristocracy' of Great Britain.

"Yes, my indictment," she proceeded, and she held him with her inexorable eye. "Perhaps you will allow me to repeat at least a portion of it."

"Lord help us!—I'm in for it again," said young Gordon to himself.

And he was. Worse still, he found himself between two fires; for while he had this infuriate spinster at his elbow, on the other side of the head table, and not more than a yard or two from him, Octavius Quirk, in his frothily tempestuous fashion, was describing to Lady Adela and any others within ear-shot his doughty deeds in the field of journalistic criticism.

"Such a responsibility!" murmured

Lady Adela, softly and sweetly. "Such an important newspaper—"

"The Moulinet—that's what I should like to call my department," continued the flabby-cheeked creature with the boiled-gooseberry eyes. "I want my lads to understand that they must have a free shoulder-swing! And we're doing excellent service, Lady Adela—oh, I assure you! The weekly log-rollers have got a fright: there's a good deal less croaking and calling of the frogs to each other since we began to heave bricks into the pond. And the puling poets in the Government offices—stealing the Queen's stationery to write their miserable magazine-verse on it: we've made one or two of them sit up. But the two tribes that we mean to slaughter—the two tribes that are to have no mercy—are the Cuttle-fish and the Worms—"

"I'm afraid I don't quite—"

"The Cuttle-fish—who fling ink in the face of the public, and hide themselves in a sham profundity. I'm an Englishman; I want English; I want the English of Milton, and Shakespeare, and Dryden; I don't want leerings, and twistings, and divings into the mud of obscurity. And then there are the precious people—the posturers—strutting in front of a literary mirror and admiring themselves: well, we mean to thrash the sawdust out of their taffeta phrases, their 'three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation, figures pedantical'; and we may be able to bring back something of the 'russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.' 'He speaks not like a man of God's making': then he'll have to change his tune; or we'll drum the dandified ass out of existence—"

The wind-bag paused for a moment—for the zithern had begun to play 'Es steht ein Baum im Odenwald'; but he soon ignored this interruption.

"Ah, the Worms, Lady Adela—I was almost forgetting—"

"Yes?" responded Lady Adela, in her pleasantest manner; while Gordon inwardly said to himself 'O what a price one has to pay in England for puffs and paragraphs!'

"The Worms—the invertebrate literary things that live upon dead men's reputations—and the greater the reputation the better. 'Hallo,' cries one or other of these nonentities, 'let's get out another edition of So-and-so; he has been dead a hundred years; and there's no one to hinder us.' And then the Nonentity brings out the book of the big dead author, and claps his own little name on the title-page, cheek by jowl with the big name, and the public doesn't resent his impudence; no, the good, easy public buys the new edition; and the parasite comes in time to be recognized as a man of letters. Good business—living on dead authors! Well, we mean to make things lively for the Worms!" continued Mr. Quirk, with boisterous hilarity. "Since they are so determined on publicity, we mean to make them dance a little. Cuttle-fish—Worms—Posturers—Bardlets in search of a laureateship: we intend having a bit of amusement down our way! My lads are ready—" And so the Jabberwock held on; while Lady Adela paid him the tribute of a mute sympathy and reverence: when she had to pay a price, she paid it without stint.

A voice rose above the varied din—a girl's voice, rather hard and metallic, it is true, but clear and penetrating, and harmonizing admirably with the zither accompaniment. 'Von meinem Bergli muss i scheiden, was so liebli is und schön'—this was the old familiar strain; and Frank Gordon, who was sick-tired of journalistic chatter, and still more tired of hearing an exasperated unmarried female denounce the iniquities of husbands—young Gordon was glad to turn away and listen, entranced. Nay, as soon as the 'Abschied vom Dirndel' was finished, he left his place and made his way round to the small table at which the Schwarzwalder—three men and two girls—were seated; and there he made bold to take a vacant chair that happened to be next the young lady who had just been singing; and he was proceeding, with many apologies, to tell her how every one was grateful to her, when the damsel with the big, gentle eyes (he made sure her name was Anneli) interrupted him.

"Wie meinen Sie, mein Herr?" she said.

This was for a moment disconcerting; but he had some courage; and so with the best German he could muster he paid his compliments; and then he added—

"Sie kennen vielleicht irgend einige griechische Volkslieder?"

"Das glaube ich nicht," she answered, "will aber fragen."

And with that she addressed herself to the grave-eyed, black-bearded man at the

end of the table, who, in turn, answered young Gordon direct and in English, explaining that they were very sorry they did not know any Greek folk-songs. But this inquiry had formed a sort of introduction; and next Gordon said, in a straightforward and friendly way:

"Well, I have heard the zither played many and many an evening, in the Black Forest and the Tyrol; but never, as far as I can remember, without there being something on the table. Would you mind—if I tried to rectify a little mistake that I see has been made?"

And thereupon he went off and got hold of a waiter; and in a few moments he had returned, the waiter bringing with him a couple of bottles of Zeltinger, some green glasses, and a basket filled with comfits and sweet biscuits. The wine was poured out; the cakes were handed to the timid-eyed Fräulein; while young Gordon coolly and calmly resumed his seat—for he had a frank and boyish way of making himself at home that stood him in good stead among strangers. And indeed he found the society of these honest Schwarzwalder a good deal more congenial than that he had recently quitted. They drank his health, in a serious manner; he responded with the toast of 'Deutschland über Alles!' and the Fräulein laughed as they sipped a little of the wine; then the leader of the choir, glancing round the table, said in an undertone 'Compagneia,' and forthwith the glasses were shoved aside, and each zither had resting on it ten nerved finger-tips ready for the signal.

'Ich nehm' mein Gläschen in die Hand'

he rolled out in a strong bass voice; then his companions came in with their chorus

'Vive la Compagneia!'

—and whether the general Compagneia over there at the long tables listened or did not listen was of little consequence to Frank Gordon. He had escaped from the palpitating Sappho; he had escaped from the blustering wind-bag; he was among decent, kindly folk, who, in the intervals of their professional duties, became more and more friendly with the young Englishman who appeared to be well acquainted with their country and its homely customs. And truly they gave him of their best. It was for him they sang 'Mariandel ist so schön, Mariandel ist so treu,' and 'Herzig's Schatzerl, lass dich herzen,' and 'Im Aargau sind zwei Liebi,' and 'Von allen den Mädchen so blink und so blank'; and then when the smoking began—for Lady Adela knew the ways of many of her guests, and was an astute and tolerant hostess—he had cigars brought for the bearded members of this little company; and altogether he and they got on very well.

And yet, notwithstanding the occasion and this good comradeship on which he had accidentally happened, he was heavy at heart. Some of these Volkslieder have a pathetic note, apt to awaken memories. And there was another folk-song, lying in his desk down in Jermyn Street, that would keep recurring to his mind, accusing and reproaching him. A dozen times he had taken out the sheet of MS. intending to write and say he had received it; and again and again he had shrunk from employing the cold and distant terms which alone were permissible to him. And what would Briseis be thinking of him now? Perhaps her wounded pride had stepped in to protect her: probably she would not deign to waste another thought on one who had used her so discourteously.

By this time the large luncheon party had become in a measure nebulous—moving hither and thither and forming new groups; and the handsome young mistress of the feast could now pay a little more attention to her guests generally. Winning, gracious, and graceful, she went from one to the other, with an adroit word and a smile ever at her command; and if, during these random conversations, any reference was made to the forthcoming publication of *Faded Jonquils*, it was always with a modest deprecation on her part, as if her poor little book were not fit to be mentioned before all these wise and clever people. Amid this prevailing movement and clamor of talk it was easy for any one to slip away unobserved; and Frank Gordon—having ascertained that Miss Jean was returning to her dressmaker, and would rejoin him in Jermyn Street later on—said a word of apology and good-by to his hostess, and left.

When he reached his rooms he put his despatch-box on the table, and opened it, and drew in a chair. But it was not factors' reports he was after. He took out the large sheet of paper on which were

copied so carefully and accurately the words and accompaniment of the Greek folk-song; and at these he sat staring absently, as he had done too often before. The music, it is true, was far too intricate and elaborate for him even to guess at the sound of it; he was thinking rather of the patient labor and the neat handwriting; and of the desperate task that lay before himself. And yet he could not remain altogether silent. Nay, might not he be able to introduce into this note that had to be written—that he must write now—something of a farewell character? A formal and restrained farewell—that was what was demanded of him: though again and again his fingers had refused to pen the words.

It was just about this moment that there drew up at the corner of Jermyn Street a four-wheeled cab, from which a young woman descended. Her tall and elegant figure was dressed mostly in black; she was veiled—though the texture of her veil was thin enough to show that her complexion was somewhat colorless; and she had a preoccupied and hurried air. As soon as she had arranged with the cabman about waiting for her, she turned and went quickly along the pavement, giving no heed to anything around her, but glancing up from time to time at the number of this or that lodging-house or private hotel. At last she arrived at the one she sought. The outer door was open; the inner door, partially glazed, was about a yard or so within the hall; and it was with hardly a second of hesitation that she stepped into this shallow entrance, and was about to ring the bell.

And then all of a sudden she withdrew her hand as if the bell-knob had burnt her with fire; she stood paralyzed with confusion and fear and shame; her face was suffused with hot blood; her heart panting as if it would suffocate her. What was she here for?—she seemed to ask herself. Could this be the proud-spirited Briseis Valieri, come humbly and servilely to the door of a young man's dwelling, to beg for the re-establishment of her good name? Was this what she was here for?—to explain—to excuse—to vindicate? Her father—her mother—even the poor old man with whom she used to go wandering among the Scotch hills: what would they have said could they have foreseen? And then it swiftly occurred to her—might she not even now escape? Had no one observed her through those oblong panes of glass? The bell had certainly not been rung. And so, the next moment, she had vanished out of that entrance-way; and little did she know of what had befallen her until she found herself staring into the window of a perfumer's shop, her whole frame tingling and trembling.

She gradually recovered control over herself; her face resumed something of its natural hue; a passer-by would merely have thought that this tall and distinguished-looking young lady was regarding those hair-brushes and scent-bottles with an unusual fixity of attention. For indeed what she had now to consider was the alternative that lay before her—a return to the hopeless suspense and misery of these past days and nights. She had strung herself up so far; and this wild endeavor of hers, the product of despair almost, had within it some gleam of hope; and now to abandon it—to go away back to the long brooding hours of anguish—that seemed a kind of impossible thing. She could not go back. She must have some assurance. She must know what had occurred. It was not a mere vindication of herself that was driving her on: it was as though all the coming years of her young life were calling to her, making a more imperative demand. And so, looking neither to the right nor to the left, she returned hastily to the entrance, and rang the bell.

A manservant appeared.

"Is—Sir Francis Gordon—at home?" she managed to say.

"I think I heard him come in, ma'am," the man said; and he knocked at an adjacent door.

The next moment the door was opened; and Briseis found herself—she did not know how—advancing into a room the sole occupant of which, on seeing her, had instantly risen to his feet. And there she stood confronting him—unable to utter a word—dreading what she had done. It seemed at this crisis as if the proud heart must straightway break, in the depth of her humiliation. And yet she looked at him. Had he nothing to say to her? Would he understand that a girl was imperiously bound to clear her good name?

And as for him: well, this sudden and actual bodily presentment of her had at once swept away all the dreams, and

musings, and tempered resolves of the preceding days; and a passionate longing arose in him to go forward to her, and place his hands on her shoulders, and say to her: "Briseis, let me guess why you have come here! Do not speak: it is for me to speak: and all that I have to tell you is, I love you!—I love you!—I love you!" Nay, the magnetism of her presence was overpowering; and her agitation—the appeal of her look—surely that was more than mortal man could withstand: why should he not take her to him, and kiss her hair, her cheeks, her lips, with "I love you! I love you!" told again and again to her upturned eyes. And he would say to her: "You are disturbed—you suffer: let me shield you, then; let us forget everything else in the world, and be a world to ourselves; let us go through life together—you and I, together!" And then, under the magic charm of youth and youth's response to persuasive caresses, there would come into her softened eyes some sign of yielding, of wistful self-surrender—

But this wild impulse, that thrilled him to the very soul, had to be sternly restrained; pale, resolute, reserved, he stood before her, awaiting her commands; whether she knew or not, there were chains of honor binding him, as cruel as steel.

She found speech at last.

"You will forgive my—my coming here," she said, in a low voice. "I had not heard from you—"

"I was about to write to you," he said—and he glanced towards the table: if her eyes followed in that direction, they could not fail to see the sheet of MS. music lying there.

"And—and I was alarmed," she continued, rather brokenly. "Because—because I have been threatened—"

"You—threatened?" he repeated. "By a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"That might be made awkward," he said slowly.

"I was alarmed because—because he threatened to come to you, and show you some letters," she went on; and though outwardly she maintained her self-control, there was a suggestion of tears in her voice. "And when you did not write, I thought he had been to you—I thought you had believed him—that you suspected me—"

"Who is this man?" he asked.

"Andreas Argyriades. You saw him one morning in Devonshire Place, just as you came up. And he has not been to you?"

"Not at all."

"Nor written to you?"

"I have had no communication with him of any kind—I never heard of him before!" he exclaimed. "But whoever he is, do you imagine I would believe any story or report or rumor against you brought by an ill-wisher of that kind? I think the reception he would meet with would convince him of the extreme unwisdom of his attempt."

"Oh, yes—yes—I am certain of that," she said, in an almost incoherent fashion; and she seemed half-stupefied, and distraught, and unstrung. For these assurances of his, grateful as they might be to her ears, contained no explanation whatever of the graver mystery of his change of demeanor towards her. And how was she to ask for that? There was a limit even to her piteous abasement. "Only," she continued, in this nervous way—"only—I wished you to understand about Argyriades—I wished you to know—about Argyriades; and if he should write to you—or call upon you—"

"Then he shall have his answer," Gordon said, with firm lips. "And perhaps it will be an answer that he will remember throughout his life."

"And you will forgive—my coming here—and interrupting you. I know I should not have done so—but I was troubled—and you had not written—"

"I am exceedingly sorry I did not write before," he said. And in truth at this juncture he had need of all his self-command; for the sight of her distress and a certain touch of pathos in the tone of her voice were wellnigh overmastering him: it seemed so natural that, throwing all other considerations to the winds, he should go to her, and clasp her to the shelter of his arms, and soothe her shaken spirit with tender and comforting words. But he held back: if there must needs be an explanation, this was not the moment: her mere presence here, in this room, was all too bewildering a thing.

"Good-by, then," she said, and she extended her hand. "You will forgive me for troubling you—for coming—but I was in great doubt and perplexity—about Argyriades—"

He held her hand in his: so much he could not deny himself.

"Do you remember Aunt Jean at Grantly?" he said to her, in a very gentle fashion. "She is in London at present; and I expect her here every moment. Won't you stay and see her?—she would be so glad."

"Oh, no, I cannot—I cannot," Briseis said, hurriedly. "I must go."

But if it was her wish to get away unobserved from this embarrassing situation she was foiled; for just as he was opening the door into the hall, there came a ring at the outer bell.

"That must be Aunt Jean," he said.

CHAPTER XX.

DER EWIGE GESANG.

It was a disconcerting and even a perilous moment for all three; a single false note of hesitation might have been disastrous; but the sagacity, the womanly instinct, and the native kindliness of Jean Gordon triumphed: in a second she was mistress of the situation.

"Dear me," she said to the girl, "to think that you are just the one person in the town of London I was most wishing to see—and you were going away! Na, na; you'll just come up to my own little parlor, and we'll have a chat together: why did not my nephew here tell you I was to be in directly? Come along now—dear me, to think I might have missed you!" And therewithal, in some mysterious manner, Briseis found herself conducted to a moderately small apartment on the next floor, which turned out to be Miss Jean's sitting-room.

But although she might be temporarily unnerved, Briseis Valieri was too proud to have anything to do with false pretences. She remained standing.

"I must tell you, Miss Gordon," she said, almost as a kind of challenge, "that I did not know you were in London."

"You did not? Well, well!" was the placid answer—though the shrewd gray eyes were attentive.

"I did not," Briseis went on, striving to be perfectly calm. "I came to see Sir Francis; and I expected to find him alone. I came to learn from himself if he had been told anything about me by—by a countryman of mine. It was a wrong thing for me to do. I know that. I know that perfectly well. But—but I was desperate; and perhaps—perhaps, Miss Gordon—if you heard the whole story, you would not think so badly of me—"

Indeed there was no thought of evil in those kindly and scrutinizing gray eyes; there was nothing but an obviously affectionate interest; and it was in the gentlest fashion that Miss Jean persuaded her unexpected visitor to remove her cloak and sit down. Then came the inevitable suggestion about tea; but that Briseis put aside; she was too anxious to tell her tale, and explain how she had been induced to place herself in so ambiguous a position. And as that tale, rapid, eager, and rather piteous, was being told, a somewhat remarkable thing occurred. Aunt Jean had taken up from the table a Japanese paper-knife, and at first she had merely occupied herself in idly passing her fingers over the metallic figures; but as the story of Argyriades and his proceedings went on, she got hold of the instrument in both her hands, and she was unconsciously bending it this way and that while she was earnestly exhorting her companion to exercise an absolute self-control.

"Yes, yes, my dear—there is no use in anger—you must be cool and collected," she said, in little gasps of sentences, while her double grip on the paper-cutter did not cease. "And I may tell you you've come to us just in time. That scoundrel was only beginning to get a hold over ye. I can see his intention. I'm older than you. It was not five pounds—or fifty—that he wanted; he wanted to bleed ye like a leech, and to terrify ye into going on your knees to your friends, for more, and more, and more. Oh, the scoundrel!—yes, and he thought he could get money from Frank? Well, he'll get something from Frank. My word, he'll get something from Frank! For ye've just come to us in time, my dear young lady, before he got complete hold over ye: oh, ye did right to come—I maintain ye did right to come: a young girl's good name is everything to her: it's her very life: and if she thinks she has been slandered, is she not likely to be driven desperate? But then, you see, in such a predicament—face to face with such a treacherous scoundrel—one must take care to keep perfectly quiet and cool. Anger will not do. Indignation will not do. And some of us Gordons about Dee-side—I mean the menfolk of us—are said to be rather quick in

the temper; and it never serves to let temper loose. No, no. We must be quiet and cautious in dealing with a smooth-tongued miscreant like that. I confess," Aunt Jean continued—and the short sentences were becoming more and more vehement and envenomed—"if I were myself to see him—I might be tempted—to say a word: I suppose—I suppose—a smack across the face—from a woman's hand—would not hurt him— But no, no—as I tell ye, that would not do—we must give ye good advice—cool and calm advice—and ye see that, even in talking of the infernal rascal, I can keep quite easy and collected—"

The metal knife could no longer withstand this nervous bending; with a sudden snap it sprang in two; and Jean Gordon looked helplessly at the fragments.

"Dear me," she said, "they're useless things: I forgot I had it in my hand"—and once more she endeavored to impress on Briseis the supreme importance of remaining scrupulously tranquil and calm-blooded, if Andreas Argyriades were to be encountered on equal terms.

For the last few moments Briseis had been plunged in profound abstraction.

"Miss Gordon," she said, at length, "it is very kind of you to think of trying to help me against that man; but—but I would rather not trouble Sir Francis any further in the matter—"

"What?" exclaimed her warm-hearted partisan, "are you going back into slavery? Are ye deliberately laying up for yourself years of misery, until this blackguard finds there's nothing more to be squeezed out of either your friends or you?—"

"Oh, no," Briseis said. "I am less afraid of him now. Sir Francis has assured me he will not believe one word Argyriades has to say, whether he calls or writes—"

"Bless me, Frank Gordon is not the whole world!" Miss Jean protested. "And a young lady cannot afford to have a number of her letters—well, I'll not use the word compromising—but private and confidential letters, I suppose—she cannot afford to have such things in the possession of a man who is determined to make an ill use of them."

"Compromising?" Briseis repeated, with a rose-red flush appearing in her pale and exquisite complexion. "You must not say that, Miss Gordon. They could only be considered compromising by some one quite ignorant of the circumstances. Love-letters they are, that is true—silly and romantic love-letters; but any one ought to be able to see that they are merely a heap of school-girl nonsense. A school-girl prank it was; for we all pretended to be in love with George Lamprinos—he was the music-master; and I wrote these letters for mischief mostly, confiding them in secrecy to my chief friend and companion, Irene Argyriades, on the understanding that she was to read them and destroy them. Lamprinos never saw a single line of any one of them—of course not!—he would have laughed, and understood well enough: school-girls are always playing such tricks. And then Irene, instead of burning these scrawls, appears to have kept them; and then her brother finds them, and thinks he can make money—not so much out of them, perhaps, as out of the other notes I wrote to him, demanding their return. But I am less anxious now—"

"They must be got back," said Miss Jean, firmly. "And it's Frank Gordon must get them back for you."

"Oh, no, you must not ask him—please do not!" said Briseis, hurriedly. "It is not necessary. I will get them back myself—"

"You—to deal with a vagabond like that!" said Aunt Jean, in kindly scorn. "It's somebody with a stronger nerve than either you or I have must take up this affair; and though my nephew Frankie is just as easy-going and good-humored a lad as ever I met with in all my life, still he's got a most merciless temper—I will admit that—he's got a perfectly heathenish temper if there's been any wrong-doing or underhand dealing where those next him are concerned: I'm thinking if your Greek gentleman knew who was after him, he would be up and off and out o' this country in two skips and a jump. So you'll just give me the man's address, and I'll jot it down; and, my dear young lady, you'll put all these fears and apprehensions out of your mind—for well can I see what ye must have suffered."

Then Briseis rose to go, and as her last word she said, rather wistfully—

"Then—Miss Gordon—you do not blame me—for having come here alone—when I was in such great trouble?"



"INDEED THERE WAS NO THOUGHT OF EVIL IN THOSE KINDLY AND SCRUTINIZING GRAY EYES."

"Blame you?" said Aunt Jean, and she took the girl's hand in hers, and kissed her on the cheek as an elder sister might have done. "I think I should find it difficult to blame ye for anything! But whatever happens, if you should be in want of a friend, just you come to Jean Gordon, and ye'll not find her to fail ye." And again at the door below she reiterated these expressions of affectionate sympathy, in a way altogether unusual with her, for most folks considered her rather a cross-grained and sharp-tongued woman. Then Briseis took her leave; and after that Aunt Jean remained for a minute or two in the hall, considering, before she would enter her nephew's room.

When at last she opened the door, she found Frank Gordon pacing to and fro in great agitation; but at sight of her he stopped short.

"Frank, lad," said she, in an unwontedly grave fashion, "what is all this?"

"Oh, I don't know, Aunt Jean," he said. "I don't know!"

He took another restless step or two up and down, and again he confronted her.

"What do you think, Aunt Jean? I want you to tell me what I'm to do! Things were bad enough before—when I thought I had only my own mischance to face—but now—"

"Ay, and is that the way the land lies?" she said, regarding him curiously. "You as well? Frank, lad, you don't mean that! Mercy me, what is going to happen to us all! But you don't mean that!—"

"Yes, yes; and you've got to tell me what I am to do, Aunt Jean—that is the first and foremost thing—"

She paused for a moment or two, to collect herself. Then she said deliberately—

"Well, Frank, there's many would say I ought to have no skill of such matters. But I have seen something of the ways of young folk; and I have kept my eyes open; and what I am certain sure of is that that girl's coming here by herself today can mean but the one thing—that she is wildly in love with you. There's no other accounting for it: the fear of having been miscalled to you seems to have driven her fairly out of her mind. And even then I can hardly understand it—now that she's away—for when she's near you there's a kind of glamour about her, she's so bewitching with her beauty and her pleading eyes that you're ready to swear a white-winged angel is a poor kind of creature compared with her; but now—but now when one thinks of it—that she should have risked being suspected of making a confession—confessing the secret that a girl keeps deepest down in her own heart—that she should have run such a risk even remotely is hard to comprehend, unless she's been just driven frantic by that man. For of course she knows you're engaged to be married?"

"Oh, no, she doesn't," he replied, hastily. "At least, I suppose not—there was never a word said about it—"

Aunt Jean uttered a little half-stifled cry.

"Frank Gordon, what do ye tell me?—what have you done? She does not know? The poor lass!—the poor lass!—now I can see why she came here this afternoon—she felt that it was the happiness or the misery of her life that had to be settled. And it's the misery, I suppose. I suppose it's the misery. What have you done, man!—what have you done! Why did you not tell her—long ago?—"

"Why, how could I tell her, Aunt Jean!" he responded, almost angrily—for his conscience seemed wholly to acquit him. "Bethink yourself, Aunt Jean! How was I to imagine that it could concern her in the least? If I had dared to assume such a thing, then perhaps I might have told her. But such an assumption—the impertinence of it!—the insolence of it!—it never entered my head that it could matter a brass farthing to her whether I was engaged to be married or not. Only, when I found, of a sudden, that I had grown too fond of her, then I did what was left for me to do: I gave up going to the house; and I was trying to pave the way for our becoming absolute strangers to each other. It appeared to me that was all I could do; and I had hoped to dree my own weird without any human creature being a bit the wiser. But as for explaining to her that I was engaged to be married: why, there were other girls in Mrs. Elliott's house besides Briseis Valieri: was I to go to each of them, or to all of them together, and say to them 'Look here, I consider myself such a transcendently fascinating person that I must warn you beforehand that I am not to be captured'? That would have

been a modest precaution! Indeed there was no nonsense of the kind in the air. We were amusing ourselves—theatres, concerts, a bit of a dance now and again: who was to imagine that any tragedy was to spring out of it all?—"

He was silent for a space. His whole being seemed rent asunder with conflicting passions; on the one hand his heart kept whispering to him in secret and delirious exultation 'Rejoice!—rejoice!—the woman you love loves you: the crowning glory of life is yours'; while in response to that the calmer pulses of his brain would keep repeating the old, inexorable burden 'Renounce—renounce!—to you also has come the common lot of mortal man—*Entbehren sollst du!—sollst entbehren!*' And at last he threw himself into a chair, his clinched fists on his knees, his head somewhat bent forward, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"I suppose I've been to blame, Aunt Jean," he said. "Take it that way—and tell me what I am to do. I am ready to bear the penalty—if there's anything that can be undone, if there's anything that can be put right. What am I to do? Is there any atonement—any sacrifice?—"

"Frank, laddie," said Aunt Jean, "you're not the first that has found his word given one way and his heart turned another; and ye need not seek for more sorrows than ye're likely to meet; for it's a sore strait to be in. And as for blaming you, that will I not. I'm beginning to suspect there's a simple enough explanation why you never told her of your engagement; and it's just this, that you were in love with her all the time, or drifting into being in love with her—unknown to yourself—and that's why ye could not bring yourself to tell her—"

At this he looked up quickly: Miss Jean's shrewd guess seemed to have struck home.

"Then it is all due to my blindness," he said, slowly, and as if to himself. "And there is no recalling—no reparation. . . . Aunt Jean, would you go to her, and speak to her? Will you tell her why I have recently kept away from the house—why I did not answer her letter? I know it is a great deal to ask; for it is a terrible business; but it is just maddening to think that she may consider herself slighted—imagine such a thing!—Briseis Valieri—slighted and left aside!—"

"Yes, but that's what may be in her heart, and likely to remain there all the days of her life, unless you go to her yourself, Frank," said Aunt Jean, calmly.

"I? She would be insulted!"

"You must go," said Aunt Jean. "You cannot part with her forever—I suppose it is forever, according to the chances of the world—without a last word of good-by, surely. That would be strange conduct towards a girl that has been none too well treated—I don't mean by you, Frank—I don't mean by you—I mean almost ever since we got to know of her existence. And who would have thought it? Do you remember her that day at Grantly? She looked as if all the world around her were laughing in kindness towards her. She looked so young, and winning, and splendid; she seemed to shed a kind of delight whichever way she turned; and she was so willing to be pleased—so grateful—not presuming on her great beauty, as many a girl would. Who could have prophesied anything but the fairest of the earth for her? She seemed born to happy circumstances, and tender guidance, and loving-kindness from those around her—which she could well repay—which she could well repay, I will say that. And now—poor lass!—poor lass!—"

And at this point Aunt Jean rose, and turned away from him, and remained standing there for several seconds, with her handkerchief up to her eyes. It was a most unusual break-down for her, and she was ashamed. When she came back to her place, she spoke in a very different key.

"Frank Gordon," she said, "there's one thing you've got to do, to show the man that's in you. You've got to call that scoundrel to account."

"Oh, that's all right—that's nothing," he said, impatiently. At this moment he had no thought to waste on Andreas Argyriades. It was of Briseis he was thinking; and his heart was full of pity, and remorse, and an unspeakable longing and yearning and solicitude.

"But it's not nothing—it's something," said Miss Jean, hotly. "Perhaps ye do not understand under what terrorism that girl has been living of late?—perhaps ye do not think of what she must have suffered before she underwent the humiliation of coming here, to defend herself? Is that nothing? Is that to be passed over? Consider what she must have gone

through before she brought herself to this door—before she rang the bell; and is there to be no punishment for the blackguard that brought her to such a pass? Is there to be nothing done? Ye're not going to leave it to me to take a horse-whip? Am I to find him out? Am I to lash him?—the scoundrel!—the scoundrel!—"

"Aunt Jean," he said, in answer to her passionate invective, "that's all easy enough. If everything else were as easy! Thrashing Argyriades will not put matters straight."

"But thrashing Argyriades is the first thing that lies before ye," she persisted, in her indomitable way. "And I want to know how and when ye mean to set about it."

"There won't be any difficulty," he said. "Only I suppose I shall have to telegraph to Wentworth to send me up my thickest shooting-boots."

"Ay," said Miss Jean, eagerly, "and ye'll kick him across the street—and ye'll follow him—and kick him back across the street again—"

"I can try," her nephew said. "Unless he varies the performance by kicking me."

Aunt Jean pulled herself together.

"No, no—there must be no folly or rashness," she said, severely. "It's what I've just been maintaining—we must keep quiet and cool if we're to deal wi' this sleek-spoken rascal. It 'll not do to land yourselves both in the police courts, and have names mentioned, and a story for people to gabble about. Oh, he knew well what he was after, that miscreant, when he laid his plans. The letters he got—letters written by one school-girl to another school-girl, for mere mischief's sake—these were harmless enough, and useless enough to him; but when he got other letters demanding them back—and when she was foolish enough to send him £5 as a beginning—then he had a better hold. Frankie, lad, it's for you to make him let go—but discreetly—discreetly. If he's got his fingers on the gunwale of the boat, chop them off, or give him a clour on the head: only, there must not be a ripple on the water afterwards. No police proceedings. The public are quick to believe the worst: how are they to know that these letters were but a piece of mischief-making between two school-girls—about a music-master—who never saw a single line of them?—"

She had gradually weaned him back from wider and more distracting thoughts to this bit of business immediately on hand: he began to take an interest in it.

"What you say is quite right, Aunt Jean," he answered her, presently. "There must be no police proceedings. We must catch him some other way—and give him a dose that will last him for the rest of his life. Of course the animal was counting on impunity; they all do that; they reckon that their victim will suffer anything and sacrifice anything rather than face a public scandal. It comes to this, Aunt Jean, that the blackmailing of an innocent person is the one crime the law cannot punish without hurting the innocent person more than the guilty one. Very well: when the chance offers we must step in and assist the law with a little private enterprise—"

"Ay, now ye're talking sense, Frankie, lad!" she said, with obvious and extreme gratification. "And what will ye do? Ye must serve him well! What are ye thinking of doing?"

"That must be a matter for careful and pious consideration, Aunt Jean," he answered her. "But as he appears to have been dealing in terrorism, I propose to give him a sample of his own wares—something just about sufficient to frighten the soul out of his body, as you might say. And in the mean time I will take a run up to Oxford, this afternoon or to-morrow morning: I know one or two of the lads there who would like to join in a little frolic. This is his address, is it? Soho, of course. I suppose he'll have a knife about him. However, we must try to keep out of the police courts—anything short of that."

Indeed for the time being he seemed to welcome this definite action demanded of him as a relief from the distressing perplexities that lay ahead; and while Miss Jean remained with him his brain was busy with projects by means of which he might outwit the wily Greek. But when she left (there had been a ring at the door, and she judged that certain of her purchases had arrived) he relapsed into contemplation of a future that appeared black and hopeless enough. His imagination was haunted by two figures: the one that of the proud-spirited Briseis, now wounded to the quick, and hiding herself away in her humiliation and shame; the other that of the light-hearted

Georgie, soon to be coming gayly home, and little guessing that she would be received by an unwilling lover, who, to save his pledged word, must become a hypocrite husband. How, he asked himself again and again, had such a state of things arrived? Who was to blame? And what was to be done, by way of reparation or atonement, if any such thing were possible? Should he meet Georgie Lestrange with a frank explanation, and beg of her to forego her claim? Why, that were the very depth of meanness and disloyalty and cowardice! Should he go to Briseis and say "I love you: you love me: let us break and cast aside all other bonds!" But was the proud Briseis likely to accept a dishonored and dishonoring passion? Whichever way he turned, he saw no guidance or ray of hope; and all the while his heart, in its wild desire and despair, was secretly urging him to let his honor go. How many minutes would it take him to drive to Devonshire Place? Would he find Briseis alone? If he held her hands in his, and forced her to meet eyes with eyes, surely she would listen to the fervor of his appeal! Love would as ever be supreme and triumphant—even at the cost of a broken troth; and in the exultation and delirium of a new-found happiness, who was to remind them how it had been come by? These were agonizing temptations: in mere self-defence—to gain some quiet for his overtortured spirit—he compelled himself to turn to Argyriades and the possible methods of overreaching him. This was an immediate duty—and so far right welcome.

And in the mean time Jean Gordon had gone up stairs to her own room, her alarm over these tragic happenings being almost lost in the unholy and vindictive joy of knowing that soon, and effectively, retribution was about to fall on the creature who had driven Briseis Valieri to desperation. As she opened these packages of finery she was crooning to herself an aimless little song—a Dee-side song—that certainly had not much to do with the graver matters that had just come into her life:

O fair was the dawning and fair was the day
When I met with young Donald in Cambus o' May;
He called me his dawtie, he called me his dear,
He asked if I'd marry, without any fear.

When the sugar was bought, and the tea, and the meal,
I should have gone home to Kincardine o' Neil;
But Donald's old mother she asked me to stay,
And consent to a wedding in Cambus o' May.

Three pipers came down from Pannanich Wells;
They fired off the cannon; they rang all the bells;
O the march to the church it was gallant and gay,
When us two were married in Cambus o' May.

And now I'm a widow, gray-haired and alone;
And the folks in Glen Muick are hard as a stone;
And I sit by the fire, and I think of the day
When young Donald met me in Cambus o' May.

It was a simple song, of simple people, living away by themselves in the remote Aberdeenshire valleys; it had apparently but little connection with any plans and schemes of vengeance to be visited on a Greek blackmailer, here in this teeming town of London.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

"What is life but what a man is thinking of all day?"—EMERSON.

IF life were only what a man
  Thinks daily of—his little care;
His petty ill; his trivial plan;
  His sordid scheme to horde and spare;
His meagre ministry; his small
  Unequal strength to breast the stream;
His large regret—repentance small;
  His poor, unrealizèd dream—
'Twere scarcely worth a passing nod;
  Meet it should end where it began.
But 'tis not so. Life is what God
  Is daily thinking of for man.



PRUSSIAN VOLUNTEERS ATTACK NAPOLEON'S PICKET TROOPS.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XXXIII.

BLÜCHER CUTS A FRENCH ARMY TO PIECES AT THE KATZBACH.

THE truce between the two armies lasted through June, July, and half of August. During these months each side drew together all that it could in the shape of fighting machinery, with the result that on August 16th, the day when war was officially renewed, there were gathered together in the field, for purposes purely of killing one another, between 900,000 and 1,000,000 Christians. Napoleon had of this number 440,000, of which 330,000 were infantry, 72,000 cavalry, and 33,000 artillery. The allies had 493,000, of which 76,000 were cavalry, 30,500 artillery, and, besides, 22,000 Cossack irregulars. Napoleon had 1200 guns; the allies, 1338.

The allies had the advantage so far as

mere numbers were concerned; but Napoleon was his own commander-in-chief; the armies of his enemy were led by many minds, mostly of inferior power.

Prussia furnished the strongest contingent to the allied army, roughly 164,000 men, of whom 60,000 were provincial militia (Landwehr), men between seventeen and forty, who volunteered, and were equipped by the district to which they belonged. Old-school soldiers and courtiers sneered at the Landwehr, but Blücher and Gneisenau appreciated them. They had to get used to gunpowder, but when they had once got a good taste of it they fought as well as any one—at least so said old Marshal Go-Ahead.

Mighty Russia supplied less than 151,000, and the great Austrian Empire only 115,000. To be sure, neither Russia nor Austria was fighting for liberty, or even for national existence, and it is not strange that they should fail in placing in the field armies relatively stronger than Prussia, to say nothing of their being absolutely equal to that of so utterly exhausted a strip of sand as Prussia in 1813, with her 5,000,000 souls. But Germans may fairly wonder that, in spite of the grand effort their people made in this war, the Prussians should always, in some mysterious way, have been pushed aside by Russia or Austria.

The Prussian King, in 1813, as in 1807, was content to act the part of an ornamental nullity—to surrender everything his allies demanded, and to content himself with the rôle of autocrat amongst his own loyal people.

Sweden had joined this alliance, and her Crown-Prince, the French Bernadotte, had brought 24,000 men to the grand total. The Russian Czar flattered Bernadotte extravagantly, and succeeded in making him commander of one of the three armies into which the whole allied force was divided. Bernadotte was either a coward or a charlatan—perhaps both—at least so thought Napoleon. Yet Frederick William III. allowed him to take the command over the so-called Northern Army, of whom over 78,000 were Prussians. This army of Bernadotte did great things only when it acted without Bernadotte or contrary to his instructions. Bernadotte carefully avoided doing anything energetic, but moved from place to place on the map of Europe just slowly enough to avoid Napoleon, and just fast enough to claim subsequently the price of his assistance, namely Norway. In parenthesis it should be recalled that Alexander's flattery of Bernadotte was in order that Sweden might not raise disagreeable questions relative to Finland, which the Czar had stolen from her Scandinavian neighbors in 1808.

Bernadotte's army was to operate in such a manner as to protect Berlin and the Lower Elbe. Another army, called the Silesian, was strong, nearly 100,000, but of whom only 38,200 were Prussians. This army the Prussian King wanted to hand over to some courtly general. But there was such a storm of indignation raised everywhere, and not merely in the Prussian army, that finally the King gave way, with as good grace as he could muster, and made the seventy-year-old Blücher its commander.

This Silesian army had fewer Prussians than either of the others, but with old Marshal Go-Ahead it soon became the chief fighting body of the allies—the object of supreme interest to all, and particularly Napoleon.

The main army, officially so called, was that of Austria, to which were added Russians and Prussians, making a grand total of about 225,000, under command of an Austrian grandee named Schwarzenberg, whose title to fame consists in that the diplomats of his day said he was a soldier, and the soldiers said of him that he was a diplomat.

The grand strategy of the opening campaign was simple enough. Napoleon had got as far as Dresden in his scheme of conquest, and rightly concluded that he must deal his enemies a severe blow in Saxony before he could safely move on to the reconquest of Prussia or Russia. With the growing activity of the German patriot guerilla he found, too, that his line of communication from Dresden to his sources of supply in Magdeburg, Erfurt, Mainz, and elsewhere, was no longer as secure as it had been in 1807. He was at the centre of his enemies. The Schwarzenberg Austrian army was in Bohemia, Blücher's to the eastward in Silesia, and Bernadotte's to the north. He was superior to any two of these armies, though not to all three combined. His obvious object, therefore, was to force them to fight him before they could unite in superior numbers—to defeat them singly, one after the other.

To do this Napoleon presupposed that the allies would make many mistakes and he none.

The allies made plenty of blunders, it is true; but if Napoleon made none, he had generals who made them for him.

And this at once brings us to Blücher's glorious battle at the Katzbach. It was indeed a glorious fight—one of the first great victories for the German cause, and won in spite of two generals who did what they dared to thwart the impetuous old marshal; one of these generals was a Russian, but the other was General York.

Napoleon had celebrated his birthday —his last birthday on German soil — in Dresden. He had arranged it on the 10th instead of the 15th of August, for on the 26th the armistice would come to an end, and he wished to spring upon his enemy without loss of time. The first spring he made was at Blücher; but that foxy old hussar knew how to dodge, and kept Napoleon floundering about in Silesia until the Bohemian army had time to creep up from the south and threaten Dresden.

This was all part of the general war plan arranged by the allies during the truce — that whenever Napoleon should march against one army, that army should avoid fighting until the other two had time to come up and help.

It was August 23, 1813, that Napoleon was in Löwenberg, a town about halfway between Bautzen and Breslau. And by the afternoon of August 26th he had marched his guards, a corps of infantry, and another of cavalry all the way to Dresden — a distance of ninety miles. This achievement did much to cheer him up, and to console his army for having missed Blücher.

But he left behind him 105,000 men, commanded by the gallant Scotchman Macdonald—the same who was victimized by York in the winter of 1812. Napoleon ordered his marshal to merely hold Blücher in check, while he went to thrash the Austrians. This was more easily said than done. For old Blücher knew that something must have gone wrong when he found that the French remained idle on the banks of the Katzbach, and though they were still in stronger force than himself, he at once decided to fight them.

But Macdonald did not suspect this audacity, and was leisurely crossing the Katzbach on the morning of August 26th, with the idea of marching a few miles to the eastward, to Jauer, when his men came into conflict with those of Blücher, who had likewise proposed to cross the Katzbach and march west. Macdonald had nearly 50,000 men in this operation, and the first of the Blücher men were driven back across the stream; for they were few in number, and had not looked for this movement on the part of the French. It was a misty and rainy day, with a cold piercing northwester blowing hard.

Macdonald could not see well enough to make out the full extent of Blücher's preparations; and he was further encouraged by York and the Russian, who declined to start their men over the Neisse, as Blücher had originally ordered.

But Blücher showed here generalship of the highest order—the capacity to form a new plan of battle after the engagement had already commenced. Seeing that Macdonald was crossing the stream in force, he concealed the main part of his command, and allowed the French to fancy that they were driving the Prussians before them, while in reality they were merely engaging a line of skirmishers.

The Katzbach and Neisse were much swollen on the 26th of August of 1813, for it had been raining hard for some days past. It so happened that it had been much swollen also just before my visit to the place, some eighty years after the event. But when I was there the picture of war was not wholly wanting, for it was during the field operations of the German army — 60,000 men, commanded by a Hohenzollern who was not merely King of Prussia, but Emperor of United Germany. One could easily picture horrible difficulties of the day's work in 1813, the artillery sunk in the mire, horses unable to pull their legs out of the heavy mud, men slipping and splashing along, and in the midst of it all Blücher smoking his quaint pipe and cracking his quaint jokes in his quaint Mecklenburg dialect. The men who splashed and floundered before Blücher in 1813 were not so well dressed or so well drilled as those commanded in our time by William II., but they fought like heroes, and their fighting made possible the German Empire of 1871.

Old Blücher counted the Frenchmen as they slowly floundered up the steep banks of the swollen stream, and patiently waited until a goodly part of Macdon-



OLD MARSHAL VORWÄRTS ATTACKS THE FRENCH ON THE KATZBACH.

ald's army was on the eastern shore, not merely of the Katzbach, but of the Neisse as well. Then turning to his impatient men he said, with his smile, which gave his face a remarkable likeness to that of Mark Twain: "Now, boys, I guess we've got enough Frenchmen over here. Pitch in!" And with a yell of delight the long-pent-up passions of his volunteers found free scope in a fight that was decided principally by the bayonet and the butt, for powder was mostly wet.

Gneisenau sat down at midnight and sent the news of the victory to every part of Germany; but there was no rest for the army—they chased the French into the swollen streams and beyond them, driving them before them, without stopping for breath, until September 1st, when Blücher summed up his work, and found that he had captured 103 cannon, 250 ammunition-wagons, all the enemy's hospital outfit, his field-smithies, and his provision-train. They had taken prisoner three generals, many hundred minor officers, and 18,000 others; also two eagles and other tropies, to say nothing of killing and wounding some ten to fifteen thousand.

Macdonald sent Napoleon a short despatch: "Sire, votre armée n'existe plus." (Sire, your army is wiped out.)

XXXIV.

THE PRUSSIANS WIN BACK WHAT THE AUSTRIANS HAD LOST.

On August 10, 1813, Napoleon celebrated his forty-fifth birthday with the usual brilliancy. He was in the very height of his manhood, at the age when most professional men have yet their names to make. Blücher was nearly seventy-one, and had yet his name to make as a great general. Moltke, let us note in parenthesis, was sixty-six years old before his fame as a strategist was established, after the battle of Königgrätz.

And, indeed, Napoleon was just as great as ever before, and showed it whenever he stood face to face with the same class of generals as had usually been his antagonists. Such a one was the Austrian Prince Schwarzenberg, who commanded not only the Austrian contingent, but had been made commander-in-chief of the whole allied force of nearly a million men.

Schwarzenberg proposed to march upon Dresden to attack it on August 25th, in the absence of Napoleon. But he had to consult an Austrian Kaiser Franz, a Russian Czar, and the King of Prussia, to say nothing of field-marshals who regarded Schwarzenberg as rather a make-believe commander. So, between indecision at the top and very feeble generalship at the bottom, the great Austrian contingent arrived a day too late—a day on which Napoleon himself arrived from before Blücher.

The battle of Dresden deserves a chapter to itself, but here I shall merely look upon it as one step in the progress towards Waterloo. It is a beautiful view that stretches before the visitor who stands on the high ground occupied in 1813 by the allies. The line of the Elbe is before him, a beautifully cultivated country spreading like a fan, and in the midst the graceful towers and spires of the Saxon capital. Far to the right is the Saxon Switzerland, and to the left, also on the Elbe, the city of Meissen, famed for its porcelain. The present town has much expanded since Napoleon built his breastworks here; indeed, the Dresden houses now reach into the lines that were defended by the French in 1813.

In looking down upon Dresden over the gentle slope that leads from the Elbe up to the many beer-gardens that now occupy the ground of the allied armies, it must appear to the student of the battle that Schwarzenberg had every advantage on his side excepting generalship.

The battle opened on the day that Blücher was killing and capturing some thirty thousand Frenchmen at the Katzbach, but no one knew that in Dresden. By the evening of the next day Napoleon had killed about 15,000 of the allies and taken about 25,000 prisoners.

That was 40,000 for Napoleon against 30,000 for Blücher, but Blücher destroyed his enemy completely by chasing them day and night. Napoleon, instead of chasing his defeated enemy in person, sent Vandamme after them with 40,000 men, and thus managed to lose at Kulm what he won at Dresden.

Napoleon defied the laws of nature in so far as he devoured his food like an animal, and treated his organs of digestion as though they were not subject to natural laws. In consequence he became subject to violent pains in the stomach, for which physicians have various obscure names. In plain English, he had been forcing his stomach to do more work than any human stomach could do, and that stomach had finally got out of repair. The pains arising from this complaint are most acute, and Napoleon had several times before, notably in the Russian campaign, been rendered helpless by the result of his gluttony, coupled with a necessarily irregular mode of life.

After his brilliant victory he followed the wreck of his enemy as far as Pirna, on



THE SINGLE FIGHT BETWEEN A MAGYAR AND A FRENCH HUSSAR.

the Elbe, then entered his carriage and drove back to Dresden to seek comfort in hot poultices at the hands of his faithful Mameluke.

It had been raining hard in Dresden, as at the Katzbach, and the allies had a wretched tramp of it back towards Prague, over the mountains that separate Saxony from Bohemia. They would have marched in better order had they known that a French army was in the act of being chased by Blücher over roads just as bad, and in a state of hunger just as keen. But the army of Schwarzenberg ran before Napoleon, as, seven years before, the Prussians had run from Jena, throwing away muskets, and leaving their shoes sticking in the mud.

They commenced to draw breath when they had placed the mountains between them and Napoleon, and were foraging amongst the prosperous Bohemians who inhabit the upper Elbe. Schwarzenberg had gone out with about 200,000, and had been thoroughly beaten by a vastly inferior army.

On the 29th, two days after commencing the retreat from Dresden, he once more got his men together on Austrian soil, and tried to make a stand a little north-east of Töplitz, about half-way between Prague and Dresden. A thick mist covered the whole beautiful valley. Schwarzenberg thought that Napoleon was chasing him with a large army; Vandamme thought that he would have an easy task. In the midst of the mist came some Cossacks galloping in, shouting that all was lost—the French were surrounding them. The allies were chased out of Peterswalde and Nollendorf, and fell back upon the pretty little village of Kulm, where they expected some protection from the main army. It was a Sabbath morning, and the bells of the church were rudely interrupted by artillery thunder, as the French stormed into Kulm and fought their way in streets cumbered with domestic utensils, which the peasants had been desperately striving to cart away. The battle opened and proceeded no one knew how. The country is much cut up by ditches, hedges, trees—obstacles useful to soldiers resisting an advance—and the allies desperately made use of such shelter as they could find, each part hoping that support of some kind would soon appear. Metternich, who was at headquarters, was so frightened that he at once posted off a message of peace to Napoleon, and Schwarzenberg sent to beg Blücher—eighty miles away—to hurry to the Austrian assistance, or at least send 50,000 men. The village of Pristen was taken and retaken, the soldiers of the alliance warming to the fight as they little by little discovered that they could hold their own against the French so long as it was a soldiers' and not a generals' battle. But the commanders had no hope of a good ending. When the Russian guards were ordered to march into the fight, their commander refused flatly, giving as his reason that the Czar did not wish his picked men sacrificed uselessly. They subsequently did pitch in, however, and fought well, but it took very much persuasion to get them started.

That night Vandamme spent in the Schloss or Château of Kulm, confident that re-enforcements would soon reach him by way of Nollendorf, and that in the morning he would deal the allies a finishing blow. Schwarzenberg had revealed his incapacity for war so thoroughly on this occasion, as well as before Dresden, that he was forced to resign, and the Russian Czar placed the command in the hands of Barclay, a Russian subject of English lineage.

The fighting on the second day opened auspiciously by a single combat. An Austrian hussar regiment had been drawn up close to Karbitz, facing some French cavalry. A French trooper suddenly sprang from his ranks, swung his sabre, and challenged the world to single combat. Out from the hussars leaped a Hungarian trooper, one of that proud race which furnishes the best cowboys and soldiers in Europe. It was a fine bit of sport, and eagerly watched, for both men were expert with their sabres and at home in the saddle. The horses snorted and reared and foamed with excitement; the sabres sparkled merrily. At last by a dexterous short and sudden turn the Magyar parried a stroke in a manner that gave him a quick return that laid the Frenchman on the ground. Then seizing the horse of his enemy, he galloped back to his squadron, amidst wild hurrahs from the Germans, and still more wild Elyen! from the Magyar comrades.

All day long raged the battle, at one point a success, at another a defeat; at many a mere muddle, in which friend and foe joined in what each thought was a

race for life. The allies were holding their own with difficulty towards Kulm, when suddenly appeared on the sky-line of the mountains to the north the head of a column of troops. They wore blue coats and shakos, and the French at once set up loud cheers, for they looked upon the new-comers as the relief sent by Napoleon. So they attacked more furiously than ever. But soon smoke appeared upon the mountain-side, and artillery commenced to play against the rear of Vandamme's little army, and the French realized that instead of comrades, they had Prussians making an attack upon their rear.

It was the corps of General Kleist, on his way from Dresden, who was tardily joining the allies by way of Nollendorf. When Vandamme saw that his retreat was threatened, he at once attacked Kleist's Prussians with all the force he could spare, still facing the Austrians and Russians, who now had an easy fight of it. The allies had a decided advantage in cavalry, and they soon surrounded the French, so that Vandamme's only hope was to break through where Kleist barred the way.

And so well did Vandamme fight that Kleist, who did not know what was going on amongst the Russians and Austrians, thought himself beaten, and sent a message to that effect. His men were carried away along with the wreck of Vandamme's army, and that night French and Germans lay down in the woods about Kulm, completely exhausted, each in doubt as to the result of the battle. Both sides agreed not to fight any more, but to become prisoners next morning of whichever side proved to have won the day. Next morning the news was known that Vandamme had been captured, along with 10,000 Frenchmen and a long list of cannon and other trophy.

Nobody was more surprised than Kleist himself. He had seen nothing of the battle excepting disorganized Prussians fighting impotently, and then being carried away amidst a stream of fugitives. He had stumbled upon the scene at ten o'clock in the morning; had been attacked, and had got decidedly the worst of it. He rode despondently to his night quarters at Arbesau after the day's work was done,



MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF KULM.

and confided to an intimate friend that he expected to be tried by court martial for failing to cut his way through the French, and thus joining the allies. His despondency was heightened no doubt by the consciousness that he had not in his defeat done anything to retrieve the military fame of his country. He considered his career as ended. What, then, was his surprise to be waked in the middle of the night to be told that he was the winner of a glorious battle, that he had been the savior of his country, and that his King proposed clothing him with splendid honors!

Poor Kleist thought it all a dream or a joke. But it all came true. He was made a Count Kleist of Nollendorf, and given a splendid estate worth three hundred thousand thalers. He has a grand monument in Berlin, equal to that of Scharnhorst or Stein.

Vandamme, on the other hand, had made an excellent fight of it; had counted upon the assistance of Napoleon, which never came, and been defeated. The Czar sent him to Siberia, and had him transported like a highwayman, exposed at every post-house to the hootings of the mob.

Such are the fortunes of war.

XXXV.

THE FRENCH TRY TO TAKE BERLIN, BUT ARE PUT TO ROUT BY A GENERAL WHO DISOBEYS ORDERS.

"THE mainstay of a monarch's might is unquestionably the people [das Volk]. By means of standing armies the ruling powers separate their interests from those of the people." Such was the language of Gneisenau, a professional soldier in the army of His Absolute Majesty Frederick William III. of Prussia. His words came true; and if in this war we find Napoleon less and less successful, we must seek the reasons largely in the new spirit that animated Germans since they had felt the first breath of civil liberty.

The most concrete expression of this new spirit is the fact that over and above the regular army recruited and paid for by the Prussian state, the individual provinces or counties sent to the front at their own expense volunteers to the extent of over 140,000.

When Napoleon had driven the Austrian army away to the south from before Dresden, he remarked confidently to his chief of staff: "I calculate that Schwarzenberg will require at least three weeks before he can again appear in the field. I shall not require so much time as that to carry out my plan against Berlin."

But soon came news of Vandamme's disaster at Kulm, the news of Macdonald's disaster at the Katzbach was on its way, and Napoleon was plotting vengeance for the manner in which the German volunteers had thrashed another army of his within sight of the walls of Berlin three days before the Katzbach battle, and therefore only one week after the truce came to an end.

The battle of Gross Beeren is ever memorable in the annals of the German people, for it was fought wholly by Germans, commanded by a German, and it saved Berlin from being sacked. It was won on August 23d, and the news of it reached the allies on their retreat from before Dresden. It is safe to say that had the French succeeded in their raid upon the Prussian capital, this disaster, coming at a moment when the allies were already badly frightened, owing to the losses before Dresden, would have caused the three monarchs and their pliant ministers, all with one accord, to have sued for peace—the Austrian to save his Vienna; the Russian for fear of having his retreat cut off; the Prussian for fear of losing his throne.

Gross Beeren, Katzbach, Kulm—these three great battles were fought between the 23d and the 30th of August, about three days' interval between each—one close to Berlin; another near Breslau; the last in Bohemia. All of them were largely influenced, if not determined, by the volunteer citizen soldiery, who were hastily drilled and poorly equipped. They were fought at points far apart one from the other, and under no general orders from the commander-in-chief. On the contrary, Blücher acted wholly on his own responsibility when he decided to attack Macdonald at the Katzbach; Kleist and his Prussians stumbled upon Vandamme at Kulm, because he had taken another road than the one specified by the commander-in-chief; and at Gross Beeren General Bülow's volunteers gained a splendid victory because they deliberately disobeyed the orders of Bernadotte.

These are not the illustrations best calculated to inculcate unquestioning obedience in young lieutenants eager for glory, but they are facts.

As before indicated, the allies had three armies in the field. The largest, about 250,000, was the Austrian, which was thoroughly beaten under Schwarzenberg at Dresden, and strangely saved by Kleist at Kulm. The second army was the smallest, about 100,000, commanded by Blücher, who had just beaten the French at the Katzbach. The third army was given to the Franco-Swede Bernadotte. Under him were near 160,000, of whom about 20,000 were Swedes.

Bernadotte had been one of Napoleon's generals, and was credited with great military skill. He, at any rate, affected contempt for Prussian officers, and particularly for the ill-equipped, half-armed volunteers. Many of these were armed with pikes, and knew as much of war as did the American minute-men of 1776.



BERNADOTTE PLANS A RETREAT.



THE PURSUIT AFTER GROSS BEEREN.

But volunteers who are weak on the parade-ground often fight well in battle; and in the great German war for liberation no soldiers did their King greater service than the Landwehr men who defended Berlin on the 23d of August, 1813.

When Bernadotte heard that some French troops were marching towards Berlin from the Elbe he at once built bridges over the Spree near Charlottenburg, and arranged to have all his army retire, and thus hand the capital over to the enemy. He would have done this had not General Bülow, who commanded one of the Prussian corps, flatly refused to co-operate in this scheme of retreat; and as the Prussians represented about half of this army in numbers, and pretty much all of it so far as enterprise and intelligence were concerned, the Swedish Crown-Prince had to make what he could of the situation.

"What!" cried Bülow, when the proposal to retire was first heard, "does your Royal Highness mean to abandon Berlin without a fight?"

"What is Berlin?" answered Bernadotte, with haughty indifference. "It's a city—nothing more!"

"Permit me to remind your Highness," rejoined Bülow, with rising anger, "that for us Prussians Berlin is the capital of this kingdom; that neither I nor my Prussians shall make use of your bridges leading backwards from Berlin, but that we prefer to fall in front of Berlin, with arms in our hands!"

As Bülow rode away from headquarters he spoke his mind freely to his adjutant. "I have no use for Bernadotte," said he.

The public-spirited Berliners had worked throughout the spring and summer preparing their city for the attack which was now upon them. Volunteers had worked day in, day out, throwing up breastworks, university professors, retired officials, and day-laborers vying with one another as to who should do the best spading. But the chief defence of the capital, and one that need not be despised even to-day, consisted in a large area of land that could readily be flooded. From Berlin out, pray follow the map, down the Spree, past Charlottenburg and Spandau to the Havel, and then down the Havel southwesterly to Potsdam; then south up a narrow stream past Sarmund to Trebbin; then by way of several swamps and ditches eastward to Zossen, Mittenwalde, and Wusterhausen, and thence back to Berlin by way of the upper Spree at Köpnik—or Cöpnick, as the old map has it. Out of curiosity to see how far the modern topography tallied with that of 1813, I recently paddled my canoe the whole of this distance, making only one or two short portages. It is to-day, as it was then, a land of forest and swamp, lakes, rivers, and ditches — just the ideal country to defend by means of enterprising guerilla bands.

Had there been no Royal Highness commanding this army of 160,000 men, the brave Landwehr and Landsturm of Berlin would have marched out into this wilderness under men of their own choosing, and they would have made each approach impassable by felling trees, by preparing ambushes, by doing for the "regulars" of Napoleon what such men as Ethan Allen and Marion did for the "regulars" of King George III. in the swamps of Carolina and the Green Mountains of Vermont.

It was raining hard on the 23d of August as Marshal Oudinot's 70,000 men picked their way through Brandenburg, being forced to march in many separate columns because of the frequent ponds and swamps in their path. There were no roads, only sand tracks. Oudinot was cheery, however, for he counted upon an easy victory, and everywhere was heard the war-cry of the day, "Rendez-vous — Berlin!" The German of to-day must learn with regret that a large portion of Oudinot's army consisted of Saxons, and that they fought their Prussian fellow-Germans as bravely and as furiously as ever troops had fought in civil war—and more cannot be said.

The soldier who wants to know the succeeding steps of this savage campaign must read the exhaustive work in four volumes by Lieutenant-General Quistorp, called *Geschichte der Nord Armee* (Berlin, 1894). But that distinguished authority, like so many purely military minds, leaves the reader as cold as though he had been reading a medical encyclopædia. In his pages we look in vain for a just estimate of the magnificent sacrifices made for Germany by the Lützow volunteers, the Landwehr, the Landsturm, and the other voluntary forces that drilled badly, but were making Napoleon's movements each day more difficult.

Towards afternoon of August 23d, after a series of engagements which neither party regarded as more than skirmishes preliminary to a grand battle on the morrow, General Bülow held a council of war at Heinersdorf, and there deliberately accepted the responsibility of disobeying Bernadotte by leading his Prussians against the French, and deciding at once the fate of Berlin. His orders were such as Israel Putnam or any other citizen soldier might have given, and may be summed up in the words "Pitch in!" and on that day nothing more was needed. The archives of the Berlin War Department contain no record of any disposition made for this battle, and we may safely assume that the regiments were left to fight their way forward according to the openings they could make each for itself. The village of Gross Beeren was the objective.

Bülow had immediately under him about 26,000 bayonets; the French facing him were 16,000; and yet with this advantage Bernadotte talked of retreat. The Prussian general in this case knew, too,

that French supports were marching up, and that to succeed at all he must put in his blow at once.

The rain was so hard that the Prussians were not detected until they had got their artillery into position and commenced to play upon the enemy. The same rain had made the musketry almost useless, and consequently what the artillery left unfinished had to be done with the bayonet.

An eye-witness wrote: "The enemy received our bayonet attack up to within three paces; then began the sticking, for there was no more shooting." As at the Katzbach, so at Gross Beeren, the French were meeting an enemy they had never met before, and meeting him in a manner that gave the German the advantage; for to smash in the skull of a Frenchman with the butt end of a musket was child's play to the deep-chested Pomeranian farmers, who had hardened their muscles in felling trees and swinging the flail over the threshing-floor. Here again was a soldier's battle, a veritable massacre, the details of which would sicken any but a surgeon or a butcher. Against the walls of Gross Beeren flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Germans, whose wives and babes were praying for them on the shores of the Baltic, forgot everything but their hate —the hate that had been growing during many years. They gave no mercy, and they asked for none. Clumps of Frenchmen were smashed to pieces, one on top of the other, in the angles of walls, where escape was cut off. But no hatred of Frenchmen could equal that which they felt for the Saxon who had come as his henchman; and the fighting between these two peoples of neighboring states was even more furious than between Prussian and French. The Prussian could respect the Frenchman, but for the Saxon he could feel only as towards a traitor to the German cause.

The most recent and most exhaustive researches have not yet enabled the German military student to trace with precision the details of this great fight; and this is generally true in battles that soon resolve themselves into hand-to-hand scuffles, where officers count for little more than for what each can do with his pistol and sword in the midst of men who remain blind with fury until darkness and exhaustion finally put an end to madness for murder.

But it was a glorious victory. What Bernadotte had not dared to do with a whole army, had been accomplished by a single corps of half-trained patriots under Bülow. The French threw their arms away and retreated in confusion, leaving thousands of dead and wounded on the field. Berlin was saved, and next day from every gate of the capital came long trains of wagons laden with barrels of beer and strings of sausage—all brought by the citizens for the men who fought at Gross Beeren.

A DREAM.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SOME perfect day I shall not need
To bend my brows o'er baffling tasks;
Some perfect day my eyes will read
The meaning hid 'neath clouding masks;
Some perfect day my word and deed
Will fill the ideal my spirit asks:—

Dear perfect day of days to be,
Which safe the steadfast heaven doth keep
Deep filled with love and rest, for me
Close pressed with sheaves I yet shall reap,
When they who watch beside me see
Only that I have fallen asleep.

THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

SHERIFF WICKLIFF leaned out of his office window, the better to watch the boy soldiers march down the street. The huge pile of stone that is the presumed home of Justice for the county stands in the same yard with the old yellow stone jail. The court-house is ornate and imposing, although a hundred active chimneys daub its eaves and carvings, but the jail is as plain as a sledge-hammer. Yet during Sheriff Wickliff's administration, while Joe Raker kept jail and Mrs. Raker was matron, window-gardens brightened the grim walls all summer, and chrysanthemums and roses blazoned the black bars in winter.

Above the jail the street is a pretty street, with trim cottages and lawns and gardens; below, the sky-lines dwindle ignobly into shabby one and two story wooden shops devoted to the humbler handicrafts. It is not a street favored by processions; only the little soldiers of the Orphans' Home Company would choose to tramp over its unkempt macadam. Good reason they had, too, since thus they passed the sheriff's office, and it was the sheriff who had given most of the money for their uniforms, and their drums and fifes outright.

A voice at the sheriff's elbow caused him to turn.

"Well, Amos," said his deputy, with Western familiarity, "getting the interest on your money?"

Wickliff smiled as he unbent his great frame; he was six feet two inches in height, with bones and thews to match his stature. A stiff black mustache, curving about his mouth and lifting as he smiled, made his white teeth look the whiter. One of the upper teeth was crooked. That angle had come in an ugly fight (when he was a special officer and detective) in the Chicago stock-yards, he having to hold a mob at bay, single-handed, to save the life of a wounded policeman. The scar seaming his jaw and neck belonged to the time that he captured a notorious gang of train-robbers. He brought the robbers in—that is, he brought their bodies; and "That scar was worth three thousand dollars to me," he was wont to say. In point of fact it was worth more, because he had invested the money so advantageously that, thanks to it and the savings which he had been able to add, in spite of his free hand, he was now become a man of property. The sheriff's high cheek-bones, straight hair (black as a dead coal), and narrow black eyes were the arguments for a general belief that an Indian ancestor had lurked somewhere in the foliage of his genealogical tree. All that people really knew about him was that his mother died when he was a baby, and his father, about the same time, was killed in battle, leaving their only child to drift from one reluctant protector to another, until he brought up in the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of the State. If the sheriff's eyes were Indian, Indians may have very gentle eyes. He turned them now on the deputy with a smile.

"Well, Joe, what's up?" said he.

"The lightning-rod feller wants to see you, as soon as you come back to the jail, he says. And here's something he dropped as he was going to his room. Don't look much like it could be *his* mother. Must have prigged it."

The sheriff examined the photograph, an ordinary cabinet card. The portrait was that of a woman, pictured with the relentless frankness of a rural photographer's camera. Every sad line in the plain elderly face, every wrinkle in the ill-fitting silk gown, showed with a brutal distinctness, and somehow made the picture more pathetic. The woman's hair was gray and thin; her eyes, which were dark, looked straight forward, and seemed to meet the sheriff's gaze. They had no especial beauty of form, but they, as well as the mouth, had an expression of wistful kindliness that fixed the sheriff's eyes on them for a full minute. He sighed as he dropped his hand. Then he observed that there was writing on the reverse side of the carte, and lifted it again to read.

In a neat cramped hand was written:

"To Eddy, from Mother. Feb. 21, 1889.
"The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Wickliff put the carte in his pocket.

"That's just the kind of mother I'd like to have," said he; "awful nice and

good, and not so fine she'd be ashamed of me. And to think of *him!*"

"He's an awful slick one," assented the deputy, cordially. "Two years we've been ayfter him. New games all the time; but the lightning-rods ain't in it with this last scheme—working hisself off as a Methodist parson on the road to a job, and stopping all night, and then the runaway couple happening in, and that poor farmer and his wife so excited and interested, and of course they'd witness and sign the certificate: wisht I'd seen them when they found out!"

"They gave 'em cake and some currant wine, too."

"That's just like women. Say, I didn't think the girl was much to brag on for looks—"

"Got a kinder way with her, though," Wickliff struck in. "Depend on it, Joseph, the most dangerous of them all are the homely girls with a way to them. A man's off his guard with them; he's sorry for them not being pretty, and being so nice and humble; and before he knows it they're winding him 'round their finger."

"I didn't know you was so much of a philosopher, Amos," said the deputy, admiring him.

"It ain't me, Joe; it's the business. Being a philosopher, I take it, ain't much more than seeing things with the paint off; and there's nothing like being a detective to get the paint off. It's a great business for keeping a man straight, too, seeing the consequences of wickedness so constantly, especially fool wickedness that gets found out. Well, Joe, if this lady" —touching his breast pocket—"is that guy's mother, I'm awful sorry for her, for I know she tried to train him right. I'll go over and find out, I guess."

So saying, and quite unconscious of the approving looks of his subordinate (for he was a simple-minded, modest man, who only spoke out of the fulness of his heart), the sheriff walked over to the jail.

The corridor into which the cells of the unconvicted prisoners opened was rather full to-day. As the sheriff entered, every one greeted him, even the sullen-browed man talking with a sobbing woman through the bars, and every one smiled. He nodded to all, but only spoke to the visitor. He said, "I guess he didn't do it this time, Lizzie; he won't be in long."

"That's what I bin tellin' her," growled the man, "and she won't believe me; I told her I promised you—"

"And God A'mighty bless you, sheriff, for what you done!" the woman wailed. The sheriff had some ado to escape from her benedictions politely; but he got away, and knocked at the door of the last cell on the tier. The inmate opened the door himself.

He was a small man, who still was wearing the clerical habit of his last criminal masquerade; and his face carried out the suggestion of his costume, being an actor's face, not only in the clean-shaven cheeks and lips, but in the flexibility of the features and the unconscious alertness of gaze. He was fair of skin, and his light brown hair was worn off his head at the temples. His eyes were fine, well shaped, of a beautiful violet color, and an extremely pleasant expression. He looked like a mere boy across the room in the shadow, but as he advanced, certain deep lines about his mouth displayed themselves and raised his age. The sunlight showed that he was thin; he was haggard the instant he ceased to smile. With a very good manner he greeted the sheriff, to whom he proffered the sole chair of the apartment.

"Guess the bed will hold me," said the sheriff, testing his words by sitting down on the white-covered iron bedstead. "Well, I hear you wanted to see me."

"Yes, sir. I want to get my money that you took away from me."

"Well, I guess you can't have it." The sheriff spoke with a smile, but his black eyes narrowed a little. "I guess the court will have to decide first if that ain't old man Goodrich's money that you got from the note he supposed was a marriage certificate. I guess you better not put any hopes on that money, Mr. Paisley. Wasn't that the name you gave me?"

"Paisley 'll do," said the other man, indifferently. "What became of my friend?"

"The sheriff of Hardin County wanted the man, and the lady — well, the lady is here boarding with me."

"Going to squeal?"

"Going to tell all she knows."

Paisley's hand went up to his mouth; he changed color. "It's like her," he muttered—"oh, it's just like her!" And he added a villanous epithet.

"None of that talk," said Wickliff.

The man had jumped up and was pacing his narrow space, fighting against a climbing rage. "You see," he cried, unable to contain himself—"you see, what makes me so mad is now I've got to get my mother to help me—and I'd rather take a licking!"

"I should think you would," said Wickliff, dryly. "Say, this your mother?" He handed him the photograph, the written side upward.

"It came in a Bible," explained Paisley, with an embarrassed air.

"Your mother rich?"

"She can raise the money."

"Meaning, I expect, that she can mortgage her house and lot. Look here, Smith, this ain't the first time your ma has sent you money, but if I was you I'd have the last time *stay* the last. She don't look equal to much more hard work."

"My name's Paisley, if you please," returned the prisoner, stolidly, "and I can take care of my own mother. If she's lent me money I have paid it back. This is only for bail, to deposit—"

"There is the chance," interrupted Wickliff, "of your skipping. Now, I tell you, I like the looks of your mother, and I don't mean she shall run any risks. So, if you do get money from her, I shall personally look out you don't forfeit your bail. Besides, court is in session now, so the chances are you wouldn't more than get the money before it would be your turn. See?"

"Anyhow I've got to have a lawyer."

"Can't see why, young feller. I'll give you a straight tip. There ain't enough law in Iowa to get you out of this scrape. We've got the cinch on you, and there ain't any possible squirming out."

"So you say;" the sneer was a little forced; "I've heard of your game before. Nice, kind officers, ready to advise a man and pump him dry, and witness against him afterwards. I ain't that kind of a sucker, Mr. Sheriff."

"Nor I ain't that kind of an officer, Mr. Smith. You'd ought to know about my reputation by this time."

"They say you're square," the prisoner admitted; "but you ain't so stuck on me as to care a d—— whether I go over the road; I'd expect you'd want to send me for the trouble I've given you," and he grinned. "Well, what *are* you after?"

"Helping your mother, young feller. I had a mother myself."

"It ain't uncommon."

"Maybe a mother like mine—and yours—is, though."

The prisoner's eyes travelled down to the face on the carte. "That's right," he said, with another ring in his voice. "I wouldn't mind half so much if I could keep my going to the pen from her. She's never found out about me."

"How much family you got?" said Wickliff, thoughtfully.

"Just a mother. I ain't married. There was a girl, my sister—good sort too, 'nuff better'n me. She used to be a clerk in the store, type-writer, bookkeeper, general utility, you know. My position in the first place; and when I—well, resigned, they gave it to her. She helped mother buy the place. Two years ago she died. You may believe me or not, but I would have gone back home then and run straight if it hadn't been for Mame. I would, by ——! I had five hundred dollars then, and I was going back to give every d—— cent of it to ma, tell her to put it into the bakery—"

"That how she makes a living?"

"Yes—little two-by-four bakery—oh, I'm giving you straight goods—makes pies and cakes and bread—good, too, you bet—makes it herself. Ruth Graves, who lives round the corner, comes in and helps—keeps the books, and tends shop busy times; tends the oven too, I guess. She was a great friend of Ellie's—and mine. She's a real good girl. Well, I didn't get mother's letters till it was too late, and I felt bad; I had a mind to go right down to Fairport and go in with ma. That—*she* stopped it. Got me off on a tear somehow, and by the time I was sober again the money was 'most all gone. I sent what was left off to ma, and I went on the road again myself. But she's the devil."

"That the time you hit her?"

The prisoner nodded. "Oughtn't to, of course. Wasn't brought up that way. My father was a Methodist preacher, and a good one. But I tell you the coons that say you never must hit a woman don't know anything about that sort of women; there ain't nothing on earth so infernally exasperating as a woman. They can mad you worse than forty men."

It was the sheriff's turn to nod, which

he did gravely, with even a glimmer of sympathy in his mien.

"Well, she never forgave you," said he; "she's had it in for you ever since."

"And she knows I won't squeal, 'cause I'd have to give poor Ben away," said the prisoner; "but I tell you, sheriff, she was at the bottom of the deviltry every time, and she managed to bag the best part of the swag, too."

"I dare say. Well, to come back to business, the question with you is how to keep these here misfortunes of yours from your mother, ain't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, the best plan for you is to plead guilty, showing you don't mean to give the court any more trouble. Tell the judge you are sick of your life, and going to quit. You are, ain't you?" the sheriff concluded, simply; and the swindler, after an instant's hesitation, answered,

"D—— if I won't, if I can get a job."

"Well, that admitted" — the sheriff smoothed his big knees gently as he talked, his mild attentive eyes fixed on the prisoner's nervous presence — "that admitted, best plan is for you to plead guilty, and maybe we can fix it so's you will be sentenced to jail instead of the pen. Then we can keep it from your mother easy. Write her you've got a job here in this town, and have your letters sent to my care. I'll get you something to do. She'll never suspect that you are the notorious Ned Paisley. And it ain't likely you go home often enough to make not going awkward."

"I haven't been home in four years. But see here: how long am I likely to get?"

The sheriff looked at him, at the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes and narrow chest—all so cruelly declared in the sunshine; and unconsciously he modulated his voice when he spoke.

"I wouldn't worry about that, if I was you. You need a rest. You are run down pretty low. You ain't rugged enough for the life you've been leading."

The prisoner's eyes strayed past the grating to the green hills and the pleasant gardens, where some children were playing. The sheriff did not move. There was as little sensibility in his impassive mask as in a wooden Indian's; but behind the trained apathy was a real compassion. He was thinking. "The boy don't look like he had a year's life in him. I bet he knows it himself. And when he stares that way out of the window he's thinking he ain't never going to be foot-loose in the sun again. Kinder tough, I call it."

The young man's eyes suddenly met his. "Well, it's no great matter, I guess," said he. "I'll do it. But I can't for the life of me make out why you are taking so much trouble."

He was surprised at Wickliff's reply. It was, "Come on down stairs with me, and I'll show you."

"You mean it?"

"Yes; go ahead."

"You want my parole not to cut and run?"

"Just as you like about that. Better not try any fooling."

The prisoner uttered a short laugh, glancing from his own puny limbs to the magnificent muscles of the officer.

"Straight ahead, after you're out of the corridor, down stairs, and turn to the right," said Wickliff.

Silently the prisoner followed his directions, and when they had descended the stairs and turned to the right, the sheriff's hand pushed beneath his elbow and opened the door before them. "My rooms," said Wickliff. "Being a single man, it's handier for me living in the jail." The rooms were furnished with the unchastened gorgeousness of a Pullman sleeper, the brilliant hues of a Brussels carpet on the floor, blue plush at the windows and on the chairs. The walls were hung with the most expensive gilt paper that the town could furnish (after all, it was a modest price per roll), and against the gold, photographs of the district judges assumed a sinister dignity. There was also a photograph of the court-house, and one of the jail, and a model in bass-relief of the Capitol at Des Moines; but more prominent than any of these were two portraits opposite the windows. They were oil-paintings, elaborately framed, and they had cost so much that the sheriff rested happily content that they must be well painted. Certainly the artist had not recorded impressions; rather he seemed to have worked with a microscope, not slighting an eyelash. One of the portraits was that of a stiff and stern young man in a soldier's uniform. He was dark, and had eyes and features like the sheriff. The other was the portrait of a young girl. In the original daguerreotype from which the artist worked the face was comely, if not pretty, and the innocence

in the eyes and the timid smile made it winning. The artist had enlarged the eyes and made the mouth smaller, and bestowed (with the most amiable intentions) a complexion of hectic brilliancy; but there still remained, in spite of paint, a flicker of the old touching expression. Between the two canvases hung a framed letter. It was labelled in bold Roman script, "Letter of Capt. R. T. Manley," and a glance showed the reader that it was the description of a battle to a friend. One sentence was underlined. "We also lost Private A. T. Wickliff, killed in the charge—a good man who could always be depended on to do his duty."

The sheriff guided his bewildered visitor opposite these portraits and lifted his hand above the other's shoulder. "You see them?" said he. "They're *my* father and mother. You see that letter? It was wrote by my father's old captain and sent to me. What he says about my father is everything that I know. But it's enough. He was 'a good man who could always be depended on to do his duty.' You can't say no more of the President of the United States. I've had a pretty tough time of it in my own life, as a man's got to have who takes up my line; but I've tried to live so my father needn't be ashamed of me. That other picture is my mother. I don't know nothing about her, nothing at all; and I don't need to—except those eyes of hers. There's a look someway about your mother's eyes like mine. Maybe it's only the look one good woman has like another; but whatever it is, your mother made me think of mine. She's the kind of mother I'd like to have; and if I can help it, she sha'n't know her son's in the penitentiary. Now come on back."

As silently as he had gone, the prisoner followed the sheriff back to his cell. "Good-by, Paisley," said the sheriff, at the door.

"Good-by, sir; I'm much obliged," said the prisoner. Not another word was said.

That evening, however, good Mrs. Raker told the sheriff that, to her mind, if ever a man was struck with death, that new young fellow was; and he had been crying, too; his eyes were all red.

"He needs to cry," was all the comfort that the kind soul received from the sheriff, the cold remark being accompanied by what his familiars called his Indian scowl.

Nevertheless, he did his utmost for the prisoner as a quiet intercessor, and his merciful prophecy was accomplished—Edgar S. Paisley was permitted to serve out his sentence in the jail instead of the State prison. His state of health had something to do with the judge's clemency, and the sheriff could not but suspect that, in his own phrase, "Paisley played his cough and his hollow cheeks for all they were worth."

"But that's natural," he observed to Raker, "and he's doing it partially for the old lady. Well, I'll try to give her a quiet spell."

"Yes," Raker responds, dubiously, "but he'll be at his old games the minute he gits out."

"You don't suppose"—the sheriff speaks with a certain embarrassment—"you don't suppose there'd be any chance of really reforming him, so as he'd stick?—he ain't likely to live long."

"Nah," says the unbelieving deputy; "he's a deal too slick to be reformed."

The sheriff's pucker of his black brows and his slow nod might have meant anything. Really he was saying to himself (Amos was a dogged fellow): "Don't care; I'm going to try. I am sure ma would want me to. I ain't a very hefty missionary, but if there is such a thing as clubbing a man half-way decent, and I think there is, I'll get him that way. Poor old lady, she looked so unhappy!"

During the trial Paisley was too excited and dejected to write his mother. But the day after he received his sentence the sheriff found him finishing a large sheet of foolscap.

It contained a detailed and vivid description of the reasons why he had left a mythical grocery firm, and described with considerable humor the mythical boarding-house where he was waiting for something to turn up. It was very well done, and he expected a smile from the sheriff. The red mottled his pale cheeks when Wickliff, with his blackest frown, tore the letter into pieces, which he stuffed into his pocket.

"You take a d—— ungentlemanly advantage of your position," fumed Paisley.

"I shall take more advantage of it if you give me any sass," returned Wickliff, calmly. "Now set down and listen." Paisley, after one helpless glare, did sit down. "I believe you fairly revel in lying. I don't. That's where we differ.

I think lies are always liable to come home to roost, and I like to have the flock as small as possible. Now you write that you are here, and you're helping *me*. You ain't getting much wages, but they will be enough to keep you—these hard times any job is better than none. And you can add that you don't want any money from her. Your other letter sorter squints like you did. You can say you are boarding with a very nice lady—that's Mrs. Raker—everything very clean, and the table plain but abundant. Address you in care of Sheriff Amos T. Wickliff. How's that?"

Paisley's anger had ebbed away. Either from policy or some other motive he was laughing now. "It's not nearly so interesting in a literary point of view, you know," said he, "but I guess it will be easier not to have so many things to remember. And you're right; I didn't mean to hint for money, but it did look like it."

"He did mean to hint," thought the sheriff, "but he's got some sense." The letter finally submitted was a masterpiece in its way. This time the sheriff smiled, though grimly. He also gave Paisley a cigar.

Regularly the letters to Mrs. Smith were submitted to Wickliff. Raker never thought of reading them. The replies came with a pathetic promptness. "That's from your ma," said Wickliff, when the first letter came—Paisley was at the jail ledgers in the sheriff's room, as it happened, directly beneath the portraits—"you better read it first."

Paisley read it twice; then he turned and handed it to the sheriff, with a half apology. "My mother talks a good deal better than she writes. Women are naturally interested in petty things, you know. Besides, I used to be fond of the old dog; that's why she writes so much about him."

"I have a dog myself," growled the sheriff. "Your mother writes a beautiful letter." His eyes were already travelling down the cheap thin note-paper, folded at the top. "I know," Mrs. Smith wrote, in her stiff, careful hand—"I know you will feel bad, Eddy, to hear that dear old Rowdy is gone. Your letter came the night before he died. Ruth was over, and I read it out loud to her; and when I came to that part where you sent your love to him, it seemed like he understood, he wagged his tail so knowing. You know how fond of you he always was. All that evening he played round—more than usual—and I'm so glad we both petted him, for in the morning we found him stiff and cold on the landing of the stairs, in his favorite place. I don't think he could have suffered any, he looked so peaceful. Ruth and I made a grave for him in the garden, under the white rose tree. Ruth digged the grave, and she painted a Kennedy's cracker-box, and we wrapped him up in white cotton cloth. I cried, and Ruth cried too, when we laid him away. Somehow it made me long so much more to see you. If I sent you the money, don't you think you could come home for Christmas? Wouldn't your employer let you if he knew your mother had not seen you for four years, and you are all the child she has got? But I don't want you to neglect your business."

The few words of affection that followed were not written so firmly as the rest. The sheriff would not read them; he handed the letter back to Paisley, and turned his Indian scowl on the back of the latter's shapely head.

Paisley was staring at the columns of the page before him. "Rowdy was my dog when I was courting Ruth," he said. "I was engaged to her once. I suppose mother thinks of that. Poor Rowdy! the night I ran away he followed me, and I had to whip him back."

"Oh, you ran away?"

"Oh yes; the old story. Trusted clerk. Meant to return the money. It wasn't very much. But it about cleaned mother out. Then she started the bakery."

"You pay your ma back?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's a lie."

"What do you ask a man such questions for, then? Do you think it's pleasant admitting what a dirty dog you've been? Oh, d—— you!"

"You do see it, then," said the sheriff, in a very pleasant, gentle tone; "that's one good thing. For you have *got* to reform, Ned; I'm going to give your mother a decent boy. Well, what happened then? Girl throw you over?"

"Why, I ran straight for a while," said Paisley, furtively, wiping first one eye and then the other with a finger; "there wasn't any scandal. Ruth stuck by me, and a married sister of hers (who



"TORE THE LETTER INTO PIECES."

didn't know) got her husband to give me a place. I was doing all right, and—and sending home money to ma, and I would have been all right now, if—if—I hadn't met Mame, and she made a crazy fool of me. Then Ruth shook me. Oh, I ain't blaming her! It was hearing about Mame. But after that I just went a-flying to the devil. Now you know why I wanted to see Mame."

"You wanted to kill her," said the sheriff, "or you think you did. But you couldn't; she'd have talked you over. Still, I thought I wouldn't risk it. You know she's gone now?"

"I supposed she'd be, now the trial's over." In a minute he added: "I'm glad I didn't touch her; mother would have had to know that. Look here; how am I going to get over that invitation?"

"I'll trust you for that lie," said Wickliff, sauntering off.

Paisley wrote that he would not take his mother's money. When he could come home on his own money he would gladly. He wrote a long affectionate letter, which the sheriff read, and handed back with the dry comment, "That will do, I guess."

But he gave Paisley a brier-wood pipe

and a pound of Yale mixture that afternoon.

The correspondence threw some side lights on Paisley's past.

"You've got to write your ma every week," announced Wickliff, when the day came round.

"Why, I haven't written once a month."

"Probably not, but you have got to write once a week now. Your mother'll get used to it. I should think you'd be glad to do the only thing you can for the mother that's worked her fingers off for you."

"I *am* glad," said Paisley, sullenly.

He never made any further demur. He wrote very good letters; and more and more, as the time passed, he grew interested in the correspondence. Meanwhile he began to acquire (quite unsuspected by the sheriff) a queer respect for that personage. The sheriff was popular among the prisoners; perhaps the general sentiment was voiced by one of them, who exclaimed, one day, after his visit, "Well, I never did see a man as had killed so many men put on so little airs!"

Paisley began his acquaintance with a contempt for the slow-moving intellect that he attributed to his sluggish-looking captor. He felt the superiority of his own better education. It was grateful to his vanity to sneer in secret at Wickliff's slips in grammar or information. And presently he had opportunity to indulge his humor in this respect, for Wickliff began lending him books. The jail library, as a rule, was managed by Mrs. Raker. She was, she used to say, "a great reader," and dearly loved "a nice story that made you cry all the way through and ended right." Her taste was catholic in fiction (she never read anything else), and her favorites were Mrs. Southworth, Charles Dickens, and Walter Scott. The sheriff's own reading seldom strayed beyond the daily papers, but with the aid of a legal friend he had selected some standard biographies and histories to add to the singular conglomeration of fiction and religion that a charitable public had sent to the jail. On Paisley's request for reading, the sheriff went to Mrs. Raker. She promptly pulled *Ishmael Worth, or Out of the Depths*, from the shelf. "It's beautiful," says she, "and when he gits through with that he can have the *Pickwick Papers* to cheer him up. Only I kinder hate to lend that book to the prisoners; there's so much about good eatin' in it, it makes 'em dissatisfied with the table."

"He's got to have something improving, too," says the sheriff. "I guess the history of the United States will do; you've read the others, and know they're all right. I'll run through this."

He told Paisley the next morning that he had sat up almost all night reading, he was so afraid that enough of the thirteen States wouldn't ratify the Constitution. This was only one of the artless comments that tickled Paisley. Yet he soon began to notice the sheriff's keenness of observation, and a kind of work-a-day sense that served him well. He fell to wondering, during those long nights when his cough kept him awake, whether his own brilliant and subtle ingenuity had done as much for him. He could hardly tell the moment of its beginning, but he began to value the approval of this big, ignorant, clumsy, strong man.

Insensibly he grew to thinking of conduct more in the sheriff's fashion; and his letters not only reflected the change in his moral point of view, they began to have more and more to say of the sheriff. Very soon the mother began to be pathetically thankful to this good friend of her boy, whose habits were so correct, whose influence so admirable. In her grateful happiness over the frequent letters and their affection were revealed the unexpressed fears that had tortured her for years. She asked for Wickliff's picture. Paisley did not know that the sheriff had a photograph taken on purpose. Mrs. Smith pronounced him "a handsome man." To be sure, the unscarred side of his face was taken. "He looks firm, too," wrote the poor mother, whose own boy had never known how to be firm; "I think he must be a Daniel."

"A which?" exclaimed the puzzled Daniel.

"Didn't you ever go to Sunday-school? Don't you know the verses,

> 'Dare to be a Daniel;
> Dare to make a stand'?"

The sheriff's reply was enigmatical. It was: "Well, to think of you having such a mother as that!"

"I don't deserve her, that's a fact," said Paisley, with his flippant air. "And yet, would you believe it, I used to be the

model boy of the Sunday-school. Won all the prizes. Ma's got them in a drawer."

"Dare say. They thought you were a awful good boy, because you always kept your face clean and brushed your hair without being told to, and learned your lessons quick, and always said 'Yes, 'm,' and 'No, 'm,' and when you got into a scrape lied out of it, and picked up bad habits as easy and quiet as a long-haired dog catches fleas. Oh, I know your sort of model boy! We had 'em at the Orphans' Home; I've taken their lickings, too."

Paisley's thin face was scarlet before the speech was finished. "Some of that is true," said he; "but at least I never hit a fellow when he was down."

The sheriff narrowed his eyes in a way he had when thinking; he put both hands in his pockets and contemplated Paisley's irritation. "Well, young feller, you have some reason to talk that way to me," said he. "The fact is, I was mad at you, thinking about your mother. I—I respect that lady very highly."

Paisley forced a feeble smile over his "So do I."

But after this episode the sheriff's manner visibly softened to the young man. He told Raker that there were good spots in Paisley.

"Yes, he's mighty slick," said Raker.

Thanksgiving-time a box from his mother came to the prisoner, and among the pies and cakes was an especial pie for Mr. Wickliff, "from his affectionate old friend, Rebecca Smith."

The sheriff spent fully two hours communing with a large new *Manual of Etiquette and Correspondence;* then he submitted a letter to Paisley. Paisley read:

"Dear Madam,—Your favor (of the pie) of the 24th inst. is received and I beg you to accept my sincere and warm thanks. Ned is an efficient clerk and his habits are very correct. We are reading history, in our leisure hours. We have read Fisk's Constitutional History of the United States and two volumes of Macauley's History of England. Both very interesting books. I think that Judge Jeffreys was the meanest and worst judge I ever heard of. My early education was not as extensive as I could wish, and I am very glad of the valuable assistance which I receive from your son. He is doing well and sends his love. Hoping, my dear Madam, to be able to see you and thank you personally for your very kind and welcome gift, I am, with respect,

Very Truly Yours,
Amos T. Wickliff."

Paisley read the letter soberly. In fact, another feeling destroyed any inclination to smile over the unusual pomp of Wickliff's style. "That's out of sight!" he declared. "It will please the old lady to the ground. Say, I take it very kindly of you, Mr. Wickliff, to write about me that way."

"I had a book to help me," confessed the flattered sheriff. "And—say, Paisley, when you are writing about me to your ma, you better say Wickliff, or Amos. Mr. Wickliff sounds kinder stiff. I'll understand."

The letter that the sheriff received in return he did not show to Paisley. He read it with a knitted brow, and more than once he brushed his hand across his eyes. When he finished it he drew a long sigh, and walked up to his mother's portrait. "She says she prays for me every night, ma"—he spoke under his breath, and reverently. "Ma, I simply have *got* to save that boy for her, haven't I?"

That evening Paisley rather timidly approached a subject which he had tried twice before to broach, and his courage had failed him. "You said something, Mr. Wickliff, of paying me a little extra for what I do, keeping the books, etc. Would you mind telling me what it will be? I—I'd like to send a Christmas present to my mother."

"That's right," said the sheriff, heartily. "I was thinking what would suit her. How's a nice black dress, and a bill pinned to it to pay for making it up?"

"But I never—"

"You can pay me when you get out."

"Do you think I'll ever get out?" Paisley's fine eyes were fixed on Wickliff as he spoke, with a sudden wistful eagerness. He had never alluded to his health before, yet it had steadily failed. Now he would not let Amos answer; he may have flinched from any confirmation of his own fears; he took the word hastily. "Anyhow, you'll risk my turning out a bad investment. But you'll do a d——

kind action to my mother, and if I'm a rip, she's a saint."

"*Sure*," said the sheriff. "Say, do you think she'd mind my sending her a hymn-book and a few flowers?"

Thus it came to pass that the tiny bakery window, one Christmas day, showed such a crimson glory of roses as the village had never seen; and the widow Smith, bowing her shabby black bonnet on the pew rail, gave thanks and tears for a happy Christmas, and prayed for her son's friend. She prayed for her son also, that he might "be kept good." She felt that her prayer would be answered. God knows, perhaps it was.

That night before she went to bed she wrote to Edgar and to Amos. "I am writing to both my boys," she said to Amos, "for I feel like *you* were my dear son too."

When Amos answered this letter he did not consult the Manual. It was one day in January, early in the month, that he received the first bit of encouragement for his missionary work, palpable enough to display to the scoffer Raker. Yet it was not a great thing either; only this: Paisley (already half an hour at work in the sheriff's room) stopped, fished from his sleeve a piece of note-paper folded into the measure of a knife-blade, and offered it to the sheriff.

"See what Mame sent me," said he; "just read it."

There was a page of it, the purport being that the writer had done what she had through jealousy, which she knew now was unfounded; she was suffering indescribable agonies from remorse; and, to prove she meant what she said, if her darling Ned would forgive her, she would get him out before a week was over. If he agreed he was to be at his window at six o'clock Wednesday night. The day was Thursday.

"How did you get this?" asked Amos. "Do you mind telling?"

"Not the least. It came in a coat. From Barber and Glasson's. The one Mrs. Raker picked out for me, and it was sent up from the store. She got at it somehow, I suppose."

"But how did you get word where to look?"

Paisley grinned. "Mame was here, visiting that fellow who was taken up for smashing a window, and pretended he was so hungry he had to have a meal in jail. Mame put him up to it, so she could come. She gave me the tip where to look then."

"I see. I got on to some of those signals once. Well, did you show yourself Wednesday?"

"Not much!" He hesitated, and did not look at the sheriff, scrawling initials on the blotting-pad with his pen. "Did you really think, Mr. Wickliff, after all you've done for me—and my mother—I would go back on you and get you into trouble for that—"

"'S-sh! Don't call names!" Wickliff looked apprehensively at the picture of his mother. "Why didn't you give me this before?"

"Because you weren't here till this morning. I wasn't going to give it to Raker."

"What do you suppose she's after?"

"Oh, she's got some big scheme on foot, and she needs me to work it. I'm sick of her. I'm sick of the whole thing. I want to run straight. I want to be the man my poor mother thinks I am."

"And I want to help you, Ned," cried the sheriff. For the first time he caught the other's hand and wrung it.

"I guess the Lord wants to help me too," said Paisley, in a queer dry tone.

"Why—yes—of course he wants to help all of us," said the sheriff, embarrassed. Then he frowned, and his voice roughened as he asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Paisley, smiling; "you've always known it. It's been getting worse lately. I guess I caught cold. Some mornings I have to stop two or three times when I dress myself, I have such fits of coughing."

"Why didn't you tell, and go to the hospital?"

"I wanted to come down here. It's so pleasant down here."

"Good—" the sheriff reined his tongue in time, and only said, "Look here, you've got to see a doctor!"

Therefore the encouragement to the missionary work was embittered by divers conflicting feelings. Even Raker was disturbed when the doctor announced that Paisley had pneumonia.

"Double pneumonia, and a slim chance, of course," gloomed Raker. "Always so. Can't have a man git useful and be a little decent, but he's got to die! Why



THE THANKSGIVING BOX.

couldn't it 'a' been that tramp tried to set the jail afire?"

"What I'm a-thinking of is his poor ma, who used to write him such beautiful letters," said Mrs. Raker, wiping her kind eyes. "They was so attached. Never a week he didn't write her."

"It's his mother I'm thinking of, too," said the sheriff, with a groan; "she'll be wanting to come and see him, and how in—" he swallowed an agitated oath, and paced the floor, his hands clasped behind him, his lip under his teeth, and his blackest Indian scowl on his brow—plain signs to all who knew him that he was fighting his way through some mental thicket.

But he had never looked gentler than he looked an hour later, as he stepped softly into Paisley's cell. Mrs. Raker was holding a foaming glass to the sick man's lips. "There; take another sup of the good nog," she said, coaxingly, as one talks to a child.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Paisley. "Queer how I've thought so often how I'd like the taste of whiskey again on my tongue, and now I can have all I want, I don't care a hooter!"

His voice was rasped in the chords, and he caught his breath between his sentences. Forty-eight hours had made an ugly alteration in his face; the eyes were glassy, the features had shrunken in an indescribable, ghastly way, and the fair skin was of a yellowish pallor, with livid circles about the eyes and the open mouth.

Wickliff greeted him, assuming his ordinary manner. They shook hands.

"There's one thing, Mr. Wickliff," said Paisley: "you'll keep this from my mother. She'd worry like blazes, and want to come here."

There was a photograph on the table, propped up by books; the sheriff's hand was on it, and he moved it, unconsciously: "'To Eddy, from Mother. The Lord bless and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee—'" Wickliff cleared his throat. "Well, I don't know, Ned," he said, cheerfully; "maybe that would be a good thing—kind of brace you up and make you get well quicker."

Mrs. Raker noticed nothing in his voice; but Paisley rolled his eyes on the impassive face in a strange, quivering, searching look; then he closed them and feebly turned his head.

"Don't you want me to telegraph? Don't you want to see her?"

Some throb of excitement gave Paisley the strength to lift himself up on the pillows. "What do you want to rile me all up for?" His voice was almost a scream. "Want to see her? It's the only thing in this d——fool world I do want! But I can't have her know; it would kill her to know. You must make up some lie about it's being diphtheria and awful sudden, and no time for her to come, and have me all out of the way before she gets here. You've been awful good to me, and you can do anything you like; it's the last I'll bother you—don't let her find out!"

"For the land's sake!" sniffed Mrs. Raker, in tears—"don't she know?"

"No, ma'am, she don't; and she never will, either," said the sheriff. "There, Ned, boy, you lay right down. I'll fix it. And you shall see her, too. I'll fix it."

"Yes, he'll fix it. Amos will fix it. Don't you worry," sobbed Mrs. Raker, who had not the least idea how the sheriff could arrange matters, but was just as confident that he would as if the future were unrolled before her gaze.

The prisoner breathed a long deep sigh of relief, and patted the strong hand at his shoulder. And Amos gently laid him back on the pillows.

Before nightfall Paisley was lying in Amos Wickliff's own bed, while Amos, at his side, was critically surveying both chamber and parlor under half-closed eyelids. He was trying to see them with the eyes of the elderly widow of a Methodist clergyman.

"Hum—yes!" The result of the survey was, on the whole, satisfactory. "All nice, high-toned, first-class pictures. Nothing to shock a lady. Liquors all put away, 'cept what's needed for him. Pops all put away, so she won't be finding one and be killing herself, thinking it's not loaded. My bed moved in here comfortable for him, because he thought it was such a pleasant room, poor boy. Another bed in my room for her. Bath-room next door, hot and cold water. Little gas stove. Trained nurse who doesn't know anything, and so can't tell. Thinks it's my friend Smith. *Is* there anything else?"

At this moment the white counterpane on the bed stirred.

"Well, Ned?" said Wickliff.

"It's—nice!" said Paisley.

"That's right. Now you get a firm grip on what I'm going to say—such a grip you won't lose it, even if you get out of your head a little."

"I won't," said Paisley.

"All right. You're not Paisley any more. You're Ned Smith. I've had you moved here into my rooms because your boarding-place wasn't so good. Everybody here understands, and has got their story ready. The nurse thinks you're my friend Smith. You are, too, and you are to call me Amos. The telegram's gone. 'S-sh!—what a way to do!"—for Paisley was crying. "Ain't I her boy too?"

One weak place remained in the fortress that Amos had builded against prying eyes and chattering tongues. He had searched in vain for "Mame." There was no especial reason, except pure hatred and malice, to dread her going to Paisley's

mother, but the sheriff had enough knowledge of Mame's kind to take these qualities into account.

From the time that Wickliff promised him that he should have his mother, Paisley seemed to be freed from every misgiving. He was too ill to talk much, and much of the time he was miserably occupied with his own suffering; yet often during the night and day before she came he would lift his still beautiful eyes to Mrs. Raker's and say, "It's to-morrow night ma comes, isn't it?" To which the soft-hearted woman would sometimes answer, "Yes, son," and sometimes only work her chin and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Once she so far forgot the presence of the gifted professional nurse that she sniffed aloud, whereupon that personage administered a scorching tonic, in the guise of a glance, and poor Mrs. Raker went out of the room and cried.

He must have kept some reckoning of the time, for the next day he varied his question. He said, "It's to-day she's coming, isn't it?" As the day wore on, the customary change of his disease came: he was relieved of his worst pain; he thought he was better. So did Mrs. Raker and the sheriff. The doctor and the nurse maintained their inscrutable professional calm. At ten o'clock the sheriff (who had been gone for a half-hour) softly opened the door. The sick man instantly roused. He half sat up. "I know," he exclaimed; "it's ma. Ma's come!"

The nurse rose, ready to protect her patient.

There entered a little, black-robed, gray-haired woman, who glided swift as a thought to the bedside, and gathered the worn young head to her breast. "My boy, my dear, good boy!" she said, under her breath, so low the nurse did not hear her; she only heard her say, "Now you must get well."

"Oh, I *am* glad, ma!" said the sick man.

After that the nurse was well content with them all. They obeyed her implicitly. It was she rather than Mrs. Raker who observed that Mr. Smith's mother was not alone, but accompanied by a slim, fair, brown-eyed young woman, who lingered in the background, and would fain have not spoken to the invalid at all had she not been gently pushed forward by the mother, with the words, "And Ruth came too, Eddy!"

"Thank you, Ruth; I knew that you wouldn't let ma come alone," said Ned, feebly.

The young woman had opened her lips. Now they closed. She looked at him compassionately. "Surely not, Ned," she said.

But why, wondered the nurse, who was observant—it was her trade to observe—why did she look at him so intently, and with such a shocked pity?

Ned did not express much—the sick, especially the very sick, cannot; but whenever he waked in the night and saw his mother bending over him he smiled happily, and she would answer his thought. "Yes, my boy; my dear, good boy," she would say.

And the sheriff in his dim corner thought sadly that the ruined life would always be saved for her now, and her son would be her good boy forever. Yet he muttered to himself, "I suppose the Lord is helping me out, and I had ought to feel obliged, but I'm hanged if I wouldn't rather take the chances and have the boy get well!"

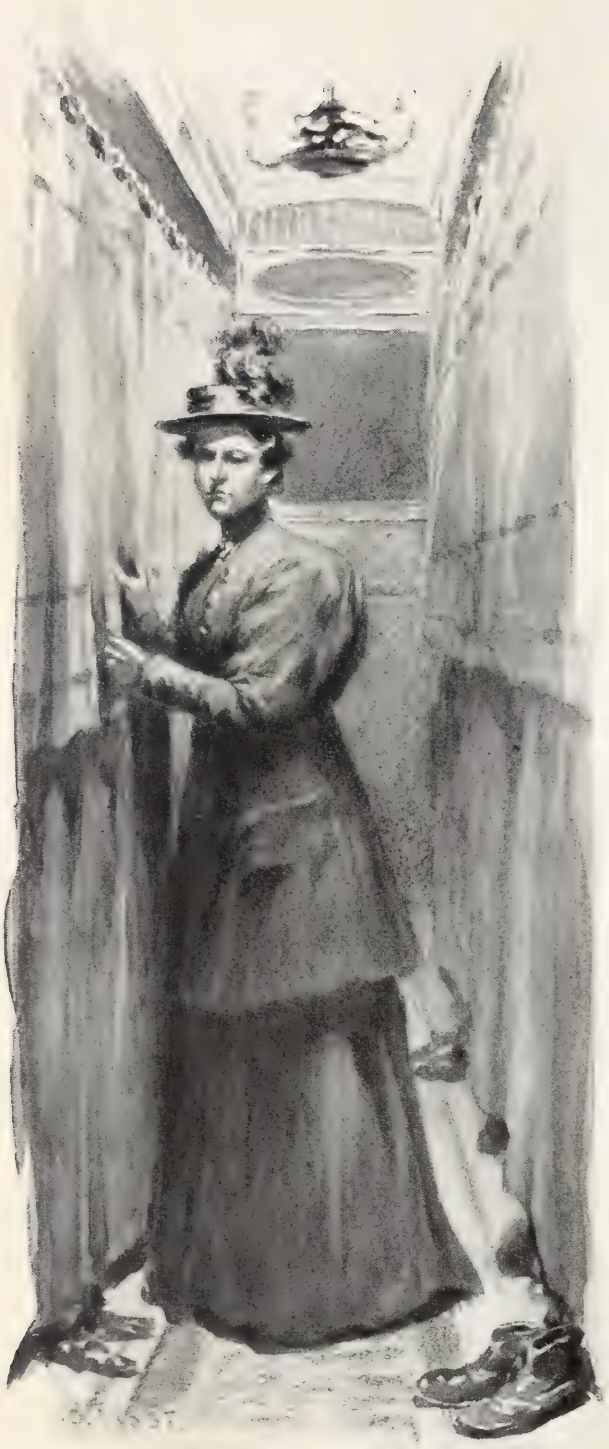
But he knew all the time that there was no hope for Ned's life. He lived five days after his mother came. The day before his death he was alone for a short time with the sheriff, and asked him to be good to his mother. "Ruth will be good to her too," he said; "but last night I dreamed Mame was chasing mother, and it scared me. You won't let her get at mother, will you?"

"Of course I won't," said the sheriff; "we're watching your mother every minnit; and if that woman comes here, Raker has orders to clap her in jail. And I will always look out for your ma, Ned, and she never shall know."

"That's good," said Ned, in his feeble voice. "I'll tell you something: I always wanted to be good, but I was always bad; but I believe I would have been decent if I'd lived, because I'd have kept close to you. You'll be good to ma—and to Ruth?"

The sheriff thought that he had drifted away and did not hear the answer, but in a few moments he opened his eyes and said, brightly, "Thank you, Amos." It was the first time that he had used the other man's Christian name.

"Yes, Ned," said the sheriff.



"SHE PAUSED BEFORE MRS. SMITH'S SECTION."

Next morning at daybreak he died. His mother was with him. Just before he went to sleep his mind wandered a little. He fancied that he was a little boy, and that he was sick, and wanted to say his prayers to his mother. "But I'm so sick I can't get out of bed," said he. "God won't mind my saying them in bed, will He?" Then he folded his hands, and reverently repeated the childish rhyme, and so fell into a peaceful sleep, which deepened into peace. In this wise, perhaps, were answered many prayers.

Amos made all the arrangements the next day. He said that they were going home to Fairport on the day following, but he managed to conclude all the necessary legal formalities in time to take the evening train. Once on the train, and his companions in their sections, he drew a long breath.

"It may not have been Mame that I saw," he said, taking out his cigar-case on the way to the smoking-room; "it was merely a glimpse—she in a buggy, me on foot; and it may be she wouldn't do a thing or think the game worth blackmail; but I don't propose to run any chances in this deal. Hullo—excuse me, miss!" The last words were uttered aloud to Ruth Graves, who had touched him on the arm. He had a distinct admiration for this young woman, founded on the grounds that she cried very quietly, that she never was underfoot, and that she was so unobtrusively kind to Mrs. Smith.

"Anything I can do?" he began, with genuine willingness.

She motioned him to take a seat. "Mrs. Smith is safe in her section," she said; "it isn't that. I wanted to speak to you. Mr. Wickliff, Ned told me how it was. He said he couldn't die lying to everybody, and he wanted me to know how good you were. I am perfectly safe, Mr. Wickliff," as a look of annoyance puckered the sheriff's brow. "He told me there was a woman who might some time try to make money out of his mother if she could find her, and I was to watch. Mr. Wickliff, was she rather tall and slim, with a fine figure?"

"Yes—dark complected rather, and has a thin face and a largish nose."

"And one of her eyes is a little droopy, and she has a gold filling in her front tooth? Mr. Wickliff, that woman got on this train."

"She did, did she?" said the sheriff, showing no surprise. "Well, my dear young lady, I'm very much obliged to you. I will attend to the matter. Mrs. Smith sha'n't be disturbed."

"Thank you," said the young woman; "that's all. Good-night!"

"You might know that girl had had a business education," the sheriff mused—

"says what she's got to say, and moves on. Poor Ned! poor Ned!"

Ruth went to her section, but she did not undress. She sat behind the curtains, peering through the opening at Mrs. Smith's section opposite, or at the lower berth next hers, which was occupied by the sheriff. The curtains were drawn there also, and presently she saw him disappear by sections into their shelter. Then his shoes were pushed partially into the aisle. Empty shoes. She waited; it could not be that he was really going to sleep. But the minutes crept by; a half-hour passed; no sign of life behind his curtains. An hour passed. At the further end of the car curtains parted, and a young woman slipped out of her berth. She was dark and not handsome, but an elegant shape and a modish gown made her attractive-looking. One of her eyelids drooped a little.

She walked down the aisle and paused before Mrs. Smith's section, Ruth holding her breath. She looked at the big shoes on the floor, her lip curling. Then she took the curtains of Mrs. Smith's section in both hands and put her head in.

"I must stop her!" thought Ruth. But she did not spring out. The sheriff, fully dressed, was beside the woman, and an arm of iron deliberately turned her round.

"The game's up, Mamie," said Wickliff.

She made no noise, only looked at him.

"What are you going to do?" said she, with perfect composure.

"Arrest you if you make a racket, talk to you if you don't. Go into that seat." He indicated a seat in the rear, and she took it without a word. He sat near the aisle; she was by the window.

"I suppose you mean to sit here all night," she remarked, scornfully.

"Not at all," said he—"just to the next place. Then you'll get out."

"Oh, will I?"

"You will. Either you will get out and go about your business, or you will get out and be taken to jail."

"We're smart. What for?"

"For inciting prisoners to escape."

"Ned's dead"—with a sneer.

"Yes, he's dead, and"—he watched her narrowly, although he seemed absorbed in buttoning his coat—"they say he haunts his old cell, as if he'd lost something. Maybe it's the letter you folded up small enough to go in the seam of a coat. I've got that." He saw that she was watching him in turn, and that she was nervous. "Ned's dead, poor fellow, true enough; but—the girl at Barber and Glasson's ain't dead."

She began to fumble with her gloves, peeling them off and rolling them into balls. He thought to himself that the chances were that she was superstitious.

"Look here," he said, sharply, "have an end of this nonsense; you get off at the next place, and never bother that old lady again, or—I will have you arrested, and you can try for yourself whether Ned's cell is haunted."

For a brief space they eyed each other, she in an access of impotent rage, he stolid as the carving of the seat. The car shivered; the great wheels moved more slowly. "Decide," said he; not imperatively — dryly, without emotion of any sort. He kept his mild eyes on her.

"It wasn't his mother I meant to tell; it was that girl—that *nice* girl he wanted to marry—"

"You make me tired," said the sheriff. "Are you going, or am I to make a scene and take you? I don't care much."

She slipped her hand behind her into her pocket.

The sheriff laughed, and grasped one wrist.

"*I* don't want to talk to the country fools," she snapped.

"This way," said the sheriff, guiding her. The train had stopped. She laughed as he politely handed her off the platform; the next moment the wheels were turning again and she was gone. He never saw her again.

The porter came out, to stand by his side in the vestibule, watching the lights of the station race away and the darkling winter fields fly past. The sheriff was well known to him; he nodded an eager acquiescence to the officer's request: "If those ladies in 8 and 9 ask you any questions, just tell them it was a crazy woman getting the wrong section, and I took care of her."

Within the car a desolate mother wept the long night through, yet thanked God amid her tears for her son's last good days, and did not dream of the blacker sorrow that had menaced her and had been hurled aside.

MR. LOWELL IN ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

I.

THE importance of Mr. Lowell's residence in London, independently of his ministerial duties and successes, may be summed up in a phrase. His character underwent a very considerable change. This it is which tempts me to consider one side of his character and one period of his life apart. It would be more satisfactory, no doubt, to deal with the whole man, but that I cannot now undertake. He has left the record of his life behind him in his books, his letters, his acts, and in the memories of those who knew him. What I wish to do—here briefly, and more fully in an introduction to some of his letters presently to be published—is to throw a little light on a much misunderstood part of his career. This part could not be appreciated by anybody who had not some knowledge of the rest, and I think it right therefore to say that I have known Mr. Lowell for some thirty years—in Cambridge, in London long before he was minister, in Paris, in Whitby, where he passed nine summers, and elsewhere. He was my friend, my wife's friend, the friend of the children. It is to them that most of the letters now to be printed were written. He honored me with his confidence. I know the true story of his life in England, and I have always thought it due to him that so much of it as concerns the public should be told—the more so since there is very little account of it in the two volumes of letters which his friend Professor Norton gave to the world. In these volumes you see Lowell as he was before he lived abroad, and to some little extent after. That is the portrait which Mr. Norton preferred to paint. His admirable selection of letters was made from that point of view—the selection is admirable to that end. My aim is and will be to present to you a Lowell of whom in those volumes there are only glimpses.

It was said of him when he was appointed minister to Madrid in 1877 that he was not pre-eminently fitted by training or disposition for diplomatic work. That was his own view. You will find hints of it in the Madrid letters. The legation and its work "bored" him, as he frankly confesses. He went there, as he quaintly owned, to perfect his Spanish—a language and literature for which he had a strong attachment. When London was offered him he was reluctant to accept; but it was pressed, and he finally said, "Well, I came to Madrid to please myself, and it is only fair that I should go to London to please my government." Whether he knew it or not, the offer pleased him. Lowell had a peculiar talent for disguising his delight and hiding it from himself, in this as in other things. Madrid had had little or no influence upon his character. What he was when he went there, he was when he left, plus some training in the technique of diplomacy, and some perfecting in the Spanish tongue. The affairs which an American minister has to transact in Madrid are seldom of prime importance. The society with which he comes in contact is limited, and, outside of the diplomatic and official worlds, is not quite what we understand by the word hospitable. Neither diplomacy nor society had left much mark on Lowell when he quitted Madrid.

He came to London the man he had been all his life long—a man of books and of literature, a thinker, a dreamer, a poet, almost a recluse. The world for which he most cared lay within the four walls of his library at Elmwood. He valued his friends—never was there a friend more loyal and stanch to his friends than Lowell; but, his friends excepted, men seemed to him more real or more near to him in their writings than in the flesh. With all his geniality he was extremely reserved with strangers or acquaintances in his own rank of life. He was an American with the culture of Europe, but with no great knowledge of the Europe of today outside of its literature and art. One of the irksome parts of his diplomatic duty was the necessity of continually seeing people who did not interest him, and of discussing affairs which, to his mind, were trivial, because they did not relate to such matters as he thought of highest import. As for society, he looked upon that as most trivial of all. Against the social obligation which connects itself with diplomacy, and, indeed, forms an integral part of it, he protested stoutly. During the first part of his life in London as minister he would hardly accept

an invitation which was not official, and therefore compulsory, or friendly, and therefore to him irresistible. The giving of dinners was a thing he abhorred, unless he were allowed to collect about him the few men and women for whom he really cared. Them he would have liked to see constantly, to the entire exclusion of the outer circle, whom, nevertheless, he was bound to ask. Later, after he had become reconciled to the routine of dinner-giving, he used to complain humorously of the strain it put upon his faculties, and to excuse himself for what he thought monotonous in his dinner lists: "My wife has no acquaintance, and I have no invention. You must not mind meeting the same people so often." Mrs. Lowell was too much of an invalid to be able to take charge of these complicated matters.

But virtue and a high sense of duty were, in Lowell's case also, not only their own reward, they revealed to him a new world, and brought him new pleasures. Not all at once, but gradually, he came to like society, and to perform with a keen pleasure the social obligations which in the beginning he detested. London revealed him to himself and to others. The recluse ceased to be a recluse. His horizon widened. He perceived that a knowledge of men, and of what is best in men, was to be had otherwise than from books. He became a diner-out. If that phrase carries with it any obloquy he must bear the obloquy. But it will be noticed by good observers that those who heap reproaches on Lowell or on others, on that score, are themselves men who have not had large opportunities of seeing that particular world which they thus revile. Lowell in times past had perhaps something of the intellectual arrogance which most men of letters have. He cared more for culture than for character; not in the broader sense, but as a means of social attractiveness. The men of culture were those with whom he liked best to talk, and after them the New England farmer, the stout yeomanry among whom he had grown up, or perhaps even the bar-room loafer, who, like the farmer, could supply him with a new word, a new phrase, a new contribution to those studies in dialect in which from the beginning to the end he delighted. In Boston he knew, of course, "all the best people"; he was himself by birth as well as by training and nature of the best. But he was hardly a good judge of character. His student life unfitted him for that, and it was not till London opened his eyes, or, I will say, broadened his vision, that he saw how largely society must rest upon real superiorities of one kind or another. Then it was that for the first time the Cambridge professor became in the better sense of the words a man of the world.

For rank or for mere brilliancy of social position he never cared. He was supposed to care, or accused of caring, by those sour critics at home who find it agreeable to believe that an American of the Americans, as Lowell always was, is dazzled by the social splendors of London. But Lowell, always a student of human nature in books, now became a student of human nature in the flesh. He frankly avowed his astonishment at finding so many good specimens in regions hitherto unsuspected and unexplored. He saw that London society was, in truth, a kind of microcosm, or the whole world in little; a place where you had to make and keep your own footing. Napoleon's maxim, *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, is the maxim which governs it. No doubt you may be born into this circle, yet it is equally true that mere rank will not give you an entrance, still less keep you a good place in it. To explain what will is matter for an essay, and I am concerned with it only in its relation to Lowell, and his to it. Be the reason what it may, it was potent enough to captivate this man of letters. He did not cease to be a man of letters, but he carried on his literary pursuits from a new stand-point. He cared as much as ever for good talk; no society was possible for him or enjoyable by him on any other conditions. But the standard of the Saturday Club in Boston or of the lecture-room at Harvard was no longer his standard exclusively. In London society are to be met eminences of all kinds—literary, political, scientific, artistic, and of other kinds to which it is not so easy to attach a label. Lowell found that he had something to learn from merchants, from financiers, from soldiers, from civil engineers; they and many others talked well, each on his own ground. So did the country gentleman, or the young man of mere fashion, or the man whose function in life was to be born to a great estate and manage it. They were willing, moreover, to be talked to. They

had the art of listening, if only for civility's sake, and in Lowell's case for his own sake. He early acquired, and never lost, a reputation as a talker—not at all an easy renown to obtain in London, where charity and criticism go hand in hand. To this he was never indifferent; possibly not quite indifferent enough, since this is a company in which one does well not to be too anxious about such matters, or about any matters.

Lowell's conscientiousness seemed at times over-scrupulous. He could not allow a blunder to go uncorrected. He could not leave a challenge unnoticed. Expert as he became in most social usages, he never quite mastered the secret of complete toleration, which is one of the chief causes of the cohesion of society. Hence it was in part—and in still greater part for a reason which I will mention presently—that a distinguished Englishman said of him, "There is nobody whom I am fonder of than Lowell, or better like to have in my house, and I am always in terror till he leaves it." The terror was simply lest Lowell should be led into a controversy on some matter on which compromise was to him impossible. His impatience of pretentious ignorance was, in truth, uncontrollable, and he became almost at once so great a figure in London that to him was tacitly accorded a license granted to none other. With this social supremacy his diplomatic quality had little or nothing to do. A minister or ambassador is always a great personage, not always a great social figure. As minister or ambassador he is entitled to be present at court functions, state balls, Foreign Office receptions, and the like. But I could name to you many a minister and ambassador to whom the real social life of England — real intimacy with what there is best there—has remained a sealed book. If it was open to Lowell, as it was to almost the last page, this was not because he was envoy extraordinary to the Court of St. James, but because he was Mr. Lowell. And therein, if you choose to consider it a moment, lies the complete answer to the suggestion that he ever sacrificed one whit of his independence or of his Americanism on any social altar whatever. No man who knew him but would have laughed at the notion of his being capable of sycophancy in the least degree. No man who knows English society thinks its prizes are to be had on those terms. The note is pre-eminently and above all others the note of equality. The first man to be cast out is the man who seeks favor by servility, or even by deference.

There was much in his work as minister which was irksome to Lowell — in London not less than in Madrid, and probably more. The diplomatic part of it was not in itself particularly agreeable to him. The writing of despatches, the interview with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the ceremonial which a diplomatic post imposes — none of these was congenial to him in itself. He went through all of them doggedly, and with a cheerfulness which was part of the gallantry of his nature. It used to be said of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, perhaps the ablest diplomatist whom we have sent abroad for two generations, that he would break off at any time in the middle of a despatch to attend a sale of coins. He was an experienced and enthusiastic numismatist as well as diplomatist and statesman. Mr. Lowell used to toil at his desk over the dreary futilities of his new profession when he had far rather have been writing sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, or sauntering in Kensington Gardens, the place he loved best perhaps in London. His literary gifts were wasted on official papers. None of his despatches, I imagine, will ever be cited as diplomatic models. They were not composed in the language of diplomacy, which is more or less a dialect by itself, in which words and phrases have a conventional value quite different from that of literature or of ordinary speech. Charles Sumner used to recommend the budding American diplomatist to take a course of Thouvenel, an eminent Frenchman of the Third Empire, who in his time was reckoned a master of this peculiar style. Lowell was probably incapable of putting off the literary garb; his mind was steeped in literature. When it came to business he aimed at clearness before all things, but to divest himself of his own manner of expression was beyond his power. He had been too long the servant of the Muses to renounce their company in his sixtieth year. If the plain truth is to be told, the demands of diplomacy are seldom incessant. There is work enough to keep a minister busy during office hours; not to engross his whole day; still less to absorb those even-

ings which Lowell consecrated to his beloved books and his beloved pipe. The pleasant library in Lowndes Square was the scene of constant vigils, often prolonged into early morning. He was lavish of his time to friends or to any who had need of his services. When he was remonstrated with on his over-generosity, he used to answer, "They cannot rob me of my nights." He went to his interviews at the Foreign Office at first with a certain anxiety. Soon he discovered that, as he expressed it, there was only the meeting of two minds, and whatever the subject, the nimbler wit of the two would have the best of it. Probably he underrated the force of training and experience in such affairs, nor fully realized that he had to contend not merely with the Foreign Minister of the moment, but with the permanent chiefs and the accumulated experiences of a great department. This it is which makes our American habit of sending amateurs to meet experts so often disastrous. Alone among civilized nations we have no diplomatic service and no diplomatists. We are often represented with great ability, but it is as if two men of equal powers were to argue a case in court—one of them a lawyer, and one of them a layman; or as if we despatched a single knight-errant to attack a garrisoned castle.

Very different are the services which are expected from an American minister by a portion of the travelling American public, to whom an American legation or embassy is a sort of general agency established for their convenience. People of this sort expect an American minister to find them rooms at a hotel, seats in the gallery of the House of Commons, tickets to the concerts at Buckingham Palace, admission to the royal enclosure at Ascot, and much else. When these demands became too frequent or peremptory, Lowell occasionally waxed indignant. He was the most amiable and kindly of men, but he had a due sense of personal dignity, and when an eminent American telegraphed him from a London hotel to arrange his journey to Paris and engage compartments and cabins for his party, he struck.

The intensity of Mr. Lowell's Americanism was one cause of the interest he roused in London, and of the liking for him. It was not merely that the flavor of it was piquant, and that London is ever eager for new sensations. It was still more that this trait was so obviously genuine, and genuineness is a part of character on which the English set a high value. There may have been Americans who thought they could make their way in London by renouncing their Americanism or by disparaging their own country. If so, they knew nothing of the English before whom they abased themselves. If ever Lowell's large charity grew strict, it was for such as these.

I know very well that it is impossible to refer to Mr. Lowell's Americanism in England without stirring certain animosities, which were freely expressed during his life, and were not hushed by death. And since I must refer to them, I shall use a certain freedom of speech which they who trumpeted their dislike of him will have no right to resent. They cannot be wholly passed over. They affected Mr. Lowell at one time deeply. They more or less colored one period of his life. In part they were personal to him; in part they are the common heritage of every American minister and ambassador in England. They are partly social and partly political. In so far as they are political they are mostly Irish, or, which is worse, they were the censures of Americans upon an American minister conceived and expressed in order to conciliate the Irish in America. It is not necessary to spend much time in combating comments of that kind. The echo of them is still sometimes heard. The Irish, of course, complained that Mr. Lowell as minister did not take a sufficiently hostile line. It is the accepted and freely expressed Irish view that the envoy whom the United States send to the Court of St. James is sent in order to make trouble, in order to be disagreeable to England, in order to embroil the two countries. Is it necessary to argue such a point as that? A minister who acted upon such a theory of his duty would be disloyal to his own country—that is answer enough. But the irony of the situation is not complete, or not completely visible, until you know that Mr. Lowell's personal sympathies were with the Irish, and that he looked upon home-rule for Ireland as, in some form, inevitable. Nor is it complete till we recall what he has written on the subject, and perhaps most of all one message in a letter to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, dated December 28, 1884, and

published by Mr. Norton. He describes some of his diplomatic efforts for the Irish, then says:

"When I had at last procured the conditional (really unconditional) release of all the suspects, they refused to be liberated. When I spoke of this to Justin McCarthy (then the head of the Irish Parliamentary party, Parnell being in Kilmainham), he answered, cheerfully, 'Certainly; *they are there to make trouble!*'"

That is answer enough, and more than enough, to the Irish complaints of his diplomatic action. Their criticisms on his Americanism may best be left unanswered. He himself, so far as I know, never answered them, and seldom referred to them, nor ever without a good-natured contemptuousness. He had in him the pride—the just pride—of the true descendant of the Puritans. With six generations of Lowells behind him, with every fibre and drop of blood in his body American, himself one of the truest representatives of that New England which is itself, and has ever been, the truest representative of all America, and the source of what is most American in America, why should he concern himself with such criticisms? Who were the critics? We all know who they were. Those very Irish or Irish-Americans whom he sought to befriend, for whose rights of citizenship he contended to the utmost. It was these Americans of the eleventh hour, their feet hardly yet familiar to the pavements of New York, who undertook to teach an American minister his duty, in a brogue which itself was not American.

There was a report—one of many set afoot, with no other apparent object than to give annoyance—that Mr. Lowell would take up his abode in Oxford when relieved of his duties as American minister. This particular story was of Mr. Labouchere's coinage; at any rate, it appeared in the weekly periodical which that eminent Radical publishes and edits under the equivocal, or perhaps cynical, name *Truth*. "Will you contradict that foolish story?" writes Lowell; and I did; not that I thought contradiction of much avail, nor do I suppose Lowell did. He knew very well that a lie travels a league while Truth—not Mr. Labouchere's *Truth*—is putting on her boots. Yet he often asked for other equally foolish stories to be denied. He was over-solicitous, but in his position over-solicitude was inevitable. He thought more of his government and of his country than of himself. You must have lived in England before you can fully understand the mischief done by the calumnies, and even by the careless comments and humorous inventions, of the American press, when they concern an American minister to Great Britain. I have already said how deeply Mr. Lowell felt the attacks on his patriotism, though in public he bore them stoically. He felt the pin pricks and insect stings also. Sometimes these random rumors reached even his wife. Mrs. Lowell was said to have "presided at an American bar" at a festival of some sort in 1883. It was Mr. Lowell's wish that this should be set right; that it should be stated that the use of her name—it was the English papers which were the offenders this time—was entirely unauthorized; and that, even had her health allowed her to be present, an American bar would have been the last thing over which she would have consented to preside.

That Americanism—the pure and genuine Americanism of New England, which Mr. Lowell's enemies said he had lost—came out in so many ways that in England, as among his American friends there and at home, the absurdity of the accusation was manifest. Sometimes incidental evidences of its falsity occur which are perhaps more conclusive than the direct—are, at any rate, interesting and characteristic. He writes me from Deerfoot Farm, Southboro, Massachusetts, in 1885:

"I never saw a finer view than from this hill-top—forty miles on every side, with Monadnock and Camel's Hump and Greylock and Wachusett on the horizon—a view full of every variety of outline and colour [which he spells with the *u;* some people would, I suppose, call that un-American]. But what has interested me most has been the town and its people; a pure democracy just as it came from the Cape a hundred and forty-three years ago. I often thought how hard it would be to make an Englishman understand it at all—much more, think life tolerable under such conditions. Everybody is as good as everybody else, but no better, and neither wishes nor pretends to be. I found it delightful, and could ask no higher praise for our institutions than that they have wrought such a result as this. Everybody is poor, and everybody lives comfortably off his own land."

To the last, New England was to him the ideal home. Deerfoot Farm was the home of his daughter, Mrs. Burnett, where Mr. Burnett then carried on a dairy farm. When I saw him there a year later he was still just as much under the enchantment of the old-new life he was leading. He did not and could not love it as he loved his own Elmwood, but his daughter and her children and—in the English sense of the word—the homeliness of the place delighted him. He liked the neighbors and the absence of neighbors; for he had his choice. His study, on an upper floor, looked curiously like the library in Lowndes Square. They were as different as two rooms could be, but the stamp of his individuality was on both. There was always —and the same was true of Radnor Place—the same litter of books and papers; not the slovenliness of the housemaid, but the orderly disorder dear to the scholar and book-lover. There were the same photographs, the same souvenirs of the friends and friendships dearest to him, the same evidences of that continuous literary work which he hardly ever intermitted, and the same odor of tobacco. Between him and the tough New England farmer or shopkeeper, or good New-Englander of whatever calling in life, there was the same solidarity as before he went to Europe to be a diplomatist. There was that, and there was more. He understood the worldly side of his own countrymen the better for the very different worldly knowledge which had come to him in Europe. Just as he had thawed in London and opened his soul to new influences and associations, and found new attractions and unexpected opportunities in that crowded and brilliant social company, so did he here in the quiet New England town and on the hillside where stood his daughter's home. I thought him even more on a level with the children. All children were to him beautiful; his own grandchildren were of course near to him, but his wider experience had drawn closer his old sympathies with them, and they were on terms of the most charming intimacy.

The respect—it is in truth something more than respect—in which the Queen is held in America makes her Majesty's opinions of things concerning Americans of interest to her admirers in this country. It is perhaps known already that she liked Mr. Lowell, and that he was a favorite and favored guest at Windsor Castle. We are apt to think that our author's literary renown won him the general regard of England. That is so, but it hardly explains the Queen's interest in him. The Queen of England is not among those who think that the authors of that country are its chief glories. Literature has seldom or never, in her time, been a passport to royal favor. It is not a literary family—not a family which reads much, except despatches and state papers and the curt summaries of Parliamentary proceedings which the Prime Minister, or the minister who leads the House of Commons, writes on his lap toward the close of each sitting for her Majesty's information. Not many marks of distinction have been conferred during the present reign on eminent English writers. Still less, then, was it likely that an American writer should be singled out for notice because he was an American writer. It is probable the Queen knew that Mr. Lowell had published books; less probable that she had read them; least probable of all that they were the foundation of the regard she had for him. The regard was due to his personal qualities, and to the fact that he was known to her as the advocate of a good understanding between the kingdom over which she rules and the great commonwealth beyond the seas which her grandfather flung away. For the Queen has ever been the advocate of friendly relations with the United States. She knew how much this American minister had done to promote them, and valued him accordingly. Upon acquaintance with Mr. Lowell she came to value him for his own sake, and not least, I have been told, for his somewhat unconventional independence of speech and thought. The imagination cannot conceive of Lowell as a courtier. He had—which is a totally different matter—an admirable courtesy, whether to the Queen or to the flower-girl in the street of whom he bought roses for his button-hole and his friends. But to the Queen, as to everybody else, he would speak his mind. The freedom he used sometimes left courtiers aghast, but gave no offence to the Queen. It may have amazed her because of its originality; it certainly increased her respect and liking for the loyal gentleman who thought the ties of humanity universal. There was no fault of good-breeding in it; there was, no doubt, a certain indifference to court

customs. A breath of fresh air swept through the presence-room when Mr. Lowell entered it. He was not afraid to be himself; to be simple, entertaining, literary even, or to pour out his stores of wit and learning where such gifts are unusual. There are one or two other cases which might be mentioned of men—Englishmen these—who venture upon plain speaking to the Queen, and with similar results.

No small part of Mr. Lowell's London reputation sprang from his after-dinner oratory. The English, not prone to concede pre-eminence in anything to any one not English, confessed his superiority in this difficult art. They freely acknowledge that they are not themselves, as a rule, good practitioners in this. The public dinner holds such a place in public life that their opportunities of perfecting themselves are innumerable, yet they do not become perfect. A few are excellent. Lord Granville was one; Lord Rosebery is another; Mr. Gladstone was magnificent when the occasion called for seriousness, and when he resolutely abstained from all attempt at the humorous; the late Lord Houghton had, in his best moments, a light touch. As I said, they and a few others, of whom Sir Henry Irving is one, are the exceptions, and Mr. Lowell was the exception to all these exceptions. He had two things which seldom go together—felicity and authority. He began his London career by protesting he could not speak. Whether he had any fame of this peculiar kind in his own country I do not know, but, at any rate, it did not rise to renown, and no less word will serve for that which he acquired abroad. He taught himself. He had no model. His speaking was like that of no other. Who else was there who could be amusing and instructive in the same breath, who could talk in parables, make the keenest wit do the work of sense and reason, and when he was called upon for a homily, make a story serve instead? Withal, he had a charm of manner which won its way to the heart. His elocution, about which he professed himself anxious, must have been carefully studied. His voice was deep and full, with vibrating tones. He understood—and there are few who understand, except in France, where elocution is seriously taught—how to take and sustain a note and not let it go. And there was no audience to which he was not sympathetic, because there was none with which he did not feel himself at home and in unison. And yet he used to go to these festivals with a foreboding of failure, and to come away with a feeling that he had never done his best. "I make all my best speeches in the cab on my way home"—that was his characteristic Englishing of the *esprit d'escalier*. The one occasion on which he held in check his exuberant wit was when he presided over the meeting of Americans in London in homage to the memory of President Garfield. That difficult duty he performed with simple dignity, with pathos, with a lofty eloquence, with a true sense of what was fitting. I will add that if there ever was a question of his wisdom in the policy he thought right to adopt in England, the policy of kinship and of friendship, there was none at that time. What the English people felt, and what the English press said, were open to no criticism from the most critical American.

II.

The best proof of the hold which London had upon Lowell may be found in his frequent returns to it after he had ceased to be minister. Summer after summer he came back. Cambridge, I used to think, released him somewhat unwillingly. There was an idea in Cambridge that the charming old university town ought to suffice for him, as for others. A feeling of something like jealousy sometimes expressed itself—jealousy of the Old Home, and of its continuing attraction for this eminent citizen of the Newer England. If it existed, Lowell paid no heed to it; perhaps was not aware of it. At any rate, as the early flowers appeared, he announced himself, and as the spring drew on, with the foliage and the song of birds in his loved Kensington Gardens came Lowell. He had rooms each year at No. 2 Radnor Place, Gloucester Square, a clean little lodging-house kept by Mr. Last, now dead. I commend the address to the pious pilgrim from America who cares for spots in London with which American names are connected. They are none too many.

Lowell had what in England is called the first floor, which in America is reckoned the second. His apartment consisted of a double parlor on the first floor and bedroom on the second. Our house was a minute's walk from him, and the intercourse between the two was close and

constant. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were less than two minutes distant; he was near the junction of the two. If he had come back to London for the sake of the social whirl only, he would have chosen a resting-place in Mayfair, or near where he used to live, in Belgravia. That was not his main object. He kept up his old relations, but had others which he valued not less. The smart world claimed as much of him as it could get. He was asked everywhere, and went where he chose. As the summer waned and the society of London dissolved, visits in the country became frequent, and the Saturday to Monday visits during the season were not infrequent. But Lowell led in good part what may be called a domestic life, with a few attached friends. He liked to give little dinners in his snug back parlor, which would hold, at a pinch, as many as six. He liked the quiet mornings and late evenings among his books, of which he always had piles, many of them newly arrived from Paris, or from Mr. Bain's little shop in the Haymarket, which he had frequented ever since he first came to London. The elder Bain was then in health and in charge of his book-selling business. Lowell knew and valued him, as did all his many clients; not one of the best of them who did not set store by Mr. Bain's wide knowledge of books and kindly intelligence. The list included not a few of the most distinguished people in England—Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Matthew Arnold, and many more. There were piles of the newest French books on Mr. Lowell's table, and on the floor and chairs and sofas: books everywhere, English, French, American, Italian, probably the latest commentary on Dante; German, which he still read with a kind of protest; and Spanish, perhaps most congenial to him of all. I doubt whether there was any book for which he had a closer affection than for *Don Quixote*, and there was no sum which he would not pay cheerfully for a rare edition of Cervantes' masterpiece.

His wealth in books was the more striking amid the modest surroundings of his treasures. He was not a bibliophile in the technical sense; that is to say, he did not love books better than reading, and he did not collect for the sake of collecting. But he bought what lay in his own line, and grudged no price for a book which was either essential to his studies or which satisfied the longings of his soul. I remember with pleasure giving him a first edition of Donne, that somewhat crabbed and metaphysical poet under Charles First, who had an almost sinister influence on Lowell's own poetry. There was something in the obscurities and involutions of Donne which gratified Lowell's craving for breaking his teeth on the toughest nut he could find; something also which he found inspiring in the elder man's handling of spiritual and other deep problems. He used to recommend him to all comers, for the most part vainly. But, as it happened, Lowell had never, I think, seen, certainly had never owned, the first edition. The edition valued by collectors is not the first, but the second, with the portrait—a smaller and more comely book; nor had Lowell this either. Neither has any great money value. As he took the clumsy little quarto in its original calf covers into his hand, the gesture was that of one who is performing a religious act, reverent and tender. The book, as well as the poet, was something to him, as it is to almost every reader who has imagination or sensibility. "Are you sure," queried Lowell, "that you are willing to part with it?" I told him that, as he knew, I had never learned to be worthy of Donne, doubted whether I had ever really read him from end to end, and, moreover, had bought this volume long before, when he was absent, meaning it for him. So he went joyfully away with it under his arm.

There were, all the same, certain elegancies in book-making which he liked. His last Cervantes, a folio of I forget what early date, was in red morocco, gilt—as he used to remark with pride, a good binding. When the report of the Garfield meeting in London, over which Lowell presided with beautiful dignity, was printed, he had six copies struck off on vellum. I used to tell him that if he were ever indicted as a bibliomaniac this would be a *pièce à conviction*. Then he pleaded that it was Mr. B. F. Stevens who was responsible for the vellum; and perhaps he was. He has other good books to answer for. One of these six vellum copies is mine, bound in dark morocco, with an inscription. "I hope you will think it well bound," said Lowell, who looked upon binding as a mystery, or even an occult art—which perhaps it is. So, still more pathetically, when he sent me from

America the volume to which his incomparable essay on Democracy gives the title, he wrote, "Pray like it; the binding is the best we know how to do here." Not the binding, but the writing of books was his speciality, and also the reading of them. "I am a good reader," he used to say. And in a letter from Elmwood, the first of those last summers in which the state of his health kept him at home, he writes, "I have read Beaumont and Fletcher once more *through*, to make sure that I have not lost the power of reading." These great dramatists were among his Elizabethan favorites; so much his favorites that he once or twice recommended them to women, though with the characteristic caution, "There is much you will not like, but it will do you no harm; only hold up your skirts as you go along." He used to say that he read *Tom Jones* through once a year. His reverence for Fielding is well known; he has expressed it with that sincerity and felicity which made his essays on great writers incomparable. He had caprices, nevertheless, and his critical faculty was not without limitations. In the literature which has stood the test of time he was, as nearly as human frailty may permit, infallible; in other words, he made fewer mistakes than most writers in whom the creative faculty is the dominant one. In modern literature he sometimes allowed personal prejudices or personal prepossessions or the moral sense to sway his judgment. He might not care overmuch for the linguistic dexterities of such a writer as Daudet, who loses himself in labyrinths of adjectives. He had a wholesome detestation of Zola. Over-scrupulous Mr. Lowell certainly was not; he could read and admire anything in which the literary quality was supreme. But for a modern writer who deliberately elects the gutter as that part of the world's surface which is most congenial to him, he had only loathing. Zola's gifts and his technical excellences he could admire, but he thought the use which the Frenchman made of these talents an unpardonable sin. The coarseness in Fielding, he used to say, is, in so far as it is not of his time, incidental; the obscenities of Zola are of deliberate choice. Neither art nor letters had anything to say to them; they were commercial; they sold his books.

I will quote a sentence of Lowell's on style, because it is only a sentence, and because the sentence says more on this difficult subject than many an essay. He had dealt, I thought, rather hardly with Pepys as a writer, in his St. Olave's discourse, and I believe I had asked him to admit that Pepys, unscholarly and slovenly as he is, had often a power of expressing himself with effect and point. Says Lowell: "I admit that Pepys was capable of writing good sentences when he tried. But Gray, for example, couldn't write a clumsy one without trying, and this is what I mean by style."

That is an illustration of gold. He adds: "Pepys's language, you must remember, has the freshness of being nowadays unfamiliar. There is a good deal of originality in having learned one's English two hundred and fifty years ago, as Lamb discovered."

"Keen as was Mr. Lowell's sense of humor," writes E.,* "his kindness of heart never let him make fun of what was no laughing matter to others." It is an example of self-denial. And again, after an enumeration of the brilliancies and qualities which seemed to be remarkable in him, E. says, "After all, it was his kindliness which struck me most." This is the testimony of a keen observer—of an attached friend, no doubt, but of a friend who would do full justice to the various sides of his nature. I am not sure that he was not at his best with children, or that there are any better judges of what is best in character than some children. He understood them, and they him. "Mr. Lowell," continues E., "made himself a delightful companion to young people. He treated us all as equals, and took for granted that you were interested, and had as much right as himself to be interested in what interested him—indeed, he really thought so. He retained a great youthfulness of spirit, and was often the youngest of the company; certainly there was no one with so much fun or such spirits, or who could talk clever nonsense so delightfully. He understood the feelings of youth, and gave young people the sympathy of one much older and wiser, but always as if he were one of themselves. In fact, he gave you himself. But he expected you to be up to the mark, and would not have understood petty motives. Then he liked you to have a good time, and would think of all kinds of ways of giving pleasure, at the

* My daughter Evelyn.

cost of time and trouble, when time meant a great deal to him. He put all his energy and interest into whatever he happened to be doing, which made everything of interest."

Of all which here is a further illustration from the same pen:

"In 1884 Mr. Lowell began to give me Italian lessons, finding time almost regularly twice a week. He began by taking a simple Italian story, reading a page or so to give me an idea of the pronunciation, and then making me read and translate as I went along as much as I could make out or guess at. Afterwards he wished me to prepare by reading the story beforehand, and looking out and learning the words I did not know. This he thought a better method of learning a language than poring over a grammar, though he liked me to study the verbs. All these lessons he made delightful. Sometimes there were talks by the way on languages and literature. He expected every lesson to be thoroughly prepared, if it was supposed to be prepared at all. You could learn, he said, a great deal of any language by beginning to read it at once. His fun came out here also. I find in his handwriting a list of some of the Italian consonants and vowels, with directions for pronouncing. *G* before *e* and *i* soft, as in genius, and their *sce*= shay (1 hoss). The little Italian story, *La Contessina*, was dull, but it never seemed so. We had just begun Dante when Mr. Lowell went home for the last time."

The changes in Lowell's character due to his residence in London left the substance of his character what it had always been. The poet, the humorist, the true gentleman, the lover of nature—they of course remained. I have no space to dwell on identities, nor need I, except to guard against misconstruction. But, as I referred above to his liking for Kensington, I will quote from E.'s notes, which elsewhere I shall use more freely:

"He was very fond of London streets, but his great delight was in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. They were a never-failing source of pleasure and interest to him while he was here, in all seasons and weathers. The beautiful cloud effects that the very smoke and haze of the city gave at sunset, the outline of the bare twigs and branches against the sky in winter, the first dandelion in the broad bare expanse of the park, the fresh scents of the earth after a heavy rain, the first leaves on the elm-trees, the pink almond-trees by Prince's Gate coming into blossom—all gave him a vivid delight. His favorite place was the green slope stretching to the Serpentine, under the chestnut and elm trees, the other side of the old wall (recently replaced by a sunk fence) which separates Kensington from Hyde Park. Here, at some distance from the broad avenue leading to Prince's Gate, a little way off the little path in the grass which we children called the chickweed path (for there was found chickweed for the birds), he would spend many hours. He loved to go there in the summer evenings, when the gardens were almost empty, to listen to the singing of the thrushes."

When I last wandered through the Gardens with this young lady, I was shown the spot where Lowell used always to bring his chair and sit—if he was alone he brought two chairs from the general stock not far off. The view charmed him, the loneliness soothed him; there he brooded, and dreamed a little, and there, he said, the verses came to him most readily, and Nature was kindest to him. He and Nature were never on ill terms, nor did he find it needful to wander far afield in search of his life-long companion. It is only the cockney who must escape from the pavements in order to commune with her.

Whether he liked diplomatic work or not, and perhaps because he did not like it, he put his whole soul into it, and did, I think, rather more of the routine work than most ministers do—work which usually falls to the Secretary of Legation, or to the under-Secretary. Lowell was fortunate in having as secretary a singularly competent diplomatist, Mr. Henry White, who was also a man of the world, with a knowledge of London society wider and more accurate than any American of his time. Why may I not say also that many of the social duties of the legation devolved, during Mrs. Lowell's illness and after her lamented death, upon Mrs. White, whose brilliant social gifts and intellectual distinction made her for many years one of the most brilliant figures in the most brilliant society of the day? Both were among Mr. Lowell's most intimate friends. Mr. White is no longer in the diplomatic service—a ser-

vice which, as I said, does not exist. It is an accident when an able man remains over one administration. Mr. White did, and Mr. Lowell did, but most of the precedents are the other way. Not even Mr. White's competency and devotion, however, could induce the minister to relieve himself of all the drudgery of his office. He liked, after a while, to feel that he was not above it; liked to put Pegasus in harness; liked to be a slave to official duties; liked to see the official paper covered with his neat handwriting; liked to know that he was devoting to these solemn trivialities hours to which, in his private capacity, literature had a claim. Until he discovered how much social intercourse might mean to him, that also he regarded as a necessary though mild martyrdom. The first thing he writes after an attack of gout in 1884 is, "I transacted business at the legation today," with the humorous self-satisfaction which he so often showed, as if laughing at himself.

Both in Lowndes Square, while he was minister, and I think earlier in Madrid, and then afterward in Radnor Place, Lowell suffered from gout. "Never mention it in America," he said once, with one of his twinkles, "or the Irish will quote it as one more proof of how English I am." The pain brought out an interesting side of his character, probably an unsuspected one—his stoicism. He had the pride of a North American Indian in the unflinching endurance of physical agony. Visit him in these days, and if you did not know him well you might never guess that he was suffering. The worst paroxysms were borne in silence, with a set face which was capable of a smile. He set doctors at defiance. One summer in Radnor Place he had so violent an attack that he suspected it might be something besides gout, and asked me what physician he could see—"no gout specialist, but a first-rate all-round man." I called on Dr. Broadbent—now Sir William Broadbent—and explained to him what Mr. Lowell wanted. Dr. Broadbent very kindly put other things aside and went round at once to see him. It was gout and nothing else, though a very acute attack, and the pain violent. He wrote a prescription. "What is that for?" queried the patient. "To relieve the pain." "Thank you, doctor, but I only wanted to know it was really gout." And no persuasion could induce him to take the medicine. He seemed to wish to convince himself that he was not to be conquered by pain. Later he had only too many opportunities. But to see others suffer was a thing he could not bear.

So large was Lowell's spirit of toleration, so wide his interest in all good kinds of humanity, that his very catholicism led him sometimes to impute the same quality to others in a larger degree than they really possessed. He could not understand that men who had intelligence and some knowledge of the world should not get on well together, whatever the differences that divided them in matters of politics or faith. So he sometimes brought people together between whom sympathies were slight. The late Bishop Phillips Brooks—it was before he was bishop—was once passing rapidly through London; Lowell asked him to dine, and he came. There was no time to do more than telegraph to a few men to come and meet him. The two who came were Mr. Huxley and the present writer—not very orthodox associates for a distinguished divine. Mr. Huxley was good company for anybody, and as ready to meet a bishop as a fellow-agnostic. Not so, I thought, Phillips Brooks, who, to tell the truth, seemed to look a little askance at us. Lowell and Huxley talked each in his own manner, and between the two it might be hard to choose—hard to say which had more variety, more readiness, more dexterity of speech, or a wider range. But Phillips Brooks held for the most part aloof from the conversation. Lowell was the most unsuspicious of men, yet, when his guest had departed, he looked puzzled, and presently asked whether I thought the Bostonian did not care to meet Huxley. "Do you know," said Lowell, with his admirable simplicity, "I thought Huxley just the man Brooks would have liked to meet." There was nothing for it but to assure him that the dinner had gone off perfectly.

From the briefest account of Mr. Lowell's life in England his visits to Whitby cannot be omitted. Whitby, once a small fishing-village on the northeast coast of Yorkshire, and one of the first inlets by which the freebooting Danes made their descent upon English shores, is now a town of some 14,000 people, and a watering-place to which Leeds and other great

Yorkshire cities resort every summer. But the old town and the old ways remain, and they were what, besides the company of friends, drew Lowell thither year after year. The picturesqueness of the place, clinging to two sides of a ravine, through which the Esk finds its way to the North German Ocean, the quaint courts and alleys, the stairways, the wynds, the moors, the granite piers like gateways to the sea, the Abbey above all, perhaps, made the place fascinating to him. I have spent many weeks there with him, but E. saw much more of him there than I did, and was much more often his companion. She writes:

"Mr. Lowell first went to Whitby in 1881, and after that spent there (with the exception of 1884) a portion of every summer that he was in England. The first year he staid at the Royal Hotel, where his window had a wide view of the sea and piers and harbor and Abbey. The later summers he had lodgings at 3 Wellington Terrace, a small house in a back street, but where he still had a view across the roof-tops of the opposite cliff, with a jumble of red roofs, one above the other, under the hill, and the Abbey towering above the church and churchyard. He came to know every nook and corner of the town, and his face and voice soon became familiar to the people, who knew him only as Mr. Lowell, not as the poet or American minister. He made friends with the towns-people and fishermen and the babies, who clambered about the yards or long flights of steps between the houses leading from the top of either cliff to the quay-side. There is a legend among us that these small creatures soon got to know him so well that they would begin crying when they saw him coming, sure that he would slip a consoling penny into their dirty little hands as he went by. He commemorates them in his Whitby Alphabet:

'B is the babies who made their rude lairs
Among the dirt pies at the foot of the stairs.'

He used to enjoy talking with the people of the place. They reminded him in many ways, he used to say, of New England people. He found a Dante scholar in a hatter on the quay-side. But he was known not only in the town, but in many little cottages and inns for miles around. Mr. Lowell was an excellent walker, loved to explore the fields and valleys, and would go afoot ten miles and more over the great moors. He loved every part of the country. His mornings were often spent on the sands with a book and a friend, or on the scaur, or on the rocks when the tide was low. One of his favorite afternoon walks was across the bridge, up the Abbey stairs, and along the cliffs past Saltwick by the little path, with the cornfields on one side and the cliff on the other, going sheer down to the narrow strip of red sand and to the gray rocks and blue sea below. This walk led to the light-houses. On the way back there was tea at Saltwick, in the little cottage down in the green dell at the foot of the cliffs and just above the black beach. At other times he would come up the river with us, or meet us at Cockmill, to have tea in the garden on the banks of the stream. At all the cottages about, where you get hot water and cups at twopence a head, he made friends with the people. Sometimes he took a large party of us young people for a picnic in wagonettes. But what he loved best was to spend a whole quiet day on the moors, and we often took the train in the morning to Goathland, or some other way-station, had a luncheon of ham and eggs at the inn, and then a long walk across the moors, or a lazy afternoon in the heather."

There you have a Lowell of whom London knew little; not the least attaching and interesting of the several men to whom that name belonged—several, yet all combining easily in one genial and admirable whole.

One quality in Lowell which gave rise to remark was his tolerance of bores, and of people who had little or no claim on his attention. This he certainly did not acquire in London, where impatience, and not tolerance, is the rule toward tiresome persons, and where the long-winded one soon finds his oratory cut into, and other and briefer persons in possession of the table and of the ears of the company. Mr. Lowell's good-nature was invincible. I told him once that he positively encouraged these social pests. "Poor things!" was his answer, "they have nobody else to encourage them." Some of the letters in Mr. Norton's volumes are evidence enough of his inexhaustible good-humor. He wrote to people because they wrote to him. Anybody could extract a letter from him, as they could a five-pound note, and from the same motive of bound-

less charity. Yet if a man presumed upon this kindliness so far as to talk nonsense in bad English, or to be slovenly in his facts, woe unto him! There was no charity in Lowell for pretentious inaccuracy. He had the same spirit of long-suffering in his relations with his servants. There are not many people who positively enjoy being robbed and imposed upon by those to whom they pay wages, but Lowell was one. If he detected a servant in peculation or falsifying accounts, he forgave him and kept him in his service. If you remonstrated, he would tell you the man had a wife and innocent children, and would you leave them to starve? "If I dismiss him I cannot give him a good character, and he must live somehow." He had no notion of accounts and no capacity for private business. From the beginning, like Renan, he took what his publishers offered him for his books or other writings, and thanked God it was no less. Long after they ought to have brought him a handsome income he was content with a fixed moderate sum. When the *Century* and other magazines in later days sent him large checks for verses and essays, which he thought too slight for such ample pay, he seemed astonished at this wise liberality, and more than once protested. The early letters show him writing for almost nothing. That he should give to the antislavery cause or its organs was natural; to him it was a holy cause. But his liberalities were not confined to these. True he could, when in the mood, pour out verses with profusion; they seemed to write themselves. At other times he toiled and struggled in vain for weeks. Witness his account of the writing of the noble "Commemoration Ode." All these traits, all his relations with bores, cranks, servants, publishers, and the rest, find their common origin in his inexhaustible faith in human nature, and in the theory, from which he never departed, that to bring out what is good in a man you must treat him with confidence. No succession of unlucky experiences disturbed his faith. No pinch of circumstances could make him hard with others. "Love one another" was the text from which he preached oftenest, and with a humorous, homely eloquence which was his alone.

Among the friends of whom Mr. Lowell saw much were Lord and Lady Rosebery, and he was a frequent guest at Mentmore, the stately house which Lady Rosebery inherited from her father, Baron Meyer de Rothschild. Lord Rosebery is an Englishman with a strong liking for America and Americans, of whom a long list may be found in the visitors' book at Mentmore. For Mr. Lowell Lord Rosebery had a true friendship, as he had and has for many men of letters, of art, of science—being, in a word, a man of wide sympathies. There, as elsewhere, Mr. Lowell was a favorite and frequent guest. The house is a museum, filled with marvellous works of many kinds of art—pictures, statues, tapestries, historic pieces of furniture, crystals, enamels, and much else, especially of that kind of art which is called decorative. In these and in the great hall, which is unique in England or anywhere else, and in the beautiful grounds and gardens and views, Lowell had that kind of pleasure which only a man can have to whom art and the loveliness of nature are alike familiar and alike part of his life. He had learned long before this to find a charm in the ease of country-house life, and wherever there was a man of culture or of real natural force — and Lord Rosebery has both—Lowell was at home. His talk in these agreeable circumstances was of his best. He was not afraid of being misunderstood if he gave a rein to his wit or his humor, or both. You may think he need never have been, but you must remember that Lowell's wit and humor were often of a very subtle kind, and that he risked the use of irony, always the most dangerous of all forms of intellectual gymnastics. Certain it is that in some of the best English society Lowell was not always understood at first, whether because he was too American, or too much himself, or because he cared little at that time to adapt himself to unfamiliar company.

There were other houses where he went as often and on the same comfortable terms. Ashridge, within sight of Mentmore, though some fifteen miles away, was one, and Lord and Lady Brownlow were among his more prized friends. Ashridge is an old place, Mentmore a new one, and the fascination of antiquity is more irresistible than that of novelty, amid no matter what surroundings of splendor. The façade of Ashridge, some six hundred feet long, is of various styles

and periods — open to criticism, say the connoisseurs, and no doubt it is, like most other things; but there are few fronts of which the sky-line is more broken, or which have a more fantastic attractiveness. The grounds in the rear, planned by the late Lady Marian Alford, are a triumph of landscape-gardening. There Lowell used to love to linger. So at Panshanger, with its admirable gallery, which Lord and Lady Cowper throw open—not to guests only. Many more might be named, but a catalogue of names is dull, and I have no space to describe the varied attractions of places and persons which Lowell found in all of them.

It may seem no great matter that Lowell for the first time in his life should in London have come out of his shell and found new resources in life. If the change had no other effect than to send him more often to dinner parties, it need not have been chronicled. But it went far beyond that. It took him into public life. It showed him worlds of whose existence he may have known before, but only to think them unavailing to him. It ripened him. He extended his researches far beyond the drawing-room. It gave him courage; not merely the courage of his opinions, which he always had, but courage to see of what moment they were to others, and what his real mission in England was. It made him something more than minister to the Court of St. James, or representative of the government at Washington to the government in London. He became the ambassador from one nation to the other, the representative of a great people, accepted and trusted by another great people of kin to the first. The Lowell who went to Madrid or who first came to London could never have fulfilled this broader and higher mission. He would have shrunk from it. He would not have conceived it to be part of his duty. He could not have performed it if he had. It was not the work of a scholar, but of the man of the world—a phrase which has to do duty in a better sense than that commonly assigned to it. He never would have written or never have delivered that essay on Democracy which probably reached the English mind as no other ever did, and laid before them once for all the American idea of government by the people and for the people, of which Lincoln's immortal statement was but the text. Lowell's was the sermon.

If he had done nothing else, his service to his own country would have been like no other's. But that memorable deliverance was only one act in a long series of international services. Consider what the relations between England and the United States were when Lowell became minister in 1880, and what they were when he went home. When, upon his removal, he paid his official visit to President Cleveland, he said to him, "Mr. President, I come to you, like St. Denis, with my head under my arm." That was a very considerable offering. He brought him in addition the good-will of the people of England, which was a greater. That good-will was in great measure of Lowell's creation. He laid the foundation on which Mr. Phelps and Mr. Robert Lincoln and Mr. Bayard have since built, each a goodly structure of his own. But Mr. Lowell was the architect. I know well enough that there is a section of the American press which thinks it a patriotic duty to promote discord and not concord between America and England. I have asked Americans in a position to know, Americans of authority in public life, a hundred times, whether this kind of anti-English clamor represented any great body of American opinion. The answer has always been the same: "It represents nothing at all but the longing for Irish votes." I leave that aside. I assume that intelligent Americans do believe it for the interest of their country to foster a good understanding with the mother-country. Assuming that, I think it impossible to overestimate Lowell's benefactions to America. United, the future of the world belongs to the United States and Great Britain. Divided, it belongs to neither. Such was Mr. Lowell's conviction. On that he acted — timidly at first, because he did not at first, nor all at once, shake off his shyness; with growing courage and capacity as the years went on; and finally with an authority which compelled the attention and the allegiance of both peoples. That is the transformation through which he passed. That is why I have dwelt on it, and tried to show by what stages it was reached and in what way it was developed. The lesser things led to the greater, and I take it to be impossible to award to our minister the homage and gratitude due him unless this change and these processes of change be understood.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

NO official notice was sent out from the State Department to Americans living and dawdling in Europe—Americans for the most part occupied in watching for letters from home and hanging round banking and exchange offices in order to get a sight of American newspapers (and they might very well plead that they can only get leisure to read the bulky and inspiring American journals by going abroad)—this sentence is running away with itself—no notice was sent to "come home and *all* shall be forgiven." Nor would it be judicious to make this invitation too general, for there are a few wandering sheep who could be more readily forgiven if they never came back. And it might have been unnecessary if the absentees had known how much more agreeable the United States winter of 1895–6 (it is not quite over at this writing) was than any winter to be found in Europe. We assume in this that most Americans who go abroad at this season go on account of the climate, and not to avoid what is called "the enforcement of the law," which some narrow-minded men understand to be a scarcity of intoxicating drink. It is difficult for me to defend winter under any circumstances, but the one this year has needed less defence than common. Nowhere in Europe, I venture to say, have there been more sunny days, any wider horizons and sense of atmospheric space above, the effect of distant and thin clouds—in North Germany the heavy winter sky shuts down upon the earth like the lid of a pot—nowhere else more glorious dawns (admirable as an occasional indulgence) and resplendent sunsets, nowhere else more stimulating air, and not so stimulating as to bully the weak or fill with self-conceit the robust and boastful.

People who are honest and have experience will confess that the United States is, on the whole, a more comfortable place to winter in than Europe. They absent themselves, then, for other reasons, the more creditable of which are a desire for quiet, or love of art, or of the beauty that is found in antiquity, and the hope of cultivation amid historic associations. Yet so many there are who affect to be cosmopolitan, which means not caring about any country in particular, and who are so weak in their republican sympathies that they doubt whether, after all, a monarchy is not the best form of government—that is, best for the indulgence of the fortunate and the subordination of the majority—that it may be worth while at this moment to recall the views of the founders of this country, in order that we may see what the stake is for which we are playing on this continent. Are we still making an experiment of doubtful utility? Is government by the people an illusion and a mistake? Would we be happier or freer, would even the grumblers be better off, under a king and a hereditary aristocracy? We thought that these questions were settled, but every one must admit who hears the babble of "society" that there is a growing scepticism as to popular rule, and an increasing number of the leisure class who adopt a cynical tone about our institutions. Many of these critics spend most of their time in Europe.

II.

Balzac, who was in his day an honest reactionist, wrote in 1842, in his introduction to the *Comédie Humaine:* "The only possible religion is Christianity; there has never been but one religion since the world began. Christianity created modern nationalities, and it will preserve them. Hence, no doubt, the necessity for the monarchical principle. Catholicism and Royalty are twin principles.... I write under the light of two eternal truths—Religion and Monarchy; two necessities, as they are shown to be by contemporary events, towards which every writer of sound sense ought to try to guide the country back.... Elective power extended to all gives us a government by the masses, the only irresponsible form of government under which tyranny is unlimited, for it calls itself law." Applying this theory—from the operation of which our fathers fled to this country—to the domain of literature, Balzac further says: "Walter Scott, obliged as he was to conform to the ideas

of an essentially hypocritical nation, was false to humanity in his picture of woman, because his models were schismatics. The Protestant woman has no ideal. She may be chaste, pure, virtuous, but her unexpansive love will always be as calm and methodical as the fulfilment of a duty. It might seem as though the Virgin Mary had chilled the hearts of those sophists who have banished her from heaven with her treasures of loving-kindness. In Protestantism there is no possible future for the woman who has sinned; while in the Catholic Church the hope of forgiveness makes her sublime. Hence, for the Protestant writer there is but one Woman, while the Catholic writer finds a new woman in each new situation." One is reminded of the reply of the French catechumen to the question, "My daughter, what is it necessary to do in order to repent?"—"It is necessary to sin, sir."

Are we making a fundamental mistake? Is the perpetuation of Christianity impossible divorced from Monarchy? Can there be no such thing as an enduring Christian Republic? Is literature barren without a Monarch and the Roman Catholic Church? It may be that "Catholicism and Royalty are twin principles," though I fancy that even that statement would be denied by those who conceive Christianity to be democratic, and who have once breathed the air of governmental freedom. This was not the conception that enlightened the fathers of the Republic. Theirs was a conception Protestant in name; not a mere protest, but a broad and vital spirit—the spirit of Christianity, not as defined in a sect. It seemed to them, though the dogmatic narrowness had not then passed away, and the full exercise of toleration had not come, that Christianity could best be developed in a broad sympathy with all humanity, and in a system of government that recognized the value of the individual man. The idea that "the foundation of authority is in the free consent of the people" was the invention of a Christian minister, and it was believed to be in accord with the Christian Scriptures.

Does any one believe now—and it is only half a century since Balzac drew his dogmatic conclusions—that the Republic is not in accord with the Christian civilization which is permeating and transforming the world? Consider what the world might now be but for the example of this Republic, and its example as essentially a Christian nation. Does any one doubt that Religion and Republicanism are as good allies for the regeneration of the world as Religion and Monarchy? If it were a mere question of the relative value of the elective system and the hereditary system, we should willingly compare our line of Presidents with any contemporary line of Kings or Emperors. If it were a question of stability, the Republic has been the most stable nation on earth, with the exception of four years of civil war, which was needed to eliminate a bad legacy from Old World conditions, since the adoption of the Constitution. If it were a question of diffused comfort and the growth of education, we have no reason to fear comparison of our homes and our progress in intelligence with the nations of the earth. But underneath all this it is well to recall the attention of the Laodiceans to the fact that the Republic means Liberty, a fair chance in life for the humblest, and it means Christian civilization. We make mistakes, we try foolish experiments that come from our greed and our ignorance, we fall into apathies and let self-appointed "bosses" disgrace us, we have much more conceit than becomes our youth, and sometimes it seems as if we had blown out Patrick Henry's "lamp of experience," and we have all the dangers of a transition period and of a society emancipating itself; but in our very situation as a leader of New Ideas we have an advantage as well as a gigantic trust. We do believe that it is not a matter of indifference whether we are ruled by a king or by ourselves; that we are contending, as our fathers believed, for a vital principle, and that the highest and most equitable civilization is attainable, not without struggle, under the Republican idea. There are men born even here to whom the ancient order seems preferable. Let them go and live under it, read Balzac, and think they are wise. We are too busy to criticise them.

III.

At a semi-public dinner given in New York last winter to a retiring judge of the court of last appeal in the State the question arose as to the possibility of the union in one person of the office of Judge and Poet. There was before this dinner a popular impression that a poet is never

a good judge of anything, in the worldly sense, and that a judge would lie under the suspicion of lacking the judicial faculty if he had in any degree the gifts of the poet. As this case arose before Finch J., who was the innocent occasion of the discussion, no opinion, not even a minority dissenting opinion, could be had from the court. The case, therefore, had to be decided on its merits. The facts were these: The person to whom the dinner was given had just closed a most successful, even a brilliant, career on the bench of the Court of Appeals. During this time he had shaped and given currency to a great deal of sound law, enunciating, in fact, in special cases broad general principles that are far-reaching in their application, and had done this with a lucidity that carried conviction. Tried by this test, there was no doubt that he possessed very high judicial qualities. The only objection that could be raised to his "opinions" was that they were readable! And this led to the feeling that they must possess a decided literary quality. It further appeared in evidence that in many of them there was an unobtrusive strain of humor. Now is this a popular conception of a judge, that he should have both a literary sense and humor? To be sure, humor is the gift of distinguishing and expressing relations, and the literary faculty presupposes some imagination. But, should a judge have imagination, will it not lead him away from what are called the facts in the case? Is imagination compatible with that very favorite article called commonsense, which sometimes appears in the guise of dull commonplaceness and reticence of expression? Is there not danger that the quality of humor, infused however sparingly into judicial opinions, would impair a certain heavy solemnity which makes them impressive? It has been known for a long time that judges and lawyers are among the most witty of men, and volumes have been filled with their anecdotes and stories and sharp sayings — volumes so visibly humorous that they are as heavy reading as a volume of Reports. Now if some of the humor which makes so oppressively delightful "Anecdotes of the Bench and the Bar" appeared in the opinions, would the profession lose something of that air of weighty omniscience which imposes upon the general public? Would a little more of the humor and sympathetic quality injure any "opinions" in the world? There was testimony at this dinner that the opinions of Judge Finch were not only sound and illuminating law, but that they were models of literary style; that, when occasion justified it, they had a touch of humor that revealed the truth in a flash, and that they were excellent reading quite aside from the interest in the points decided.

But this was only one of the invasions upon the popular conception of the high and dry notion of a judge. This Judge was proved to be a Poet. It was not denied that before he ascended the bench he had written, for the use of his college fraternity, songs, real songs that could be sung, and are sung all the country over, and that belong to that small collection of lyric poetry that catches the ear of the world and goes on from generation to generation, singing itself. It was not proved that he ever thought, "Let me make the songs of my country, and I care not who makes the laws," for his action in going upon the bench was a demonstration that he was not indifferent to the shaping of the laws. But as he listened to some of these songs at this dinner he may have shared the belief, which was general there, that they stood a good chance of outlasting even the most brilliant and sound opinions of the Court of Appeals. For always the last appeal, in literature as in all things mundane, is to the judgment of the world. Nor was this all. In maturer years he had produced poems which the world likes, as it likes his songs. It is the office of the poet to speak the right word at the right moment. In that awful pause of distrust and alienation between the North and the South after the civil war it was that noble lyric of "The Blue and the Gray" that touched the vibrating chord of popular feeling, and sounded the note of reconciliation, in a recognition of a common courage and a common willingness to surrender life for a belief. It was a true poet who struck this note, and when he came upon the bench it was still the poet who was able to see human affairs in their just relations, to see them sympathetically, and sometimes humorously, and to give to his "opinions" the one grace that alone preserves any written thing—a literary quality. It is not necessary to believe that every poet would make a good judge, or

that every judge—especially if elected by the popular vote—can write poetry, or even prose; but it is matter for thankfulness that there appears now and again—as in the case of the Old Testament "Judges" who were prophets and poets—a man who predicts the dawn of that millennial time when all judges shall be poets.

For, oh, my fallen fellow-men, brothers and sisters, the quality in us least fallen is that divine gift of seeing straight and thinking clear, which is due so largely to imagination and humor. And the man who expresses this straight sight and clear thinking will not transmit it to the next generation unless he puts it in literary form. Looking back over the ages and through the wilderness of libraries, nothing is more apparent than this truth. We may say, as we do in moods of superior worldliness, that literature is an insignificant part of life, that this book or that is too "literary" to be real or human; we may even adopt the modern cant which affects to despise the "literary" writer; but all experience brings us back to the fact that the only written baggage the race has not thrown aside in its long march is that which is distinguished by the highest literary quality.

IV.

It would be threshing over well-beaten straw to talk about the pay of the writing tribe. It is the public that makes the market price, and the publishers are obliged to conform to it. The pay for all literary work is much higher than it was twenty years ago, and the very successful author gets as much as the keen insurance solicitor, and now and then he makes a "fluke" which puts him abreast of the stock-broker. The public is willing to pay for what it likes at the moment. The soprano and the tenor voices command a higher price than the contralto and the basso, as a rule. I hear that the favorite of the music-halls, whose chief talent is not in music, but in innuendo, is paid twice the salary of the best actress in tragedy or comedy. The commercial value of any sort of writing rests upon the demand for it. To be in vogue with the public means temporarily a good income; to be out of vogue may mean starvation. The only remedy for this inequality of condition would be, according to our modern fashion, to establish a Literary Trades Union, in which all the members should receive the same wages, whatever the quality of their work. Perhaps this may come about when entire communism is established, and the state owns everything, and metes out the same support to the just and the unjust, to the dunce and the genius. Then there will be no rich authors, no poor authors, and, perhaps it is superfluous to say, no good authors.

Nor is it profitable to speculate upon the effect upon the quality of literature by the introduction of the strong commercial spirit. It may be admitted that the temptation to produce much copy is too strong to be resisted by the author who is for the hour popular. But if he goes on minting silver when he ought to coin gold only, he will not in the end drive the gold from circulation, but he will so reduce the value of his silver that its purchasing power will constantly decline. A clever man who has the trick of "dictating" can produce copy much faster by the type-writer than by his pen. It is evident that some successful writers of fiction have already resorted to this source of wealth. I am not making a downright accusation of this practice, but the wordy and diffused, not to say sloppy, character of much of our fiction points to this kind of manufacture. The type-writer is a blessing to business men, it is death to the charm of all private correspondence, and its extensive use in original composition would inevitably dilute literature beyond the selling-point. For the public keeps in mind Byron's emphatic remark that "easy writing is —— hard reading."

There is, however, a point in regard to the lives of authors that one may reasonably consider. Within this century not a few authors have brought themselves into most distressing conditions, have put themselves under the harrow, as it were, by an ambition to live as only the very rich can afford to live. With a little, or sometimes a considerable, success, they have launched out upon an expensive scale of living, built fine houses, set up glittering establishments, planned country places ambitiously, and ever after struggled to maintain themselves in failing health and broken spirits. In a less degree other writers have been bitten with a desire to shine in a society the passport to which is money, and to live in the lux-

ury of the rich who have inherited wealth or made it by fortunate speculations. It seems to them that the gains of literature ought to enable them to have as much of the goods of this world as falls to the lot of other occupations. I am not saying that they should not. But, as a fact, this conception leads to an ignoble struggle, in which the dignity of literature is lost and peace of mind is sacrificed. Why should the young aspirant for immortality, or the scholar who enjoys the intellectual riches of the world, care for vulgar display, or seek to rival those whose only enjoyment is in material things? Why should he degrade his high calling by yielding to the commercial spirit? Why cannot he stand upon the dignity of letters, without entering into a rivalry for luxury, which is certain to impair his capacity for the highest work? I do not think any literary workers are overpaid; many of them are shamefully underpaid, considering the service they do the world; but I am sure all of them would have greater peace of mind, enjoy quite as much reputation, and more surely uphold the dignity of their profession if they were content to live in simplicity within their reasonable earnings, and not embitter their lives in a vain rivalry with the children of Mammon.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed February 12, 1896.—Announcement was made January 15th that Commander Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, had been recalled to England, after nine years' work in the United States.

These elections were made to the United States Senate: January 15th, Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio; January 22d, George L. Wellington, of Maryland; and William B. Allison, of Iowa.

Miss Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross Society, started from New York for Armenia January 22d, with funds for the relief of the suffering Armenians.

The committee selected by the New York Yacht Club to investigate the charges of Lord Dunraven of dishonest practice in the management of the American yacht *Defender* reported January 31st that there was no foundation for the charges.

Bids for a $100,000,000 bond issue asked for by the government were opened February 5th. The total amount offered was $568,269,850.

An amicable settlement of the Bering Sea dispute between the United States and Great Britain was assured through the appointment of an arbitrator by the President of the Swiss Confederation.

The insurgents in Cuba were increasingly aggressive. General Campos was recalled to Madrid from the command of the Spanish forces, and was succeeded by General Weyler.

The British government decided to bring Dr. Jameson and the officers of his filibustering expedition into the Transvaal as prisoners to London for trial.

English sentiment regarding the attitude of the United States toward the Venezuela boundary question, as defined in President Cleveland's message of December 17th, changed during the month from anger at what was deemed American interference in British affairs to a desire for an amicable settlement with Venezuela on a basis of arbitration. To this result the liberal press, led by the London *Chronicle*, largely contributed.

Émile Loubet was elected President of the French Senate January 16th.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of the Empire was celebrated throughout Germany January 19th.

Russia was credited with having reached an understanding with the Sultan by which she obtained free passage of the Dardanelles, the control of the Black Sea, and a virtual suzerainty over European Turkey. The betrothal of the Princess Hélène of Montenegro to King Alexander of Servia, announced February 4th, confirmed the alliance between Servia and Russia. The British government acquiesced in the leasing by Russia for twenty years of a Chinese port as a terminus for the trans-Siberian railway, and an open harbor on the Pacific.

OBITUARY.

January 18th.—At Paris, Charles Thomas Floquet, formerly Premier of France, aged sixty-eight years.

January 19th.—At Canajoharie, New York, Bernard Gillam, the cartoonist, aged thirty-nine years.

January 21st.—At New York, General Thomas Ewing, aged sixty-seven years.

January 22d.—At sea, Prince Henry of Battenberg, husband of Princess Beatrice of England, aged thirty-eight years.

January 25th.—At London, Sir Frederick Leighton, the painter, President of the Royal Academy, aged sixty-six years.

January 26th.—At Berlin, Theodore Runyon, United States Ambassador to Germany, aged seventy-four years.—At Washington, John Tyler, son of President Tyler.

January 28th.—At London, Sir Joseph Barnby, the musician, aged fifty-eight years.

January 30th.—At Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. William Henry Furness, the well-known Unitarian minister, writer, and abolitionist, aged ninety-four years.

February 6th.—At Oswestry, England, Henry David Leslie, the composer, aged seventy-four years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A GOOSE-CHASE.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"LOOK up, Martin Pope," I said. "Well met. How is Lydia the Fair? and what in the name of all goose-chases are you about now?"

Martin and I understand each other. Neither of us ever evinces surprise on finding that he has been followed by the other; but though I had often sought and found my friend in strange places and most strangely occupied, I had never before seen him quite so curiously employed as when I stood on that green bank overhanging a dusty highway and looked down on Martin skilfully driving a flock of geese before him by aid of a long willow switch.

I thought the creatures were geese, though I could not be sure, as each of the queer waddling objects was swathed in a gray jacket, close-fitting, and patterned somewhat after the blankets worn by lapdogs.

Beyond a welcoming wave of his switch, Martin made no reply to me until he had carefully driven his charges into the rich pasture of the fence corner behind us.

"Sit down," he said, hospitably waving me to the grass, as one might offer a drawing-room chair; so we sat on the turf together, and without further greeting Martin began: "I suppose, as usual, you want to hear the whole story, from the moment I left town to now."

"Usually I do prefer your stories begun at the beginning," I answered, "but in this case, my dear boy, I shall have to ask you first what those creatures in the fence corner may be, and what you have to do with them?"

"They are geese," said Martin—"dressed geese; but they are the very end of my story, and as it's the best tale you or I have ever yet lived—and we've lived some pretty good ones, eh?—I'd rather take things as they come."

"Then do so," I answered. "The last I saw of you was when you boarded the train which followed Lydia into this wilderness, and the last I have heard is a single rhapsodical letter, written chiefly concerning the veins on Lydia's temple, and the beauties of the homestead where you had secured lodgings near your charmer."

"She lives just a little way up that road." Martin pointed up the highway to a point where the road forked. "The right-hand road leads to Lydia," he said, "and the left to my present home—and Peachy."

"Who's Peachy?" I asked. "You did not mention her in your letter."

"Because she was then away visiting a neighbor. Her father, a primitive degenerate, whose ancestors once owned about all of the country about here, is a lazy farmer, who adds to his cash by now and then taking in a stray artist boarder or a wandering fisherman, or a loafer like me. He sent for Peachy as soon as I arrived. As I was eating my breakfast one morning I heard a cooing voice on the porch outside the dining-room window. These were the first words I heard Peachy speak:

"'You Joey, I thought I told you I wouldn't have potatoes planted there. You thought I was away, did you? Well, I'm home now, and you can just dig them right up. The first thing I plant in my own garden is my own foot, and I want you to remember it.'

"I had heard a resolute stamp from the member referred to, and I rose and looked out to see Peachy. Oh, my poor heart!"

"What! that old thing?" I said, crossly. "Don't ask sympathy from me for your battered heart, Martin. I believe you're inventing all this, anyway."

More than once, when there was no story to tell, Martin had invented one with which to meet me; though, in truth, the actual experiences he managed to fall into were generally stranger than his fiction.

"This time it's all true," said Martin. "You can ask Lydia."

"Does Lydia know of Peachy's existence?"

Martin's eyes twinkled. "I am coming to that. The first morning after meeting Peachy I helped her to pick the currants in her garden. I spent the afternoon with Lydia. The next day I spent the morning with Lydia and the afternoon with Peachy. So the week passed, and by the time Sunday came the donkey between two bundles of hay wasn't a circumstance to me. I lost pounds running around that fork yonder, going from one house to the other and back again. You see, whenever I was with one, I was afraid I wanted to be with the other.

"On Sunday, after long doubt, I decided that it was Lydia I wanted to take to the country church, and, as luck would have it, there sat Peachy in the pew before us. A white muslin a little open at the neck, a string of White River shells about the whitest throat, and little gold curls about the nape of her neck to creep into the shells!

"That was Peachy. Lydia gave a gasp of delight at the vision—there's nothing mean about Lydia; she has her faults, but she's not mean. No man could have sat behind Peachy that morning with any safety if she hadn't worn something else. You've seen those ghastly imitation-gold daggers shop-girls stick in their hair? Well, Peachy wore one,

and that same dagger was my salvation. I riveted my eyes on it as a counter-charm, and in a fatal moment Lydia's glance followed mine. From that moment her fingers began to twitch in her lap. You know how an inartistic effect hurts Lydia. That dagger was to her as a discordant note perpetually sounded. It hurt her.

"'I can't stand it,' I heard her murmur; and then she swiftly dealt with the dagger as she does with you or me, or whatever offends her. I pledge you my word, she coolly plucked it out—leaned forward and drew it from Peachy's hair. My blood ran cold as I sat there. It didn't make matters any better that she smiled and nodded into Peachy's astonished face, nor that she replaced the dagger with a shell pin from her own hair. That dagger was the only thing which had protected me. When that was gone, it was good-by, Martin Pope. That night Peachy cried for an hour on a bench in the arbor, while I argued with her through the vines. She wouldn't let me in. The next day I took Lydia's shell pin back to her, and I brought back to Peachy her own hideous dagger, with one of those charming notes which Lydia alone can write. Lydia laughed as only Lydia can laugh when I explained to her that the family were not mountain folk exactly, but decayed gentlefolk, and then she explained to me how she *had* to take out the dagger—explained it so that I admired her more than ever. I don't know how she managed it, but she did. Lydia can explain anything on earth."

"Martin, can Lydia explain you?" said I. "Are you lingering here for the sake of Lydia or Peachy?"

"The Lord knows!" said Martin. "I wish I did—but then," he added, becomingly, "both Peachy and Lydia may refuse me."

"Oh, Martin," I groaned, with a spasm of truth, "well do we all know that Lydia could never bring herself to refuse you and what is yours. She may play with you for a time, but she'll marry you in the end."

"If Peachy doesn't marry me first," said Martin, placidly, "and I pledge you my honor I'm not sure she would. Which road do you advise me to try, old friend — the left to Peachy, or the right to Lydia?"

I looked at Martin, and saw that for one of the few times in his scatter-brained life he was in earnest. For my own good reasons, which are no man's affairs, I did not reply at once. Martin laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Honestly," he said — "you have always been my mentor—which is best for me?"

"Lydia," I burst out. "Lydia, of course, unless you've been breaking a country heart. Lydia is the only wife for you; she's as irresponsible as yourself. You have the money and she has the brains. You were made for each other. She doesn't love you; I won't pretend she does; but she'll make you perfectly happy. On the other hand, if you don't marry her, she'll put up contentedly with some one of us, and make that one and herself equally happy. How matters stand with Peachy I don't know, of course, but you've got to decide it one way or another, Martin."

"I'm going to decide to-day," said Martin. "In fact, I've got to decide this hour. That flock of geese represents the crisis."

"So we have come to them at last, have we?" said I, with a glance towards the fence corner, where the ridiculous flock still fed.

"A week ago to-day," said Martin—"and don't interrupt me again, for the story runs right on from this—I helped Peachy to clean the cellar. In these weeks I've learned how to clean a house from top to bottom, and to work a garden from potatoes to pease. Well, turning over the rubbish, I stumbled on a stray bottle of rum, that had lain there since the days when the place was a wine-cellar, I suppose. I knew the old man had never found it.

"'Don't tell father,' said Peachy; 'he'd sell it' (the old man would sell his soul for a dollar). 'Don't tell father. Let's make a rum punch, after my great-great-grandmother's receipt.'

"Peachy has all the tastes that prove an inheritance from gouty generations. It appeared that part of the rum-punch receipt called for setting the mixture in the hot sun for half a day, so Peachy and I busily made punch, leaving the punch-bowl on the hot grass, ourselves sitting in the cool arbor. So nearly as I recollect, the punch-making ran like this:

"I: 'Why do they call you Peachy? That's not a name.'

"Peachy: 'Some of father's nonsense—because my face is all red and white, he says. I'm sure I wish it wasn't. It makes me look like a doll-baby. I'd like to have proud features and mournful big eyes, and dark hair and an oval face. I've done everything to make myself look like that. I've visited rich people and taught in Sunday-school, but I keep on looking just the same frivolous doll-baby.'

"I, with a start: 'But if you looked like that, you'd be—you'd be Lydia, and then what would I do?'

"Peachy, innocently: 'Does Lydia teach in Sunday-schools and visit sick people?'

"I, quickly: 'On the contrary.'

"Peachy, vehemently: 'I hate her! I do hate her, and I hate her because she's more beautiful than I, and better dressed, and knows more, and because my dagger was hideous and she knew it and I didn't. I know it's hideous now: don't you see I never wear it? Did you think it hideous? Tell me the truth.'

"I, reluctantly: 'Yes, I did.'

"Peachy: 'I knew you did. Of course I hate her.'

"Here Peachy thrust her hand in her pocket and drew out a package of dress samples. 'I want you to choose my winter gown for me,' she said; 'you know all about these things—

no, you needn't match the samples against my hair.'

"So we continued to make punch.

"'But I can't buy my winter gown,' said Peachy, 'until I sell my flock of geese. My poultry-yard buys me all my clothes. Now my flock of geese ought to bring me—'

"As if answering to its name, a large goose, one of the flock, staggered to the arbor door, turned round in its tracks, cackled feebly once or twice, then fell gasping on its side. Peachy rushed out from the arbor, and I heard a cry. I followed quickly. On the grass before us, in various stages of reeling or collapse, we beheld all the promising flock of geese. The punch-bowl, empty and upset, told the story. What represented Peachy's winter gown lay all about us, tipsy as any ancestor of the house on the old rum. Peachy lifted her voice and wept aloud, while I dashed water over the fainting fowls. In vain—they one by one twirled over on their backs and lay motionless, claws up.

"'It's no use,' sobbed Peachy. 'They are all dead or dying; and I was so fond of them!' Then, practical in her grief, 'Go tell Joey to pick them before they get cold; at least I'll sell the feathers.'

"There and then I would have thrown myself at her feet, offering myself and any number of wardrobes, but—and I was grateful to her for it—Peachy fled to the house, sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"I called Joey, and together we plucked those geese. When Peachy at last returned, we had quite a consolatory heap of feathers to show her.

"'But they won't buy a whole gown,' she said, sorrowfully; 'and, Joey, these geese won't be fit to eat either. You can bury all of them in the bottom of the garden.'

"Joey got a wheelbarrow, and packing the bodies within, wheeled them away, Peachy's eyes following the hearse, filled with tears. Suppose we go to the funeral, I suggested, as distraction. But when Peachy and I arrived at what was to have been the graveyard, we found there was to be no funeral. Terror-stricken Joey was backing away from the wheelbarrow, where a poor stripped goose was quacking feebly, stiffly yet unmistakably moving its bare legs and wings. Soon the whole



"ALL DECENTLY CLOTHED."

pile was in motion. They had only been boozy, after all, and the long cool drive had refreshed them, as it would any other gentlemen in like condition. The scene was indescribable as the denuded fowls disengaged themselves from each other and flapped from the wheelbarrow to the ground. Peachy laughed and wept alternately, but a brilliant idea came to me.

"Behind you, in this fence corner, my friend, you see the result of applied literature. I led Peachy to the house, where I selected Cranford from the old bookcase and read aloud those immortal pages where the clothing of the singed cow is described. A hint is enough for Peachy. By nightfall the shamelessly naked flock were as good as ever for market purposes, and all decently clothed in the gray uniform in which you now see them browsing."

I looked at the feeding geese, and ridiculous enough they were; but again, for my own reasons, my face was grave.

"When I told this story of the dressed geese to Lydia, she didn't sit on the grass and blink on me solemnly. Not at all," said Martin.

"'I'd give anything I possess for that flock of geese,' said Lydia when she could speak for laughing.

"That ought to have warned me, but it did not. Peachy and I went out fishing the next morning, and when we came home the old man handed twenty-five dollars to Peachy.

"'There's your winter gown,' he said. 'I sold your dressed geese for you for a fancy price.'

"If you believe me, Lydia had been over and bought the whole flock and driven it away herself.

"The dagger episode wasn't a circumstance to this.

"'You,' said Peachy, turning to me in a rage, 'must have told her of my geese; she couldn't have known of them unless you did. You can take back this twenty-five dollars to her and bring my geese, or you can go away and never let me see you again.'

"Here's the twenty-five dollars," said Martin, drawing a roll of notes from his pocket, "and, as you see, here's the crisis.

"'If you take my geese away from me,' says Lydia, 'you may follow them and never come back to me.'

"For a week I have vibrated around this fence corner. Neither Peachy nor Lydia will yield. They have made it a test case. It's under which king—speak or die? And then to-day, if I didn't meet the geese free and browsing on the road-side! They have escaped from Lydia's keeping and are in my hands. So now, old friend, whom shall I take them to? Shall I drive them up the right-hand road to Lydia, or the left to Peachy? I leave it to you. This must settle Martin Pope."

I looked at Martin and I looked at the grotesque geese, and I looked into my own soul.

"Why don't you settle your fate for yourself?" I said, angrily.

"Because you've always done it for me," said Martin, and I looked again desperately at the geese.

A brilliant thought suddenly seized me. "Why not let them decide?" I said. "They've been fed for a week at Lydia's—the chance is as good that they'll return there as that they'll go to Peachy. Drive them to the fork and let them lead you."

"I will," said Martin. He started to his feet and herded the noisy geese into the roadway. "Stand there and watch," he shouted. "It's the corner of my life. Shoo—shoo!"

I stood on the bank watching him. I am older than Martin, and I have known him for years. I can never tell, however, how much is earnest with him and how much jest, how much truth he is telling me and how much of lies, but, foolish as his story had been, I had seen that it hid an unusually real feeling, for what or whom I could not decide. My heart beat hard as Martin reached the fork of the road. I wondered if he would subtly direct the flock one way or the other; but no, he was rigorously just, keeping the absurd cackling creatures well in the midst of the highway. At the crucial moment he even dropped his stick and stood with arms folded. The geese browsed a moment at the grass on the fork's wedge, then with slow, deliberate waddle the leader turned into the right-hand road—the road by Lydia.

"Stop that!" shouted Martin. "Stop that, I tell you! Shoo out of that—shoo!"

The willow rod came down on the back of the leader with a whack that drove him squeaking into the left-hand road, followed by the brood. With shouts of laughter, and one mischievous backward look at me, Martin drove them mercilessly before him. Had he always meant to take that road? Did he guess something? I did not stop to wonder. With a spring I leaped up from the bank and walked —no, ran—on my own goose-chase up the right-hand road.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

THE darky is fond of long words. The meaning doesn't matter, so the words are long, as this absolutely true story will testify:

On the M——'s plantation in Mississippi lives an old "before the war" darky, too old to do any work harder than throwing feed to the poultry. She has known no other home, and is a character. Visitors to the plantation always go to her cabin, and to their question, "How are you this morning, Aunt Chris?" never fail to receive the following reply: "Well, honey, I'm kinder oncomplicated. De superfluity ob de mornin' done taken de vivosity outen de air and left me de consequence ob comprehenshon."



SHE PROVED IT.

"Are you fond of music?"
"Yes; would you mind stopping?"

NOTES ON HORSEMANSHIP.

It is related of a prominent citizen of Arizona that he once met a prominent citizen of Montana on the neutral ground of Colorado. The subject of bucking horses coming up, the prominent citizen of Arizona said:

"We have some very skilful riders down in my country. This of course shows out particularly when they are breaking wild broncoes to ride. When an infuriated mustang, saddled for the first time, and rearing and bucking with all the terrific energy of his savage nature, looks up out of the tail of his eye and watches his rider calmly roll and light a cigarette, it has an excellent effect on him, and usually he cools down, realizing the hopelessness of his task."

Then spoke the prominent citizen of Montana:

"That will do very well, I dare say, for the comparatively mild and inoffensive horses of your southern latitude, but it has been found to have no influence whatever on our fierce and vicious beasts. But when one of our cowboys mounts a bronco for the first time it helps greatly to subdue the creature when, after he has leaped and pitched for fifteen minutes, he happens to glance back and finds his rider quietly shaving, holding a small mirror in one hand and the razor in the other, with the mug, hot water, and bay rum in a little basket on his arm. Ah, it's all in knowing how, this subjugating a Montana bronco!"

Then the meeting of prominent citizens adjourned.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Sam, how is it that here we have two legs presumably off the same chicken, and yet one is about one hundred per cent. tougher than the other."

Sam. "Always the case with chicken, sah; one leg has a one hundred per cent. more work to do than de oder, and de muscles cons'quently git tougher."

"Why, I never heard of that. Which one is it?"

Sam. "De one de chicken sleeps on, sah."

SHERIFF GOGGLES.

"THERE used to be," said the Judge, "a sheriff in Missouri who had the most original ideas about running a jail of any man I ever knew. His name was Tom Goggles, and he was elected sheriff year after year — by the criminal classes. He meant well, and intended to let no guilty man escape; but getting out of Tom's jail, unless you were innocent, was about as easy as falling out of a balloon.

"Tom hated deception. If a prisoner wanted to get out, his best plan was to go to Tom and say so, and usually Tom would let him go, pledging him on his honor to return at a certain time. And it must be said, to the credit of the prisoners, that they kept their word as a general thing. Indeed, there was no reason why they shouldn't, as the place was well conducted, and made a pleasant home for one who didn't mind the slight social stain which long residence in the county jail is apt to leave. But Tom never forgave the prisoner who tried to break out. It showed a lack of confidence which hurt his feelings.

"An experience which long rankled in Tom's bosom was that with a man named Scott. Scott was in for felonious assault; but his hay needed attention, so Tom allowed him to go home on his promise to return Wednesday. But the crop was heavy, and Scott did not get back till Friday. Tom was furious at this lack of good faith on the part of Scott, met him at the door, and—refused to let him in!

"'I've got three weeks to serve yet,' said Scott, 'and you've no right to shut me out.'

"'You broke your solemn promise!' cried Tom, 'and you can't come into this jail again as long as I'm running it. I've got another man in your cell. Go 'way, and never darken my door again!' Scott went off, and later on sued Tom for damages, and got a judgment.

"On another occasion a man wandered into the jail looking for a friend that he thought might be there. He didn't find his friend, but the place was comfortable, and he concluded to stay. At night he took possession of an empty cell, and Tom locked him in. In the morning he was on hand for breakfast, but the guileless Tom never noticed the difference. The man lived there for six weeks before the efficient sheriff discovered the deception; but when he did you may be sure the fellow got his deserts. After abusing him roundly, Tom ended up with this:

"'You miserable hound, I've a notion to have the law on you!'

"'All right,' answered the man; 'if you do, I'll be sentenced here, so it's all the same.'

"This was a new view of the situation, and Tom contented himself with pitching the interloper out of the front door.

"But the incident set Tom a-thinking, and the result of his cogitation was that he ought to look into matters lest there were others in the jail who had no right there. He had noticed one negro acting suspiciously, as he thought, and he determined to get at the truth. The man was really awaiting trial for housebreaking, and a ten-year term in the State prison was staring him in the face. Tom descended upon him and said,

"'See here, you coon; what's your name?'

"'Mose Johnson,' answered the darky, but being a fellow of many aliases, in the excitement of the moment he gave the wrong one.

"Tom hurried to his records, but of course failed to find the name.

"'It's just as I expected, you black scoundrel,' he cried; 'you've no business in here. You've been imposing on me, like that other tramp. Now get out mighty quick, or I'll throw you through the window!'

"When Tom discovered his mistake, he almost wept. A week later he spied a man leaving the jail, and pounced upon him like a cat on a mouse. The unfortunate man was, in point of fact, a young lawyer from a neighboring town, who had been in consultation with a client, but just the same Tom clapped him into a cell, and kept him there ten days, and it took a *habeas corpus* to get him out.

"Another of Tom's woes was burglars. On several occasions they broke into the jail and carried off articles belonging to the prisoners. These crafty marauders always came when Tom was asleep, and therefore not prepared to nab them and thrust them into a cell along with the young lawyer, the lingering tramp visitor, and the others. Finally a prisoner sued Tom for the price of one suit of clothes stolen by the burglars, and another judgment was entered up against Sheriff Goggles.

"But though things like these worried him, it took something more to thoroughly disgust Tom and make him resign. There were committed to the jail one day a half-dozen strange men of desperate character, who knew nothing of Tom's kindly ways. The second day after the coming of these prisoners, and while the regular local inmates were all out, either on errands or at home attending to business, the strangers suddenly seized poor Tom while he was mooning about the corridor, hustled him into the darkest and deepest cell, and departed, locking the doors behind them and taking along the keys. Tom roared as he had never roared before, but all to no purpose. When the regulars returned they found the jail locked, and supposed that Tom had stepped out for a few moments, but after waiting till dark they went off. Tom staid in the cell all night, bellowing for help, but no help came. In the morning a deputy arrived with another prisoner, broke in, and released the unlucky sheriff. Tom was too disgusted to speak. He simply handed in his resignation, and got a job at driving a sprinkling-cart.

"'You may think this here sheriffing is mighty funny,' he confided one day to a friend, 'but you ought to try it once, and see the dishonest whelps you have to deal with.'"

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

TO A CRITIC.

In reading o'er the things I've writ I find them all so vile
I cannot disagree with you who say I need a style,
Who say a sense of humor would not hurt my stuff a bit;
But, woe is me, you do not tell me where to go for it.

I've tried the big department stores without the least success:
They keep all things from pickled clams and novels up to dress;
They've everything a man can want, each new thing 'neath the sun,
But not a nook with Styles on Sale, nor any Sense of Fun.

I've tried the wholesale druggists in the hope of finding pills
Which, taken 'fore and after meals, might mitigate my ills;
But every time I've asked for these, in places five or six,
They've most impertinently classed me with the lunatics.

Is there a place upon this earth where one who thirsts for fame
Can go and purchase what he needs to use to quench the same?
Pray where can this prescription that you've kindly made for me
Be taken for compounding to relieve my misery?

O critic, if you know the source of dear Pendennis' mode,
Pray let me know the shortest cut, please start me on the road;
Pray let me know where I may go to buy a drachm or two
Of that which still for Addison makes lovers tried and true.

And is there left in this wide world a bit of that rich store
Of humor that makes kindly Lamb so welcome to each door?
Can these—O critic, tell I beg—for love or cash be bought?
Or is there some contagion blest by which they may be caught?

O literary doctor, since you've ventured to prescribe,
Don't let your patient think of you as one who'd merely gibe;
Don't taunt a sick man on his bed, but tell him, if so be
You know yourself, how he shall set about his remedy.

E'en though it takes my all to pay, right gladly will I buy;
E'en though but an inspired line shall come from it, I'll die
To pay that one who gives my feet those magic attributes
To make them fit more snugly into some Immortal's boots.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AT THE THEATRE.



"These patent hat-holders were a very clever invention.



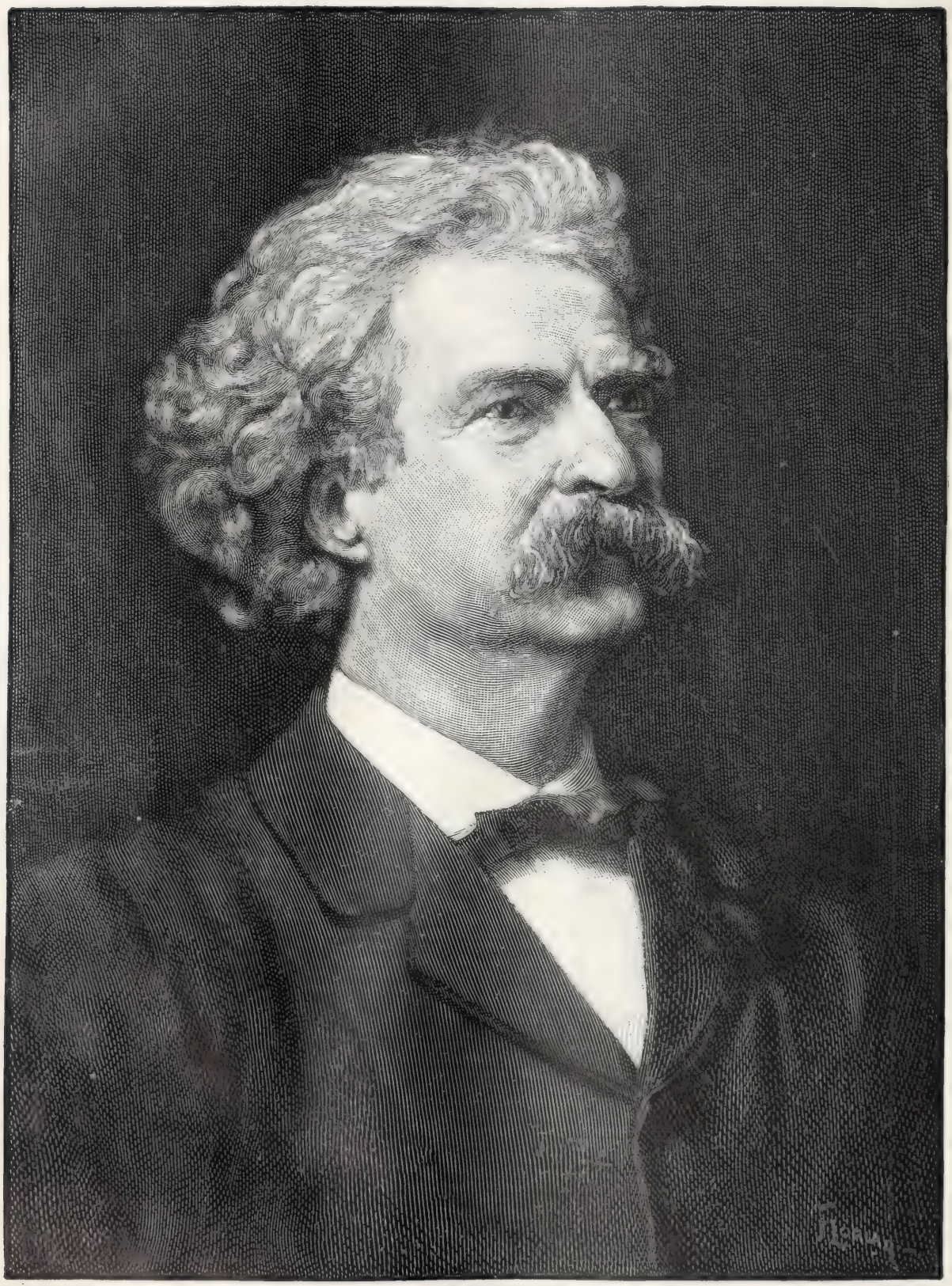
"The one who originated them must have been—



"Some rascally villain in league with the hatters."



MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB OF ATHENS IN ACROPOLIS SQUARE.



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

Engraved by Florian from a photograph by Falk and Company, Sydney, October, 1895.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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MARK TWAIN.

BY JOSEPH H. TWICHELL.

IN the summer of 1882, while a small party of American tourists were being shown about Chester Cathedral, by special favor out of the usual hours, one of them, admiring the antiquities of the place, addressed to the kind clergyman of the cathedral staff who was their guide the regulation remark,

"This is something that we have not in our country."

"Yes," was the reply; "but then you have things that we have not."

"What, for instance?" inquired the other.

"Well, you have Mark Twain, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

[The writer, who was there—who, in fact, was in the conversation—solemnly assures the suspicious reader that the answer is not in the slightest particular edited for present use.]

The estimate of Mark Twain as a Feature of America thus denoted was an index of the position to which, in the regard of a very wide world, he had at that time, and before that time, attained. The same has long been witnessed by similar signs. Mozoomdar, of India, the first time he came to this country wished to meet him. It has been the case for more than twenty years that no personage, however eminent, has appeared anywhere in public, on whatever occasion, in England or in America, with whom Mark Twain, if in his company, did not divide the attention of the crowd. During that period the list of people of high distinction, in this and in other lands, statesmen, divines, authors, artists, who have counted it fortunate to be his private guests, has been a very numerous one; while he in turn has been, at home and abroad, the favored guest of many such. It was about the time of the incident with which we began that the Marquis of Lorne, while Governor-General of Canada, on behalf of the Princess Louise and himself, solicited and received a visit from him of several days at Ottawa.

He has not been wanting in the personal homage of his humbler admirers. Every now and then a representative of them, usually from a distance, rings his door-bell and asks the privilege of paying him his respects, which is always cheerfully granted. Not long since a caller of that class, a big, good-natured countryman—a butcher, as he introduced himself—after a few minutes' chat, asked,

"Now tell me for a fact, *are* you the one that wrote all them books?"

"Truly I am," said Mark.

"Of course you are! Of course you are!" cried the honest fellow; "but, by George, I shouldn't think it from your looks!" Whereat Mark was hugely tickled.

That no other literary man of his generation has achieved so extensive favor with the universal community of readers of all ranks as he has done, is a statement that will hardly be challenged by any.

If all the world loves a lover, it also loves a humorist not much less.

But there are circumstances with which the phenomenon of Mark Twain's conquest of millions of hearts the earth over, so notable in itself, stands associated that, if taken into account, render it still more impressive.

The outbreak of the civil war in 1861 found him, then twenty-six years old, in the calling of a Mississippi River pilot, which, including the term of his apprenticeship, he had followed since 1851, and in which he had no thought but to spend his life. By the ensuing suspension of commerce on the great river his occupation was suddenly gone. In his own view

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he had suffered a sore stroke of misfortune. The present writer has often heard him tell how entirely at a loss he was, in that emergency, where to look for the means of livelihood. Though between the end of his school days and the time he became a "cub" pilot he had learned and practised type-setting, that almost forgotten art did not seem to him an available resource.

How he managed for the next few years—to what different things he turned his hand—there is no need to recapitulate. He has himself told the story in *Roughing It*, and in the short twenty-first chapter of *Life on the Mississippi*. But he succeeded best in newspaper work.

The significant thing is that at so late a period as that at which he was by the war thrust aside from his fixed employment, and when he had reached an age at which most men have discovered their peculiar talent or capacity, if such they have, he was not in the least aware of his possession of that incomparable gift, the display of which was by-and-by to make him one of the famous men of his time. Nothing was further from his thoughts than that a literary career lay before him. His humorous turn had, indeed, always been recogni d among his acquaintance. He remember- hat even as a lad his way of saying and te.ling things would make his school-fellows laugh. The celebrated "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," which was his original essay in its line, and first called public attention to him, was a story (it had some basis of fact) with which he had long been wont on occasion to entertain private circles. When at some one's urgency he at length wrote it out, it appeared to him so poor and flat that he pigeonholed it in contempt, and it required further urgency to persuade him to let it be printed. The favor with which it was received was a surprise and marvel to him, as, it may be added, was the tide of success that presently set in, and in a short time floated him into national and international popularity.

He will sometimes speak of his astonishment at that popularity as it developed,—for an item, of the sensation it caused him to see something from his pen copied in an English journal. Other writers have experienced a like sensation; but he was not yet, in his own esteem, a writer in the literary sense at all. As for being a candidate for admission to the Guild of Authors, it was quite undreamed-of. It was not, in fact, till the multitude of the readers of *The Innocents Abroad* were applauding far and wide in full chorus what one of them called "the dear, delightful genius of Mark Twain," as shining out in that book, that he began to apprehend his call to the profession of letters. And even then he was not fully convinced. For when, in 1868, he finally quit the Pacific coast and came East to live, where he had found a publisher, and soon found a wife, he still judged that journalism would be his permanent main pursuit, with perhaps lecturing, which he had tried successfully, for an adjunct. Accordingly he accepted a position as editor on the staff of the Buffalo *Express*, and took up his residence in that city. It was not long, however, before the demand for his literary product pointed him so unmistakably to his proper field that he relinquished his editorship, and in 1872, various considerations inclining him thither, removed to Hartford, which has been his home ever since.

But thus it was that authorship sought the man, and not the man authorship. Nor is it any wonder that he was somewhat difficult to persuade of his vocation. His qualification for it, in the ordinary reckoning, was small, as he perfectly well knew. He was not what is called an educated man. He had no formal literary culture. His acquaintance with books was limited. The extraordinary grip on the English language exhibited in his earliest writings must be chiefly accounted for by his extraordinary native talent. His only training in the use of the pen was such as had been acquired in five or six years of much-interrupted newspaper service, generally of the humbler sort. Up to the time he turned his face eastward the most serious attempts at composition he had made were the few pieces gathered into his first thin volume, *The Jumping Frog, and Other Sketches*, two or three lectures, and his letters of travel as press correspondent from the Sandwich Islands and on the noted *Quaker City* excursion. The last-named, to be sure, had disclosed his powers, and obtained recognition of them sufficient to satisfy a sagacious Yankee publisher—the late Mr. Elisha Bliss, of the American Publishing Company, of Hartford—of a probable

market for them if made into a book. A fortunate conjecture to all concerned it proved. Within three years of its issue in 1869, *The Innocents Abroad* had a sale of 125,000 copies, and it continues saleable to this day.

Yet to Mark Twain it seemed, and quite naturally, that he was an author in the case, as it were, by chance, and that it was unlikely that his name would ever appear on another title-page. No more books, at any rate, were in sight to him.

But his genius was in him, and his big fertile brain; and copious material of which he was unconscious lay stored and ripening in his mind, waiting to be produced in due season. Regarding that material, it was presumably due to the fact that in the years when, by his penetrating observation and study of men in the active scenes of a life full of change, adventure, vicissitude, it was accumulating, he was, as has been said, distinctly unliterary in the habit of his thoughts, that he was slow to appreciate the literary value of it—to see that it *was* literary material at all. For example, in 1880, or thereabout, he said to a friend whom he met on the street, "I've had a letter from Osgood asking me to write a series of articles for *The Atlantic Monthly*, and I want to do it; I would like to very much indeed, but I can't think of anything in the world to write about; no faintest idea of a practicable subject has come to me. I believe I've got through." Now it had happened but two or three evenings before, that Mark, at this friend's fireside, had fallen into reminiscent talk of his old pilot days; and kindling with the theme as he proceeded, had gone on and on in his own unapproachable style, vivid, picturesque, eloquent, dramatic, till far into the night, the captivated listeners completely under his spell, and, like himself, oblivious of the flight of time. Never, they thought, had they heard anything so fascinating before. Recalling this, the friend said, "Why don't you write up the Mississippi River, and work in all those things you were telling us about the other evening?" At which Mark only stared. But of that hint came his book *Life on the Mississippi*, which for one feature contains a description of the Father of Waters that for beauty and splendor and deep feeling of Nature in some of her rarer aspects and most bewitching moods was doubtless never surpassed. It appeared, though, to have been to him the first suggestion that his pilot experience, so rich in elements of both comedy and tragedy, could be turned to literary use. It had never occurred to him in that light. Nor, much as, in several of his books, he has drawn from the stock of material afforded by his boyhood, youth, and early manhood, has he by any means exhausted it, though



EXTERIOR OF MARK TWAIN'S HARTFORD HOME IN SUMMER.

it is likely the rest will not be forthcoming.

It is the rarest treat to listen to him when he strikes into that field. He is the prince of *raconteurs*, and his old times are a fond theme with him, upon which, when once he is started, he is apt to warm and glow and bring into full play his unmatched gifts of word-painting and personation. It was after such an excursion—at a dinner party in his own house—back into the Nevada period, some ancient mining comrades of his and their dogs having been the principal figures of his story, that Mr. William D. Howells, who was one of the guests, exclaimed aside to the person next him as they rose from the table: "What could possibly be more delicious? There is certainly no one else alive who can equal it."

It is pertinent here to observe that all which makes Mark Twain's charm and delightsomeness as a writer is characteristic in the supreme degree of his common discourse.

It was not a solitary instance of its kind,—that of a lady with whom years ago, when travelling, he fell into talk, to whom he was an entire stranger, who, it transpired, had never seen his photograph, saying to him, after they had conversed awhile, "Excuse me, sir, but are you not Mark Twain?"

Yet he has never told a tale with his pen with the effect, in point of either humor, or pathos, or vigor and felicity of diction, that he imparts to the tale he tells by word of mouth.

There are those who think that the description of an ice-storm which occurs in his after-dinner speech on "New England Weather" is, for pictorial power and beauty, the best thing he ever did. But a friend who heard it as an impromptu outburst inspired by the spectacle of the ice-clad landscape seen out of a window one bright winter morning has always insisted that in the subsequent process of writing the bloom of its original magnificence was lost.

Get him out on a walk into the country in pleasant weather, let the spirit of utterance be quickened in him, and you have him at his best. His talk, to be sure, borrows an advantage from his notable peculiarities of speech, which, it is proper to say, is his natural speech, wholly unaffected—for that matter, hereditary. But that aside, he is more Mark Twain in his familiar discourse and in his private letters than in his literature. This is eminently true of his humor. It is of the man himself, the spontaneous expression of the native turn and habit, or, so to speak, dialect, of his thoughts, and would have been what it is if he had never written a line. It is not, as his readers have noted, at all reserved to the province of things mirthful, but finds scope equally in subjects and occasions that are wholly serious. His expression of what



BILLIARD-ROOM WITH CHAIR IN WHICH MARK TWAIN WRITES



THE HARTFORD HOUSE IN WINTER.

ever feeling or sentiment takes humorous shape of its own accord.

In anticipation of his marriage, in 1870, the father of his bride, Mr. Jervis Langdon, of Elmira, New York, had, for a wedding-gift, bought and furnished in Buffalo, where the young couple were to reside, a handsome house for them. But the whole matter was kept secret from Mark, who supposed that the preparation going on, from any part in which he was strangely excluded, was an affair of apartments. When, the evening of the day after the wedding, the newly married arrived in Buffalo, they were taken to the house, which was all brilliantly lighted up, and where, to Mark's surprise, Mr. Langdon and other kinsfolk and friends were before them—not only that, but seeming to be in possession of the entire premises, through which they proceeded to conduct him, up and down, while he every minute grew more mystified. At length his wife could bear the situation no longer, and broke out, "It's our house—yours and mine—a present from father!" and while Mark was getting hold of the idea all gathered around to see what he would say. He was much moved, and had difficulty in finding his voice. But finally, with considerable obstruction from choking, and with the water in his eyes, he got it out, two or three words at a time: "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right up here, and bring your bag with you. You may stay overnight if you want to. *It sha'n't cost you a cent.*"

It was while this house was his home that, chancing to look one morning at the house opposite, into which a family had recently moved, he saw something that made him cross the street quickly and deliver this speech, in substance, to a group of the new neighbors seated on the veranda: "My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, *but your house is afire!*"

That at this point the meeting suddenly adjourned it is unnecessary to state.

For another example of his humorous way of saying a serious thing: One Sunday, when he had happened specially to like the sermon he heard in church, he lingered at the door after service, waiting for the minister to come out, in order to give him a pleasant word; which he did



IN THE STUDY AT ELMIRA.

in this fashion: "I mean no offence, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church to pursue my own trains of thought. But to-day I couldn't do it. You have interfered with me. You have forced me to attend to *you*—and have lost me a whole half-hour. I beg that it may not occur again."

Reference has been made to his lack of educational furnishing at the outset of his literary career. That deficiency he has, during the thirty years that have since elapsed, applied himself with large diligence to repair. All that time he has been an eager, industrious reader and student. He has acquired French and German, and is able to read both languages with facility; also to speak them pretty well. He has widely acquainted himself with literature—modern literature especially—in various departments. His literary tastes are in instances surprising; *e. g.*, he does not relish Dickens, and he does not much enjoy Charles Lamb. In poetry he is an ardent admirer of Browning, whose works he has not only himself studied with enthusiasm, but has been a promoter of their study by others. For a considerable period in late years a company of ladies—his neighbors—met in his house a forenoon a week to listen to his readings from them. A great treat they had, for he is a wonderfully fine reader, with few superiors, if any. Whoever may have had the good fortune to hear his rendering of anything from Browning—for instance, "Up at a Villa—Down in the City," which is one of his favorites—will not be likely to forget the pleasure of it.

But the subject which, above all others, he has delighted to pursue is history—preeminently that of England and of France from the Middle Ages. In those fields he has been an indefatigable, it is not too much to say, exhaustive, reader, while, by grace of a rarely tenacious memory, his learning in them is remarkably at hand and accessible to him. Hardly ever will an event of any importance in their annals be mentioned in his presence that he cannot at once supply the date of it.

The aspect of remote times that chiefly fascinates his interest is the social. Books like Pepys's *Diary*, that afford the means of looking narrowly and with human sympathy into the life and manners of bygone generations, have a peculiar charm to him. Of the kindling of his historic imagination from such and other sources, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, none of which could he possibly have written twenty-five years ago, are evidence.

Great as, in the circumstances, is the merit of his attainment, it is to his credit that his own estimate of it is even more than modest. He does not in the least share the slighting regard of the learning of the schools which so-called self-made men are prone to entertain. When, in 1888, Yale College conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, he expressed in the most positive terms, as he has done on many occasions, his sense of his disadvantage without remedy in having been denied the opportunity of a classical training in his youth.

Some of those who know him best have strongly felt that he was capable of literary production in other lines than those in which he has wrought, which, if less popular, would more amply have exhibited the higher range of his powers as a cultivated thinking man. Had he not, indeed, begun with "managing" (to quote the recent expression of a New Zealand journal) "to tickle the midriff of the English-speaking races," and so made it an inexorable and fated thing, as it were, by the compulsory force of public expectation, that his permanent

principal *rôle* should be that of humorist, there is no telling what he might have done. The consideration, however, of what has thus been possibly missed will scarcely produce widespread grief.

Mark Twain's habits of literary work are something between regular and irregular. He is not a steady every-day workman, yet for the impulse of writing he does not depend greatly on moods. It does not require a contract to awake his muse. Quantities of manuscript lie in his pigeon-holes that have never gone to the printer.

Once started on a task, he usually concentrates himself upon it, and hangs to it with unrelaxing assiduity till it is finished. To save himself from interruption at such times he has been known to hide in a neighbor's house, concealing his retreat from his wife and children even, that they might be able to say they did not know where he was.

While most of his work has been done in Hartford, in the third-story billiard-room, which is his study there (or *vice versa*), and some also abroad, his favorite place for writing has of late years been a little out-door lodge built for him at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, New York, where he has been accustomed to spend the summer with his family. Of this workshop he wrote, when he first took possession of it:

"It is the loveliest study you ever saw. It is octagonal, with a peaked roof, each face filled with a spacious window, and it sits perched in complete isolation on top of an elevation that commands leagues of valley and city and retreating ranges of distant blue hills. It is a cozy nest, with just room in it for a sofa and a table and three or four chairs; and when the storms sweep down the remote valley, and the lightning flashes above the hills beyond, and the rain beats upon the roof over my head —imagine the luxury of it!"

In this study, in 1879, he prepared *A Tramp Abroad* for the press. What that involved may be cited in illustration of the painstaking characteristic of Mark Twain's work as an author.

The first draught of the book was begun at Heidelberg and completed at Munich the year before. It had then cost him an immense deal of trouble to get it into anything like satisfactory shape. What of it he wrote at Heidelberg was so little to his mind that he seriously thought of giving up the project altogether, and was inclined to congratulate himself on having lost a Swiss note-book that would be indispensable to his going on with it. Speaking of this in a private letter after he had, at Munich, resumed the struggle, he said:

"When it was first lost I was glad of it, for I was getting an idea that I had lost my faculty of writing sketches of travel; therefore, as



THE DECK, HARTFORD.

the loss of that note-book would render the writing of this simply impossible, and let me gracefully out, I was about to write my publisher and propose some other book. When the confounded thing turned up, and down went my heart into my boots. But there was now no excuse, so I went solidly to work, tore up a great part of the MS. written in Heidelberg—wrote and tore up—continued to write and tear up—and at last, reward of patient and noble persistence, my pen got the old swing again! Since then I'm glad that Providence knew better what to do with the Swiss note-book than I did. . . .

"I *think* I can make a book that will be no dead corpse of a thing, and I mean to do my level best to accomplish that."



ENTRANCE TO THE CONSERVATORY, HARTFORD.

But he was not through yet. Writing from Quarry Farm the summer following, he said:

"I am revising my MS. I did not expect to like it, but I do. I have been knocking out early chapters for more than a year now—not because they had not merit, but merely because they hindered the flow of the narrative: it was a dredging process: day before yesterday my shovel fetched up three more chapters, and laid them reeking on the festering shore-pile of their predecessors; and now I think the yarn swims right along without hitch or halt. I believe it will be a readable book of travels. I cannot see that it lacks anything but information."

Yet while, out of a sense of duty to his public, Mark Twain labors heavily, on occasion, in his formal literary engagements, nowhere does he more happily exhibit his best qualities as a writer than in things struck off in the careless ease and freedom of private correspondence. Thus in the first of the letters above quoted from, in which he so groans over his difficulties, occurs this passage:

"O Switzerland! the further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it, and the cheer of it, and the glory and majesty and solemnity and pathos of it, grow. Those mountains had a soul; they thought; they spoke—one couldn't hear it with the ears of the body, but what a voice it was!—and how real! Deep down in my memory it is sounding yet. Alp calleth unto Alp!—that stately old Scriptural wording is the right one for God's Alps and God's ocean.

"How puny we were in that awful presence—and how painless it was to be so; how fitting and right it seemed, and how stingless was the sense of our unspeakable insignificance! And, Lord, how pervading were the repose and peace and blessedness that poured out of the heart of the invisible Great Spirit of the Mountains! Now, what is it? There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world—but only *these* take you by the heart-strings. I wonder what the secret of it is? Well, time and time again it has seemed to me that I *must* drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a *longing;* a deep, strong, tugging *longing*—that is the word. We must go again."

This, in a vein not dissimilar, is from a letter of so recent date as November 29, 1895, written from Napier, New Zealand:

"Here we have the smooth and placidly complaining sea at our door, with nothing between us and it but twenty yards of shingle—and hardly a suggestion of life in that space to mar it or make a noise. Away down here, fifty-five degrees south of the equator, this sea seems to murmur in an unfamiliar tongue—a foreign tongue—a tongue bred among the icefields of the Antarctic—a murmur with a note of melancholy in it proper to the vast, unvisited solitudes it has come from. It was very delicious and solacing to wake in the night and find it still pulsing there."

The following strain of moralizing is from a letter dated "Quarry Farm, August, 1880":

"I've been reading Daniel Webster's Private Correspondence. Have read a hundred of his

diffuse, conceited, 'eloquent,' bathostic letters, written in that dim (no, vanished) Past when he was a student; and, Lord, to think that this boy who is so real to me now, and so booming with fresh young blood and bountiful life, and sappy cynicisms about girls, has since climbed the Alps of fame, and stood against the sun one brief tremendous moment with the world's eyes on him, and then—*f-z-t!*—where is he? Why, the only *long* thing, the only *real* thing about the whole shadowy business is the sense of the lagging and dull and hoary lapse of time that has drifted by since then; a vast, empty level, it seems, with a formless spectre glimpsed fitfully through the smoke and mist that lie along its remote verge.

"Well, we are all getting along here first-rate. L—— gains strength daily and sits up a deal: the baby is five weeks old, and—but no more of this; somebody may be reading *this* letter eighty years hence. And so, my friend (you pitying snob, I mean, who are holding this yellow paper in your hand in 1960), save yourself the trouble of looking further; I know how pathetically trivial our small concerns would seem to you, and I will not let your eye profane them. No; I keep my news; you keep your compassion. Suffice it to you to know, ribald and scoffer, that the little child is old and blind now, and once more toothless, and the rest of us are shadows these many, many years. Yes, and *your* time cometh!"

This one more sample, on still a different kind of text, is from a letter undated, but written from London about 1875:

"I have just spent a good part of this day browsing through the Royal Academy Exhibition of Landseer's paintings. They fill four or five great salons, and must number a good many hundreds. . . . Ah, they're wonderfully beautiful! There are such rich moonlights and dusks in 'The Challenge' and 'The Combat,' and in that long flight of birds across a lake in the subdued flush of sunset (or sunrise—for no man can tell t'other from which in a picture, except it has the filmy morning mist breathing itself up from the water). And there is such a grave analytical profundity in the faces of 'The Connoisseurs,' and such pathos in the picture of the fawn suckling its dead mother, on a snowy waste, with only the blood in the footprints to hint that she is not asleep. And the way he makes animals absolute flesh and blood—insomuch that if the room were darkened ever so little, and a motionless living animal placed beside a painted one, no man could tell which was which.

. . . . . .

"I interrupted myself there to drop a line to Shirley Brooks and suggest a cartoon for *Punch*. It was this: In one of the Academy salons (in the suite where these pictures are) a fine bust of Landseer stands on a pedestal in the centre of the room. I suggest that some of Landseer's best known animals be represented as having come down out of their frames in the moonlight and grouped themselves about the bust in mourning attitudes."

The feeling for animals indicated in the last extract leads naturally to the mention of a personal trait of Mark Twain which those unacquainted with him would perhaps not be likely to guess.

He is not, it must be owned, of a universally gentle spirit. Toward people in general, indeed, he is scrupulously and on principle considerate. Thus, *e. g.*, while pedestrianizing with a friend in Switzerland some years since, he always made it a point when, to make an early start, they rose before the other guests of the hotels where they lodged were awake, that they should not put on their shoes till they were downstairs, lest they disturb some one's sleep. That sort of thoughtfulness is habitual with him. But he is a hearty hater, and is quite apt not to be without some individual object of acute animosity. And he is given to express his hostile sentiments in such cases with a freedom and force of invective which Walter Savage Landor, famous for his skill in the art of animadversion, could not, at any rate, have excelled. He wrote once, speaking of a piece of ill luck that had befallen a person who was his special antipathy at the time:

"I am more than charmed to hear of it; still, it doesn't do me half the good it could have done if it had come sooner. My malignity has so worn out and wasted away with time and the exercise of charity that even his death would not afford me anything more than a mere fleeting ecstasy, a sort of momentary, pleasurable titillation, now—unless, of course, it happened in some peculiarly radiant way, like burning, or boiling, or something like that. Joys that come to us after the capacity for enjoyment is dead are but an affront."

One readily perceives that this was mostly rhetorical malice.

But though with a fellow-man he may sometimes fail to be on pacific terms, toward the whole world of domestic animals he has a heart of unmeasured sympathy and tender kindness. He is in particular a lover of cats, and will hardly meet one anywhere without pausing to give it friendly attention; while for the cats of his own household his devoted fondness comes near to being passionate. He cannot bear to see a horse touched with the whip. The present writer, when in his

company abroad, riding with him behind a sleepy nag moping along just out of a walk on a level road, has seen him, on noticing the driver unwind his lash preparatory to quickening the speed, stay Jehu's hand with: "Never mind that! We are going fast enough. We are in no hurry."

One afternoon while we were toiling up the long path from the Riffel Hotel to the Gorner Grat we came upon a bunch of sheep, a lamb of which, as we were passing, left its dam and inquiringly ventured some distance toward us; whereupon Mark seated himself on a convenient bowlder, and with outstretched hand and other allurements began trying to call it up to him. On the lamb's part it was a contest between curiosity and timidity, but in the succession of advances and retreats that followed it gained in confidence, though at a very gradual rate.

It was a picture to remember: the Great American Humorist on one side of the game, and that little creature on the other, with Matterhorn for a background. One could but think what the nations of Mark's readers would say to it. He was reminded that the time he was consuming in that amiable diversion was valuable —but to no purpose. The Gorner Grat could wait. He held on with undiscouraged perseverance, till, to his extreme satisfaction, he finally carried his point. His pleasure in the incident was keen, and outlasted the day.

From the premise supplied by his kindly nature in the direction above noted will be reasonably conjectured his character in domestic relations. And it is true that nowhere is Mark Twain more entirely admirable, more favorably esteemed by all his friends, than in his capacity of a family man.

It will be remembered that he inscribed *The Innocents Abroad*—the first fruits of his authorship proper—"To my Aged Mother." That, quite probably, in view of the something about him suggestive of the untamed—making "The Wild Humorist of the Pacific Slope," which he used occasionally to be called, seem a not unfitting title—struck the public rather oddly, as being in a manner incongruous with the sort of person he was fancied to be. It was not incongruous, but far otherwise.

It is now going on thirty years ago that a lately wedded bride, in whose new home he was guest, and to whom he had spoken with feeling of the contrast of her happy condition with his own unsettled state, moved with compassion, asked him why, since his affairs were growing prosperous, he did not take thought of getting married himself. Mark made no answer for a little, but, with his eyes bent on the floor, appeared to be deeply pondering. Then he looked up, and said, slowly, in a voice tremulous with earnestness (with what sympathy he was heard may be imagined): "I *am* taking thought of it. I am in love beyond all telling with the dearest and best girl in the whole world. I don't suppose she will marry me. I can't think it possible. She ought not to. But if she doesn't, I shall always be sure that the best thing I ever did was to fall in love with her, and proud to have it known that I tried to win her!"

Two years afterward the lady of whom he spoke became his wife. From their wedding-day he has never ceased to be the lover revealed in that confession and humble declaration, as every one who has been observant of him under his own roof will bear witness. His wife's companionship is his perpetual supreme felicity, absence from her his supreme discomfort. He is eminently fond of abiding at home. His fireside is ever his peculiar delight. Nothing gives him more pleasure than to arrange and take part in simple domestic festivities and entertainments—tableaux, charades, etc.—for which he has the happiest talent. Four children have been born to him—a son, who died in infancy, and three daughters, who are now grown to young-womanhood.

Perhaps no better insight of his family life, and, by inference, of himself as a factor of it, can be given than that afforded by a letter which, in 1885, he wrote to the *Christian Union*. It was drawn out by a foregoing letter, printed in the same paper, on the subject of the discipline of children, to which he was moved to reply. There is no need to state the particular point in discussion, or the argument on either side. But, as pertinent to what he had been saying, Mark, toward the end of his communication, broke into this personal strain:

"The mother of my children adores them—there is no milder term for it; and they worship her; they even worship anything which

the touch of her hand has made sacred. They know her for the best and truest friend they have ever had, or ever shall have; they know her for one who never did them a wrong, and cannot do them a wrong; who never told them a lie nor the shadow of one; who never deceived them by even an ambiguous gesture; who never gave them an unreasonable command, nor ever contented herself with anything short of a perfect obedience; who has always treated them as politely and considerately as she would the best and oldest in the land, and has always required of them gentle speech and courteous conduct toward all, of whatsoever degree, with whom they chanced to come in contact; they know her for one whose promise, whether of reward or punishment, is gold, and always worth its face, to the uttermost farthing. In a word, they know her, and I know her, for the best and dearest mother that lives—and by a long, long way the wisest."

And he concludes thus:

"In all my life I have never made a single reference to my wife in print before, as far as I can remember, except once in the dedication of a book; and so, after these fifteen years of silence, perhaps I may unseal my lips this one time without impropriety or indelicacy. I will institute one other novelty. I will send this manuscript to the press without her knowledge, and without asking her to edit it. This will save it from getting edited into the stove."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.

A HOUSE stands far
On the lonely moor,
Empty and desolate,
Ruined and poor.

The snow lies cold
On the cold hearth-stone;
Through shuddering rafters
The mad winds moan.

The hands that builded it
Long are dead;
The souls it sheltered
From earth have fled.

False or faithful,
Coward or brave,
They are all asleep
In the hush of the grave.

But not for store
Of jewels or gold
Would I gaze upon that
Which the bleak walls hold.

For at eve, when all
Should turn to rest,
As the red sun sinks
To the wave in the west,

Bright and level,
And full and fair,
His parting rays
Still linger there;

And blazing out
On the gathering night,
From the crazy windows
Shines a light.

Then I know within,
On that hearth-stone cold,
Is leaping the ghost
Of the fires of old;

And long as the phantom
Flame shall burn
Must the spirits of those
It had warmed return.

Oh, whether in peace
Or in pain they dwell,
They must draw to earth
At that eerie spell,

And spread thin hands
To the spectral blaze,
And cower and whisper
Of old, dead days!

You can hide and listen,
Close at the door,
To their tread as it crosses
The shivering floor;

Then, as the sun
Is quenched in the wave,
On a sudden all
Is still as the grave!

The ghosts have flitted;
Their fire is gone;
The old house stands
In the dark alone;

And far and wide
On the dreary heath
Falls the silence
Of night and death.



Through Inland Waters ✻

Depicted with pen and pencil by Howard Pyle.

MAYBE it is only a very tired worker, in an interval of well-earned rest, who can so relax the keenly drawn purposes of his life as to enter fully into the pleasures of the slow cruising of a canal-boat through the peaceful stretches of inland waterways upon whose placid bosom its voyage lies. For one must have a very hearty yearning for complete inertia to really find enjoyment in slowly floating two or three miles an hour, even though such leisurely drifting lies through beautiful pastoral levels of farm-lands, by the side of shady orchards and bright meadows, in the lap of hills, or maybe at the feet of looming mountains.

The projectors of those waterways laid them through pleasant places, and in the lapse of time since their construction nature has decorated their banks with clumps of trees and with groups of reeds and water-grasses; has spread the ponds with lily-pads—places of bosky shade, and wide damp reaches of brightness, the haunt of the oriole, the bobolink, and the red-winged blackbird.

These things are very pleasant to one who is fond of such pastoral fragments; but, after all, it is the passing mood alone that lends the color of delight to the things the eye sees; and it is only when the tired strain of life is relaxed into a pause of well-earned rest that the spirit can find the full enjoyment in these things, and can paint them with the brightest colors of pleasantness upon the surface of the memory.

✻

SO also one must be in proper spirit to enter into the remote life of the simple, kindly people whom one meets in this peaceful inland voyaging. I do not think there is any class exactly parallel with them. They—the canal voyagers—are neither of the water nor of the land, but their characteristics partake of both. They are within touch of the woods and fields, yet they are in no wise identified with the pastoral surroundings through which they drift in their slow and placid peregrinations. There are not forty feet of water separating the boat from the dry land; the captain, maybe, steps ashore at the lock to snub the boat or to buy something at the store, but he is as remote from the interests of fields and meadows, of hamlet or village, as though miles of salt water separated the clumsy craft from the banks of the tow-path and the heel-path alongside.

And yet his life is not the life of the true water-going man. The boat is not a ship; it is a floating home, and the captain carries with him his wife and his children upon the voyage—the cat, the dog, the canary-bird, and the potted plants. The children play about the level of the unrailed deck; the dog barks from the roof of the cabin; the cat basks in the sun at the top of the companionway; the housewife, busied in the twenty-foot cabin-house belowdeck, appears for a moment at the door of the scuttle to exchange word with the head of the floating home as he stands backed against the tiller, the warm air from off the fields blowing the wisps of tobacco smoke from his pipe away into the sunlit space.

The floating water home is altogether a part of the inland picture into which it is fitted, and in the mellow evening when the children are in bed the captain and his wife may sit together upon the cabin roof, looking out across a peaceful landscape of woods and meadow-lands, in which albeit they have no part.

The world knows but little of these simple-minded, gentle, kindly folk living in its midst, and they know almost as little of the world about them. That thin, narrow thread of water seems, as it were, to divide them from the greater life of humanity—to cut them off into the lesser life of their own concerns.

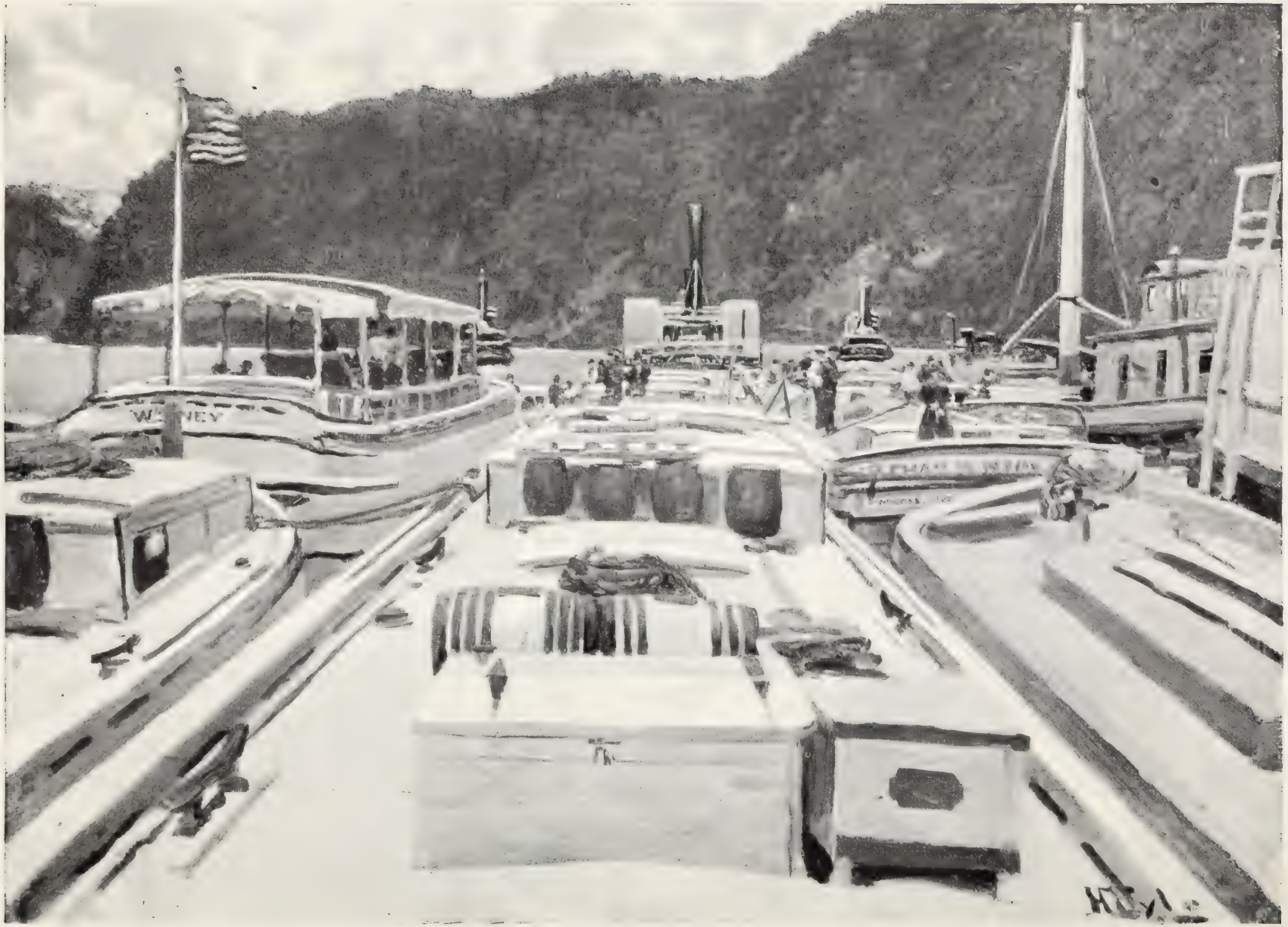
The boat upon which they live is their world, and the life-throbs of hopes, of desires, of joy, of sorrow, within its wooden walls make hardly any stir in the great pulse of universal humanity of which that heart-beat is so tiny a part.



Birth, life, happiness, death, may be hidden within the little space of the cabin, and no one knows aught of it but the man and the woman who live within the narrow space.

Almost the pleasantest part of my holiday of slow voyaging was in entering into the lives of those simple, innocent folk—those habitants of peaceful inland waters.







Part First

A Floating Town

FROM the month of April to the month of December one may hardly ever take a steamboat trip up or down the Hudson River without passing one of those big canal-boat tows dragging slowly and heavily along the wide stretch of water in the wake of a more distant paddle-wheel steamboat. Sometimes these tows, five or six boats abreast, and stretching away half a mile in length, look like a floating town with long lines of level decks for streets, and squat awning-covered cabins with little shining windows and bright green blinds for the houses; sometimes they appear like little clustered villages or hamlets of heavy barges, with a scattering population of a few dozen men, women, and children to give life to each.

As one rushes past one of the greater of these floating communities on some big river steamboat, one may look down from the hurricane-deck upon the long, sluggishly moving mass as from some high station upon the streets of a town. Everywhere there is teeming life; people are passing hither and thither along the streetlike stretch of decks; here and there a wisp of smoke sweeps away, dissolving in the swift wind; here and there clothes-lines are stretched along the length of the boat, and clothes of all sorts and kinds and colors are fluttering in the wind. All is bustle and stir of teeming life. The busy scene seems to be very remote, without any special interest, perhaps, excepting of that passive, impersonal sort that comes from the picturesqueness of the scene. So far as any positive human interest is concerned it is almost as though the men and women on that slow-moving floating town of oak planks were of a different earth from one's own, so far removed does their individuality seem from the individuality that one knows in ordinary life.

To reach the humanity that is the real heart of all the picturesque scene one must become a citizen of that drifting town—an inhabitant of a floating home, like the other floating homes that make up the transient community that clings together for the thirty odd hours of voyage it takes to run from New York to Albany. For the good simple people are very ready to respond to any advances made toward acquaintanceship, and one soon becomes intimate with one's neighbors, visiting across the decks, and perhaps down into the cabin home. The little narrow space is always immaculately clean. There are nearly always flowers in the little curtained window, and the easy rocking-chair is briskly dusted for the visitor. If one stays long enough with them and shows sufficient interest in their affairs, the captain and his wife will talk very freely about themselves—of their simple hopes and aspirations; of the pleasures and sorrows they have to look back upon. It is thus when one comes to know them as they are that they cease to be a mere remote and picturesque aggregation, and become individual human entities of real warm flesh and blood.



These floating towns are gathered together along the lower East River front—Piers 5, 6, 7, and the neighborhood—where they lie waiting for the tow to take them up the river.

Any one going up the east side of the town in the elevated railroad may look almost directly down upon the basinlike docks and upon the level decks stretching away to the further limit, where the great ocean-going ships and barks ride at their wharves with towering masts and mazy rigging.

For it is here that the humanity that is of fresh water and the humanity that is of salt water come directly and closely together — not assimilating, but coming immediately into juxtaposition.

It is here that the great Hudson River tows upon which one looks down from the hurricane-decks of the day boats are made up into the orderly form in which one then sees them, and it is thence that the floating town drifts slowly away up the river to its distant destination.

The voyage to Albany usually begins in the early night, and for the hour or so of twilight and dusk a half-dozen busy little tug-boats are wheezing and puffing as they butt and push the heavy barges



—inert, component parts—into the form of the whole that is to be finally gripped by the tow-lines of the great side-wheel steam tow-boat, and to be drawn away up the stream to Albany and West Troy, whence they scatter north and west upon their individual business, through those inland waters which are their cruising-grounds.

Given the Hudson River as it enters into the Highlands; given midsummer and a bright clear day, with clouds in the sky; given the early morning, when the world is yet fresh from its night's sleep, when it still possesses that clear and jocund vitality that so soon melts and dissolves away into the heat of the later hours—given such conditions as these, and I do not believe that one shall anywhere find a more brilliantly bright and beautiful setting for the "I am" with which the spirit looks out through the eyes of flesh upon the things of the world of nature.

I have never felt a keener and more tingling exhilaration than I felt that morning, when, coming upon deck in the brisk coolness of the early daytime, I saw all around me the quaint level of white-painted decks, swarming with its own peculiar life, the great wide river stretching away on all sides, the distant tug-boats straining at the slow-moving mass, and just ahead the open door of the Highlands standing wide for the passage of the silvery level of water beyond. It was like a fresh draught of

the nectar of vitality after long months of work to awaken into an existence so new as this, so strange, so full of the interest of unwonted things, so lusty with its vigorous freshness.

It had been pretty late when we left New York the evening before, and we could only see in a sort of dark and imperfect way that there was a great lot of boats being gathered together in the choppy waters that lie betwixt the Battery and Governors Island, and presently that we ourselves were an integer of the general whole. Now it was the fresh keen daylight again; the sun shone as bright as lightning and as hard as steel, and there was a swift cool wind blowing that drove white-caps down the river and sent the clouds flying to the eastward across the profoundly clear and fathomless sky. Now we could see how big and busy was the floating town of which we and our boat were a component part.



Everywhere they were washing down the decks with noisy dashings and swashings of bucketfuls of water and a ceaseless scratching and rasping of scrubbing-brooms, the rubber-booted men hard at work pattering and slopping about in the sheets of water. The toilets of some of the boats had already been made, and they were now slowly drying in the sunlight, but nevertheless there was a general impression of the universal wet coolness, as of the whole town taking a bath. Everywhere the smoke was sweeping away from the cabin stove-pipes, and there was a prevailing smell of cooking breakfast filling the swift fresh air.

The river bumboats had begun to come off from the shore. There was one just ahead of us and another down the tow, each clinging like a parasite to the canal-boat beside which it lay. These bumboats—little steamboats fitted out in the cabin like a peddler's wagon with all sorts of knickknacks and canal-boat necessities and luxuries, from tape, buttons, and shoestrings to bananas, tobacco, and peanuts; from fresh milk to bottled beer—these bumboats lurk everywhere along the river-shore, from the lower part of the Highlands to up above Newburgh. From a dozen different points they come puffing off in a tremendous hurry and with a great deal of tooting of piping whistles, struggling to catch up with the slow-moving tow, and whistling to let the boatmen know that they are coming. Reaching the tow, they throw out a line as a spider throws out a web over a big fly, and so clinging to the nearest canal-boat, never let go their hold until the last penny is drained from that part of the floating town.

Even before I came up on deck I could hear the bumboatman from just ahead of us shouting out with ceaseless iteration of loud-voiced outcry. His loud calling was so strident that it was not very articulate, but as far as one could analyze his words he was declaiming somewhat thus: "Here y' are! Fresh me-elk! But-ter! Fresh eggs! Tobaccy! Real Milwaukee beer! Anything y' want? Step this way now!" His voice dominated all the sound of rushing water and sweeping wind, and drew the attention as a red rag might draw the eyes from a fair landscape, whether one would or no. The little steam bumboat was pitching and tossing like a cork to the swing of the swift waves, but it kept its hold tenaciously, and there was a clustered group of canal-boat folk standing looking passively down into it while some one was buying something.

Everything stood out as bright as crystal, with a touch of color here and a glint of brightness there—a wide patch of green, a flaming spark of red—to give point and vitality to the whole wide enchantment of the early morning. But the people about the bumboat did not seem to care anything especially for it all, but stood looking down, absorbed in the interest of that little tiny event, and altogether unconscious of the wide and ample significance of the splendid surroundings in which they stood—the vast bosom of the Highlands uplifting out of the shining water, and rising high aloft to those exalted altitudes of wooded heights, here and there a bright green, here and there dappled with the dusky purple of floating cloud shadows; the shining river covered all over with other purpling shadows; wide fields of dusky darkness; over all the high windy sky, and everywhere boats and crafts of all sorts and kinds, coming and going, and checkering the wide expanse with spots of color and brightness. All this beauty and freshness surrounded the purchase perhaps of a yeast-cake, and of the wide and generous glory that surrounded them the onlookers of that tiny event were altogether unconscious. They were used to all this phase of nature; and when one grows used to a thing, even to a vision so full of the vitality of nature as that bright beauteous early morning in the Highlands of the Hudson, it takes a very little pin-head of fact held close to the eye to stop it all out from the consciousness.

But, after all, the question of liking or disliking certain things is, as Shylock explains, altogether a matter of individual taste. If these good, simple people did not especially care for the surroundings of nature in which they stood, and which appealed to me with such a keen sense of enjoyment, they have nevertheless their own ideas of what is pleasant to the finer senses of their own nature, and no doubt appreciate more delicate phases in the things which they like which altogether escape my less practised observation. They are very fond, for instance, of the music of the mouth-organs and accordions; and maybe if I did not like the music as well as they did, the fault lay with me. For there is not the least doubt in the world that a boatman can make every bit as pleasant music with a mouth-organ as ever an old Greek could make with the boasted syrinx—and who dares question the good taste of that which is classical?

Indeed, there is something very suggestive of a Golden Age and of pristine simplicity in the music of a mouth-organ when one hears it under the proper conditions. That same evening (it was the time of full moon), sitting there on the cabin of our own floating home, gazing at the darkling shore as it faded and dissolved into the dusk of the distance, while the great yellow globe of night swung slowly up into the sky, and the silvery silence seemed to rise from the earth like a mist of stillness—sitting thus, and under such conditions, the piping of a mouth-organ coming from the distance, from this cabin or from that glimmering deck, seemed singularly in keeping with the simplicity of the life to which it belonged, and in which we now found ourselves drifting.

Another such warm mellow evening, I remember, while we lay moored to the bank at the mouth of the canal, at rest for the night, some one on a distant boat began suddenly playing upon an accordion. That music, too, seemed to fit very perfectly into its surroundings, and, I remember, we sat listening to the distant drawling notes, with the snoring bass and its occasional funny staccato catch in the



treble, with a sort of half-reluctant pleasure, until some rival performer began playing another tune upon another accordion in a different key. There was something very droll in the discord of time and tune between the two, but the performers did not seem to mind it, for they played away like good fellows for a long time, each pumping away at his own air, in his own key, and his own time.

Then these people like pictures and flowers, and bits of color and tinsel that make the little cabin home bright and cheerful. Often one sees a brass cage with its canary-bird hanging at the cabin window or sunning on the roof, and hears the little thing singing its ear-splitting song in the warm air.

On the cabin walls there are framed chromo-lithographs of bright colors, sometimes with the lettering of an advertisement running through the bouquet of coloring, and on the cabin roof there is almost sure to be a little garden of white and red geraniums flowering in old tomato-cans or starch-boxes or red earthenware pots.

These little gardens under the cabin awnings are very bright and blooming spots dotted upon the white level of the floating town. They catch the eye, and it lingers there with a certain pleasure, just as the ear listens with a certain pleasure to that queer Pan-like music of mouth-organ and accordion.



There lingers a certain pathos in a memory of a hard-featured, Indian-looking woman in the boat directly astern of ours, who bent tenderly over a tomato can garden of such white and red geraniums. She touched the flowers with a very soft and loving hand, and when she saw our interest in her work she offered my wife some cuttings. She told me that she had brought them from her husband's "gryve." I afterwards heard the neighbors say that she was not a "good" woman, and that her husband was by adoption and not by law. I felt somehow very sorry for her, and it seemed to me that the fact of her not being a "good" woman added a certain additional touch of pathos to that picture of the hard-featured, dusky creature bending so tenderly over those flowering tin cans.



Many of the Erie Canal boats—or "lakers," as they are generally called in boatman parlance—carry their own horses with them in a smaller cabin forward. Very early on our first day out—perhaps half past five o'clock in the morning—we were awakened by a sudden kicking and squealing, a stentorian "Woah!" and then the sound of the rapping of a curry-comb on a coadjacent wooden wall. It sounded, by transmission, so strikingly near that it might almost have come from the next room. It was almost startling to hear these homely stable sounds coming from a canal-boat floating in the midst of the Hudson River.

The groom who attended to this floating team was very proud of the horses. His rather stolid face brightened almost to an illumination when the children asked leave to come aboard his boat to see them, and he spread nearly a quart of oats upon the deck so that the horse might be tempted to keep his head out of the window while a sketch was made of it.



The different crafts comprising the tow are arranged in tiers of four or five boats abreast, each tier being connected to the tier behind by strong hawsers. There is a gap of maybe ten or twelve feet between the stern of one tier of boats and the bows of the tier following. To visit one's neighbors on either side is only to step over a six-inch bulwark to the adjoining deck, but if one wants to pass from one tier to another—say, to visit a back-door neighbor—one has either to climb across one of these hawsers or else to walk a narrow plank, with the boiling caldron of deep water beneath, and almost certain death if one should topple overboard. But the neighbors—after one has lived with them so long as an hour or two, and has had time to become intimate with them—are all more than ready to lend a helping hand.

The full-page sketch of the floating town was made from one of the boats astern of ours, and in the perilous passage across the plank that spanned the gulf, and the transferrence across it of paint-box and easel and palette and stretcher, the attention of all of that neighborhood of our town was centred upon the venturesome visitor.

While painting the picture under the awning-covered deck, the wife of the boatman, a comely young woman, with dark hair, and gold ear-rings twinkling in her ears, stood nearly all the time, head and shoulders out of the scuttle, an interested spectator of the work, and the boatmen came from far away in the distance to look, to comment, to exchange a few friendly words, and to go away.

It was upon such an occasion as this that a handsome young fellow, the captain of a neighboring ice-barge just in front of our boat, stood leaning against the tiller while a picture was made of him with the sunlight shining from behind.

An inland voyager may become intimate with these simple-minded people in a very short space of time. He may, if he chooses, find himself regarded in the light of a friend after, say, five minutes of intimate conversation. For there is



something in the isolation of these folk, in the narrowness of their existence, that seems to cause them to be peculiarly re-

sponsive to any advances that one from the great outside world may choose to make to them. Maybe that sort of human sympathy which may be defined as the capacity for making acquaintances is normally always capable of a certain amount of extension. So, when it is shut in by such abnormally narrow circumstances of life as that in which these folk dwell, its effort to find outlet makes them willing to receive as a friend anybody who comes into their life from outside.

Perhaps this is delving a little too deeply into the subsoil of human nature for such light and passing sketches; nevertheless, the fact remains that one finds that same sort of ready responsiveness in these folk that one finds in out-of-the-way farming districts, in little sea-shore settlements, and in similar nooks and corners of the greater world.

At first, with such people, one strikes a thin crust of reticent reserve, breaking through which one comes almost immediately upon the heart beneath, strongly alive, beating and pulsing with those universal sorrows and joys, hopes and disappointments, that men of the greater world generally try to cover over from the sight of other men.

We of that greater and outer world do not often talk of the tragedies of our lives to a stranger; hardly do we talk of them to a friend, unless he be very near to our hearts. These people, if they believe one to be interested in them, will open such inner recesses of their lives with a frankness that makes one sometimes not know where to look or what to say.

Once, for instance, on a boat next to ours during a short peregrination, there lived a man and his wife whom we grew to know very well—intimately, indeed—in the course of a half-hour or so. We sat on our cabin roof, and the man and his wife sat on the roof of their cabin, and we talked to one another across the narrow space of three or four feet of deck that stretched between. The evening was very warm, and we still kept each under our roof of canvas—although the sun was set—in memory of the hot day that had passed. The man sat dangling his feet towards the deck below; the woman sat in a rocking-chair. They were very close together, almost touching one another; and our own captain, who had known them upon some former occasion, was sitting near them. The man, in a sort of passive monotone, began telling about how they had lost their two only children; how one of the children had fallen overboard and had been drowned, and how the other had fallen from the cabin roof, upon which it had been playing, and had died in a little while—an hour or so. He went into all the particulars of what must at the time have been a great and overwhelming tragedy, and his wife every now and then put in a word or two, adding to or confirming what was said. She rocked back and forth in her rocking-chair as they talked, and there was no sound of passion in their words—only a passive submission to what had happened, and which could not be mended. But what they said seemed to awaken an echo of the past tragedy in our own captain's life; for he began telling about how he had had a daughter (she would, he said, have been twenty-two years old if she had lived). He told how he had left her playing upon the deck one day while he went up to the collector's office for his papers. His wife was down in the cabin cooking supper. By-and-by she came up, and saw the little one's straw hat floating on the water. There was no ripple or sign to show what had happened. They never, he said, saw anything of the child again.

They all told of those tragedies of their lives in a sort of slow maundering monotone, and all the time the woman sat rocking. It would have been impossible for us of the greater world to uncover such sacred memories of sorrows to show to a passing stranger of a half-hour's acquaintance; but these good people seemed to take a kind of pleasure in showing them to us. They even seemed to feel a sort of pride in that they had suffered such bitter pangs of grief.

After a while the woman said she had never been away from her husband for twenty-four years; and long after night fell I could see the man's pipe of tobacco gleaming like a dull star in the darkness, and the dim outline of the woman still sitting close beside him in the gloom, and still rocking in her rocking-chair.

People of that sort make the same frank and open display of nearly all their emotions. If they are angry, they swear; if they are pleased, they laugh with great big laughter; if they are in love, they hook little fingers and walk along indif-

ferent as to who sees them. We of the other sort do not; and if we see a pair of lovers on their wedding journey spooning in the semi-seclusion of the parlor-car, we cannot but think how much they will maybe be ashamed by-and-by when they remember how they behaved before strangers.

Perhaps when Corydon and Phyllis made love to one another in the time of the Golden Age, they did not at all mind whether or not they offended the taste of the Satyrs and the Nymphs who looked



on. But that is not to the point, and there were no parlor-cars in those days.

There was, when we were a part of that floating town, a couple who lived three or four tiers of boats away from us, and we called them Corydon and Phyllis. They lived aboard of a northern boat loaded with lumber, and they sat all morning where anybody who chose could see them, close together in the shade of the overhanging boards with which it was loaded. The upper two layers of plank had been so arranged as to make a rooflike shelter, and beneath was a little nook framed in by the jutting ends of the side planks. It was in this nook that they sat, each evidently unconscious of everything in the world excepting the other. The keen hot sun cut sharp lines and points of bright light down through the cracks between the planks, and the yellow shade of the newly sawed pine boards must have been very warm and fragrant. Our Corydon and Phyllis were as altogether indifferent to the world outside of that warm yellow nook as ever the archaic Corydon and Phyllis could have been of a world beyond their dewy banks of daffodils and their overshadowing branches of rhododendrons.

They were too far away for us to distinguish their faces, but we fancied them a young couple taking their first inland voyage together. It was not till afternoon that we on our boat found that our lovers were, Corydon maybe sixty, and Phyllis maybe forty-five years old. They had been married, Phyllis said, over twenty-five years, and they liked one another better than they had in the beginning.

Perhaps the statement was made somewhat for effect, but it was nevertheless palpably true, and the memory of the two gray-haired lovers is a very salient picture in that panorama of floating life.

At that time, I remember, we were pretty well up the wide stretch of river, with the Catskill Mountains rolling up big and blue against the bright mellow afternoon sky to the westward. The breadth of the shining river and the high bright arch of sky gave a singular sense of wideness to everything. The slow-moving floating town and the ceaseless sound of churning waters seemed to emphasize that wide, hot, airy luminosity of universal nature. It was very beautiful with a restful and impassive beauty, and whether the breath of open air and of pure nature lent its atmosphere of simplicity to the fact of the romance of those two old lovers, or whether they keyed the mind to a new receptivity of the tune of nature, it is hard to tell.



A youthful French-Canadian woman in a neighboring boat brought up a fine baby, of which she was very justly proud, and two pretty French-Canadian girls came and stood with their father on the high poop of the "light" (that is unloaded) boat on the other side, looking down from the lofty deck and laughing.

There are a great many French fam-

ilies on the northern boats, a fine-looking, intelligent people—speaking sometimes a patois that is not very understandable, and always talking English with a peculiar drawling accent that Mr. Cable's dialect stories somehow suggest. They are nearly always Catholics, and when one visits the spotlessly and immaculately clean cabin one is almost sure to find a picture of the Virgin enshrined in some particular place—that picture so familiar of the mother heart pierced with clustering swords. In one cabin I saw a rather fine rosary hanging from a hook in the wall, and in another a carved wooden crucifix. Such boats sometimes come from far up in Canada, making their slow way down through the Great Lakes, through the northern canals, and so into the Hudson River, sometimes drifting as far south as Baltimore, or even to the further North Carolina sounds.

We had left the Highlands pretty far behind when the evening began to fall. The wind went down with the sun, and the river changed from steel to glass. The moon was nearly full, and the gloaming fell illuminated with that strangely luminous dual radiance that comes when the fading day and the rising moon commingle their soft and shadowless lights in one glimmering brightness. A strange silence seemed to fall upon the stillness of the waters, broken only by the liquid gurgle of the tide as it churned away behind, and the far-away pulsing puff of the engine of the tow-boat.

Now and then a voice sounded loud through the silence, and the young fellow who tended the horses in the next boat came and stood near, so that we might ask him to talk about them. The favorite mare stood with her patient face looking out of her window, and the children went over and scratched her nose.

The yellow gloaming gray changed to opalescent pallor of the moonlit night, and we sat there hardly knowing how the time passed, but just gazing, gazing tranquilly at the far-away shadowy shore, clustered here and there with distant lights, and the piping of mouth-organs sounded continually through the stillness. Then a huge Albany night boat went rushing past with a thunder of giant paddle-wheels, and a vast sparkle of electric lights reflected in shattered fragments in the broken water beneath.

When we came on deck the next morning it was to see the dome of the Capitol at Albany in the far distance, and by noon our whilom neighbors were scattered away from us hither and thither, straws of fate blown apart by the wind of circumstances, to drift—who knows where?—far asunder upon the bosom of the ocean of life.

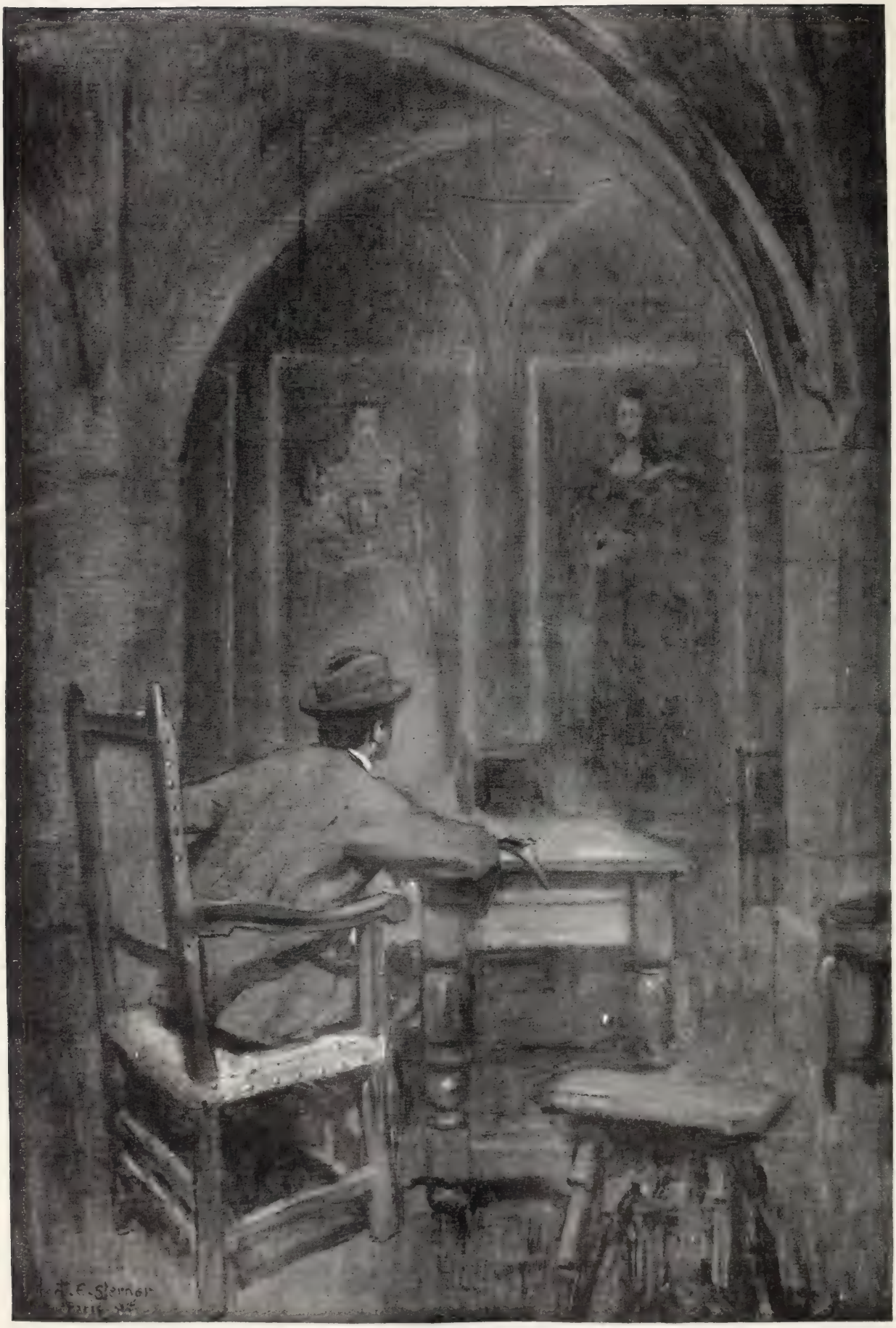
I do not think we saw any of these pleasant folk again.

There are three locks at Waterford, rising one above the other, like the ascent of three great steps. Up these three steps the boat must climb laboriously to pass from the wide shallow river below to the level narrow stretch of the canal above, that, threading its way in a wide curve through the town, runs thence like a silver ribbon out into the upper Hudson Valley beyond.

Entering that narrow waterway, you pass from the wider reaches of the river highway into byways that lead hither and thither through the heart of farmlands and meadows, valleys and wooded mountains.

The pleasantness there is of another sort than that of wide space of water and of windy sky; there one finds the pleasantness of silence and of tranquillity, the pleasantness of singing birds and growing things.





See page 844

A GIRLISH FORM IN BLACK.

THE BRINGING OF THE ROSE.

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.

FOR certain subjects one of the most valuable works of reference in all Berlin was Miss Olivia Valentine's "Adress-buch," the contents of which were self-collected, self-tested, and abounded in extensive information concerning hotels and pensions, apartments and restaurants, families offering German home life with the language, instructors, and courses of lectures, doctors, dentists, dressmakers, milliners, the most direct way to Mendelssohn's grave in the Alte Dreifaltigkeits-Kirchhof, how to find lodgings in Baireuth during the Wagner festival, where to stay in Oberammergau, if it happened to be the year of the Passion Play, and so on indefinitely.

Miss Valentine herself was a kind-hearted, middle-aged woman, who, as the result of much sojourning in foreign lands, possessed an intelligent knowledge of subjects likely to be of use to other sojourners, and who was cordially ready to share the same, according to the needs of the season. If it were November, people came asking in what manner they could take most profitable advantage of a Berlin winter; if it were approaching spring, they wanted addresses for Paris or Switzerland or Italy. It was March now and Sunday afternoon. Mr. Morris Davidson sat by Miss Valentine's table, the famous "Adress-buch" in his hand. "I suppose you don't undertake starting parties for heaven?" he said, opening the book. "Ah! here it is—'Himmel und Hölle.' I might have known it, you are so thorough."

"If you read a little further," remarked Miss Valentine, "you will see that 'Himmel und Hölle' is a German game."

"Oh yes, I remember now; we play it at our pension. It's that game where you say 'thou' to the you-people, and 'you' to the thou-people, and are expected to address strange ladies whom you are meeting for the first time as Klara and Charlotte and Wilhelmine, with most embarrassing familiarity, and it is very stupid if the game happens to send you to heaven. I wonder if there really is such a locality? I've been thinking lately I should like to go there; things don't seem to agree with me very well here. I've closed my books, walked the Thiergarten threadbare, sleep twelve hours out of twenty-four, do everything I've been told to do, with no result whatever except to grow duller." The young man yawned as he spoke. "Do excuse me; I've come to such a pass that I'm not able to look any one in the face without yawning. All things considered, I am afraid I shouldn't be any better off in heaven. I'm afraid I couldn't stand the people, there must be so many of them. I want to get away from people."

"I know exactly where to send you," said Miss Valentine. "I was thinking about it when you came in. It isn't heaven, but it is very near it, and it also begins with H; and you are sure to like it—that is, unless you object to the ghost."

"Oh, not in the least; only is the rest of it all right? Things are not, generally; either the drainage is bad or there is a haunted room, and every one who sleeps in it dies, and of course one cannot help sleeping in it, just to see how it is going to work."

"Nothing of the kind," returned Miss Valentine; "the drainage is excellent; and as for the haunted room, I once shared it half a summer with a niece and namesake of mine, and we were never troubled by any unusual occurrence, and we are both in excellent health and likely to remain so. The ghost is reported to have a Mona Lisa face, to be dressed in black, with something white and fluffy at the neck and sleeves, gold bracelets, a necklace and ring of black pearls, and she carries a rose. If her appearance means death or misfortune, the rose is white; if she is only straying about in a friendly way, the rose is red.

"The place is called the Halden—the Hill-side. I have taken the precaution to state vaguely that it is in the neighborhood of Zurich; I want to do all in my power to keep the spot unspoiled. There is so little left in Switzerland that is not tired of being looked at—the trees are tired, and the grass, and the waterfalls; but here is a sweet hidden-away nook, where everything is as fresh as before the days of foreign travel. I am going to provide you with the directions for finding it."

She sat down by the writing-desk, and presently gave a slip of paper to Morris Davidson, who put it carefully in his pocket-book.

"The castle of the Halden," Miss Valentine continued, "belonged to a certain countess, by name Maria Regina. There is a tradition that one night a mist coming down from the mountain concealed the castle from the village, and when it lifted behold the countess and her entire household had vanished forever, and not a word was ever heard from them again. The ghost-lady is supposed to be a sister of the Countess Maria Regina, and in some way connected with the death of a young Austrian officer who figures as a lover in the story; just whose lover no one seems to know, but it is surmised of Maria Regina's daughter, said to be a very aristocratic and haughty young person. The castle remained closed after this mysterious occurrence for about two hundred years, and then an enterprising Swiss-German had it put in order for a summer hotel. What are you doing? I believe you are making extracts from my 'Adress-buch.' Now that is something I never allow. I like to give out information discriminately, with personal explanations."

The young man showed what he had written. "Just a hint or two for Italy," he said. "I may go down there next week. If I do, I shall certainly turn aside and tarry a little at your Halden. I should like to try whether your ghost-lady would lead me into any adventure."

Miss Valentine did not see Morris Davidson again, but a few weeks later she received a letter bearing a Swiss postmark:

"DEAR MISS VALENTINE,—I am here, and in order to give complete proof of it I sacrifice my prejudice and write on ruled paper, with purple ink and an unpleasant pen, that it may be all of the Halden. The place is exactly what I wanted and needed. I am so delighted to have it to myself. I am the only guest in the castle, the only stranger in the town. I came to stay a day; I intend now to stay a week. Yesterday, my first whole day, was perfect. I went by train to Mühlehorn, and walked from there to Wallenstadt, came back for dinner, and in the afternoon climbed the hill to Amden, where I found a hepatica in bloom, and had a beautiful view of the sunset. This morning there is a mist on the mountains, which is slowly rising, so I am using the time for letter-writing. Mountain-climbing is not yet inviting, owing to the snow; but, on the whole, the season of the year is not at all unfavorable. The loneliness is what I like best. The people do not interest me; I avoid them, and must appear in their eyes even more deluded than I am to come to this secluded spot at this unseasonable moment and be satisfied with my own society—no, not my own society, but that of these kind brotherly mountains. From a prosaic pedant I can almost feel myself becoming an ecstatical hermit, and my soul getting ready to

> 'smooth itself out a long cramped scroll,
> Freshening and fluttering in the wind.'

What a solid satisfaction it is to have a few days free from railroad travel! I have made a roundabout journey, coming here by way of Dresden, Leipsic, Cologne, Bonn, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Strasburg, Freiburg, Basel, and Zurich. It was all pleasant, but I am glad it is over. Please never advertise the Halden as a health-resort; let it remain a complete secret between us two, so that when we wish to leave everything and hermitize we may have the opportunity. If it were not for betraying this secret, I should like to recommend the castle for its generosity. At breakfast I have put beside my plate a five-pound loaf of bread, one slice of which is fifteen inches long by six wide, and thick *ad libitum* dimensions, the delicacy of which even a Prussian soldier would call into question.

"I haven't attempted to tell you what I think of your Halden. It is impossible. I simply give myself over to a few days of happiness and rest; all too soon I shall have to face the busy world again.

Most gratefully yours,
MORRIS DAVIDSON.

"P.S.—I have not yet seen the ghost-lady. I thought I heard her footstep last night in the hall and a rustling at my door. I opened it, half expecting to find a rose upon the threshold. I found nothing, saw nothing."

The letter was dated March 13th, and contained a pressed hepatica. Some two months later another letter came. It said:

"I am still here. My Italian journey melted into a Swiss sojourn. If I stay much longer I shall not dare to go away, I feel so safe under the care of these wonderful mountains. What words has one to describe them, with their fulness of content, of majesty and mystery? I go daily up the time-worn steps behind the castle, throw myself on the grass, count the poplar-trees rising from the plain below, try to make out where earth ends and heaven begins as the white May clouds meet the snow-drifts on the mountain-tops. I am working a little again, but tramping a good deal more. I have not been so happy since I was a boy. In a certain sense I have died here, unaided by the apparition with the rose, unless, indeed, she has come in my sleep, and that of course would not count. I have died, because surely all that death can ever mean is the putting away of something no longer needed, and therefore we die daily—one day most of all. But although I have never seen the ghost-lady, I have every reason to have perfect faith in her existence. I was talking with our landlord's aged mother about it to-day. She carefully closed the door when the conversation turned in this direction, begging me never to mention the subject before the servants, and then in a half-whisper she gave me exactly the same description that you did in Berlin."

Early in June a third letter came:

"Will you believe me when I say I have not only seen *Her*, but *Them;* that I have sat with Them, and talked with Them—the lost ladies of the Hill-side—with the Countess Maria Regina, the proud daughter, the mysterious sister? No, certainly you will not believe me.

"I write nothing here of the physical results of my stay. Enough that I am ready for work; that I love my fellow-men; that I no longer dread to go to heaven for fear of their society; that I have formed an intimate friendship with the village weaver and priest and postmaster; that when we part, as we shall to-morrow, it will be affectionately and regretfully.

"All this you know, or have guessed. What I am about to tell, you do not know, and can never guess.

It had been raining for a week. You remember what it is like here when it rains—how damp, sticky, discouraging; how cold the stone floor; how wet the fountain splashes when one goes through the court to dinner. I was driven to taking walks in the hall outside my room by way of exercise, and thus discovered in a certain dark corner a low door to which I eventually succeeded in finding a key. This door led me into an unused tower dimly lighted, hung with cobwebs, and filled with old red velvet furniture. I sat down on a sofa, and before long became conscious that I was being gazed upon by a haughty young woman, with an aristocratic nose, large dark eyes, hair caught back by tortoise-shell combs under a peculiar head-dress, having a gleam of gold directly on the top. Her gown was of dark green, with white puffs let into the sleeves below the elbows; around her tapering waist was a narrow belt of jewels; the front of her corsage was also trimmed with jewels. But the most distinctive feature of her costume consisted in a floating scarf of old-rose, worn like the frontispiece lady in some volume of 'Keepsake' or 'Token.' Imagine meeting such a being as this unexpectedly in the long-closed tower-room of a castle after a week of Swiss rain! I forgot time, weather, locality, individuality; I began to think, in fact, that I myself might be the young Austrian officer who was murdered. Presently I noticed that my haughty young woman had a chaperon—a lady wearing a light green picturesquely shaped hood; a kerchief of the same shade bordered with golden tassels; a necklace of dark beads, from which hung a crucifix. She was not pretty, but had very plump red cheeks, and held a little dog. I learned, on nearer acquaintance, that this was the Countess Maria Regina, and as she then appeared so she had looked in the year 1695.

"We sat for a while silently regarding each other, Maria Regina's cheek seeming all the time to grow deeper in color, the point in which the green hood terminated more and more distinct, the little dog making ready to bark, the daughter with the floating scarf prouder and prouder, and I, as the Austrian officer, hardly daring to move, lest the sister with the rose should join the group, and that perhaps be the end of me, when I had the happy thought of going in search of her, and thus breaking the spell, and preventing the mischief which might occur should

she come uninvited. I left the sofa and peered about, and could scarcely believe my eyes as I came upon her standing by the tower window, pearls, black gown, lace frills, and rose in hand, all there, although very indistinct and shadowy, the Mona Lisa face looking discreetly towards the wall.

"Now, my dear Miss Valentine, having related this remarkable adventure, I am about to relate one even more remarkable. It occurred this very evening, between seven and eight o'clock. I had been off for the day with the village goat-boy and his flock—the dear creatures, who have never had their bells removed to be painted over with Swiss landscapes and offered for sale as souvenir bric-à-brac. I had patted the goats good-night and good-by, and going up to my room, thrown myself into a reclining-chair, deliciously tired as one can only be after a long day of Swiss mountain life. The door was open, the room full of pleasant twilight, the three ladies safe in their tower close by. I was thinking and wondering about them—how they used to look and talk as they walked in the castle garden; what became of them that night when they disappeared, and what they have been doing ever since. In the midst of my speculations I heard a rustling at the opposite end of the room. Now, as you know, the place being spacious as a banqueting-hall, objects at a distance, especially in the half-light, might easily deceive one. This was what I thought as I saw by the window a girlish form in black, with something white at the neck and sleeves. I rubbed my hands across my eyes, looked again, and, lo! my vision had vanished completely, noiselessly, without moving from the spot; for there had not been time to move. I sprang up and crossed the room. On the window-ledge was a rose, and the rose was red.

"Another curious thing—the ghost-lady of the tower, according to her own authority, was forty-nine in the year 1698. I don't know how ghosts manage about their age, but my ghost of this evening couldn't have been over nineteen.

"Well, I have told my story. I wait for you to suggest the explanation of the second part; the first will explain itself when I bring to you, in a few days at most, and with the hearty consent and approval of the castle's present proprietor, the Countess Maria Regina, the haughty daughter, the ghost-lady herself, as found on the rainy day in the tower.

"I am so well, so happy, so rich in life and thoughts and hopes! I owe it all to you, and I thank you again and still again, and sign my last letter from the Halden with the sweet salutation of the country, 'Grüss' Gott!'

Devotedly yours,
MORRIS DAVIDSON.

"*Midnight, June the first.*"

In the same mail Miss Valentine received a letter from her niece and namesake, who was travelling with friends from Munich to Geneva.

"MY DEAREST AUNT,—I can't possibly go to sleep without telling you about this beautiful day. Of course you knew we were going through Zurich, but you did not know we were going to give ourselves the joy of stopping for a little glimpse of the Halden country.

"We took a very early train this morning, and without waiting at the village, went directly on that glorious ten-mile walk to Obstalden, and dined at the inn 'Zum Hirschen.'

"You remember it—there where we tried to express ourselves once in verse:

"The pasture-lands stretched far overhead,
And blooming pathways heavenward led,
As on the best of the land we fed
At the pleasant inn 'Zum Hirschen.'

"Above us, a sky of wondrous blue;
Below, a lake of marvellous hue;
And glad seemed life—the whole way through,
That day as we dined 'Zum Hirschen.'

"And that was how life seemed to-day, but we were wise enough not to attempt poetry. When we got back to the village at night, we climbed up to the castle for supper. I did so hope to see your Mr. Davidson; unfortunately he had gone off for a long tramp. You should hear die alte Grossmutter talk about him; she can't begin to say flattering things enough. And where do you think I went, Aunt Olivier? Into our old room, to be sure—your Mr. Davidson's room now—the door was open, and so I entered.

"Oh, the view from that window!—the snow-tipped mountain over across the quiet lake, the little village, the castle garden, with its terraces and bowers! I wanted you so much!

"Suddenly I had a feeling as if some

one were coming, and very gently I pushed aside the panel door, closed it behind me, and descended in the dark — not a minute too soon, as it proved, because, firstly, when I looked back there was a light in the room above; and secondly, the rest of the party had gone to the station, expecting to find me there, and I arrived just in time to prevent us from missing the train.

"And, oh, dear Aunt Olivia, your Mr. Davidson has made some wonderful discovery. Die alte Grossmutter couldn't resist telling me, although she wouldn't tell me what it was; she said he was intending to bring it, or them, to you as a present, and he might be wishing to make it a surprise, and it wasn't for her to go and spoil it all. Now what do you suppose it can be? I am consumed with curiosity, and could shed tears of envy. He doesn't know a word about the secret stairway. Die alte Grossmutter hadn't thought to mention it. Imagine that! So exactly like people who possess unusual things not to appreciate them. When you build your house do put in a secret stairway, they are so convenient. The castle garden to-day was a perfect wilderness of roses; we brought as many as we could back to Zurich, and one I left on the window ledge of our old room —an unsigned offering from a past to a present occupant. It was a red rose too, and therefore of particularly good omen at the Halden. I wonder if your Mr. Davidson has found it yet, and is asking himself how it came?

"And now, my dearest Aunt Olivia, I kiss you good-night, and end my letter with the sweet salutation which we have been hearing all day from peasant folk— 'Grüss' Gott!'

Lovingly, your namesake niece,

OLIVIA.

"*Midnight, June the first.*"

THE FALLOW FIELD.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

NAKED and fruitless lies the fallow field.
No mower there lays cradle to ripe grain,
Boasts the tilled soil, or counts it to his gain;
Unprized and poor, its furrows, blank as grief,
Nor keep the flock with tender blade and leaf,
Nor tempt the laboring bee. . . .
Passive to Heaven it lies, and the broad sun
Streams fearless down on his dominion.
God is its husbandman: mist-wreaths and dews,
Slant rain and the toothed frost, their cunning use,
And work new spells with oldest alchemy
In the spent borders of the fallow field.

Canst learn no lesson from the fallow field?
Not to Toil only, not to those who strive,
The bright celestial visitants arrive!
Let the tired heart lie fallow, and the brain,
Eased of its tasks, wait like a child again;
Hush the quick-beating breast.
Nature, the old nurse-mother, knows a spell
That pleasures those who trust her passing well.
Who for a season only courts the sky
Will reap the fuller harvest by-and-by.
Give ear to silence; taste the sweets of rest,—
And prove the virtues of the fallow field!

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1863.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF CYRUS W. FIELD.

THOSE who looked upon Cyrus W. Field as a man absorbed in one idea may be surprised to learn that during the years of the civil war he worked untiringly for the good of his country. When in England his great desire was that the true reason for the struggle should be fully understood, and when in this country that Americans should know that they had warm friends across the water.

His trunks, both in crossing and in recrossing the Atlantic, were filled with books and papers relating to the war, and we are not surprised to learn that immediately on landing in New York, early in January, 1863, he remembered his friends in London.

The first letter of thanks is dated—

"11 Carlton House Terrace, S. W.,
Feb. 20, '63.

"My dear Sir,—I return my best thanks for your courtesy and kindness in sending me a present of books relating to the American war, which has arrived safely.

"I have read with very great interest the correspondence between Mr. Loring and Mr. Field. It is conducted in a tone altogether honorable to the two gentlemen and to their respective countries.

"I hope I do not offend expressing the humble desire that it may please the Almighty soon to bring your terrific struggle to an end; for all who know me know that if I entertain such a wish it is with a view to the welfare of all persons of the United States, in which I have ever taken the most cordial interest.

"I will not ask you to trouble Mr. Seward with my thanks for his kindness in sending me the correspondence of the State Department.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Very faithfully yours,
W. E. Gladstone.

"Cyrus W. Field, Esq."

The letter which follows was written by Mr. Bright a week later:

"London, *February 27th*, 1863.

"My dear Sir,—I have to thank you for forwarding to me Mr. Putnam's four handsome volumes of the *Record of the Rebellion*. I value the work highly, and have wished to have it. I shall write to Mr. Putnam to thank him for his most friendly and acceptable present.

"We are impatient for news from your country. There is great effort without great result, and we fear the divisions in the North will weaken the government and stimulate the South. Sometimes, of late, I have seemed to fear anarchy in the North as much as rebellion in the South. I hope my fears arise more from my deep interest in your conflict than from any real danger from the discordant elements among you. If there is not virtue enough among you to save the state, then has the slavery poison done its fearful work. But I will not despair. Opinion here has changed greatly. In almost every town great meetings are being held to pass resolutions in favor of the North—and the advocates of the South are pretty much put down. This is a short and hasty note. . . .

Believe me always,
Very truly yours,
John Bright.

"Cyrus W. Field, Esq., New York."

Mr. Field sailed for England in the steamship *China* on the morning of June 3d; early in July his firm in New York wrote to him: "Business has been almost entirely suspended for the last week on account of the great excitement arising from the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania. . . . Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are threatened by Lee." This also was the news brought by the steamer *Bohemian*, and published in London on July 16th. Those who sympathized with the South were exultant over it, and were quite sure that the steamer *Canada*, due on the 18th, would bring news of the utter defeat of the Northern army under General Meade. The steamer did not arrive on the day she was expected, and on the intervening Sunday Mr. Field afterwards said that he was far too excited to think of going to church. Instead he hailed a cab and drove to the house of Mr. Adams (then American minister in London). Mr. Adams was at church. Next he stopped at the rooms of a friend,

and persuaded him to go with him to the city. They drove to Reuter's. The man in charge of that office refused to answer any questions, saying that if he were to do so he would lose his place. He was assured that if that proved to be so he should immediately be given another place, and with an increase of pay. These questions were those asked: "Is the steamer in from America, and what is the price of gold in New York?" At last the wearied clerk opened the door wide enough to say that "the steamer was in, and that gold was 131." This gave assurance of a victory for the North, and putting his foot between the door and the jamb, Mr. Field refused to move it until he was given every particular. "There has been a three days' fight at Gettysburg; Lee has retreated into Virginia; Vicksburg has fallen." Three cheers were given, and then three times three. They were hearty and loud, and after that the one thought of the loyal Americans was to spread the good news as rapidly as possible. First Mr. Field made his way to Upper Portland Place, where a message was left for Mr. Adams. Then he drove out of London and passed the afternoon in going to see his friends. He enjoyed very much telling of the victory to those who rejoiced with him, but perhaps more to those who, though Northerners by birth, were Southerners at heart, and had not failed in the dark days just passed to let him know that they wished for a divided country. At one house in particular he entered looking very depressed, with a low voice asked if they had heard the news from Queenstown, and when the answer was "no," he read to them the paper he carried in his hand. His appearance had deceived them, and they had answered him smilingly, but their faces fell when they heard the news, and as he drove from the house he waved the message at them and called back, "Oh, you rebels! oh, you rebels!"

For a full understanding of the importance of the victories won at Gettysburg and Vicksburg as affecting the attitude of European statesmen toward the Union cause, a very interesting letter written by Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Field in 1862 is here for the first time given to the public:

"11 Wilton H. Terrace, *Nov.* 27, 1862.

"My dear Sir, — I thank you very much for giving me the *Thirteen Months.* Will you think that I belie the expression I have used if I tell you candidly the effect this book has produced upon my mind? I think you will not. I do not believe that you or your countrymen are among those who desire that any one should purchase your favors by speaking what is false, or by forbearing to speak what is true.

"The book, then, impresses me even more deeply than I was before impressed with the heavy responsibility you incur in persevering with this destructive and hopeless war at the cost of such dangers and evils to yourselves, to say nothing of your adversaries, or of an amount of misery inflicted upon Europe such as no other civil war in the history of man has ever brought upon those beyond its immediate range.

"Your frightful conflict may be regarded from many points of view. The competency of the Southern States to secede: the rightfulness of their conduct in seceding (two matters wholly distinct, and a great deal too much confounded): the natural reluctance of Northern Americans to acquiesce in the severance of the Union, and the apparent loss of strength and glory to their country: the bearing of the separation on the real interests and on the moral character of the North: again, for an Englishman, its bearing with respect to British interests: all these are texts, of which any one affords ample matter for reflection, but I will only state, as regards the last of them, that I for one have never hesitated to maintain that, in my opinion, the separate and special interests of England were all on the side of the maintenance of the old Union; and if I were to look at their interests alone, and had the power of choosing in what way the war should end, I would choose for its ending by the restoration of the old Union this very day.

"Another view of the matter not to be overlooked is its bearing on the interests of the black and colored race. I believe the separation to be one of the few happy events that have marked their mournful history. And, although English opinion may be wrong upon this subject, yet it is headed by three men perhaps the best entitled to represent on this side of the water the old champions of the antislavery cause — Lord Brougham, the Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. Buxton.

"But there is an aspect of the war

which transcends every other: the possibility of success. The prospect of success will not justify a war in itself unjust: but the impossibility of success in a war of conquest of itself suffices to make it unjust. When that impossibility is reasonably proved, all the horror, all the bloodshed, all the evil passions, all the dangers to liberty and order, with which such a war abounds, come to lie at the door of the party which refuses to hold its hand and let its neighbor be.

"You know that in the opinion of Europe that impossibility has been proved. It is proved by every page of this book, and every copy of the book which circulates will carry the proof wider, and stamp it more clearly. Depend upon it, to place the matter upon a single issue, you cannot conquer and keep down a country where the women behave like the women of New Orleans, and where, as this author says, they would be ready to form regiments if such regiments could be of use. And how idle it is to talk, as some of your people do, and some of ours, of the slackness with which the war has been carried on, and of its accounting for the want of success! You have no cause to be ashamed of your military character and efforts. You have proved what wanted no proof, your spirit, hardihood, immense power, and rapidity and variety of resources. You have compressed ten years of war into the term of eighteen months: you have spent as much money, and have armed and perhaps have destroyed as many men, taking the two sides together, as all Europe spent in the first ten years of the Revolutionary war. Is not this enough? Why have you not more faith in the future of a nation which should lead for ages to come the American continent, which in five or ten years will make up its apparent loss, or first loss, of strength and numbers, and which, with a career unencumbered by the terrible calamity and curse of slavery, will even from the first be liberated from a position morally and incurably false, and will from the first enjoy a permanent gain in credit and character such as will much more than compensate for its temporary material losses.

"I am, in short, a follower of General Scott: with him I say, 'wayward sisters, go in peace': immortal fame be to him for his wise and courageous advice, amounting to a prophecy! Finally, you have done what man could do. You have failed because you resolved to do what man could not do. Laws stronger than human will are on the side of earnest self-defence. And the aim at the impossible, which in other things may be folly only, when the path of search is dark with misery and red with blood, is not folly only but guilt to boot.

"I should not have used so largely in this letter the privilege of free utterance had I not been conscious that I vie with yourselves in my admiration of the founders of your republic, and that I have no lurking sentiment either of hostility or indifference to America; nor, I may add, even then had I not believed that you are lovers of sincerity, and that you can bear even the rudeness of its tongue.

I remain, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

W. GLADSTONE.

"CYRUS FIELD, Esq."

The letters received in London the end of July told of the draft riots that had broken out in New York. These riots were brought home to Mr. Field quite forcibly; his house on Gramercy Park adjoined his brother's, Mr. David Dudley Field, and that was only saved from destruction by the timely arrival of a company of soldiers. Mr. Bright's next letter is dated:

"ROCHDALE, *August* 7, '63.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I don't remember precisely what I wrote to you, but I do not think it would be wise for me or good for the cause if I were seen to be interfering among the contending opinions in the States.

"I therefore prefer that my letter should not be published; but I can have no objection to your sending it to Mr. Chase, if you think it worth his reading.

"From the tone of the Southern papers and the spasms of the New York *Herald* I gather that the struggle is approaching an end, and the conspirators are anxious to save slavery in the arrangements that may be made.

"On this point the great contest will now turn, and the statesmanship of your statesmen will be tried. I still have faith in the cause of freedom.

Believe me always

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

"CYRUS W. FIELD, Esq., Palace Hotel, London."

The letter referred to was that written on February 27th, and it called forth this long one from Mr. Chase:

"WASHINGTON, *August 21st*, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for sending me a copy of Mr. Bright's letter. It is marked by the comprehensive sagacity which distinguishes his statesmanship.

"Have you read 'Callirrhoe,' a fanciful story of George Sand's which has appeared in the late numbers of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It is founded upon the idea of transmigration, and especially upon the notion that the souls of those who have lived in former times reappear, with their characteristic traits, in the persons of new generations. If I adopted this notion, I might believe that Hampden and Sidney live again in Bright and Cobden.

"A letter expressing the same general ideas as are contained in that addressed to you was lately sent by Mr. Bright to Mr. Aspinwall. This letter Mr. Aspinwall kindly enclosed to me, and I read it to the President. I had repeatedly said the same things to him, and was not sorry to have my representations unconsciously echoed by a liberal English statesman. The President said nothing, but I am sure he is more and more confirmed in the resolution to make the Proclamation efficient as well after peace as during rebellion.

"My own efforts are constantly directed to this result. Almost daily I confer more or less fully with loyalists of the insurrectionary States, who almost unanimously concur in judgment with me that the only safe basis of permanent peace is reconstitution by recognition in the fundamental law of each State, through a convention of its loyal people, of the condition of universal freedom established by the Proclamation. It was only yesterday that I had a full conversation with Gov. Pierpont of Virginia, and Judge Bowden, one of the United States Senators from that State, on this subject. Both these gentlemen agree in thinking that the President should revoke the exception of certain counties in southeastern Virginia from the operation of the Proclamation, and that the Governor should call the Legislature together and recommend the assembling of a convention for the amendment of the existing Constitution; and in expecting that the convention will propose an amendment prohibiting slavery! I think there is some reason to hope that the President may determine to revoke the exception, and more reason to hope that the convention will be called and Freedom established in Virginia through its agency.

"I do not know that you are perfectly familiar with the present condition of things in Virginia. Soon after the outbreak of the rebellion the loyal people of Virginia organized under the old Constitution, through a Legislature at Wheeling, and subsequently through a convention consented to a division of the State by organizing the northwest portion as the State of West Virginia. If you look at the map you will see that the line forming the southern and eastern boundaries of this new State commences on the big fork of the Big Sandy on the west line of McDowell County, and thence proceeds irregularly, so as to include McDowell and Mercer counties, along the crest of the Alleghanies to Pendleton County, where it diverges to the Shenandoah Mountains, and proceeds northeast to the Potomac River at the northeast corner of Berkeley, including Pendleton, Hardy, Hampshire, Morgan, and Berkeley counties. Congress consented to the admission of this State, and it is now in the Union, fully organized under a free-labor Constitution. Its organization, of course, left the government of old Virginia in the hands of Gov. Pierpont and his associates, by whom the seat of government has been established at Alexandria. At present only a comparatively narrow belt of counties, from the Atlantic to the east line of Berkeley, is practically controlled by the loyal State government, but the loyal men of these counties are recognized by the national government as the State, and as county after county is rescued from rebel control it will come naturally under this organization, until, probably at no distant day, Gov. Pierpont will be acknowledged as the Governor of Virginia at Richmond. When this takes place the State will be necessarily a free State, under a Constitution prohibiting slavery.

"The loyal people of Florida are ready to take the same course which Gov. Pierpont proposes to take in Virginia, and the same is true of the loyal people of Louisiana to a great extent. It will be found, doubtless, as the authority of the Union is re-established in other States included by the Proclamation, that the same

sentiments will prevail, so that it will be quite easy for the national government, if the President feels so disposed, to secure the recognition of the Proclamation and the permanent establishment of its policy through the action of the people of the several States affected by it.

"In this way the great ends to be accomplished can be most certainly reached. My own efforts are constantly directed to their attainment, and I never admit in conversation or otherwise the possibility that the rebel States can *cease* to be *rebel States* and *become loyal members* of the Union except through the recognition of the condition created by the Proclamation, by the establishment of Free Institutions under slavery-prohibiting Constitutions. I not only labor for these ends, but hope quite sanguinely that they will be secured. The public sentiment of the country has undergone a great change in reference to slavery. Strong emancipation parties exist in every slave State not affected by the Proclamation, and a general conviction prevails that slavery cannot long survive the restoration of the republic. The Proclamation, and such recognition of it as I have mentioned, will have finished it in the Proclamation States. In the other States the people will finish it by their own action. I do not care to sketch the picture of the great and powerful nation which will then exhibit its strength in America. Your own foresight must have anticipated all I could say.

"The war moves too slow and costs too much, but it moves steadily, and rebellion falls before it. Our financial condition remains entirely sound. The new national banks are being organized as rapidly as prudence allows, and no doubt can, I think, be longer entertained that, whatever else may happen, we shall have gained through the rebellion an opportunity, not unimproved, of establishing a safe and uniform currency for the whole nation. A benefit in itself compensating in some degree, and in no small degree, for the evils we have endured.

"I trust you are succeeding well in your great scheme of the intercontinental telegraph. It is an enterprise worthy of this day of great things. If I had the wealth of an Astor you should not lack the means of construction.

Yours very truly, S. P. CHASE.

"CYRUS W. FIELD, Esq."

This letter was shown to Mr. Gladstone eight months later, and he wrote:

"11 CARLETON HOUSE TERRACE, S. W.,
Ap. 26, '64.

"MY DEAR MR. FIELD,—I return with many thanks these interesting letters; the one full of feeling, the other of important political anticipations.

"It is very good of you to send a letter of Mr. Chase's to me, who, I apprehend, must pass in the United States for no better than a confirmed heretic—though I have never opened my mouth in public about America except for the purposes of sympathy and what I thought friendship. I admit I cannot ask or expect you to take the same view on the other side of the water. Engaged in a desperate struggle, you may fairly regard as adverse all those who have anticipated an unfavorable issue, even although, like myself, they have ceased to indulge gratuitously in such predictions when they have become aware that you resent them, as you are entitled to judge the matter for yourselves. I cannot hope to stand well with Americans, much as I value their good opinions, unless and until the time shall come when they shall take the opposite view, retrospectively, of this war, from that which they now hold.* If that time ever comes, I shall then desire their favorable verdict, just as I now respectfully submit to their condemnation. What I know is this, that the enemies of America rejoice to see the two combatants exhaust themselves and one another in their gigantic and sanguinary strife.

"As respects Mr. Chase, he is, if I may say so, a brother in the craft; and I have often sympathized with his difficulties, and admired his great ability and ingenuity with which he appears to have steered his course. I remain, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE."

Mr. Gladstone's friendly attitude toward America was especially shown in his speech at Leith, January 10, 1862, in words which at the present time have a remarkable significance: "Let us form good auguries for the future from that which

* How much Mr. Gladstone valued the good opinions of Americans is shown in his letter to Minister Schenck of November 28, 1872, first published at his request in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1876.

now stands among the records of the past, and let us hope that whatever remains, or whatever may yet arise, to be adjusted in those relations between the two countries which afford a thousand points of contact every day, and must necessarily likewise afford opportunities for collision—let us hope that in whatever may arise or remain to be adjusted, a spirit of brotherly concord may prevail, and, together with a disposition to assert our rights, we may be permitted to cherish a disposition to interpret handsomely and liberally the acts and intentions of others, and to avoid, if we can, aggravating the frightful evils of the civil war in America by perhaps even greater evils—at any rate, enormous evils—by what, though not a civil war, would be next to a civil war—any conflict between England and America."

Immediately upon Mr. Field's arrival in New York, on September 23d, he prepared to welcome Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne. A reception was given to Sir Alexander and Lady Milne by Mr. and Mrs. Field early in October, and the letter from Washington refers to that entertainment.

"Treasury Department, *October 7th*, 1863.

"My dear Mr. Field,—I am glad that you are doing your part towards making the stay of the naval officers of the Good Queen in our Metropolitan Harbor agreeable to them. My faith is strong that the English government will yet see that the interests of mankind demand that there should be no alienation of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family from each other, and will do its part towards removing all causes of alienation by full reparation for the injuries inflicted on American commerce by unneutral acts of British subjects, known to and not prevented by the responsible authorities. That's a long sentence, but I believe it conveys my meaning. I am sorry I cannot accept the kind invitation of yourself and Mrs. Field (to whom please make my best regards acceptable) to meet these gallant officers. Yours very truly,

S. P. Chase.

"Cyrus W. Field, Esq."

The answer to this letter was written by Mr. Field on October 9, 1863:

"I fully concur in every word you say in regard to the conduct of the British government towards us, and hope with you that they will see it is for our mutual interest, as well as for that of all mankind, that friendly feelings should always exist between 'the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family.'

"Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne left for Washington this morning. . . .

"I have been very glad to do everything in my power to make his visit to this city as agreeable as possible, and I hope he will take away with him from our shores very pleasing impressions of it, and of the country and people."

The coming of the English fleet to New York had been the subject of discussion both in England and America. This command had been given to the admiral:

"The Naval Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West India station is specially directed by the eighth article of his instructions as follows:

"You are strictly to abstain from entering any port of the United States unless absolutely compelled to do so by the necessities of the service."

The order was not modified until the fall of 1863, when Admiral Milne sailed from Halifax in H. M. S. *Nile*, with the *Immortalité*, *Medea*, and *Nimble* in company, and arrived off Sandy Hook early in October. To use his own words:

"On being visited by Mr. Archibald, her Majesty's consul, he informed me of the strong and unfriendly feeling which then existed against England in consequence of the building of the two ships of war in Liverpool for the Southern States, and from various other matters connected with the existing civil war, and that my reception would probably be unsatisfactory. This, however, was not the case. My visit was evidently acceptable, and proved most satisfactory, and I received every attention from the authorities as well as private individuals, not only at New York, but also at Washington, as will be seen by the following correspondence:"

"Washington, *November 30th*, 1863.

"Sir,—Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne having reported to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the great kindness and courtesy with which he was received at Washington by the President of the United States and the members of the Cabinet, I have been instructed to convey to the government of the United

States the expression of the gratification which their Lordships have felt at the courtesy and attention so handsomely shown to the Vice-Admiral.

I have, etc., LYONS.

"The Hon. W. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State, Washington."

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
December 3d, 1863.

"MY DEAR LORD LYONS,—I have made known to the President and to the Heads of Departments the agreeable communication you have made to me in regard to the reception of Rear-Admiral Milne on the occasion of his visit at this capital.

"The just, liberal, and courteous conduct of the Admiral in the performance of his duties while commanding H. M.'s Naval Forces in the vicinity of the United States was known to this government before his arrival, and it therefore afforded the President a special satisfaction to have an opportunity to extend to him an hospitable welcome.

I am, etc., W. H. SEWARD.

"The Lord LYONS."

Dr. W. H. Russell has written that "the great civil war in America stimulated capitalists to renew the attempt; the public mind became alive to the importance of the project, and to the increased facilities which promised a successful issue. Mr. Field, who compassed land and sea incessantly, pressed his friends on both sides of the Atlantic for aid, and agitated the question in London and New York."

On reading these sentences the work to be done seems but slight. Mr. Field wrote on January 27, 1863, to George Saward, secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, "The whole country is in such a state of excitement in regard to the war that it is almost impossible to get any one to talk for a single moment about telegraph matters, but you may be sure that I shall do all I can to obtain subscriptions here"; and in another letter, "Some days I have worked from before eight in the morning until after ten at night to obtain subscriptions to the Atlantic Telegraph Company"; and in referring to the work of this year, "When scientific and engineering problems were solved we took heart again, and began to prepare for a fresh attempt." This was in 1863. "In this country, though the war was still raging, I went from city to city, holding meetings and trying to raise capital, but with poor success. Men came and listened, and said it was all very fine, and hoped I would succeed, but I was able to raise but £70,000, and £600,000 was the sum required for the work."

In March of this year, at a meeting held at the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Field told of an interview he had had with a member of the English government. "I was trying to impress upon him the great importance an Atlantic telegraph would be to Great Britain, telling him that if the cable was laid he could every hour of the day communicate with the Governors of five British Provinces. The Admiralty could communicate with the same rapidity and frequency with Halifax, their principal naval station in this part of the world, and the Commander-in-Chief could transmit speedy orders to all military commandants in the provinces. And I referred to the message which had prevented the embarkation of a regiment in August, 1858, and the great expense thus avoided. I also referred to the advantage that would further follow to the British government by being in a position to communicate at any moment with their minister at Washington, Lord Lyons. To which he replied: 'Mr. Field, I admit everything you say with regard to the great importance the undertaking would be to our government. But it would not be one-hundredth part of the benefit to Great Britain that it would be to the American government and the American people. This work would connect England with America, to be sure, but it would do far more for you, for it would connect America with all Europe, Asia, and Africa. In a few months, when the line from England to India shall be completed, your merchants will have no chance to compete with the English merchants unless you complete this work. I believe that the importance of this work to America, the laying down of a submarine telegraph connecting Newfoundland and Ireland, cannot be estimated.'"

At the time that Mr. Field had this conversation he knew "that during the excitement of the *Trent* affair a person connected with the English government applied to Messrs. Glass, Elliot, and Co., of London, to know for what sum they would manufacture a cable and lay it across the Atlantic; to which they replied that they would both manufacture

and lay it down for £675,000, and that it should be in full operation by the 12th day of July, 1862." This is copied from a paper read by Mr. Field before the American Geographical and Statistical Society on May 1, 1862. And he also added, "well might England afford to pay the whole cost of such a work, for in sixty days' time she expended more money in preparation for war with this country than the whole cost of manufacturing and laying several good cables between Newfoundland and Ireland." It was at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce already referred to that Mr. A. A. Low offered a resolution expressing confidence in the opinion that a cable could be laid across the Atlantic, and ended his speech with these words:

"Any one listening to Mr. Field as frequently and as attentively as I have with regard to this subject could not long entertain a doubt as to the success of the effort. He has studied it in all its bearings, and with the aid of the science and intelligence so readily at command on the other side of the ocean, where he has had the benefit of an experience far exceeding that of this country with regard to ocean telegraphs, I am confident that whatever hesitation may for a time retard the work, it will not be of that kind to defeat the enterprise. With regard to the argument that this telegraph is in the power of the English government, and that we would be debarred from its use in time of war, let it be borne in mind that it may be built by Great Britain without our co-operation. The English government is alive to all the great necessities of the day. I wish, indeed, our own were equally alive to the urgencies of the age.

"The English government, as I said, is alive to all the great necessities of the times, and they will assuredly lay the telegraph, whether we work with them or not. If this government and people participate with the government and people of Great Britain in the work, it will be done under treaty stipulations which will secure to our country effectually great advantages and facilities. I have faith in Great Britain, and I believe that if Great Britain enters into any compact with this country she will be true to her plighted faith. I have little fear on that score. I have recently given expression to complaints against Great Britain, and I have deplored the action of her people and the non-action of the government. I have done so as an American citizen, alive to the honor of our country and the sensibilities of our people. I have done so, sir, not when smarting under a recent misfortune, for this will not aggravate my complaint or add to its intensity. But I have spoken as I feel, and as every man is bound to speak who has at heart the good of his country, and who would exert in a legitimate and proper manner any influence on the people and government of Great Britain such as may tend to avert the evils of war. Nor do I intend, in consequence of what has occurred, to add to what I have had occasion to say in this chamber at other times. But while I deplore the agency of Great Britain and of the people of Great Britain in permitting vessels like the *Alabama* and *Oreto* to go forth to destroy our commerce, I have that faith in the British government to believe that when it understands all that is justly felt on this side of the water the evil will be corrected. And such is my faith in regard to this enterprise that if Great Britain should enter into stipulations with this country, and the telegraph be completed under these stipulations, I cannot doubt that those stipulations would be honorably and faithfully fulfilled. Our people ought not to be deterred by unworthy considerations from taking part in an enterprise called for by all the intelligence and wisdom of our times, such an enterprise as that now suggested. There is a risk which may well be incurred in view of all the advantages the work presents. I therefore move the adoption of the resolution which I have had the honor to present."

The summer of 1863 was passed, as has been already stated, in England, and when Mr. Field sailed for home, early in September, it had been decided that within ten months another attempt should be made to lay a cable across the Atlantic Ocean. Soon after his return unfavorable reports were received, and it was written that the work was at a standstill, and then it was that he decided to give up active business in New York and devote his whole time to pressing forward this great work. On December 16th he was urged to come immediately to England. He sailed early in January, 1864.

BORDER-LANDS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THRO' all the evening,
All the virginal long evening,
Down the solemn aisle of blossoms it is dread to walk alone;
For there the intangible is nigh, the lost is ever-during;
And who would suffer beneath the old and too divine alluring,
Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dying faces blown?

Yet in a valley,
At the turn of the orchard alley,
When a wild aroma touched me in the moist and moveless air,
Like breath indeed from out thee, or as airy vesture round thee,
Then was it I went faintly, for fear I had nearly found thee,
O hidden, O perfect, O desired! the first and the final Fair.

THE THREE OLD SISTERS AND THE OLD BEAU.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THE three old sisters, Rachel and Nancy and Camilla, lived in the house in which they had been born. They were very old in years—the youngest was nearly seventy—but they were, after all, the most youthful maidens in the village. Not a child dragging her doll-carriage past their windows, not a young girl strolling by in the twilight on her lover's arm, was as young as they, for the youth in them had actually triumphed over age, and gained, as it were, a species of immortality in this world.

Did not Camilla and Nancy, the two younger, really play at grace-hoops sometimes of an evening? The fantastic old shadows, with stiff rheumatic gestures, apeing the free motions of youth, and the flying hoops, had been plainly seen on the window curtains after the candles were lighted. The hoops themselves, wound with faded ribbons, the relics of a graceful sport of their graceful girlhood, hung conspicuously over the mahogany table in their front hall.

In this same front hall, large and square, hung with old greenish landscape paper, with a spiral stair winding slowly upward from its midst, the three old sisters were wont to sit in the cool of summer afternoons. At five o'clock the front door, topped with bull's-eyes of dull green glass, was thrown open, and the three appeared, sitting in state with their embroidery-work. They still embroidered, bending their spectacled eyes painfully over scallops and sprigs and eyelet-holes. They had never outgrown the occupations of their youth, as they had scarcely outgrown its amusements. It did not seem impossible that Camilla, the youngest, sometimes nursed her ancient doll in her withered bosom.

However, the strongest evidence of the youth which still survived in their hearts, and answered to their conceptions of themselves and one another, was in their costumes. The three old sisters, Rachel, Nancy, and Camilla, sat in their front hall arrayed in bygone silks and muslins, made after the fashions of their girlhood days, with no alterations.

Scanty ruffled skirts clinging to their wasted limbs the three wore, and low bodices and elbow sleeves, displaying pitilessly their withered necks and arms, from which all the sweet curves of youth had departed.

Their gray and scanty locks were arranged in ringlets, and garnished with shell combs, and sometimes a wreath of faded artificial flowers.

It was inconceivable how one, surveying the others, as they sat there in their gay array, could not have seen in their faces, if not in her looking-glass, the loss of her youth; but if she did, she made no sign. Not one of them seemed to have a suspicion that these old costumes did not become them as fairly as ever, and nobody knew if their illusions ever failed them at the sight of one another's parchment skins, and the hollows between their poor old bones.

Always on a pleasant summer afternoon, as they sat there in their front hall,

the old Beau came stepping across the way from his old house, half hidden behind a little grove of pine-trees. He was as old as the eldest sister, but not at all feeble. He carried his handsome white head proudly above his old-fashioned high stock, and had a military set-back to his shoulders.

The old Beau, while looking, in his morning attire, not so very different from the modern man, clung always to his old costumes of state. When he crossed the road to the sisters of an afternoon he wore always his silk bell hat and blue swallow-tail coat, with bright brass buttons, and swung, with a fine courtly flourish of the past, an ancient ivory-headed cane. No one knew which of the sisters possessed the warmest affection of his faithful old heart. He had stepped across the road to visit them ever since people could remember. He had never had any other sweetheart, and they had never had any other beau.

One and then another of the sisters had been supposed to devote her virgin heart to him, and been pining over his long courtship. Nancy, the middle sister, was the one popularly considered to have especially favored him. There were vague whispers of more particular attentions paid her in years gone by. Moreover, she had been the beauty of the family. Tall and willowy in figure, with long brown curls drooping over rose-leaf cheeks, with gentle blue eyes, had Nancy been in her youth.

It seemed probable that she had crept the closest to the heart of the old Beau, but no one really knew. He was a close man, and quite a student; he lived in his old library, walled in with musty books, and wrote with his quill pen pages of fine crabbed letters, which no one ever read, nor knew what their subject was. His one outside diversion was his afternoon call upon the three sisters.

Then, seated, in summer-time, in a carved arm-chair in their front hall, and in the winter in their parlor, with a damask napkin over his thin knees, he partook of tea in a blue china cup, and pound-cake in a blue china plate. The sisters' maidservant always passed around a tea-tray in the afternoon—an old and genteel custom which prevailed nowhere else in the village.

Nancy, the middle sister, died first—of old age, the town record said, although that seemed impossible, and the other sisters insisted that it was of a cold upon the lungs. "Consumption is in our mother's family, and Nancy was always delicate. I never expected she would live to be old," Rachel told the minister when he called.

After Nancy's death the old Beau drank tea with the other sisters for another summer, then Rachel died, and there was only Camilla left. He did not make his call every afternoon after that. It was understood that she had doubts about the strict propriety of such solitary visits, and had prohibited them.

Then it was that the old Beau manifested symptoms of uneasiness. At the hour when he had been accustomed to call upon his friends he strolled aimlessly about the roads, switching the way-side weeds with his cane. People thought that he was ageing fast.

About three months after Rachel's death, one midsummer Sunday, the old Beau and Camilla walked down the road together to meeting, and it was said that they had gone to the minister's that morning and been married.

The Bridegroom wore his old dress costume of bell hat and blue swallow-tail coat, and held up his handsome white head like a prince in his high stock, and the Bride minced gently at his side in an ample bridal array of a long-past fashion and cut. A white bride-bonnet, white-veiled and crowned with white plumes, adorned the old Bride, and she wore a lustrous white satin gown with a low bodice, a white Canton crape shawl, and white satin shoes. That bridal costume had, beyond doubt, been prepared years and years gone by for one of the sisters, in anticipation of youthful love and wedded bliss; but for which? No one ever knew. Some, indeed, fancied that the white satin breadths were over-long for Camilla, and would better have suited Nancy, who had been taller, but who could say with certainty, since Camilla stooped with age, and must have lost somewhat of her youthful stature?

The old Bride passed up the aisle with her old Bridegroom, and a smile of youth that triumphed over age and memory shone on her old face through her white veil, and no one ever knew whether she wore her own or her sister's wedding-gown, or had wedded her own or her sister's old Beau.

LITTLE FAIRY'S CONSTANCY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

MR. HWANG did nothing except enjoy his garden, the society of his youngest side-wife, and his children. He was of the literary or official class, and managed to retire rich by pretending to suffer a mortal illness—the favorite way when an official has money, and enemies who wish him rid of it. It was plain that even in office he must have done next to nothing, for on his left hand he wore three finger-nails that took longer to grow than a queue. They may have been fifteen inches long, and were trained to coil up in the palm of his hand, out of the way as long as he kept his fingers doubled, which he had done for more than twenty-five years.

On his left arm he wore a jade-stone bracelet of the most exquisite shade of green, clouded all over with milk-white. The jade-stone ring on his right thumb was as fine a specimen; indeed, he believed that all the world—which is China and her vassal states in Europe and America—could not produce any finer. These two bits of jade-stone verified the poets' descriptions of the precious mineral, for they looked "like the white blossoms against the green leaves of the apple-tree," or "like thin snow fallen on heavy grass," or "like soft white clouds afloat beneath a lustrous sky."

Everything he used was elegant: his snuff-box of carved cameo-glass; his finger-warmer with its carved open-work top of silver; the heavy silver incense-brazier with a teak top carved to look like the crowns of the trees in a bamboo jungle; his eggshell teacups of water-marked white porcelain; his silver-encased pipes; his exquisitely moulded bronze ink-water bowl; his tobacco-box of carved red lacquer from Foo-chow. These were scattered about in rooms appointed with carved furniture heavier than any with which we are familiar, each article being wrought of teak, which is like lead. The lightest parts of each were the picture-panels, of heavy marble-stone, set in the backs and bottoms of the chairs, the tops of the stools and tables, and in the canopy-frame of the boxlike bed—a box that was all carving, like the finest cut-ivory jewel-box magnified thousands of times. The heft of all this massive furniture was of no consequence, for every bit of it, like his finger-nails, had staid where it was put for twenty-five years.

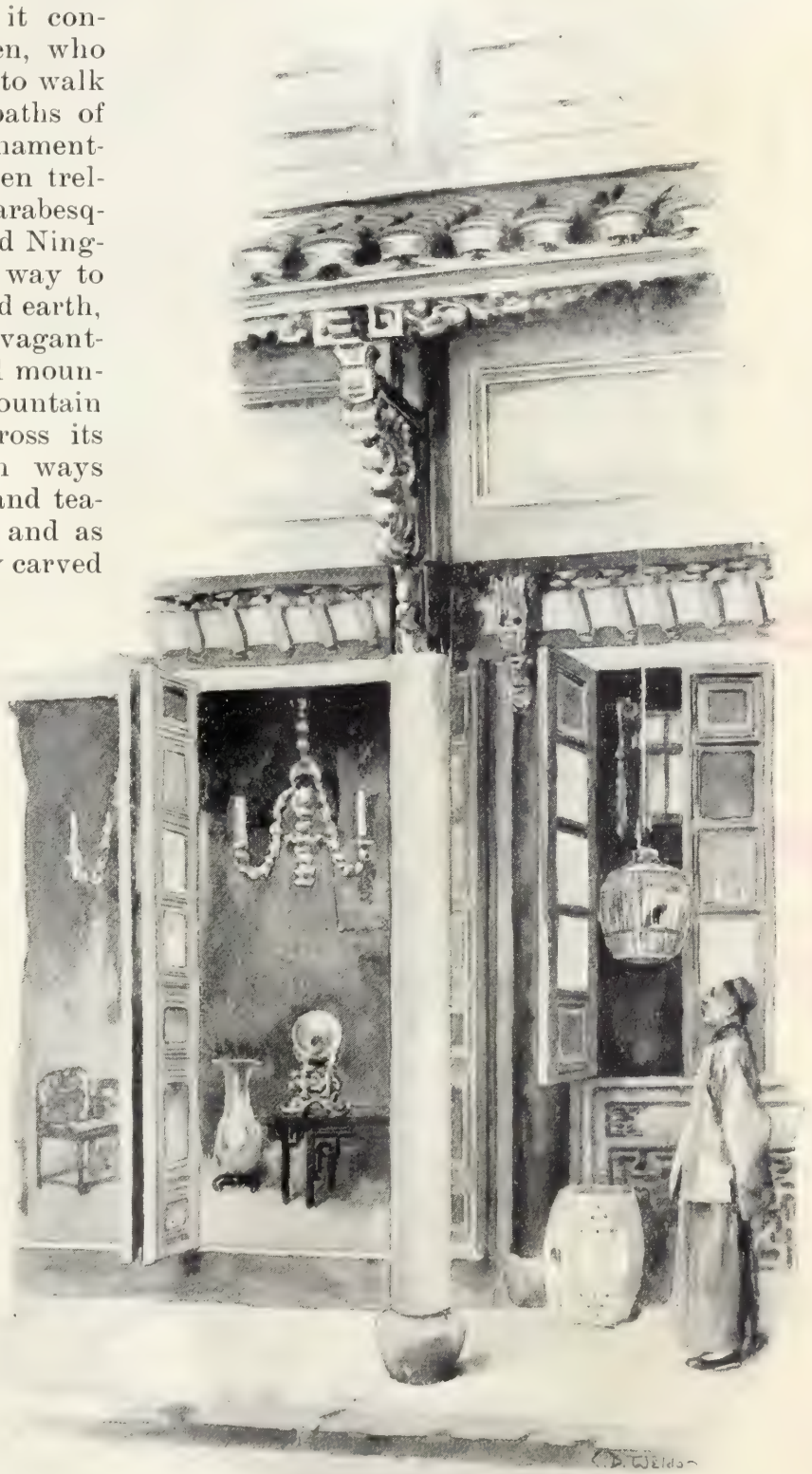
His landscape marbles, bronzes, and wall-pictures would freeze an art-lover fast before them as a pail freezes before a pump in cold weather. His pictures on silk were pasted on scrolls of white paper. Some represented mountains piled atop of slender cabins, enormous cataracts falling into tiny rills, and oceans lashed into fury at the near edge by gales that left them placid as mill-ponds out where they were deep and distant. Some were paintings of truly beautiful flowers, and others represented lackadaisical girls with a strong tendency toward idiocy. Still other paintings were not what we would call pictures at all, but were paintings of Chinese writing—mere written characters. The Orientals see as much art in a beautiful, free, flowing painting of an alphabetical character as in a landscape, and we of the West cannot see these triumphs often without admiring them quite as much. The marble-stone pictures in this mandarin's house were very wonderful to those who knew that all were accidental resemblances to things in nature that had been made by nature in the patterns of the veining of marble. They represented flights of ducks, ranges of mountains, a rocky promontory against which waves dashed themselves white, and one showed a bird's-eye view of a city of a million yellow and black buildings, walled, and standing on a great plain.

And yet Hwang was not happy.

I may truly say that his garden was the finest in the city. When the apple and plum trees poised their cloudlike bouquets of white and red blossoms above the light and beautiful bridges, above the weblike pavilions, all intricately carved, above the mirrorlike fish-pond; when the garden flowers and the tree blossoms could be seen through the round doorways and the diamond-shaped portals and the doors cut like flowers and vases and urns and cups—then it was not easy to see how the Halls of Heaven could be much finer. The walls that enclosed the garden went up and down and in and out, doubling here, scalloped there, twisted in this space and curving elsewhere, until one mar-

velled that any man ever built so stupid a thing as a straight wall. And all along the walls were openings of ornate and fanciful shapes, appointed with equally beautiful open windows (if I may call them so) of carved stone, terra-cotta, or glazed pottery. The garden was small (for it is criminal to let much land lie idle in China), but whether it contained three acres or thirteen, who could tell? There was a way to walk all over it under cover, on paths of mosaic stone-work, beneath ornamental upcurving tile roofs, between trellises and jalousies of carved arabesquerie lustrous with lacquer and Ningpo varnish. Or there was a way to go all about the garden on solid earth, by many turns, through extravagantly pretty portals, under a small mountain of rock, or up over the mountain and around the pond, or across its single flowery island. Both ways led through many pavilions and tea-houses, as airy as bird-cages and as ornate as the most ingeniously carved lanterns. Every such house was a museum of carved furniture, and in each one a visitor might eat sweets or roasted melon seeds, or dine or drink tea and smoke, while listening to the shrill singing of hired girls. The special flower or flowers of each month of the year grew in profusion there—for what would life be without flowers, or who would endure a month that had not at least one especial blossom? And in every view were those plain shafts of petrified wood and those grotesque, twisted, perforated bits of rock which no garden should lack.

He had a good and true wife, aged, but so nearly perfect as seldom to open her mouth when scolded, and she had borne him sons as well as daughters. He had also a second wife and some side-women to increase his pride and heighten his standing. He lived very well, and the products of all China—sweets from Canton, sharks' fins, squid, and sea-weed from the coast, and game-birds from the west—were constantly upon his table. Yet he had



FRONT COURT OF A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

much to make him unhappy. The fact that he was almost blind was not so serious as his ill luck with his only surviving son. The young man was not only a rake and a spendthrift, but, worse than all else, he had disappeared. Two or three years had passed since he was sent with a large sum of money to Ning-po. The money had not been paid, and he had not returned. The old mandarin was therefore in a quandary whether to wait and hope for his return, or to make sure of a worshipper at his own tablet after death by immediately adopting another boy.



A GARDEN BALCONY.

Cloud-touching Pine, as the son was named, had been smitten by a boyish love for Little Fairy, who lived with her parents exactly behind Mr. Hwang's garden. The mere back wall of the garden separated the two estates. Little Fairy's father was dead. He had been a very prosperous silk-merchant, and had left a fortune to his widow, her son, and Little Fairy. He had intended to marry his daughter to Cloud-touching Pine; the two men had discussed the match agreeably. But the silk-merchant died before the terms of the match were agreed upon, and then Mrs. Hwang fell out with Little Fairy's mother. One did not return the call of the other very promptly; the other, after waiting for the civility, expressed her indifference to—in fact, her pleasure at—the oversight; and busybodies carried tattle to and fro, until anger thicker than a stone wall grew up between the women. On one day, when Mrs. Hwang was on a ladder picking persimmons, the two women saw one another across the wall, and, after a few sneering words, loosened such torrents of ridicule, abuse, epithet, and indecency as only two idle-minded, silly old Chinese gentlewomen have ready at their tongues' ends. Mrs. Hwang reported the quarrel to her man, and had the boldness to say that her son, if he ever returned, should never marry the Little Fairy. Mr. Hwang took the long slender bamboo stem of his walking-pipe and beat her back into welts and ridges for daring to assert any will or authority in his house. When she reminded him that Mencius or some other sage had said that the arrangement of marriages should be left to women, he beat her still harder—a thing he had not done five times for all his women—and reminded her that proverbs were of so little account in his house that she still remained his wife, though her tongue had given him countless opportunities to cast her from his door, as another proverb counselled injured husbands to do. She was thus put at her wits' end how to save her "face," because she had told the other women that she would move her husband to renounce the project of a marriage between the two houses. If she failed, and got beaten in the bargain, the women would laugh at her, and even the servants would gibe

her. So she stood the beatings, and then repeated to her husband all the foul, wicked, mean, and insulting things she had said to Little Fairy's mother, and all that had been cast back to her, crediting them all to the other woman. She added to the collection and polished its gems, until it contained such blood-chilling reflections on the old mandarin, his son, and his household that he turned white with rage, and swore he would sooner beg in the temple yard than allow his son to marry such refuse as his neighbor's daughter. He made peace with his wife, and she saved her "face," and told the other women that she kept her man under her thumb.



IN A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

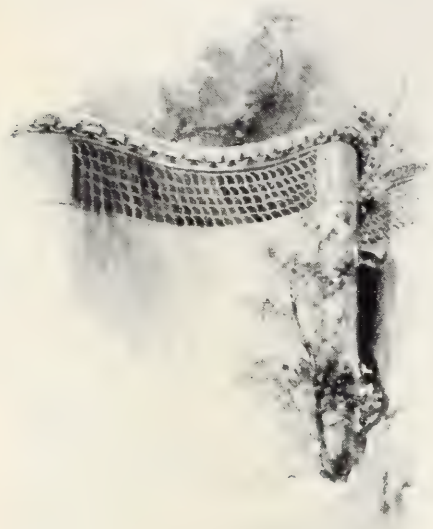
Therefore it was agreed that Cloud-touching Pine and Little Fairy should never wed; but the parties to the agreement forgot to take the maiden into account. She had been brought up to believe herself fated to become Pine's wife. Unlike one Chinese girl in five millions, she had played with him as a child, and, very tremblingly and secretly (over the garden wall), she had, at thirteen or fourteen years of age, heard him refer to the near approach of the day when she should become his "little stay-at-home." She was practically a woman then, and had run blushing away from him as he sat on the make-believe mountain in his father's garden where it touched the wall between the estates. When next she saw him he waved a paper and dropped it in her garden. And, lo! it was a pretty message bidding her cease to run away from one whose ankles were soon to be tied to hers with the red silk cords of perpetual happiness. Therefore Little Fairy believed no more in her mother or in the Goddess of Mercy than she believed in her fixed fate to be the dull thorn of Cloud-touching Pine.

Little Fairy's mother found Pine's love-letter one day, and demanded to be told the author of it, for it was not signed. She got more information than she wanted, for her usually mild and dutiful daughter told her that the writer was her prospective husband. The mother was amused at first, believing her neighbor's son to be dead or in prison, but her daughter assured her that nothing had befallen him that would prevent his marrying her, and that soon or late he would come and claim her. "Many and many a night he comes to me in my dreams," said Little Fairy; "and twice when I have been praying to the Goddess of Mercy I have looked up and seen him standing where the goddess was, smiling at me."

Under other circumstances such an assertion might have favorably impressed the old woman; but, so bitter was her hatred toward the Hwangs, she sur-

rendered to a convulsion of anger, and not only swore that the marriage should never take place, but even threatened to kill her daughter, or give her the choice of a wicked girl, between the halter and opium.

Little Fairy's brother used, at this time, to make frequent trips to Shanghai on business errands, and on one of these



A CORNER OF THE GARDEN WALL.

short but, to a young girl, very exciting voyages he took Little Fairy to cook his rice and make his bed and sing for him. Arrived in the foreign or treaty port of Shanghai, he consulted the play-bills of the theatres, and took her to one at which it happened that a serious and proper play was to be performed; for there are many light and usually comic plays on the Chinese stage to which only outcast women are taken by the men. The play which Little Fairy went to see was a historical piece celebrating the heroic adventures of an Amazon warrior during the dynasty of the Mings. Being little-footed, she went to the theatre in a Sedan chair, and was very much surprised to see that the broad deep hall of entrance to the playhouse—the hall itself being big enough to hold three large dwellings in a row—was all but choked with other chairs, abandoned by their bearers and packed close together after their passengers had gone into the playhouse. The theatre was a great, dingy, shabby, smoke-grimed barn of a place, having one large open floor and a gallery around three sides of the walls. Both pit and gallery were set with chairs and tables, at which men were smoking, drinking tea, and eating roasted melon seeds. From the sale of tea and tobacco the proprietors made their expenses and profits, for nothing was charged for admission. As soon as the brother and sister sat down a coolie brought two great coarse china cups with a pinch of tea in the bottom, and a saucer on top of each. He presently came again with a great kettle of shining white metal, and pouring hot water in each cup, re-covered the cups with the saucers, that the aroma might not pass away, for both in eating and drinking the Chinese highly value the aroma of what they put in their mouths. All through the evening this and other coolies kept filling the myriad teacups with hot water, without ever replenishing them with tea leaves. And now and then they brought trays of scalding-hot napkins, so that each person could wipe his face and hands with these refreshing towels.

There were a few gas-lights in the body of the theatre, but the stage was ablaze with the light of many jets hung overhead in a chandelier, instead of underfoot, as in our theatres. The stage was a large platform projected far out into the pit. It had no scenery at side or back, but against the wall at the far end sat the musicians, forever playing, and not without admirable method, since the different characters in the drama were always heralded and accompanied by music reserved for each, and, moreover, the action of the play was very often interpreted by the music. To listen once to such a band was to hear only din and confusion; to hear it many times was to find it more and more pleasing.

The part of the heroic Amazon and of each woman in the piece was played by a man, but with such excellent art that Little Fairy could scarce believe her own knowledge that no woman may perform in the theatres. By means of blocks of wood under their heels they mimicked the swaying gait of aristocratic ladies; but their voices, their tricks of speech, their mannerisms, were all feminine. The play was in the mandarin language, which Little Fairy could not understand, but it was more intelligible to her than to a foreigner, for very good reasons. For instance, when an actor made



IN A CHINESE THEATRE.

a reappearance, twisting and turning and falling and squirming on the stage, she knew that to be a sign that he or she was to be killed in that act. When an actor came leaping and curveting upon the stage, she knew that this meant he was on horseback; and whenever an actor bent down a feather in his cap and tickled his face with it, she said: "Hi yah! Now he is thinking. He is reflecting what it is best to do."

She uttered many "hi yahs," but one of them was startled out of her so suddenly that all who were near by turned and looked around.

"There is my betrothed," she said; "there — that one carrying the banner for the lady warrior."

Her brother assured her she was mistaken, but she insisted that she would know the Cloud-touching Pine anywhere, and at last he said he would step around behind the stage and inquire about the man. He found the actors in a long narrow room behind the stage—a room all cluttered with theatrical properties, hung from the ceiling, piled against the walls, and heaped on the floor. There were imitation tigers, dragons, serpents, monsters of many sorts, suits of armor, ogre heads, stacks of weapons — a perfect theatrical second-hand shop. Forty or fifty men bustled about the room — dressed as nobles, warriors, women, savages; some only partly dressed; several smearing their faces and painting them beside a bench all daubed with colors, beneath the mirror in which each actor saw himself. The Cave—for that was Little Fairy's brother's name—asked a few questions, and hurried back to tell his sister that she was correct in her recognition of the man, but that he was married.



IN SHANGHAI HARBOR.

"It is too bad," said she, "for now I can only be his second wife."

When one thinks that a second wife is but a slave, honored only when it happens that the first wife is childless, one sees how extravagant was Little Fairy's love for the Cloud-touching Pine. Her brother was scandalized. A fool was the mildest name he called her. But he was so impressed by her blind regard for her vagabond betrothed that he sought him that night and had a long talk with him. The story of Pine's degradation was so com-

plete that it was quickly told, as a repentant man admits everything, in few words. He had become infatuated with a sing-song girl. He began by paying a dollar or two every day to hear her sing at his dinners; he ended by giving dinners at her house, and paying ten dollars for her to stay there and sing. There he met the lowest folk—actors, barbers, and, above all, a wicked woman, who took all that he had of his father's money and caused him to borrow more, saying that she was investing it for a sure fortune. He borrowed of the theatre-owner, and when the woman ran away he put himself in pawn at the theatre to work out his debt as a doorkeeper. And there he was practically a slave, and bound to remain such for many years. He was touched when he heard of Little Fairy's dreams and devotion. He said that it was not true that he was married, but, alas! what difference did that make?

When The Cave reached home again he told old Hwang that his son had been found, and the old man, beside himself with joy, bade The Cave return to Shanghai and ransom the young man and bring him home. Amid great rejoicing The Pine came back, and paid an early visit to Little Fairy's house, requesting to be allowed to see and thank her. His call was too public and might become notorious, so she declined to see him. Cloud-touching Pine was the more anxious to see her and to win her, and he took his father into his confidence regarding her. The old man would hear no mention of her. By all accounts she was much too forward, he said; too unwomanly, a busybody, a woman beneath their rank, the daughter of a serpent. After that Cloud-touching Pine haunted the make-believe mountain in his father's garden, where he commanded a view of his neighbor's estate. Seeing Little Fairy one day, he dropped a note over the wall. In that note he told her of his father's opposition, but bade her rest easy, for he was constant in his love, and would nev-



A NOTE OVER THE WALL.



FRONT OF A CHINESE HOUSE DECORATED FOR A WEDDING.

er marry another. On the next day he found a reply to his letter. It lay on the wall beside the tiny mountain-top. "Assist me in a little diversion," she wrote, "and we will frighten your father into compliance with our wishes. I will dress up as a spirit and appear before him, if you will bring him out to walk with you in the garden to-morrow, and I will groan at him that he is displeasing his ancestors."

So she got a long white robe, symbolizing death, and at the proper time, with the help of a maid and a ladder, she slipped over the wall and into the tunnel under the mountain. At the further end of the tunnel the old man sat smoking. Suddenly she appeared before him and began to act the part of a ghost, posturing and spinning around, and squeaking out at him about his folly in breaking his son's heart. The servants of the old man fled, and Cloud-touching Pine ran and hid himself. But, alas! Little Fairy pitched her voice too high, and it broke into a girlish treble and betrayed her. Instantly the cunning old man suspected a trick, and ran at the girl, who screamed, and clambered up the rocky side of the mountain. She tripped when old Hwang was almost upon her, and he reached out and caught her by one broad trousers leg. He pinned her down. The bravest girl in China instantly became the greatest coward. What she had hoped to find the old man she herself became. Her ghost-robe slipped off.

"Hi yah!" screamed the old man; "it is that she-cat, eh?"

"Father!" shouted Cloud-touching Pine, coming from his ambush. "She is the most estimable, modest lady between the four seas—"

"Estimable! modest!" the old man cried. "You hussy! you baggage! have you no shame? I believe you are a monstrosity—more boy than girl. Listen to me: Go now to your home, and remember this, when you marry my son it will be when I am a fool."

Cloud-touching Pine assisted the frightened maiden over the wall, and rejoined

his father, who then told him seriously what a worthless son and a disgrace he had been, yet he had been forgiven and restored to be the heir to the family fortune. "And now," said he, "obedience is very little to ask of you, but that I shall exact. Since you are evidently in a great hurry to marry, which is a commendable impulse, I shall quickly arrange for you a match such as shall reflect credit upon our family."

A go-between, or match-maker, was employed, and in a few days a beautiful young lady of high parentage was found, with parents ready to betroth her to a suitable young man. Pine was told of the selection, and that the girl's parents had been asked for the full name and close details of the time of the young woman's birth, so that an astrologer could be commissioned to cast the horoscope of the pair. The Pine notified Little Fairy by writing, and she was downcast, until in a postscript she saw the name of the prospective bride. "I know her and her people very well," she wrote back, "and I will hope for good luck until I have had a talk with her."

He wrote begging for an interview; but several days passed, and then she said, in a letter put under the loose stone that was their post-office, that she wished he respected her sufficiently to cease asking to see her; that she was no longer a child, and therefore could only lower herself and excite his disgust by yielding to his request. "To-morrow you will find good news under the stone," she said.

On the next day, with a heart bounding with hope, he took another letter out of the crevice in the wall. The first sentence in it raised him to the highest hall of heaven; the next dashed him into bottomless despair.

"Heaven is with us," said the letter. "You have a hard task, however. You must bow to your father's will. We must not communicate with one another again, except as man and wife. Pledge your word, by heaven and earth, that you will do as I say. If you follow my injunctions strictly we will be happy in two worlds. Do not try to see me or to write to me. Do not doubt me, for I am clear-headed and in earnest. Allow all the arrangements for your wedding with Miss Precious to proceed. Take your full part in them without slowness or grumbling. Pretend to give me up, to care nothing for me. Proceed thus to the actual marriage with Miss Precious. Then we shall both gain golden happiness and our heart's yearnings. I predict that you will meet with a severe trial presently, but, when it comes, remember that I predicted it, and keep faith in me, even up to the moment that the veil of your bride is lifted for you to see her."

The double horoscope was cast, and the astrologer found the planets governing the lives of Miss Precious and The Pine to be in favorable relations for an early marriage. Pine sent handsome presents to his betrothed, and she sent back the same number of equally costly, well-chosen gifts. When every preliminary had been attended to, and months had gone by, an old boyhood friend of The Pine invited him to join a merry party at dinner for a farewell to the bachelor life of one of the number. Cloud-touching Pine almost cast a damper on the dinner party, he was so silent and gloomy. His host tried to rally him.

"You are as downcast," said he, "as if you had bad luck for a bedfellow."

"I have, indeed," said Pine; "I am no fit company for you; for while our friend goes laughing to wed some willowy girl, I am forbidden to follow the dictates of my heart, and must marry a beast whom I wish I might strangle while she stands beside me making her devotions to my ancestors."

"What is her stinking name? Let us have sport with her," said the man in whose honor the dinner was given.

"Her name is Precious Ho," said Cloud-touching Pine.

"You pig!" screamed the young man; "take that!" and he dashed his samsu, cup and contents, at the face of young Pine. "How dare you speak in that fashion of the most jadelike of women?"

The cup missed Pine, and was crushed against the wall behind him.

"Hold him! Hear me!" said Pine. "I have done enough harm in casting a cold wet napkin over this merrymaking. Go on with your fun and let me retire. I was wrong to speak ill of my woman, when I know no ill of her, and never saw her. Since she is evidently a cousin of this gentleman, I beg his forgiveness. I did not dream that she was a relative."

"Alas! she is nothing to me," said the youth. "I accept your explanation. I must not think of any one but the jewel

who is soon to be my little stay-at-home, Miss Little Fairy, who lives behind your honorable father's magnificent garden."

"By all the gods!" cried Pine, and lurched forward and fell across the table in a swoon, upon the bowls and cups and saucers.

When he was restored to consciousness the young man who had quarrelled with him escorted him to the door and to his chair.

"I could not speak upstairs," said he; "but there is some terrible mystery about this. In fact, I am the sport and slave of mystery. I see that I love your bride, and you love mine. I am marrying a woman I care nothing for, to please a woman whom I wished to marry. I am told I am to have my heart's desire, and if so it follows that you will have yours; but I cannot comfort you, for I cannot see a foot of the path ahead of me."

"Nor I, nor I," sobbed the wretched Hwang. "I am told the same thing. I could not understand it before. Now it has become ten times more puzzling. Pity me, distinguished friend, as I, your contemptible sympathizer, pity you."

"No, no; give me no pity," said the youth; "have faith in your woman, as I have in mine, for I see now that what threatens us is too terrible to befall two men at once—therefore it cannot be."

Pine tried to look equally hopefully upon the situation, but he could not, for each new step seemed to drag him farther from his will, nearer to the girl he did not want. He permitted his father to select the betrothal presents, and the old man chose like a lover. The gifts sent back by the bride he threw in a chest with an expression of disgust. He did not even look to see if she had sent the same number of things he had sent to her. Then came the time for the true wedding gifts, when he allowed his father to send to the girl a wagon-load of silks and other costly stuffs to be made up into clothes, shoes, aprons, hats, and bed-covering. Months passed, and at last, like a death-sentence, came the caravan of her made-up goods and the household belongings she sent to fit up her two rooms in his house: her bed, her bureaus, her bath-tubs, her kettles and china and costly porcelains and bronzes, her white-metal vases with peacock feathers in them, her chests of clothes and bed-clothes, her beautiful carved chairs and tables—all a bride's equipment, in fact. He knew that in two or three days he must send a "flowery," or hired bride's chair, for her, with musicians, and a retinue of coolies in red uniform.

He sent the flowery, and his messengers found her in her mother's room—where a self-respecting maiden will always be found at such a time. She had been crying for a week, but she wore her hired bride's crown, and its many strings of false pearls hid her face. Her father carried her from her mother's room down and out to the flowery; for no bride will ever walk, of her own accord, out of the home of her parents and her childhood—not though she has to beg a distant relative to carry her, as a girl must do who has no father or brothers. As she was lifted into the flowery she heard her mother's shrieks as the old lady ran about the street wailing and refusing to be comforted.

It was dusk when she reached Pine's house, and, according to etiquette, he was abovestairs in his room. A friend notified him to come down, that his bride had arrived.

"I don't care," he said; "I want no bride. I won't come down." This was literally the truth, but it was said in pursuance of an ancient custom; for a man must be called three times, and must on the first and second summonses refuse to meet his bride. At last Pine came down, dressed all in purple silk and wearing a sash and a crown. He was a tall, slender, gentlemanlike man at all times; now he looked like a king. He stood beside his lady, and he and she fell on their knees and reverenced heaven, earth, and the four sides of the house. Then they prostrated themselves before the tiny wooden tablets of his ancestors, each known to be guarded by a spirit of the dead.

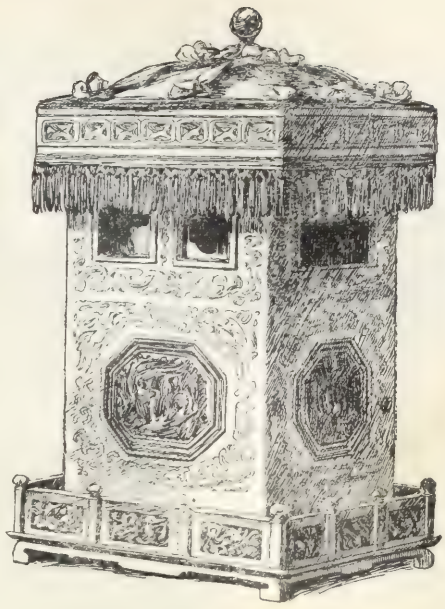
She was all in hired red. On her head was a bridal hat, or crown of gold and turquoise, covered with pearls of all sizes, from that of a hen's egg to that of an after-dinner pilule. Pendants of looking-glass and thick red tassels hung among the pearls. A red veil hid her face and fell half-way down her red skirt—all a mass of embroidery in silk of a darker red. Under this dress—the box for which stood in the doorway, under the box for the crown—she wore her own new wedding-dress, which she would treasure till she died. Under that she wore seven or

eight other new silk dresses, according to custom.

Pine's mother stepped forward, edged aside the mistress of ceremonies, who was guiding the bride, and took off the veil, so that her face could be seen through the strings of false pearls. Pine should have looked at her then, but he had no heart to do so. He hated her and himself. He felt that Little Fairy had failed to carry out whatever preposterous plan she had made. He was married hard and fast to the wrong girl—trapped. The veil off, it was time to see who should influence the other all through life; for both were to bow to one another, and whoever managed to bow first was certain to rule the other ever afterward. The mistress of ceremonies was to nudge the bride at the instant Pine bowed, for in that way is peace preserved even against the force of superstition. Both always bow together, so that neither shall have the advantage of the other. "Bow quickly," said Pine's father. He turned toward the bride, but, instead of bowing, stood still. The attendant nudged the bride at the proper moment, and she bowed. An exclamation broke from all the spectators at once. It looked as if Pine must be henpecked all his life. Hearing the muffled outburst, Pine bowed—but it was done so out of time that all laughed, except his father, who hissed with anger.

When the bride went to her room a dinner was spread for all Pine's friends and relatives. They ate and drank all night, while she kept to her room, and was tormented by all the women of Pine's family and acquaintance. They pinched her, pulled and picked and plucked her clothes, made fun of her, found fault with her shape and looks and intelligence, and, without stopping, all night endeavored to take her off her guard and force her to reply to them. They wagered that she was knock-kneed, parrot-toed, tongue-tied, silly, consumptive, cross, jealous—a score or double-score of wagers of sorts that cannot all be here set down. But she knew enough not to open her mouth to speak, or to eat either; that would bring bad luck. For two nights and three days this teasing was kept up.

On the third day the unhappy bridegroom was to go with her to her mother's house to worship her ancestors. Sadly he entered his Sedan chair and preceded her. Lo! he was set down in front of the house of Little Fairy. He abused his coolies, but they only grinned and bade him enter the house.



A FLOWER CHAIR.

"It is all right," said a man who knew him well, and who was about to enter the house. "I have been commissioned to wait here and explain matters to you. Let us withdraw to the garden while I tell you the news."

"Your bride is Little Fairy," said this friend. "She has hoodwinked your parents and hers. There will be a great clamor when her mother sees you enter with her daughter."

"But you're crazy! I sent all the gifts to the house of Precious Ho, and—"

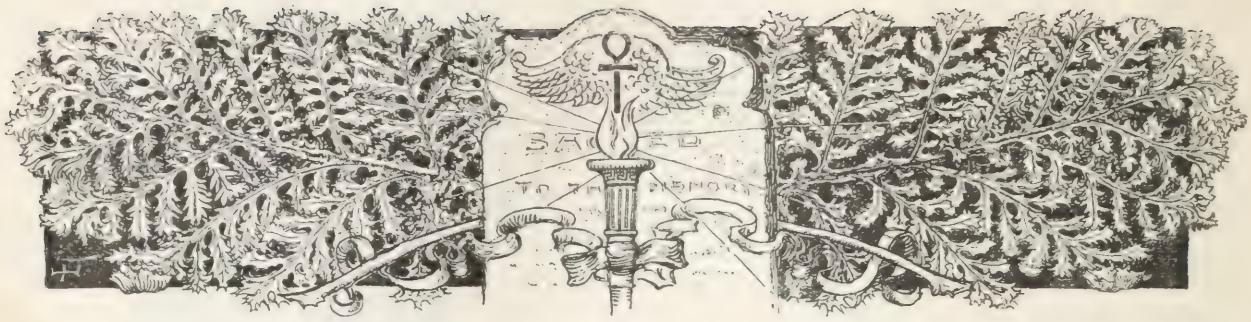
"All was prearranged. Your gifts came here; Precious Ho got her own. Everybody was bribed. The girls planned it. They put on so much paste and paint their mothers could not tell them apart. By imitating high-society voices both talked alike. The astrologer was bribed to order both weddings at the same hour, and he who furnished the 'floweries' and processions was bribed to have the two processions meet and rest. In the confusion that followed it was easy to send each flowery with the wrong retinue."

"Whew!" exclaimed Pine. "My father—"

"Will think himself the fool he said he would be if you married Little Fairy; but he will find himself a lucky man."

"Well, it is too late to cry now."

"Yes," said the friend; "but you will never need to cry, for you have married the most constant woman on earth."



TANSY.

BY MARY ALLEN.

OUR OLD GRAVEYARD.

PINES tossed and crossed high in the air,
And under foot,
With cabled root
By many a winter's rain laid bare,
Low tossed and crossed, a climbing stair,

That pauses at an open gate
That inward swings,
Then upward springs
Into a heaven near and great;
Between the worlds we mortals wait.

We mortals who have hither come
Bringing our dead,
And find instead
Of grief a sense of rest and home,
Their heaven unreached, their stair unclomb.

We do not see the immortals throng
To lift above
Our yearning love,
And higher lift with voiceless song,
That which we seem to bear along;

We only see a wide green room,
Whose old gray wall
Half seems to fall,
Yet stands inwrought with scent and bloom,
Wherein they sleep who hither come.

And peacefully the green beds lie,
Serene and lone,
With leaning stone;
And in the blueness of the sky
Close overhead, they live who die;

And in a lark's ecstatic flight
From graves to blue,
Piercing it through;
The song dropped thence, and thence the light;
The low sad graves; the utmost height.

MY MOON-SONG.

LAST month's moon fell out of the sky
With its golden passion all unspent,
Last month's moon had wandered high;
Heart-hungry I glean o'er the way it went,
Yet is ecstasy better than content?

The low new moon in the quiet west,
Like an asphodel blooming out of the trees,
Might comfort better the dispossessed
Could they climb to its chalice, loose-set in the breeze,
And see for themselves what the moon-flower sees;

Caught into the rushes and long dead grass,
In a deep black pool the old moon lies;
Yet such is the eldrich splendor it has,
In ruin and death its state defies
Its prouder state in the happier skies.

Its keen, pure curve through the blackness cuts,
And rules this waste as it ruled the skies,
And conquers the night that around it shuts
Till the marsh-bird comes with lonely cries,
And dives for the mocking prize.

Still flame-petalled against the dusk
The upper moon leans over to look;
Slips, and is wrapped in a lambent husk;
Reaches, as if to itself it took
The old lost moon in its strange, dim nook.

WAITING.

PEOPLE here under the ground,
Bless me and help me to-day;
My heart is too heavy to climb
To God in his Heaven far away;
To you who were father and mother
I will kneel, and to kneel is to pray.

"Sleepe after toyle," says the stone
That keeps you remembered of men;
"Port after stormie seas,"
"Ease after warre," and again,
"Death after life"; so I kneel,
Not praying, but saying, "Amen."

Let me lie here in the sun
Shining through down to the dead;
Silent and straight in the sun;
What is there more to be said?
Let my soul go, 'tis enough
Just to be dead with the dead;

If to be dead is to lie
Shrouded in wonderful light;
With long, pointed wings lifted high,
Yet restrained for the moment of flight;
With faces that listen and fly
While they wait the call from the Height.

Ages and ages they wait.
Solemn, inscrutable eyes
Almost supreme as their fate,
Ponder the absolute skies.
Comprehend the great moment of flight;
Comprehend the transcendent surprise.

BRISEIS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXI.

JUDGE AND JURY.

OF a sudden a shaft of light shot through this impending gloom: it was a letter from Georgie, who wrote in the blithest of spirits, vaunting herself as a physician and healer of men, and forgetting all about her sham nostalgia in view of her approaching voyage home.

"The fact is, I had to jeer him into convalescence!" Miss Georgie proceeded. "My diagnosis of the case was that in the weakness following the fever he had allowed his nerves to multiply themselves upon themselves (if I knew Greek I would give you a name for this process that would convince you at once); he had even begun to think about dying; and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that dying was the very stupidest thing that any one could do, and that thinking of it was next door to an invitation. The doctors had half-murdered him with drugs. Why *will* they go on like that? They're awfully nice men; and at dinner they can tell you most amusing stories when they choose; instead of which they go about the country breaking the sixth commandment. I know I'm an awful fool (it's quite sweet to call yourself names, and to think that no one else dare) but I saw what was to be done with Percy; I stopped those abominable fluids, and fed him on things that gave his rebellious gorge a little rest; and I jibed at him and jeered at him; and then he had to waken up to answer me according to my cheek. And now he vows and swears he will never let himself sink into that condition again; so I am going home with a light heart. And it's *awfully* good of you, my gallant chieftain-boy, to offer to come over to New York; but it isn't in the least necessary; for I'm going back under the wing of quite a company of young folks that the de la Penas know, and what's more to the purpose I calculate that we're likely to have a ripping good time. The party is ultimately bound for Algiers and other Mediterranean places; and consists of Miss Madeline Phayre and Miss Janie Phayre, sisters, Miss Romanes, Mr. S. F. Quentin, of Chicago, and Mr. Algeciras, of this neighborhood—along with a Madame St. Roche, who is to play duenna; and as the two gentlemen are engaged respectively to the two sisters, I imagine that Miss Romanes and I may have *a little fun* during the voyage—never mind, all property kidnapped or stolen during the passage over to be honorably restored to the legal owner on the steamer's arrival at Liverpool. But you will be at Liverpool, I suppose? And you won't scowl if they hint that we've been having games? Because it's *so hideously* dull on board ship—unless there's a little quiet skylarking afoot."

And so she went on, in a tone and fashion that reassured him exceedingly. For he had been looking forward with an indefinable dread to that first meeting with Georgie Lestrange, whether it was to take place in Liverpool or New York; he had begun to fear she might discover what had happened, and might scornfully reject the only atonement he could offer. But these gay, rambling pages once more brought the real and living Georgie before him, and seemed to say to him that he might lay aside his vague apprehensions. She was not likely to prove exacting as regards romantic sentiment. Exalted moods—the language of passion, simulated or true—would only make her laugh. How it was—he reminded himself, as he was walking quickly through the crowded thoroughfares of London, in the direction of Soho—how it was that an evening saunter into the solitude of a deer-forest should have suddenly melted Miss Georgie into tears and brought about a mute confession that had bound their two lives together, he had never been able quite to determine. Nor could he clearly understand why, ever since that engagement, he had found himself under the necessity of arguing with himself and proving to himself that he was the luckiest of men. However, these demonstrations and conclusions remained. They were as sound now as ever they were. And the merry, and mischievous, and happy-go-lucky young

* Begun in December number, 1895.

minx who had thus buoyantly written to him would not be too exigent in the matter of love-making; her audacious spirit would take little heed of trifles; and all would go well. Yes, all would go well —except in one direction: of which he dared hardly think.

When Frank Gordon reached his destination in Soho, and rang the bell, the evil-visaged harridan who answered the summons informed him, in reply to his question, where he would find Mr. Argyriades, but did not offer to accompany him; accordingly he ascended the dusky stairs alone, he knocked at a certain door, and then, hearing some unintelligible sound, he made bold to enter. The first object that met his eyes, in this squalid little room, was the figure of a young man in shirt sleeves and stockinged feet, who was seated on the edge of a bed, and who was engaged in carefully varnishing a pair of patent-leather boots; the next thing he perceived was that this young man, looking up from his employment, suddenly grew livid — his pale and unwholesome skin changing to the hue of one of the lighter-colored jades. It was but a momentary exhibition of fear; Argyriades made a desperate effort at regaining his ordinary coolness and assured demeanor; and if that peculiar tinge still remained in his face, his manner betrayed no immediate alarm.

And as for the tall, handsome, fresh-complexioned lad who now stood at the door of this vile-smelling den, he also had need of all his self-command. For it would have been so easy to step forward, and seize this coward creature by the neck, and shake him like a rat; and indeed, for one hot moment, the temptation—seeing the scoundrel face to face—and thinking of the story that Briseis had told — was almost irresistible. But Frank Gordon had vowed vows. He was going (the guileless English youth!) to be as coldly diplomatic as Miss Jean herself could have desired. He had come to circumvent a blackmailer; not to ply cudgels, and have names mentioned in a police-court. Hands off was his watch-word; though the natural man within him was tingling.

And so he said, with a careful politeness—

"Your name is Argyriades, I believe?"

By this time Argyriades had put aside his boots and the blacking-pot.

"Please," said he, in broken English, "the Lord Fragkis—speak French."

This was a contingency that Gordon had not faced, or he would have framed some judicious sentences beforehand; so that he had now to blunder on as best he might; and at no time was his French too fluent.

"I understand," he said, "that you have some letters belonging to a lady—whose name need not be mentioned."

"Monsieur has been misinformed," was the instant and suave rejoinder. "These letters are in the possession of my brother Demetri."

Again young Gordon was disconcerted —at the very outset. It seemed so much more simple (and desirable) to take this fellow by the scruff of the neck, and heave him about the room. But vows are vows.

"At all events you know where they are," he resumed, "and I take it you could get hold of them and hand them over, for a consideration: is not that so?"

The young man with the café-and-toothpick complexion shrugged his shoulders.

"It is possible," he said.

"How much of a consideration?"

"But Monsieur is a little too brusque. I have not undertaken to sell those letters—no; I come in as an intermediary, to establish amicable relations; I know the inexorable nature of my brother Demetri, and I wish to mitigate his demands. It is as a friend that I offer my services—"

"Oh, drop that—" And again Frank Gordon stuck fast. For the life of him he could not remember the French equivalent for 'rot,' if there is any French equivalent for that bit of English slang. At last he fell back on *bêtise.* "Oh, drop that stupidity!" he exclaimed. "I have heard all about your brother Demetri—and your admirable disinterestedness. It is a familiar farce, my friend; but we are not infants. What I want to know is this—Can you put your hands on those letters, and bring them to me, guaranteeing that not one is missing; and if you can do that, when will you do it, and what will your price be? Of course you know that you have already put yourself in a very serious position—"

"I have guarded myself, Monsieur," the young man answered, with the faintest trace of a smile.

"If there were a prosecution—"

"There will be no prosecution."

"And so you think you are safe?" Gordon said, regarding him in an apparently dispassionate manner. "You are of opinion you can do this sort of thing with impunity. You subject a perfectly innocent girl to a brutal terrorism; you extort money from her; you threaten, if she does not get you more, to compromise her in the eyes of her friends—"

"Your proofs of all this?" Argyriades said, quietly.

Another exasperating pause. It would have been so much easier to have settled this matter with fists! But still he sternly stuck to his diplomacy.

"Enough of words," he said. "Listen, if you please. I am going down to Henley this afternoon, and may be there some time. If you can get possession of those letters and bring them to me the day after to-morrow—take down the address—Red Lion Hotel, Henley on Thames—then I will give you a fair price for them. Do you understand?—Henley—Red Lion Hotel—you go from Paddington station—the Great Western—"

Argyriades reached over for his coat, took out from one of the pockets a soiled envelope, and, with a little assistance in the way of spelling, managed to jot down the address.

"And—and what may one expect, Monsieur, in recompense for these valuable papers?"

"I said a fair price," was the impassive reply.

"Monsieur is no doubt generous, as are all the English milords. Nevertheless, one would prefer to be a little more exact—"

"I said a fair price."

"Yes, perfectly—but still—"

"Then perhaps you yourself would have the goodness to name a figure?"

Argyriades looked up quickly.

"Five hundred pounds."

There was neither protest nor scornful rejection.

"Five hundred pounds is a large sum," Gordon said, slowly.

"Perhaps—but look at the value of these papers, Monsieur!" Argyriades made answer, with unwonted eagerness. "Consider their value. Consider the harm they might do—if they were to fall into unfriendly hands. My word of honor, it is not too much to pay to shield a young lady's reputation! Consider the position in which she has placed herself—the testimony these letters bring against her—"

In an instant all the situation was changed. Gordon sprang to his feet and strode forward a step—his eyes burning and glaring.

"Another such word — you infamous cur—and I will choke the life out of your miserable body!"

"Monsieur! — Monsieur!" Argyriades exclaimed — and strangely enough he picked up his boots and hurriedly put them on. "If there is to be violence, I must go out and seek help. Of what use is force — is rage? You cannot compel me to give up the letters unless I wish. I appeal to the magistrate for protection—if you wish for an exposure, very well—"

By this time he had got on his coat too—But Gordon at once passed to the door, intercepting him.

"No, you don't leave this room until we come to some arrangement — of one kind or another—"

"Very well, Monsieur, very well," Argyriades replied in an injured tone. "I am indeed willing to come to an agreement—it is Monsieur who is so headstrong and liable to anger. And why? I have been doing my best for the young lady—I have done what I could to protect her—"

"You?" said Frank Gordon, with his eyes glaring again.

"From my brother Demetri—"

"Oh, to the devil with your brother Demetri! Have done with that farce. I want to know if you can bring me those letters the day after to-morrow, at the address I have given you. Understand, I don't want the school-girl letters: you may keep those — and publish them if you like: I mean the letters written to you — including the one enclosing you money—"

"Monsieur, I will bring every one!" said Argyriades, with an expression of devout sincerity. "Solemnly, on my heart, I declare to you that I will bring every one. You, I know, will be a faithful guardian: in the interests of the young lady herself, to whom could I better entrust them? Then my duty will be done—as mediator—as the protector against Demetri. Only, pardon me, Monsieur the Lord Fragkis—the sum was not precisely agreed upon—"

"I said a fair price," Gordon reiterated.

"Five hundred pounds, then!" Argyriades said, with an air of finally and satisfactorily closing the bargain; and then, after a few more directions as to how he was to find his way, these two separated —for the time being.

A couple of days thereafter, and towards three o'clock in the afternoon, a smartly-dressed young gentleman might have been observed loitering about in front of the Red Lion Hotel, Henley. He was a lad of prepossessing appearance—well-featured, fair-skinned, light-haired, and blue-eyed; and if his figure was somewhat short and slight, at least he had an upright carriage and set of the head: indeed, good looks were part of the boy's inheritance, for this was Lord Alec Ross, youngest son of the Duke of Kintyre, and the Kintyre family have been famous for generations for their handsome men and beautiful women. As he strolled up and down, he was idly gazing around him—though there was not much to see; for Henley in wintertime is a dull and deserted place; and on this particular afternoon the cold and pallid sunshine could hardly muster up a gleam on the leaden surface of the river; an east wind had brought a faint mist to hang about the wooded heights; while the wide main street, the old stone bridge, and the banks showed hardly anywhere a sign of human life. It was mostly in the direction of the railway station, however, that the yellow-haired lad sent his occasional and expectant glances.

Presently, from that neighborhood, there hove into sight a young man who, judging by the way he examined the houses as he came along, appeared to be a stranger. In due course he found himself confronted by the sign of the Red Lion, and straightway he made for the door of the hotel. And by some kind of accident the ingenuous-eyed youth who had been loitering about drew near at the same moment.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," the latter said, in very excellent French, "but perhaps you have a desire to see Sir Francis Gordon?"

Argyriades did not answer at once. Whether he resented this intrusion, or whether he was disconcerted at being so readily recognized, could not well be gathered from his look.

"I have an appointment—at this hotel—"

"Certainly. Quite right. But Sir Francis wasn't exactly sure as to the moment you might arrive; and he is engrossingly busy in his house-boat—you comprehend? — a house-boat — a house built on a boat—it's only a little way up the river; and he said he would be infinitely obliged to you if you would come along and see him there—"

"But, Monsieur," said Argyriades, rather drawing back, "it was at the hotel I had an appointment—"

"Oh, it's all right," said the young lad —and his clear blue eyes wore an expression of entirely superhuman innocence, while his speech was off-hand and matter-of-fact. "The house-boat is a favourite resort of Sir Francis's—for study, you understand—the University of Oxford is just along this highway here; and then it is convenient sometimes to get away from one's companions, you doubtless agree with me. And now have the goodness to accompany me, Monsieur; we will drop into a boat; and I will pull you up to the island—a few minutes only —I will myself take you to Sir Francis—"

After a second of hesitation Argyriades appeared to overcome his reluctance—or annoyance. He said—

"Thanks, Monsieur, if you will be so kind"—and therewith he allowed himself to be conducted along to the landing-stage, and under direction he got into the stern of a dingy old skiff, while Lord Alec took the oars and proceeded to pull up stream.

And now the Oxford lad, seated opposite his companion, had an excellent opportunity of scanning his appearance; the result of the scrutiny being an inward ejaculation—'I wonder what the Duke would say if he saw me taking this dilapidated dandy out for a row on the Thames!' But the remarks that he addressed to Argyriades himself were of a different character.

"I understand that you come from Greece, Monsieur," he observed, with airy good-nature. "It is a land which has given the youth of this country a great deal of trouble, particularly in their earlier years; but they don't bear any malice —not at all! Have you any house-boats on the Eurotas? No?—you surprise me! Any pike-fishing—on the Alpheus, for example? The tastes of Monsieur do not lie in that direction, perhaps. But at least you have bobbed for gold-fish in

the Fountain of Arethusa, in among the reeds, you know?—pardon me, I forgot; that is in Sicily. There must be other amusements, however. Have you any foot-ball in Athens?—"

"Balloons, Monsieur?" repeated Argyriades — but suspiciously, for the lad's girlish blue eyes were almost too artless.

"No, no — foot-ball — the game. The ball is a ball of leather, not of great value; but two sides fight for it, furiously; and then when the fight is over anybody may have the ball. Ah, you have not seen it? —how unfortunate! But at all events you have cricket—the game of cricket— no doubt you could find an excellent pitch on the Plain of Marathon—"

"Ah, Monsieur! — see! — see!—" cried Argyriades, in greatest alarm, for apparently the bow of the skiff was about to crash into the side of a house-boat that was lying alongside a small and willowy island in mid-stream. But Alec Ross knew what he was about: with a glance over his shoulder he dug his left oar into the water, shipped his right at the same moment, and the skiff glided quietly under the gunwale of the house-boat, and came to rest. The countenance of the Greek resumed its wonted composure.

It was a strange place for a rendezvous —this forlorn and dismantled house-boat lying in among the pollard trunks and withered herbage of the solitary island; but Lord Alec did not give his companion much time for observation; he hitched the painter of the skiff to the gunwale of the boat, got on board, and invited Argyriades to follow. The Greek, whatever he may have thought, obeyed in silence; his eyes were on the alert, however; and when young Ross, descending a couple of steps into a sort of shallow cockpit, opened a door in front of him and politely asked his guest to enter, the latter paused. And yet there was no sign of any ambush or beguiling; indeed there was no indication of life anywhere; a profound silence reigned; and he himself had noticed, on drawing near this isolated house-boat, that not a curl of smoke issued from its stove-pipe, though the day was cheerless enough and cold.

"I beg you to proceed, Monsieur," said young Ross. "It is somewhat dark—but if you step forward—and push aside the curtain—"

Almost at the same moment the curtain was drawn aside, from within; and there broke upon the Greek's senses a scene well calculated to shake even the firmest nerves. For before him there was a long and barely-furnished apartment, all the windows of which were closed and shuttered; three lamps, suspended from the roof, shed a yellow light; at the head of the table sat a figure wearing a black mask; on each side of the table were two others, similarly disguised; a sixth stood sentry by the arras; while on the board before the conspirators lay a couple of fencing-foils with the buttons off, and a pair of old-fashioned cavalry pistols of formidable aspect. Perhaps Argyriades did not grasp all these details in this one wild second; but at least he perceived that he had been trapped; and instantly he turned to escape—only to find that the yellow-haired youth had shut the door behind him and locked it on the outside. He tugged and struggled desperately—and in vain: then a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"It is useless," said the masked figure who had been standing by the curtain— which had now been drawn wholly aside.

For a moment Argyriades attempted bravado. He confronted this black-visaged company.

"What is the meaning—of this outrage?" he demanded. "I will appeal to the magistrate—" But here he happened to catch sight of the weapons displayed on the table; and his courage seemed to fall away. "Gentlemen," said he, pitifully, "what is your intention? What do you wish with me? What have I done?—"

The person at the head of the board rose in a slow and deliberate manner, and remained standing.

"Attend, sir, and listen to what I have to say," he began; and if his French pronunciation may have left something to be desired, at least he spoke methodically, so that there should be no mistake about his meaning. "Andreas Argyriades," he continued, "we have been informed, and we have reason to believe, that you have been guilty of attempting to extort money by threats, and also of harassing and persecuting a countrywoman of your own, who ought rather to have had a claim on your sympathy. The crime of black-mailing is punishable by English law; but unfortunately, in the case of such offences, justice is done at the expense of the innocent as well as the guilty. You therefore thought you

could act with impunity. You erred. We here assembled mean to assist the law, without that publicity which you reckoned to be your safeguard. And yet we do not intend to take advantage of our numbers. You are completely at our mercy, as you must perceive; but you shall have a fair field and no favour; you shall have your choice not only of these weapons but of your antagonist; we only demand that you make reparation for the evil you have done, and the worse evil that you contemplated—"

The pale face of Argyriades had grown ghastly.

"Gentlemen—sir—I beseech you!" he managed to articulate; and in the extremity of his dismay he appeared to shrink back from those hideous objects lying before him. "It will be murder! I know nothing of these weapons — no — I tell you it will be murder! Gentlemen, I beg of you!—listen to me!—I have an explanation. Gentlemen, I am a friend of the young lady—an old friend of hers —my sister and she were school-fellows. Gentlemen, one of you must be the Lord Fragkis Gordon; he will assure you that I have declared myself her friend, her devoted friend. And now, gentlemen, this is the truth: it was my brother who found these letters; and when I discovered the evil use he wished to make of them, I determined to save the young lady. Gentlemen, it is the truth—on my honour—on the honour of my mother, it is the truth! I determined to save her. I came all the way to England to protect her—for I knew that if my brother showed these letters to any one, then her reputation would be blasted forever—"

But at this one of those present—the one nearest Argyriades — sprang to his feet, and tore off his mask, and flung it on the table.

"You damned liar and coward!" said Gordon, with his eyes blazing; and with the back of his hand he smote the Greek across the mouth. "Will that make you fight, then? I knew you wouldn't face these weapons—they were only put there to scare you—you miserable cur! Here, you fellows," (this in English) "haul his coat off for him—hold him up—haul the beast on to his legs—and I'll give him the wholesomest thrashing he ever had in his born days!"

For by this time Argyriades, beside himself with terror, had literally sunk upon his knees, and with trembling hands he was opening a packet of papers that he had pulled from his pocket.

"See, gentlemen!—see, Lord Fragkis! —I give them to you—every one—and I do not ask for a centime! What more, gentlemen? I give you them—every one —and not a centime — only let me go! Gentlemen, have mercy! — have pity! — and I swear solemnly I will not say a word of this that you have done—"

"Haul the beast on to his legs!" Gordon cried again, furiously.

But the leader of the band came along.

"I say, Gordon," he muttered in English, "you can't fight that fellow — I wouldn't soil my boots with kicking him. See if the papers are all right; and then we'll pitch him into the river, or fling him ashore somehow. Good Lord, I've often heard of blue funk, but never saw green funk before!—look at him!—green, by Jingo, green!"

Whereupon Gordon got hold of the bundle of letters; and it was those addressed to Argyriades himself that he was most particular about; so far as he could judge by what Briseis had told him, the collection was complete. And then there only remained to bundle this abject wretch out of the boat and into the skiff: he appeared hardly to know what he was doing —fear had paralyzed his brain.

"I hope, Monsieur," said Lord Alec Ross, as he put the oars in the rowlocks, "that your interview with Sir Francis Gordon proved satisfactory. And may one ask where you would like to be landed?"

"To the shore — to the shore — anywhere," gasped this green-faced creature, whose horror-stricken eyes seemed to be thinking back.

"Because I don't propose to take you down to Henley, for reasons that I have," continued Lord Alec. "I would rather, if you don't object, land you on that other bank there; and—and—well, if you strike across country, you'll come to a railway-station in time, you know—"

"Anywhere — anywhere that you please," was the almost inarticulate response.

"You are extremely obliging," said Lord Alec; and in requital of this courtesy he took some trouble in choosing a convenient landing-place, so that Argyriades should get ashore without difficulty. The Greek did not look behind him as he left.

A short time thereafter a party of seven young gentlemen had assembled in a private room in the Red Lion. A brake was at the door below, waiting to convey six of them to Oxford; but in the mean time they were refreshing themselves with five-o'clock tea—which consisted of brandy and soda and cigarettes; and there was a great deal of talking and laughing. In the midst of the hubbub one of them happened to glance at an early edition of a London evening paper that the waiter had just brought in.

"Hallo, Gordon," he cried, "what the dickens is this? Doesn't this concern you?"

He handed over the pink sheet; and the first headline that caught Frank Gordon's eye was sufficiently startling—'Attempted Assassination of the Prince of Monteveltro.'

CHAPTER XXII.

'LOVED I NOT HONOUR MORE.'

REUTER'S telegram briefly narrated how the Prince of Monteveltro, walking home on the previous evening from the Club at Sofia to his hotel, in company with the British Diplomatic Agent, had been shot at by some one unknown, but had fortunately escaped, the bullet just grazing his ear. It was a clear moonlight night; and the British Agent, having ascertained that his friend was but slightly wounded, had started off in pursuit of the assailant, who, however, could not be found, though one or two bystanders aided in the search. It was impossible to say whether the outrage was of political origin; but it was well known in Sofia that the Prince of Monteveltro had been on intimate terms with the late M. Stambuloff. So far Reuter; and the telegram from the Princess which Frank Gordon found awaiting him on his return to his rooms was even more laconic—'No cause for alarm'; but the letter which in due course followed gave him more ample information.

"It is really most provoking," the Princess wrote. "You can't imagine how vexed and irritated he has been by this trifling affair. Not that he was or is frightened—not in the least. I don't believe a Montenegrin is capable of the sensation of fear—unless when he sees somebody about to open a soda-water bottle. But the Prince is *annoyed* and *indignant* beyond measure; it is just as if a small boy had hit him with a pebble—a small boy out of the range of his whip; and this bit of plaster on his ear keeps him in a constant state of fret. Why did we come to Sofia? Why were we in Bulgaria at all? Why couldn't we let other people's affairs alone? Not only that, but because his ear tickles him he has been threatening to abdicate—in favour of his brother George! Think of it!—abdication!—*just now!*—JUST NOW!—when the Great Partitioning is clearly on the horizon. Of course Prince George is a very worthy man; he makes an efficient Commander of the Body-guard; and he is a good soldier and drill-inspector; but if he were to come well out of the general scrimmage, his very highest ambition would be to get our frontier extended across to Obribazar. Abdication!—just because somebody or something gave him a little clip on the ear; and we are to give up the Great Game that is being played out here just now; and we are to go and rent a place in the Highlands—some place like Glen Skean, I suppose, where Heaven is to be represented by a perpetual stalking of stags. I won't deny that this attempt on his life may have arisen out of political feeling; for the last time we were in Sofia he made far too open a parade of his acquaintanceship with Stambuloff—playing baccarat every other night with him at the Club, and so on; and all because Stambuloff professed to be interested in the antics of Wienerschnitzel and Gurkensalat. A most imprudent parade; as I warned him at the time; and it is quite possible that some of the fanatic friends of Panitza's may have him down on their list; but to talk of abdication because a bit of sticking-plaster worries the lobe of your ear is really too absurd!

"Besides, even supposing that some crazy lunatic or association of lunatics cherishes a design against the Prince, that can only be through a mistake, and the mistake will be set right directly, when the Prince's true position and probable sympathies will be declared to all Europe. For what do you think is going to happen? You need not proclaim it in the market-place—not at least until the news has got into the St. Petersburg papers—but I learn on very excellent authority that the Czar is about to present to his faithful ally, the Prince of Monteveltro, a cargo of munitions of war—hill-guns,

rifles, cartridges, dynamite, etc., etc.; and if this significant gift does not keep those Bulgarian Russomaniacs quiet, what can? Instead of taking a chance shot at him from behind a ruined wall, they will be more likely to invite him to become a candidate for the throne of the Principality, in the almost certain event of the porridge-pot boiling over one of these days. And to think of going off in a huff to the Highlands of Scotland! Yet S. A. is a self-willed man, just once in a while: from January to December as easy-going a person as ever you met; and then on some 29th of February he puts his foot down — and *le Prince le veut*, with a vengeance! And what, then, if we were to bid a long farewell to all our greatness, and end by settling down somewhere about the Grampians, becoming your neighbours as soon as you have married your ruddy-haired enchantress? I suppose S. A. imagines that deer-stalking and salmon-fishing last all the year round; and that he'll always have the Bourne girls to play Beethoven for him; and Lady Rockminster and Lady Adela to dance Scotch reels in the evening when the men come down from the moor. But no—but no! He is peevish and out of temper just now, merely because a wasp has stung him; and we will not allow him to give up the Great Game because of so trifling a circumstance. And I know him. I know when the first bugle sounds—and sound it will ere long—the old war-horse will answer with his neigh. And it is *not* Prince George who will be consulted about the rectification of frontier lines."

Frank Gordon had made the waiting for this letter an excuse for delaying his visit to Briseis—that visit of explanation and farewell that he looked forward to with an immeasurable dread and pain. He had persuaded himself that he must have full details of the attempted assassination; at any moment he might be summoned away to the East; he must remain at his mother's beck and call. But now that he knew all there was to be known, he could no longer shelter himself behind these pretexts. He had to undertake this terribly delicate mission, come what might, though the suffering it would cause he would have heeded less if he could have borne it alone; it was his thought of Briseis that was the origin of this almost insurmountable shrinking and reluctance. If Aunt Jean had but consented to act as intermediary! And then again he argued with himself that Aunt Jean had been of true judgment in this matter; it was the more manly thing for him to go straight to the girl herself; and if she treated him with proud anger and disdain—if she was pitiless—well, that she had a perfect right to do and to be; and he would carry his punishment with him through many and many long years of remembering.

He was a very unhappy lad as he walked up to Devonshire Place; but he experienced some relief on finding that Briseis was not in the drawing-room when he was shown in. Mrs. Elliott was, however; and she rose with effusion — and with some touch of colour in the tired and pathetic face—to welcome her visitor.

"My dear Sir Francis, I was beginning to think we should never see you again—and then that dreadful affair out there in the East—you cannot tell how upset we all were by the news, and how we have been sympathising with the poor Princess. My bonny darlings were out at afternoon tea when the evening paper was brought in — they are such tender-hearted, unselfish, generous things, and so anxious to help in the charities that dear Lady Hammersley has under her charge —and I assure you there was quite a scene when the announcement was read aloud about the attempted murder: they are so extremely sensitive and sympathetic — their concern about the poor Princess was quite affecting, so I am told. The poor dears had to come home in a cab—though they know well that I expect them to practise the strictest economy; and Brenda especially—she is of such a nervously susceptible nature — she was quite overcome, and lay down on a sofa, and we had to administer port-wine again and again before we could get her calmed and soothed. And what are your last tidings of the dear Princess, Sir Francis? I suppose she is completely overwhelmed — such a narrow escape!—such an awful calamity just averted by the finger of Providence—I hope she is bearing up well—"

"Oh, yes, pretty well," the young man replied. "Indeed she seems to look upon the whole affair as rather a humorous incident. You see, it wasn't her ear that had a bit taken out of it."

"And the poor Prince—I do hope he has quite recovered from the shock!"

"I don't know about the shock," he said, "but I do know he is extremely annoyed and angry. And it is no great wonder. He doesn't want to be dragged into all these political imbroglios. He wants to be let alone. He is not a quarrelsome man at all; he likes to amuse himself with his two black poodles; and naturally he resents being flicked on the ear in consequence of other people's disputes. The sooner he gets back to the mountainous security of Monteveltro the better."

He had been talking almost at random —with an ever-present consciousness that at any moment the door of this room might open. And if these polite questions and perfunctory answers formed a sort of respite for the time being, he knew that it could not avail for long; nay, he at length grew impatient and desperate; he was forced to interrupt this idle conversation.

"Mrs. Elliott," said he, "may I ask if Miss Valieri is at home?"

"Oh, yes," replied the widow, blithely. "Oh yes. She was so very good-natured as to insist on remaining behind, when all the others were going off to Madame Reichenwald's concert; for her cousin, poor boy, is in bed with a bad cold, and he won't have any one but her to read to him; and she is the dearest creature—so ready to sacrifice any little pleasure of her own—and so cheerful about it, too—"

"For to tell you the truth I called to see her," he said, bluntly enough; and then he continued, in a more hesitating manner: "The fact is, I was entrusted with a small commission—perhaps I ought to say I undertook it on my own responsibility; and if you don't mind, Mrs. Elliott—if it is not an inconvenience to you—I should like to see her for a few moments—by herself, I mean—"

Aunt Clara rose with much good nature.

"I will send her to you at once. But," she added, as she was leaving, "I must see you before you go, Sir Francis. My darling girls would never forgive me if there were not some proper message of sympathy sent to the poor dear Princess. So *au revoir!*"

For two or three minutes he was left alone in this silent room, in no enviable state of mind. And then the door opened; and here was Briseis—somewhat pale, perhaps, but as beautiful as ever, so overmasteringly beautiful, indeed, that of a sudden his heart cried aloud to him 'To me—to me—to me! Take her—enfold her—that is the one woman in all the world!' But the next moment that passionate cry was stilled. He became conscious that the Briseis standing there and confronting him was not the Briseis with whom he had so recently parted—all unstrung and unnerved, piteous, half-humiliated, appealing. This Briseis was cold, distant, and of a perfect self-command; the calm, straightforward regard she fixed on him was not questioning—nor yet repellent—but only attentive, in a proud kind of way; sweet and serene as she looked—as she could not help looking—she appeared to have become in some strange fashion remote. And a singular thing was that she had not advanced to greet him in the usual manner; perhaps neither he nor she noticed the omission; it was hardly a time for formalities. But this outward impassivity of hers chilled and disconcerted him; this was not Briseis at all; this was a beautiful stranger, distinguished-looking, noble-looking, courteous, complaisant—and ten thousand miles away.

There was no awkward pause of silence; for he had a message to deliver.

"I have brought you the letters Argyriades got possession of," said he, "and I do not think he will trouble you any more."

He took out the packet and placed it on the table. She betrayed neither surprise, nor joy, nor gratitude; but she came forward a step or two.

"Won't you be seated?" she said. "I wish you to read those letters."

He had not expected any such proposal; he looked disappointed and pained.

"Oh, no—no," he said, rather stiffly.

"But I wish it," she rejoined.

"Then I refuse," he said—his forehead flushing.

"I have been told that these letters would compromise my good name if they were shown to any one," she proceeded, in a deliberate manner, "and I wish to know if that is true."

"And by whom were you told!" he answered her, with scorn. "By a miserable wretch trying to extort money, and ready for any amount of brazen lying. Well, he is not likely to repeat that performance—at least where you are concerned."

Then in somewhat set terms she

thanked him for having secured and restored these papers; and she even went the length of asking, in a more or less direct way, whether he had paid anything, and how much, to Argyriades. And Frank Gordon could only say to himself, bitterly enough, that if she chose to shame and insult him, she was within her right in doing so.

"What did I give him?" he said. "I gave him a stroke across the mouth; and he took it submissively. That was all he got; but it appeared to satisfy him; I don't think he will deal in threats and menaces for some time to come. And perhaps I ought to tell you that I did look at some of the letters—those that you wrote to Argyriades—I wanted to see if he had brought all of them back—according to what you told me; and I think you will find they are all there."

"Yes; but there are others: I wish you to read them," she said, coldly.

"Why should you persist in taunting me?" he answered her, in accents of reproach.

"Taunting you?"

"Yes, indeed. You are telling me that I need to be convinced of this or that, with regard to you! And that is what you think of me! Well, the poorest opinion you can have of me is better than I deserve, I know that. I know that—"

All this time he had hardly dared to meet her eyes, so banished from her had he been by the studious dignity and courtesy of her demeanour; and the wild desire there was within him to beg for forgiveness—to beg for friendliness—for anything that would restore something like their former relationship could find no words whatever. His heart was passionately urging him to speak; and yet a kind of hopelessness had overcome him; her manner—her tones—even the poise of her head, that in other days he had so much admired—seemed all too plainly to say to him: 'You—you are but as one of the other strangers whom I find surrounding me. You will judge as they will judge. If, then, you have heard anything against my good name, read these letters for yourself; and when you have been convinced, go. Having cleared myself, I have no wish to continue any further association; and you may return and take your place amongst the crowd.'

"Well, yes," he resumed, after a moment, "the poorest opinion you can form of me is no doubt the just one; and if you think that I could be influenced by anything that such a fellow as Argyriades might say—or if you think that I should want to read anything in order to have my faith in you confirmed or re-established—let it be so. Let it be so. But there are one or two points that I should wish to explain, before saying good-bye—"

"Yes, before saying good-bye," she repeated—almost relentlessly, as it appeared to his wrought-up imagination; and the pallor in the perfect and exquisite face, that, too, seemed to speak unmistakeably of a final farewell.

"I gathered, partly from yourself, partly from what Aunt Jean told me, that you had been disturbed—surprised, perhaps I should say—by one or two small things: my remaining away from this house, my not answering your letter for some days, and the like. Well, when you came to me, fancying that perhaps Argyriades had been the cause of this conduct on my part, I told you he had nothing whatever to do with it. But I did not give you the true explanation. And as it is to be good-bye, I should not like you to look back and believe that I had been guilty of any intentional discourtesy—"

Then he lost his head somewhat.

"Briseis, do you not know—can you not guess—what forced me to give up a friendship that seemed so beautiful a thing, and so harmless to every one concerned? Do you remember our first meeting—that morning on Dee-side—when you came down alone to the river?—do you remember how easily and simply we got talking together?—it appeared to be so natural that we should know each other. I was free then; my life was not pledged away to any one; and indeed I was not thinking of such things—though Aunt Jean would have it, when she saw you, that here was my great chance, for she took to you from the very first, and would tell you now that she has never seen any one like you. But I could not be so presumptuous; and besides, you and I were no more than merely acquainted, even after you had been out to Grantly; and then I went away to the South—and—and other things happened—and my life was no longer my own. But all the same, when I heard you were in London, I wanted to see you; and the oftener we met the further did our slight

acquaintanceship grow into a friendship that was about my most valued possession. I saw no harm in it; for I was blind; and the passing hour was too delightful to be sacrificed. But during all this time I was getting to understand you better and better: you were not merely the beautiful stranger I had met on Deeside—nor yet the charming visitor who had brought a kind of splendour with her into the dusky old rooms at Grantly; you had become—well, you had become the Briseis that I know now—the Briseis that I shall hold in my heart while I have life."

He ceased for the moment; and his brows were knit together, as if from some mental pain.

"I did not consider; I was too confident and careless," he went on. "If I had dreamed of any danger, I should have looked upon my being engaged to marry another woman as a sufficient safeguard. But I did not think; and one fascinating hour followed another; and always I was getting more and more into communion with the winning subtleties of a nature the sweetest and purest that I have known on earth. Oh, do not imagine I seek to excuse myself. All the blame is mine. And there was self-deception too. I deceived myself—I refused to look at consequences—so long as there was another chance of listening to the rustle of your dress on the stair, of seeing you come into the room, of submitting once more to the glamour of your voice and your eyes. And then there came the awakening. It was at a dance—here in this house—you wore yellow roses with your black dress, do you remember?—and that was the night I made the discovery, that I loved one woman while my honour bound me to another. It was a terrible discovery; but at least I could hope that the punishment for any mischief that had been done would fall on my head alone; and I resolved to withdraw myself—not perhaps all at once, but so that no one should guess what had occurred. Briseis, think as badly of me as you will; I deserve the worst; but—but don't imagine I meant any slight—"

While he was pouring forth these pathetic, blundering, boyish utterances, the face of Briseis had undergone the strangest transformation. Her cold impassivity of look had changed into an eager interest and wonder; and wonder had given place to joy; and joy had found its expression in an ineffable happiness; though, to be sure, before he had come to the end of his story, her eyes—the soft, dark, eloquent eyes—had their conquering beauty all bedimmed with tears. She went quickly towards him. She held out her hand.

"My friend, for ever!" she said—and her grasp was as firm as his own.

The grandeur of her magnanimity—and her unconsciousness of it—amazed him: this was not the disdainful dismissal that he had expected, and that he felt he had earned. Her wet eyes were affectionate and kind; she held his hand for a second or two; and then she strove to put into words some explanation of this sudden change in her attitude towards him.

"Ah, you do not understand, then—you do not understand that the treasure of a woman, all through her life, is the remembrance that the one man she has loved has loved her—yes, for a moment. She may not have what is thought to be happiness; she may not marry the man she loves; but that secret she carries with her, to her dying day—and it is her treasure and her pride. No, no," she continued, with a sort of wistful smile—and her speech was broken and uncertain, almost to incoherence, "you cannot understand—and I cannot explain. But—but you have given me my treasure to keep—and I am more grateful than I can say: what it would have been if we had parted for ever and no word of revelation! I am content. Dear friend, do not think I am envious of any one! If—if circumstances seem hard, then it is some other one who is the happier.... I wish her well... In time your love will go to her—it is the way of the world—it is right to be so. And you will forget—the Greek girl—to whom you were kind.... Good-bye, dear friend—good-bye—God bless you and her—"

He caught her in his arms, for he thought she would have fallen.

"Briseis—it is not good-bye!" he said to her, in a low voice—in a voice so intense that her eyes shrank away from him. "It shall not be good-bye! I love you—you love me: is not that enough? It is the highest law—"

She freed herself from his embrace.

"Except honour," she said, with so much



"HER COLD IMPASSIVITY OF LOOK HAD CHANGED."

of her usual sweet serenity that he stood rebuked and abashed, ashamed of his momentary madness, and despairing of the fetters that bound him. As for her, she was clearly struggling to recall her proud self-command, that had nearly broken down; and yet, as she gave him her hand for the last time, there was the greatest tenderness in her regard; and she suffered him to kiss her on the forehead, in mute token of farewell. Then she went from the room; she had borne herself bravely; whatever of anguish and tragic renunciation may have been in her heart was not for him to see.

And indeed all that afternoon, while she was engaged in her ordinary domestic duties, and in her customary intercourse with Olga and Brenda, with Miss Ada and Miss Carlotta and the rest, she was in no wise cast down; for there still remained some after-glow of the gladness with which she had heard the man she loved confess that he loved her, and perhaps also some lingering trace of that exaltation of feeling with which she had bade him go to redeem his pledged faith. But in the solitude of her own room at night, this high courage fell away from her. The dark was filled with pictures—a succession of scenes; and it seemed to her that her life had been but a series of bereavements; and this last not the least cruel of these. For now she was altogether alone. One after another had departed from her; and now he who in happier circumstances—such as fell to the lot of other women—might have been her lover, he also was taken from her, through the merciless decrees of fate. And what remained? She contemplated the long years before her with a shuddering dread; she would rather have the end, and that soon. In those black hours of the night—her strength all gone—her pillow wet with tears—she went wearily back, as aforetime, to seek for solace and soothing in the old, familiar lines—

Over all the mountains
Is peace;
Along the far summits
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are hushed in the forest.
Wait thou only, and soon
Thou also shalt sleep.

But it was a wider sleep that her aching heart yearned and prayed and sobbed for: a wider and larger sleep: the sleep, sound and beneficent and dreamless, that shall endure through the making and changing and dying of worlds.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'SWEET NELLIE O'REE.'

It was about this time that one evening found Miss Georgie Lestrange and her brother Percy the sole occupants of a private sitting-room in the Waldorf Hotel, New York—a room of considerable size, for the brightly decorated dinner-table was laid for a party of eight. Percy Lestrange—a young man of irregular features and red hair—was staring contemplatively into the fire; his sister, clad in a sea-going costume of serge, was standing on tiptoe to bring herself on a level with a slab of mirror in the over-mantel, so that she might arrange her neck-tie. The neck-tie was of a dark green and blue tartan, with a slender line of yellow running through it—the Gordon tartan, in fact.

And, as usual, the pretty and pert-nosed damsel was talking away recklessly and at railway speed.

"I do call it a horrid nuisance, this starting off in the middle of the night—don't you? So unnecessary. Why, what's the use of it? I should have thought they'd want all the daylight they could get to steam down the bay—shouldn't you? Never mind. There are compensations. For you do have moments of sense, Percy—haven't you?—and it was just snip-snap of you to think of this little send-off, and getting Madame St. Roche and the rest of us on board all in good humour." She turned from the mantelpiece and looked along the brilliant table, with evident satisfaction. "And I, for one," she remarked, with some significance, "seeing as how strange things may eventuate during the next day or two, I, for one, sha'n't be sorry to have a jolly old tuck-in."

"Really, Georgie," he said, in a peevish manner, "your language is too awful! And why will you keep on asking questions, when you don't expect any answer? It's perfectly maddening! Why can't you state your opinions, without challenging assent—on perfectly immaterial points? Why that perpetual 'don't you?' and 'haven't you?' and—"

"Now, now, Percy, enough of that," she broke in, with an air of authority. "That's all part and parcel of the ner-



"THERE ARE COMPENSATIONS."

vousness and irritability of your breakdown; and you undertook you wouldn't give way to it again. And you're not going to quarrel on the very last night of our being together—are you? As if I hadn't enough to worry me! I think it was most inconsiderate of Lady Adela, don't you? To have this wretched book of hers waiting for me, and to expect me to spend my only day in New York in hunting up this Caspar Sprigg, to woolly-lamb him, and get him to promise a review! It's too bad! Well, I can't now, anyway. You'll have to, Percy—to-morrow or next day, before you go back south."

"Let her look after her own woolly-lambing!" said the convalescent, crossly. "Besides, how am I to find out this fellow?"

"Oh, he's a Professor of something or other," said Miss Georgie, as she took up the *menu* and regarded it with imaginative eyes. "Anglophobia, as likely as not—Caspar Sprigg, Professor of Anglophobia, University of Braggingsville—mightn't that fetch him? I remember the creature—one night at Lady Adela's—hideously ugly—no chin— Oh, I say, Percy, I call this just a ripping spread!" But here there was a noise of new-comers outside; and Miss Georgie, not to be thought a greedy young person, quickly replaced the *menu* on the table, and assumed her most correct deportment.

However, as it turned out, these were not the expected guests; the sounds gradually died away; and then it was that Percy Lestrange, looking up from his reverie, addressed his sister—with some slight hesitation in his tone:

"I say, Georgie: I have been considering whether I ought to tell you—as a warning beforehand—or whether I should let you find it out for yourself. After all, it's of no great consequence—you can treat him as a perfect stranger—"

She was not paying much heed. She had picked up the *menu* again; and her eyes seemed to be pleased with the prospect—bouchées à la Montglas—faux-filet au cresson—aubergines à la Provençale, and the like.

"Are you listening?" her brother said. "It may interest you, you know. When I was down at the steamship company's office this afternoon, I saw the completed list of passengers, and among them—well, you would make the discovery sooner or later—is the name of Jack Cavan—"

The *menu* fell from her fingers, fluttering down to the floor.

"You don't mean that!" she exclaimed—with dismay in her voice.

"But I do. John Philip Cavan. There's not the least doubt about it."

"Then I won't go!" she said, passionately. "I won't sail in that ship. I won't submit to this abominable persecution. It's done deliberately. It isn't a coincidence—not a bit of it! Of course he knew I was in America; I was perfectly aware of that; but who could have imagined he would be so mean as to plan this voyage! And it's all a part of the same system. The last time I saw him in a theatre, whenever there was anything insulting said about women, in the piece, he would turn round and level his opera-glass at me. Oh, the ingenuity of the fiend is perfectly devilish!—there's no other word for it—"

"Well," said her brother, with a languid air, "if young women will go playing games—"

"It's never the men, of course!" she said, contemptuously. "It's never the men who lead them on, and get them into scrapes—of course not! And as for Jack Cavan, he deserved all he got—he was paid out for his temper, and his high-mightiness, and his fine airs: only, if he thinks he's going to persecute me all the way across the Atlantic, he's very much mistaken. I won't go in that ship, Percy. I will forfeit my berth. When does the next steamer of the same line sail?—surely they'll let me change—"

"Oh, what's the good of going on like that!" her brother said, fretfully. "You can't make a fool of yourself before these people—refusing at the last moment. What explanation could you offer?—"

"You could have a relapse," she put in, adroitly.

"Don't talk rubbish. The fact is, you behaved very badly—and now you are in a blue funk. It isn't Jack Cavan that's pursuing you; it's your conscience. And it isn't Jack Cavan, it's your conscience that will haunt you all the way across the Atlantic. How can Jack Cavan harm you? You'll have these half-dozen people surrounding you from morning till night. By the way, I suppose you told Sir Francis all about that old story?—"

"Tell Frank Gordon?" said she, blushing a rosy-red. "No, I did not. Of course not. Certainly not. There was quite time enough for bygones to be bygones: quite time enough—if only that spiteful fiend would let me alone—" But at this point the door was thrown open; and Miss Georgie's companions for the voyage did at last make their appearance—Madame St. Roche, Miss Madeline Phayre, Miss Janie Phayre, Miss Romanes, Mr. Algeciras, and Mr. S. F. Quentin of Chicago—all of them, as they came into the room, laughing and talking at once, so excited were they over this little reunion and the larger prospect ahead of them.

Indeed it was the ordinarily vivacious Georgie who alone sat thoughtful and preoccupied—for spaces at least—during this merry banquet: perhaps she was considering the various devices to which she might resort in view of the contingency that had so unexpectedly been sprung upon her. At all events when they did at length drive away down to the dock and get on board the steamer, she was not much in evidence; and when, finally, the great vessel moved away out into the dark—a darkness that was all athrob with lights, red, green, and electric-blue—it was found that Miss Lestrange had disappeared altogether; she had escaped from the usual foregathering in the saloon to the solitude of her state-room; and as it was surmised that she might be busy opening her cabin-trunks, her friends refrained from disturbing her. And thus it was that Miss Georgie started upon her voyage—with such a night's rest as her not too tender conscience might allow her.

Next morning, when the grey of the dawn was visibly declared in the port-hole, she reached up her hand to the top

of her berth and pressed a button; and in response to her summons the stewardess appeared—a tall, gaunt, sandy-haired woman with, on occasion, an Irish twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh, stewardess, I'm so ill!" said the young lady, in a panting and most piteous manner. "I'm so dreadfully ill. I didn't ring for you—out of consideration for the others; but I can bear this no longer. What must I take? Tell me what I must take. My brother said champagne, and plenty of it, from the first thing in the morning; but that would be too awful, wouldn't it? Then there's brandy, but that's more horrid still, isn't it? I'm sick enough already; brandy would only 'mak sikker.' That's a joke. That's a Scotch joke. You may think I'm not very ill if I can try to make fun of it; but it's no laughing matter; and I knew all night I should be ill—I dreamt of it—"

"Sure I'm very sorry, Miss," said the stewardess, gravely. "What can I bring for you?"

"Yes, that's just it," she moaned. "I don't know. It's so horrid to be ill, and not to know what to do. And yet, after all, the boat is not pitching so much—"

"Oh, no, Miss!"

"Nor rolling either—"

"No, Miss, and for a very good reason too," said the stewardess. "Sure we're at anchor!"

"What?" exclaimed the invalid, suddenly looking up.

"Yes indeed, Miss; we're anchored in the bay. There's a thick fog."

"And we haven't been to sea at all?"

"Oh, no, Miss; we're not near as far down as Sandy Hook."

For a moment Miss Georgie—thinking back over her apprehensions of the night—looked annoyed and angry; but there was really no use in quarrelling with the sardonic stewardess; so she merely said, with a certain petulance of tone—

"Well, you can bring me a cup of tea and a biscuit. I'm not going into the saloon for breakfast this morning."

Now for how many hours or days, and under what pretexts, Miss Lestrange might have proposed to herself to remain shut up in her cabin, it is impossible to say—perhaps all the voyage over; but the girl-friends who were travelling with her would not permit anything of that kind; they came swarming into the small state-room, insisting that she must get dressed and go on deck to see the strange sight. And a strange sight it was—this huge living hive of a vessel cut off from all communication with the rest of the world; or rather there was a sort of communication, of a dim and mysterious kind; for through the opaque, motionless white fog that encompassed them, they could hear voices calling beneath, voices hailing from certain small boats that had crept out from the shore. Nothing could be seen of these visitants or their whereabouts; sometimes their remarks and replies sounded quite close at hand, at other times they were hollow and remote; but whatever advice or information they were tendering, it was universally conceded that until this dense fog lifted there was not the slightest chance of the ship venturing to crawl across the bar.

And meanwhile Miss Georgie, though she pretended to be engrossed in gazing over the side of the vessel, and listening, had been keeping her eyes alert, and that in a tremulous and agitated mood. But no one came near. Perhaps the person she dreaded to meet was having his morning cigar in the smoking-room, or playing Nap, with some fellow-passengers. And at length the girls, tired of looking into the mystic white profundity, proposed that they should all adjourn to the music-room; and to this Miss Georgie eagerly assented; she knew she would be safe there, for none of the menfolk were likely to come to listen to Chopin and Mendelssohn, in the wan light of day.

The hours passed until two bells struck, and then there was an adjournment to the saloon for luncheon. And now it was that the hapless Miss Georgie encountered her enemy—ran full tilt against him at the foot of the companion-way, for her anxious eyes had failed to warn her of his approach. He was a young man of about six- or eight-and-twenty, clean shaven, of sallow complexion, and with a look about his firm and intelligent features as of one who was not likely to suffer much trifling at the hands of a wicked and wilful young lady. As he drew near, he gave no sign of recognition; but he regarded her—with a cold, and pitiless, and indifferent scrutiny: while poor Georgie, frightened out of her senses, and blushing furiously, could only make a wild effort to appear as if she

were continuing a conversation with one of her companions—

"Oh, serge, did you say?—blue serge? —yes, I quite agree with you—there's nothing so neat and serviceable—I always use it myself, though my things shab so quickly on board ship—and I'm too poor to bring trunkfulls of dresses with me—"

He was gone—and she drew a long breath to still her panting heart; and then again, when they had entered the saloon and taken their places, she found to her immense relief he was seated so far away from them that she had not so much to fear from his relentless eyes. And fortunately not one of her friends had noticed her confusion and alarm.

Well, the fog lasted all that day, and all the next, and the next—three days and nights the great steamer remained in that strange white isolation; and although certain critics—mostly commercial travellers in the smoking-room—grumbled and alleged that the captain might have got out if he had shown a little more daring, the bulk of the passengers resigned themselves to their fate, and contrived to pass the time somehow by dint of various amusements. The ladies who had first obtained possession of the piano were practically allowed to retain a monopoly of it; and this boudoir-like apartment formed a snug and happy retreat; in especial was Miss Georgie glad to find safety there—for reasons she did not choose to reveal.

But on the morning of the second day of the fog, Miss Janie Phayre came along to Miss Lestrange's cabin.

"I say, Georgina," she observed—for only so far had their intimacy progressed —"do you know anything of this? I have just found it amongst my music; and I am perfectly certain it was not there last night. It must have been put there this morning, sure. And yet it's not for me—these are not my initials—"

Miss Georgie was leisurely finishing her toilet; but she turned, and perceived that her visitor was holding in her hand a sheet of paper, that had a couple of verses written on it in pencil. When she took the proffered page she started slightly, as if recognizing the writing; then as her glance followed down these lines, her vague surprise gave way to a very different emotion: her cheeks and forehead were flushed red, and her eyes were indignant and angry. For this was the taunting rhyme that she found 'respectfully dedicated to Miss G. L.':

I gave you my life, what more could I do,
And you swore and you swore you would ever be true;
But summer is short; the leaf falls from the tree;
And women are changeable, Nellie O'Ree!

And do I upbraid you?—oh no, and oh no;
The world is the world; and things will go so.
And you need not recall, 'mid your laughter and glee,
That you broke a man's heart, sweet Nellie O'Ree!

"Do I know what it means?" she said, hotly. "Yes, of course I do! The insolence of it!—the insolence!—"

She tore the paper into four pieces, and crushed them together, and flung them wrathfully on the floor.

"Oh, what is it, dear Georgina!" her astonished visitor cried, in instant curiosity. "Is there anything going on on board?—what is it?—do tell!"

"There's an impertinent man on board, that's about all!" said Miss Georgina, scornfully. "Is that anything new? You'll meet with plenty of them before you're much older. But I would rather not say any more."

She sate herself down on the couch, her eyes still burning; and as it was clear that she did not wish to give any explanation, Miss Janie, after a brief farewell message, withdrew—no doubt hoping to hear something further of this mystery later on. The moment she had left, Miss Lestrange picked up the crumpled ball of paper. She unrolled it and pieced together the fragments. She read down, carefully and thoughtfully, the touching little ballad of 'Nelly O'Ree'; and then for a little while she let it lie in her lap; and then she proceeded to tear the fragments into still smaller fragments, and these she scattered out at the open port. When finally she was ready to leave her cabin, there was a look of very definite resolution on her face.

She did not go to the music-room, or anywhere near it. She went straight up on deck, her eyes outstripping her in their peremptory search. And she soon found what she sought: Mr. Jack Cavan was taking his morning promenade, alone as it chanced, and muffled up in a capacious ulster, for the mist was raw and cold.

Without a second of hesitation she went directly towards him; and he, perceiving that she did not mean to let him pass, stopped short.

"How dared you put that thing among the music—how dared you!" she demanded, with a flaming glance.

He turned very pale, even to the lips. But he did not flinch.

"I wished you to see it," he said, deliberately.

"Yes, and the others!" she retorted. "And the others too, of course! You wished them to see it too, no doubt! It was for them to draw their own conclusions from its—from its—from its untruth!" She paused, to get her breath—or perhaps not knowing how to express the vehemence of her anger. And then she blurted out: "Well, thank goodness I know some one who would not do such a thing!"

This appeared to sting him; for after all he was but mortal.

"The raw-boned Scotchman, I presume!"

"Frank Gordon is the handsomest boy that ever came to London," said she, warmly. "And what's more, he has the manliness to be forgiving. I say he has the manliness to be generous and forgiving. He's the kind of man who would forgive anything to a woman—"

"That is a convenient kind," he remarked, with an air of disdain.

"—if he cared enough for her," she went on. "Yes. If he cared enough for her, he would show himself manly and forgiving—not—not revengeful and insulting—"

She stopped again.

"Have you anything further to say, Miss Lestrange?" he asked.

"No, I have not!"

"Then I will bid you good-morning," he said, respectfully enough, and he raised his hat, and walked away.

Miss Georgie went down below. At the foot of the companion she lingered for a second, to apply her handkerchief to her eyes. Then bold and erect of head she marched down the length of the saloon, and entered the music-room, where the usual little coterie was assembled around the piano.

"Georgina, dear," cried the elder of the Phayre girls, "what is all this about a mysterious piece of poetry?"

"A piece of poetry?—a piece of trash!" replied Miss Georgie, with scorn. "I threw it out of the window. Oh, there's no secret about it," she continued, loftily, as she found that these curious maidens were regarding her. "None. Why should there be? No secret whatever. There is a gentleman on board whom I once—once knew a little; and—and—he took this way of recalling himself to my recollection. Stupid, wasn't it? He might just as well have come frankly up and spoken, mightn't he? I call it a stupid trick. But you needn't speak of poetry—poetry!—a silly little Irish song—of no consequence whatever. At least I suppose it was Irish—I forget—I threw it out of the window. He's Irish himself, of course. That explains his writing verses. There's not an Irishman born that doesn't think he can write verses and throw a salmon-fly better than anybody else in the world. Only, I wish they wouldn't bother one with their silly songs!"

So that was the end of the episode, for the present—though one or two of Miss Georgie's companions may at odd hours have ruminated over this obscure transaction, and speculated. However, after the weary days and nights of waiting, the great ship-full of folk at length discovered that they were to be released from their chill imprisonment; the welcome throb of the screw was felt once more; they began to creep down towards Sandy Hook, and in due course of time got out into the open Atlantic. Not only that, but they found themselves sailing into the most lovely weather—calm seas and cloudless skies—blue above and a shining blue all around; and this delightful transformation seemed to produce a corresponding change in the spirits of everybody on board. Whither had fled the grumblers? There was a universal kindliness and cheerfulness and goodwill; confidence in the captain was entirely restored; the passengers said nice things about each other—knowing they would be repeated; rope-quoits and shovel-board were started; and of course the music-room was quite abandoned, for who could remain away from the charming promenades on deck, in the bracing air and sunlight? And perhaps the general amiability had got into Miss Georgie's heart; or perhaps the having continually to avoid Jack Cavan on these marchings up and down was beginning to prey on her nerves; at all events, finding him on one occasion alone, she again went up to speak to him. As before, he was all attention—and as frigid as ice.

"Couldn't we," said she, valiantly,

"couldn't we agree to be friends, for the voyage over at least?"

He regarded her for a moment, and said quite gravely—

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Oh, if that is the way," said she, proudly, "—no, thanks!" And at once and haughtily she returned to her friends.

There came a night: a full moon was sailing through the tranquil heavens, and on the slumbering and slowly-moving waters there lay a pathway of silver, widening here and narrowing there, until it reached the immeasurable and unknown horizon. It was late, and yet a number of people had preferred this magical white scene to the golden comfort of the saloon; and Madame St. Roche was a lenient chaperon; she and her little party were all on deck, huddled cosily together, chatting the one to the other, or gazing contemplatively out on the entrancing beauty of sea and sky. And now it was that there stole into the silence—for the continuous lapping of the waves and the familiar throb of the engines formed almost a silence—there stole into the silence a sound so sweet, so clear, so distant that it seemed to come from nowhere at all, it seemed rather like the echo of a flute heard in some remote and mystic fairy-land that one has visited in a half-forgotten dream.

"Oh, isn't it too beautiful!" murmured one of the girls.

"It's a cornet," said one of the gentlemen: "but where the dickens is the player?—is he some Ariel in the rigging, or flying in the wake of the boat?"

"That darling Purser—he has planned this for us," said another of the girls.

"Hush—hush!" said the most sensible of the group.

And well indeed they might listen to this soft and silver-toned strain that had for its accompaniment the half-heard whisper and rush of the moonlit waves. It was an Irish air—it was 'Farewell, but if ever you welcome the hour'—and it was exquisitely played: no wonder they listened. But meanwhile something had happened to Georgie Lestrange. She was seated next Madame St. Roche; and the moment the clear notes of the cornet began to steal through the witchery of the night, the elder lady felt the girl grasp her arm. It was an involuntary action, probably; anyhow the hand remained there, fixed and trembling; and the figure of the girl was trembling too. Nay, as Madame furtively perceived, tears were running down her cheeks; and as her agitation grew greater and greater, it was clear she could stay here no longer. She tried to slink away unobserved—with uncertain gait and head bent down. Not a word was said by any of her companions—perhaps in the dusk they had not noticed; but Madame rose and swiftly and discreetly followed.

She tapped at the door of the cabin, and got no answer; but she heard a sound as of wild sobbing; and so she made bold to enter. She found the unhappy girl in a perfect passion of crying; she lay at full length on the couch, her face downward; and in the agony of her grief her hands were clenched into the cushion, while her whole frame quivered and shook.

"Georgina, dear!"

"Oh, my God, it's too cruel—it's too cruel!" she moaned, in the intervals of her frantic sobbing. "I cannot bear it—I cannot suffer this torture any more—he wants to break my heart—and I think he has done that now. Ah, Madame St. Roche, you do not know—you do not know—that was the air he used to play for me when we were at Glengariff—it was his last good-night to me—every night when I had gone into the hotel—and he was out in the bay—and then when my people wouldn't let him come to see me—that was at Wicklow—after the quarrel—he used to play those Irish airs—and they were a message from him to me—oh, it's too cruel!—it's too cruel!—but—but he has had his revenge sure enough—oh, yes,—sure enough—for I will never reach Queenstown alive—"

"Merciful Heaven, what do you say!" cried Madame, and she drew in a chair to the couch, and released one of the girl's hands and held it.

"No, I will not!" she sobbed again. "I will not. I have made up my mind. Long before we get to Queenstown—there will be an end—and he will have his revenge sure enough—" But here she burst into another flood of tears that for a time completely stopped all utterance.

"My child, you are mad!" exclaimed Madame. "I see all the situation of affairs—it is not revenge—it is to win you back to him that he plays the beautiful air—it is to recall tender scenes—"

"It is not—it is not!" she said, passion-

ately. "It is to taunt me—to reproach me—to accuse me: it is for revenge. And —and—Madame—what more revenge can he want? The moment I set eyes on him—on board this ship—I knew that I had thrown my life away. You see—you see—I have been absent from England for a time—and able to look at things—and then—then when I saw him —all the old time came back—even though I was mad-angry with him—or he with me—I don't care which—and then—then he goes and plays this air—knowing it would just cut my heart in two—"

"Yes, yes, child," said Madame; "and he made a very effective appeal to you, as any one can see; and it will all come right—"

"Come right?" she repeated, and she struggled upwards from her recumbent position, and sat there dejected and hopeless, making some effort to get the tears away from her cheeks and eyes. "Come right?—yes—when I throw myself overboard—then it will come right—and he will have his revenge at last. That will be the end—and there will be no need—of any more reproaches—"

And so they continued the argument, the one comforting, the other despairing; until finally Madame persuaded her young charge to go to bed, to see if the night might not bring rest to her suffering soul.

Next morning Miss Georgie did not make her usual appearance on deck, nor was she present at luncheon. In the afternoon, a gentleman, hitherto unknown to her, came up to Madame St. Roche, and said he hoped that Miss Lestrange was not unwell.

"She is rather ailing to-day," was the reply.

"Will you be so kind as to tell her that I am exceedingly sorry to hear it?" said he. "My name is Cavan."

Madame (with rapid thoughts of her own) immediately took the message below. Miss Georgie was lying on the couch in her state-room, partly dressed, with plenty of rugs thrown over her; and very listless and languid she looked after the long night's sleepless suffering. However, when she heard what Madame had to tell, she roused herself somewhat.

"But how did he say it, Madame?—that is the point. Formally, of course. A mere formal message, that is all. An ordinary piece of politeness—"

"Ah, no, not at all," said Madame; "it was most friendly and sincere. My child, I fear you have been hard towards that young man."

"Hard?" the poor invalid repeated bitterly. "Hard? You may think so—but you don't know *him!*"

After a little while she said—

"Madame St. Roche, do you ever go up the staircase leading from the fore-saloon? —there is an archway at the head of it where there are seats for two or three—would you mind sending the stewardess to see if that corner is vacant?—and if it is she might ask Mr. Quentin or Mr. Algeciras, either of them, to come down and lend me an arm: I could be ready in a few minutes, and it would be more interesting than lying here."

All which was duly done; and Miss Georgie found herself ensconced in this sheltered spot, whence she could look out on the deck and the rigging if she was so disposed. But she was not yet satisfied.

"Mr. Quentin," she said to her escort, "do you know a Mr. Cavan who is on board?"

"By sight only."

"I wish you would go and tell him, please, that I want to see him."

A few moments brought Jack Cavan to her side, while the sensible Quentin, remembering a familiar adage, made some sort of excuse and disappeared.

"Sit down, Jack," said she, in a softened and troubled voice, "I want to speak to you."

Obediently he took his place by her, and these two were now the only occupants of this shadowed recess, with but little fear of interruption.

"Jack, I want to ask for your forgiveness," she said, "and if you refuse, you'll be sorry some day, and perhaps sooner than you think. Haven't you had enough of revenge? I know now that I have made a wreck of my life—isn't that enough revenge for you?"

"I don't want revenge," said he, bluntly. "I want you, Georgie."

"Ah, but that's all past and gone," she answered him, in a sad and resigned fashion. "When you've made your bed you must lie on it. That's all over now. You shouldn't have quarrelled."

"It was you who quarrelled—you and your people—"

"Ah, well, you need not bring all that back again," she said, with a bit of a sigh.

"It's all over and done with now. But oh, Jack, Jack, what made you play that song of Moore's last night?—it recalled all the old times—the old times—the old times—"

She began to cry a little; but presently she dried her eyes again.

"If you had a scrap of courage, Georgie," said he, "we might easily bring back those old times to both of us."

"What do you mean?" she said, suddenly looking up: then her eyes fell. "Oh, yes, I know. I know what you mean. But I couldn't. Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't! He's such a dear fellow—and it would be so dishonourable—"

"It would not be dishonourable at all," he said boldly. "It would be quite the reverse. I suspected you hadn't forgotten the old times, Georgie—oh, didn't I know it quite well! And if I have vexed you and angered you, then you must forgive me: it's you that must forgive. And you needn't talk about anything dishonourable: after what you have just said, it's the only honourable thing you can do, by him, and by me, and by yourself—"

"Oh, Jack, it's just dreadful to say it—so mean and contemptible—I feel so thoroughly mean and contemptible—but—but—do you think he would let me off?"

"I take it, he is a gentleman!" her companion exclaimed. "He wouldn't force a girl into marrying him that doesn't want to marry him. Besides, when he hears the whole story, he will see that I have the prior claim. I have the first claim on you—"

"Oh, Jack, I couldn't do it!" she still protested. "I couldn't do it. I couldn't face him. Think of his coming to meet me at Liverpool—how could I face him? He's so frank and straightforward himself—and I should feel so deceitful and sneakish and despicable—"

"Nothing of the sort!" he maintained, vehemently, "I tell you it's the straight thing to do. Georgie," he went on, in a more insidious manner, "will you leave it all to me? Will you let me arrange it? Will you leave it all in my hands?"

"Y—yes, Jack—if you think you can—"

What now occurred took place in a recess, as before described, at the top of the fore-saloon companion, which was rarely used at this time of the day, while any passer-by going along the deck would hardly think of peering into this obscure retreat. So that there was no tale to tell throughout the ship—or to be set down here. When Miss Georgie next spoke it was in a soft and purring and happy fashion—and singularly blithe seemed this poor invalid wrapped up in the fur cloak Lady Adela had given her.

"You see, Jack, it was this way—now I'll tell you honestly how it all happened in the Highlands—for I've as good a right as any one to make excuses, haven't I?—and you wouldn't condemn me unheard, would you? It was like this, you see—you see, it was like this—well, perhaps it's not so easy to explain—"

"Don't explain anything, Georgie," said he, with a certain grimness. "I know your ways."

"Ah, now you want to quarrel again!" she retorted instantly. "And you don't appear to care a straw whether I come back to you with a clear and white conscience—as I could prove to you if you'd only listen. Now, Jack, do listen! It was like this, you see. He and I were the youngest of the house-party up at Glen Skean Castle, you know; and naturally we chummed; and he was awfully nice, and kind, and forgiving—not like some people. And of course there was a little skylarking; only he was as bad as I was—I declare to you he was as bad as I was; he used to take me away for long excursions with him; and he would dry my back hair when it got wet with the rain, and pin it up again; or he would bathe my wrists with eau-de-Cologne when they were bitten with the midges; and he made me drink out of the same glass with him—like a couple of children—like Paul and Virginia; and he cut off some of my hair to make salmon-flies with. And tricks of that kind. You see how honest I am. Any other girl would conceal all that nonsense. And then it got rather more serious—not really serious, you know, but there was a kind of appearance of seriousness about it, don't you understand—and my head got all bewildered, what with the moorlands, and the mists, and the red deer, and the wild nights among the hills—and—and, in short, we blundered into an engagement. What made me do it, I cannot imagine. But I thought you were a brute—in fact, I knew it—and I know it now; and he is just the nicest boy that ever was born, and that's what he is.

You won't mind my saying that, will you? You wouldn't be scudgy and mean and jealous, seeing what has happened? And he was such a dear boy, and so good-natured, and handsome, and ready for any mad mischief that you might put into his head—I mean, that might come into his head. And then, Jack, you must remember this: I have never thought much of myself, or put any value on myself; but I might have been Lady Gordon of Grantly, and the daughter-in-law of a Princess as well. Only, Jack—only—I will confess it—it would have been with a broken heart. I knew that the moment I set eyes on you on board this ship. Then I knew what I had done. And I was in such despair that I told Madame St. Roche I would throw myself into the sea before ever we should reach Queenstown. Perhaps I didn't quite mean it, but I was pretty miserable all the same—"

"Georgie," he said, interrupting her for a moment, and speaking rather gravely, "don't make any mistake: I understand well enough that you are giving up a good deal."

"Ah, but I've got you, Jack!—oh, darling Jack, I've got you! And what would anything else be to me, if I had to go through life with a broken heart?" She paused for a second, and then resumed, in a somewhat altered key: "At the same time, Jack, I shouldn't like Frank Gordon to think that I had thrown myself away, as they call it. I don't want him to consider me a sentimental idiot. There wasn't much of that kind of nonsense betwixt him and me, and I shouldn't like to have him laugh at me now. I'm not moon-struck, am I? I'm not a lunatic?—though it is awfully nice to be sitting close and snug beside you, Jack. And this is what I meant to say—though it's rather horrid—since you are going to explain matters to him, if you could bring in some little mention of Kilcrana Abbey—then—then he might understand I wasn't a stage-struck school-girl. Of course it's horrid to talk of such things. I know it's horrid. And I do honestly believe, Jack, that if you had been a poor man, I could have sacrificed everything for your sake—but it's better as it is, I dare say. And oh, dear Jack, if you should really think there's been the least bit of sacrifice—the least tiny little bit of a sacrifice—I'm sure you'll remember it to me, and be kind to me, and pet me—for you know well enough you've got a brute of a temper—"

It was at this moment—the afternoon having drawn to dusk—that the electric lights flashed into existence all around them. She sprang to her feet, very nimbly for an invalid.

"My gracious, what will Madame think of me! Jack, you must come and be introduced to my friends, some time before dinner. Can you tell lies?"

"I can try."

"How many could you muster, do you think?"

"About fifteen thousand."

"It'll take about all that to explain the situation to these people. So go away and think. I will say nothing till I hear from you. Good-bye!"

"Au revoir!" said he; and their parting was most discreet, for they were afraid of that blue-white electric glare.

And again that night the moon shone gloriously, this time riding through long and fleecy streaks of cloud; and Madame St. Roche proved to be the most sympathetic of chaperons; and Jack Cavan had discovered another secluded nook that the constructor of the vessel would seem to have specially designed for a pair of happy lovers. They were sitting together, these two; and they had a great deal to say to each other, serious or the reverse of serious, with regard to the future; but of a sudden Miss Georgie broke in with a low, smothered croon of delight—

"Oh, Jack, kiss me again, and tell me it's all true!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

'SEEMED ATHENS AS A PARADISE.'

ATHENS lay under snow—snow trampled and brownish-yellow in the main thoroughfares, but a wonder and a splendour far up among the lonely pillars of the Acropolis, and still further away, along the shoulders of Hymettus, a solid white against the deep pellucid blue. Down here in the city, the air was still, and clear, and bitterly cold; the passers-by looked miserable, and the scraggy little horses shivered; while the occasional wearer of a fustanella appeared to be conscious that the garment was entirely out of keeping with this kind of climate. But in the salle-à-manger of the Hotel of the Tower of the Winds, in the Palace Square, there was another tale to tell; the long and lofty apartment had been well warm-

ed by the stoves; and indeed the two travellers who had just taken their places at the central table found themselves in comfortable case; for at this hour there were no other guests, the assiduous waiter was displaying before them a most excellent lunch, while the proprietor himself was opening for them a bottle of Santorin.

"Well, Aunt Jean, you've done me many a good turn," said the younger of the two—who seemed restless and preoccupied, and would hardly look at the food set before him—"but never one like this: the long railway journey—in midwinter—"

"Toots, toots, laddie," said Jean Gordon, with her usual good-humour—and she at least paid sufficient attention to the cutlets and macaroni—"it's been nothing but a bit jaunt! And it's not for Aberdeenshire folk to complain of a whaff of snow—"

"There was no one else I could ask for advice or help," he went on. "You are so wise, and shrewd, and kindly; and then you have her confidence already; she won't be frightened when she sees you—if you can get to see her. But the whole situation is so desperately difficult. You know how proud she is—proud and sensitive. And if I had come away out here by myself, and gone direct to her, her whole nature would have been up in revolt against the assumption—the assumption—well, that she was to be had for the asking. She would have shut herself up still more completely—"

"The foolish creature," put in Aunt Jean, "to run away and hide herself in this fashion!"

"As for that," said he, "I can easily understand her desire to get away from England: she had not been too well treated there; and I suppose she thought she would seek a refuge with the people amongst whom she had been brought up. And I dare say she wanted to leave everything behind her, and cut off all communication with what was bygone. But if there was any intention to keep her whereabouts a secret, then my blessings on that pudding-faced Olga Elliott for blurting it out! Of course it was spite that prompted her. 'A maid-servant!' says she. 'Gone to be a maid-servant in an asylum for orphan girls in Athens!' And then I knew in a moment! I knew in a moment! Why, dozens of times I had heard Briseis talk of that institution, and of the Patronne being an old friend of hers, and of the extraordinary beauty of many of the young girls there. That was how it first came about—that was how she first spoke of it: she was telling me that any one arriving in Athens as a stranger, and expecting to see the creations of Phidias or Praxiteles walking along Hermes Street, would be awfully disappointed with the look of the people—the women in especial; but on the other hand, she said, many of the young girls were just divinely beautiful creatures; and then she told me all about this institution, and about her often going up at the play-hour to have a romp with the grave-eyed small goddesses. 'Oh,' says I to myself, the moment Olga Elliott blundered out with the truth, 'we're all right now—if only Aunt Jean will come along and be the wise counsellor. But the fearful long railway journey—and the crossing from Brindisi to Patras in midwinter.'"

"Get on with your lunch, man!" said Aunt Jean. "And I wish you'd see if they cannot get some seltzer-water with just a bit of a sparkle in it: this is as dead as last Hallowe'en."

"Here, garçon!" he boldly called to the waiter. "Çà ne marche pas—cherchez une bouteille qui marche!"

"Ye see, Frankie, lad, I'm rather fidgeting to get through," said Miss Jean, in an undertone, "and I'll tell you the reason, though maybe I shouldn't. Do you remember a young officer coming up to speak to me in the railway station at Brindisi?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, that was an aide-de-camp of Prince George's. And he had come all the way across from Monteveltro on a special mission; and while you were looking after the luggage he explained the matter to me, and gave me a small box addressed to you, and a letter from your mother addressed to a certain young lady; and in the event of everything going right, I was to deliver both. But bless ye, laddie, how can I sit still and eat in peace while that casket is in my dressing-bag—upstairs in my room—in a foreign hotel?—I'm just on tenterhooks till I get it handed over. The young brigand with the great moustache and the glaring eyes warned me of its value—"

"It's a pity you shouldn't have your

luncheon in comfort, Aunt Jean," said he, humanely. "Shall I go and fetch down your bag, and you can have it put on a chair, and keep it under your own eyes all the time—"

"The very thing!" said Aunt Jean. "Away ye go. Number eight is my room, and the bag is up at the window."

In due course the dressing-bag was brought down and placed on the chair at her side; but still Miss Jean was not satisfied; perhaps some natural feminine curiosity had to be taken into account.

"What I can well understand," she said, "is that your mother and the Prince might wish to send the young lady a little present, as a kind of congratulation on her engagement—if engagement there is to be; but what I cannot understand is why, seeing they are in Vienna, they should not send it from there—Vienna, the very place for such things! But to put all this trouble on Prince George, and have that moustachioed brigand come across from Monteveltro, at this time of year, when the mountains are usually snowed up—Frank," she said on a sudden impulse, "I'm going to give ye the casket now: I'm going to take it for granted that all will be well—"

"Aunt Jean," he remonstrated, almost despairingly, "if you take anything for granted you will ruin everything! You don't seem to know with whom you have to deal. Briseis Valieri may look very serene in manner and self-possessed, but she's as easily startled as a fawn, and sensitive beyond expression. I tell you, you must assume nothing! We are travelling for pleasure—we came here by accident—oh, any excuse you like!—but for goodness' sake don't make it appear as though you had come right away from England to capture her and carry her off. If you knew how proud she is—and—and—apprehensive—"

"Leave her to me, laddie," said the shrewd Miss Jean; and then, not to be balked of her little gratification, she unlocked her dressing-bag, and got hold of the casket, and handed it over. "Take off the wrappers, and let me see."

It was worth inspection: even the cover of it—the lid of the casket—with its dark-green transparent enamel ornamented with filigree-work of faded gold, was a piece of exquisite art; but when he took out the enclosed treasure—a bracelet it was, of Byzantine design, of elaborate and intricate craftsmanship, and all encrusted with uncut precious stones—Jean Gordon's covetous eyes were staring.

"I'll wager that's from the family jewels!" she exclaimed. "And that's why it came over from Monteveltro. Frank, lad," she added, significantly, "your mother didn't persuade the Prince to send you anything of that kind when she heard of your first engagement. There was not so much approval then."

"Poor Georgie!" said he, half laughing. "She was about dead with terror when she landed at Liverpool—and just wild with gratitude when she found I wasn't going to cut her throat for jilting me."

"Now will ye sit down in quiet and let a body finish her luncheon decently," said Miss Jean; and he did as he was bid; whereupon she proceeded with the pastry, and fruit, and sips of Santorin; but she kept on talking all the same. "I'm not to assume anything? Very well. But I know what your mother has in her mind—that you should take your bride to Vienna, and spend the remainder of the winter there with them, before they go back to the Principality. And a sensible plan too. Dee-side is bleak at the beginning of the year. Better wait till the primroses and the hyacinths come out in the woods: that's the time to show the young wife her new home. And ye'll not find me there. I declare to you ye'll not find me there—"

"We'll see about that, Aunt Jean," said he—himself trapped into an assumption.

"Na, na; I've been long enough prisoned up in that tower, and never a knight of them coming prancing on his steed, and blowing his bugle, to release me. I'll be off to Edinburgh. There's the Leslies, and the Kirkpatricks, and the Ramsays—plenty of company; and although they used to say 'dinna misca' a Gordon in the raws of Strathbogie,' there will be quite enough consideration for a Gordon of Grantly a wee bit farther south than Strathbogie. And then I'll be seeing you from time to time, Frankie, to notice if marriage has made any change. Sometimes it does, mind. I'm sure you've heard of that roystering, blustering, blethering idiot, Maceachran—the savagest pulpit-thumper in the north of Scotland—he's like Fin Mac Cowle,

'That dang the devil, and gart him yowle'*

* 'That beat the devil, and made him howl.'

—and he keeps his wife, and his family, and his elders, and his congregation just in trembling subjection to his thrawn temper and his down-drawn mouth. Dear me, I remember him when he first came to Sanchory—a pale, whitey-faced divinity-student, as gentle as a pet-lamb, and as shy as a school-miss—"

"And has that fearful change been produced by marriage?" her nephew asked of her.

"No; I rather think it's been original sin developing," said Aunt Jean, thoughtfully. Then of a sudden she looked up. "And now, Frankie, before I set out, give me complete instructions."

"Not I," he answered her. "I can trust you, Aunt Jean. You always say and do just the right thing at the right moment—"

"Very well, then: the one point settled is that if I can find the runaway, I am to ask her to dine with us this evening. And we are merely two distinguished travellers, passing through Athens — is that the proposition?"

"I leave it all to you, Aunt Jean," he said, nervously and anxiously.

"Frankie, lad, your simulations won't be the least bit of good. She'll suspect something, the instant she sees me—"

"I leave it all to you, Aunt Jean," he maintained, doggedly.

"And while I am racing and chasing about this unknown town, what are you going to do with yourself?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said, absently, "I suppose I may as well climb away up to the top of the Acropolis, to have a general look round. Perhaps I may get a glimpse of the island of Aegina—that was Briseis's home, you know, when she was quite a young girl."

"Well, I suppose the sooner I'm off the better," said Miss Jean, rising from her chair. "And while I'm getting ready you ought to go and lock up that precious casket in your portmanteau: I'm glad it's out of my charge."

A short time thereafter a carriage was drawn up in front of the hotel, and Frank Gordon was pacing to and fro at the foot of the staircase, waiting for Miss Jean to come down. When she did appear, she was buttoning a pair of furred gloves.

"'Oh little did my mither think,'"

she said, as she drew near,

"'That day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel ower'

—and the idea of my adventuring into this strange place—all by myself—what is to become of me?—"

"Oh, you'll be all right: you've got a good French tongue in your head, Aunt Jean," he said, encouragingly. "Every one knows that. With all her experience of Courts, the Mater doesn't speak French near as well as you do, and with such a perfect accent—"

"It's you that are the fine judge, Frankie!" she said, mocking at him; and then she stepped across the swept pavement, and took her place in the carriage, and nodded good-bye to him, and was driven off.

And as they went swiftly and noiselessly through the muffled streets, Jean Gordon had very little attention to bestow on what she was passing. She knew that this was a much more delicate and difficult mission than she had been willing to confess; and it was not on every one's behalf she would have undertaken it; but there was little she would not do for her beloved nephew Frank. In any case, she had now little time for plans and preparations; the distance was not great; and just as she had made up her mind that she must trust mainly to luck the carriage was pulled up in front of the institution she was in quest of — a large building with something of architectural pretensions, situated in a quiet and rather outlying part of the city.

She let herself down from the vehicle, and stepped across the pavement to the gate; and there she stood stock-still, for through the railings she beheld a scene that had a sudden and unexpected interest for her. The entrance to the institution was not in front, but at the side, and some way along; and around this sheltered door-way, and in a little bit of a verandah adjoining, were scattered groups of young girls—from seven to fourteen or fifteen their ages might be — who were engaged, rather timidly and in a kind of unwonted fashion, in picking up handfuls of snow and flinging them, with little cries of exultation, at a solitary figure out in the open. Something seemed to catch in Jean Gordon's throat. For the figure was that of a young woman, tall, and slim, and of a wonderful, agile grace; and from among the stunted and leafless trees in the strip of garden she also was picking up handfuls of snow and hurling them back at her enemies—one against thirty

was the unequal contest; and she was laughing merrily—so merrily that every now and again, through her parted lips, the sunshine gleamed on her perfect teeth. Moreover, the reflected light from the snow had robbed her face of its natural shadows, so that there was a kind of glorification there; and the brisk exercise had brought a rose-leaf tinge to the pale olive of her cheek; and her eyes, large, and dark, and lustrous, were laughing as well as her laughing lips.

"Bless me," said Aunt Jean to herself, "there's no man alive could withstand the witchery of that creature!"

But when Briseis chanced to notice the new-comer, her expression instantly changed — not to fear, but to simple amazement. She advanced quickly to meet her.

"Miss Gordon — in Athens — and all alone!" she exclaimed. And then her heart seemed to sink within her. "You —you do not bring ill news?"

"Not at all — not at all!" said Miss Jean, as she took the girl in her arms and kissed her affectionately on both cheeks. "And I'm not alone: Frank is with me—"

Inadvertently and almost imperceptibly Briseis appeared to draw back a little bit.

"And—and who else?" she asked.

"Why, no one! We are just by our two selves. And of course we don't know a soul in the place; and we thought it would be awfully kind of you if you would come and spend the evening with us, at the hotel—the Hotel of the Tower of the Winds—"

"All by yourselves!" the girl repeated, in great surprise, and yet apparently well pleased. "But come in—come in—you must let me introduce you to my good friend the Patronne, and she will let me off for the rest of the day; and I will be your cicerone; I must show you the Stadion—that will interest you, you know, because of the revival of the Olympic Games—" And therewith she called aloud a few words, in a tongue that Miss Jean could make nothing of, and straightway the small Greek maidens began to troop into the house, but not before Aunt Jean had assured herself that what she had heard of the exceeding comeliness of many of these youthful daughters of Attica had in no wise been exaggerated.

When they went into the apothēkē they found that the Patronne was engaged with two Italian ladies who were examining the sewn-work and embroideries wrought by the elder girls in the institution; accordingly they had to wait; but when all the purchases had been made, and the visitors had departed, Briseis experienced no difficulty in obtaining her freedom—though with kindly warnings against standing about and getting her feet wet. So that in a brief while she was seated in Aunt Jean's carriage, and presently these two were on their way towards the time-worn Stadion.

"Isn't it rather a shame," said Miss Jean, tentatively, "that that poor lad should be left by himself, while I am getting all the benefit of your instruction?"

"We will call for him at the hotel if you wish it," said Briseis, promptly.

"Well, he isn't there, just at present. He said he would wander away up to the Acropolis, to have a look round—"

"The Acropolis? Oh, then, he is brave indeed! For I fear the steps of the Propylaea will be very slippery with the half-melted snow; and on the top there are snow-drifts among the broken pillars —one might meet with an accident—"

"Couldn't we go up and find him there?" suggested Miss Jean, who was not much afraid of any such twopenny-halfpenny snow-drift as the town of Athens was likely to produce. "He would be so glad to see you—"

"Oh, very well, then," said Briseis, good-naturedly, and she addressed a word or two, again in that mysterious tongue, to the driver. "You will have a glimpse of the Stadion in passing, and we will go right on to the Acropolis."

And now it was that Jean Gordon, despite of all her nerve, knew that her heart was in her mouth; and little heed did she pay to the Stadion, nor yet to the Olympieion, nor to the temple-crowned, snow-powdered heights beyond. Furtively, underneath the rug, her hand stole to the hand of the girl, and held it fast.

"Briseis, my dear child," said she, "I told you I brought no ill-news. And that is true. But I bring news. I don't say that it concerns you—I would not presume to say that. Perhaps it does not —perhaps it does not concern you in the least; and you must not think me impertinent—"

"But what is it, Miss Jean?" said Briseis, wondering.

"Well," said Aunt Jean, after a moment's desperate hesitation, "when you were in London, my nephew Frank was engaged to be married. You knew that, of course. But the engagement is all broken off now: he is a free man: and—and he thought you would rather hear of it, in a roundabout way, from me—"

For a second the girl did not seem to realize all that this implied, though at the mere first mention of the news she had grown deadly pale; then suddenly she said, in a sort of breathless fashion—

"Miss Jean, Miss Jean, I would rather go back! You won't mind, will you—some other time I will go to the Acropolis with you—some other time—the children—the Patronne—will be expecting me—" And then she herself appeared to see that this was some kind of admission; and she made a wild effort to regain her self-control. "Oh, yes, we will go on," she managed to say. "Why not? The Propylaea steps may be a little difficult; but that's nothing. They may have cleared a pathway even—anyhow—anyhow—it will be a singular spectacle for you—you must not miss it. And so you tell me Sir Francis is not to be married after all!—well, well—" But with that her heroic effort to appear unconcerned failed her; and except for a mechanical sentence now and again she relapsed into a silence that Jean Gordon was too considerate to attempt to break. The girl seemed afraid.

And meanwhile Frank Gordon was away up on the summit of the solitary hill, stumbling about among the broken pillars, or surveying the wide prospect around him, from the white-clad range of Parnes to the blue waters of the Gulf of Aegina. The luck of this fellow!—to have come to Athens for the first time and found it all a marvel of snow-radiance and azure sea. As for his inspection of the ancient monuments, that was of a quite ignorant and perfunctory character; perhaps his imagination was busy elsewhere; and unmistakably he had to attend a good deal to his footing—for the wind-driven snow had covered over not only the deep seams and fissures in the rock itself but also the spaces between the tumbled and shattered columns, so that everywhere were treacherous holes. But in the roofed-over portion of the Erectheum there was less of drift; and here the beautiful scroll-work of the cornices was clearly exposed to view; so that he lingered in these precincts for a long time—thinking and thinking—perchance of egg-and-dart, and key, and honeysuckle: perchance not.

Voices broke in upon his reverie—a strange sound on this lonely and snow-hushed height. They drew nearer; and not wishing to be caught in a corner, as it were, by strangers, he withdrew from this sheltered spot, and passed out by the tall Ionic pillars. When he got into the open, Briseis was standing there. She was standing there, waiting. There was no pretence in her eyes now, as she regarded him. For the moment her attitude was not unlike that of the restored Caryatid in the portico hard by—just as noble, and simple, and gracious; but this living and breathing figure was of flesh and blood, as was evident enough in the colour of her face and in the shrinking and maiden wistfulness of her look. To him it was all a vision—a flash: the next instant his outstretched hands had seized hers, and drawn her to him.

"My own!" he said—and she had no word in reply.

By this time Jean Gordon had gone away. The fact is, as the gardeners at Grantly Castle knew to their sorrow, she had a trick, no matter in what outlandish part she might be—or the more outlandish the better—of collecting roots, slips, cuttings, and the like, to try if these could be got to grow in Aberdeenshire; and now, close by the Temple of the Six Virgins, she was industriously engaged in brushing away the snow from certain clumps of withered weeds and thistles, seeking for some prickly bulb of seed that she might carry off. Also she was much interested in the figure of the replaced Caryatid, for the mutilated original is in the British Museum; and she was saying to it: 'Yes, you are indeed very beautiful, and serene, and sweet, but you have not the magnetism and the witchery of the laughing girl I saw half an hour ago throwing snowballs in the orchard.' She left the lovers to themselves.

And thus it was that on this spacious plateau, which through so many centuries has been the cynosure of all the civilised world—on this lofty plateau that looks abroad on surroundings sufficiently august—Pentelicus, Hymettus, Aegaleos, and the shining blue of the Bay of Sala-

mis—here it was that a betrothal took place, of two souls that had thought themselves sundered for ever, but had come together at last. And truly it was a fitting day for such a betrothal, a day altogether auspicious; for it is not every morning that the City of the Violet Crown arrays herself in her bridal robes of silver and white.

THE END.

THE PENALTY OF HUMOR.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHEN the time came for the people of the thirteen united colonies to proclaim to the world that they were free, and that they held themselves absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain was totally dissolved, a committee of the Continental Congress was appointed to draw up a declaration of independence. The members of this committee were Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, John Adams, of Massachusetts, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, Robert R. Livingston, of New York, and Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia. Why was it that their colleagues committed the writing of the Declaration of Independence to Thomas Jefferson, and not to Benjamin Franklin? The Virginian was not the most prominent man even of his own section, and although his reputation could not fairly be termed local, it was but little more, while the name of the Pennsylvanian was well known throughout the whole civilized world. Franklin was not only the foremost citizen of Philadelphia, where the Congress was sitting, he was the most experienced publicist and the most accomplished man of letters in all the thirteen colonies; and he was especially well equipped for the drawing up of an appeal to Europe, as he had but just returned from London, where he had been pleading the cause of his countrymen with indomitable courage and indisputable skill. Yet Franklin was not asked to write the Declaration of Independence; and although he and Adams made a few verbal amendments, the credit of that great state paper belongs to Jefferson. And why was it that this responsibility was placed on Jefferson, and not on Franklin?

I think the explanation lies in the fact that Franklin was a humorist. Not only was Franklin's sturdy common-sense felt to be too plain a homespun for wear in the courts of Europe, when the thought needed to be attired in all the lofty rhetoric that the most fervid enthusiasm could produce, but also, I fear me greatly, his colleagues were afraid that Franklin would have his joke. It would be a good joke, no doubt—probably a very good joke; but the very best of jokes would not be in keeping with the stately occasion. They were acute, those leaders of the Continental Congress, and they knew that every man has the defects of his qualities, and that a humorist is likely to be lacking in reverence, and that the writer of the Declaration of Independence had a theme which demanded the most reverential treatment.

So it was that Benjamin Franklin had to pay the penalty of humor in the last century, just as Abraham Lincoln had to pay it in this century. Because Lincoln was swift to seize upon an incongruity, and because he sought relief for his abiding melancholy in playfulness, there were not a few who refused to take him seriously. Even after his death there were honest folk who held the shrewdest and loftiest of our statesmen to have been little better than a buffoon. Of the three greatest Americans, Franklin, Washington, and Lincoln, two were humorists; and it is perhaps his deficiency of humor which makes Washington seem more remote from us and less friendly than either of the others.

"Never dare to be as funny as you can," is probably a good motto for all men in public life. No doubt the British statesman who was born in the same year as Lincoln has found his deficiency in humor an absolute advantage to him; and no doubt a potent factor of Mr. Gladstone's success has been his inability to discover anything absurd in the solemn refutation of a novel like *Robert Elsmere* by the Prime Minister who rules the mighty British Empire. Of course it was not merely because they were wits that Canning and Beaconsfield were distrusted; but beyond all question their ability to barb an epigram made it hard-

er for them to keep their hold on their party. If they had been as impervious to a joke as Mr. Gladstone is, Canning and Disraeli would have found it much easier to wring from the British public due appreciation of their political sharpness. Like all other luxuries, the perpetration of an epigram has to be paid for.

Ample as the British vocabulary is today, since it has been enriched with the spoils of every other speech, and opulent as it is in semi-synonyms for the expression of delicate shades of difference in meaning, it is sometimes strangely deficient in needful terms, and often we find ourselves sorely at a loss for a word to indicate a necessary distinction. Thus it is that we have nothing but the inadequate phrase *sense of humor* to denominate a quality which is often carelessly confounded with *humor* itself, and which should always be sharply discriminated from it. Humor is positive, while the sense of humor is negative. A man with humor may make a joke, and a man with the sense of humor may take one. Neither includes the other; for a man able to make a joke may be incapable of taking one. From an inadequate sense of humor many a humorist is guilty of taking himself too seriously.

Carlyle, for instance, had humor, and not the sense of humor. Mr. John Morley has called Carlyle a "great transcendental humorist," and a great humorist Carlyle was, even if he were great in no other way; but Carlyle was so devoid of the sense of humor that he seems never to have suspected how comic a spectacle he presented vehemently preaching the virtue of silence in not less than forty successive volumes. Dickens also was a humorist and nothing else; but Dickens took himself so seriously that he broke with *Punch* because that journal refused to publish his account of his quarrel with the wife he had promised to love, cherish, and protect. Probably, also, if the sense of humor had been more acutely developed in Dickens he would have spared us the blank-verse pathos of his dying children; he might even have refrained from out-heroding Herod in his massacre of the innocents.

These two qualities, humor and the sense of humor, seem to me to be wholly distinct, and it is really a misfortune that the terms for differentiating them are so unsatisfactory. If we had sharply contrasting words for the positive humor, which is creative, and for the negative humor, which is mainly critical, we should not be forced to the paradoxical declaration that humorists have often no sense of humor. A friend of mine now makes it a rule never to risk a gibe with funny men, because he had twice ventured to crack a joke with accredited wits, and they both failed to take it, turning the merry jest into a serious matter. Of the two qualities, therefore, the sense of humor is the more highly to be prized. It is an invaluable possession, adding an unfailing savor to the enjoyment of life; and any woman who may chance to be endowed with it is always company for herself. It is so good a thing that one can hardly have too much of it, although an ardent reformer might find that an excess of it chilled the heat of his resolution.

As it is an advantage of the sense of humor that it prevents you from taking yourself too seriously, so it is a disadvantage of humor itself that it prevents others from taking you seriously. The quips and quirks with which Mr. Andrew Lang chose to enliven the pages of his key to all the mythologies deprived the book of the solemnity which more sedate scholars might justly expect in a work as solidly constructed as *Myth, Ritual, and Religion.* And I have no doubt that by this free play of his liveliness Mr. Lang robbed himself of not a little of the reputation his laborious investigation and comparison richly deserved. And it must be admitted that some of the strokes of Mr. Lang's easy wit may have been out of place in a thesis the intention of which was purely scientific.

But this is the danger of humor, that those who possess it are sometimes possessed by it. They may thus be led to the perpetration of incongruities they would be the swiftest to perceive in another. Lowell was a poet and a humorist; but the poet wrote the lofty poem "The Cathedral"; the humorist was responsible for the jarring note when one of the two Englishmen met within the church at Chartres took the American for a Frenchman:

"'Esker vous ate a nabitang?' he asked.

"'I never ate one; are they good?' asked I."

In the "Biglow Papers" the poet and the humorist were one being, not two separate entities, and the result of the

fusion is the finest satire in our language since the "Hudibras" of the Butler whose wit Lowell abundantly appreciated. But even the author of the "Biglow Papers" had to pay the penalty of humor. Because the Yankee dialect of Hosea was phonetically represented with artistic feeling and scientific precision, the British pirates lying in wait for books of "American humor" published the "Biglow Papers" as though it was a fit companion for the misspelt writings of Artemus Ward; in one instance, I believe, Lowell's book was even subjected to the indignity of an introduction by one George Augustus Sala. It is a fact that before he was appointed minister of the United States at the Court of St. James Lowell was known to the British not as the poet, the scholar, the critic, but rather as the rival of Josh Billings. If he had not been a humorist, Lowell might have been wholly unknown to the readers of Great Britain; and perhaps this would have been better than to be greeted as an emulator of those purveyors of "comic copy" who kept a misfit orthography as the leading article of their stock in trade. And yet why should we think less of a poet for that he has made us laugh? As Lowell himself has said: "Let us not be ashamed to confess that, if we find the tragedy a bore, we take the profoundest satisfaction in the farce. It is a mark of sanity." But if this confession were the only mark of sanity, how few of us could get a clean bill of health! We are ashamed of our laughter; often we think it a thing to be apologized for. Nor do we thank the author of the farce for the profound satisfaction we take in it; and appreciation of the broad fun of farce is more often than not semi-contemptuous, as though it were an easy matter to make people laugh. It is, indeed, as easy to make them laugh as to make them weep, and no easier. Heine protested against our praising the tragic poet for the art of drawing tears—"a talent which he has in common with the meanest onion."

In the theatre farce is looked down on even by those who prefer it. Yet farce is a legitimate form of the drama of the most honorable antiquity. It is a form of the drama in which Aristophanes and Plautus delighted, in which Shakespeare and Molière wrote masterpieces, in which Goldsmith and Sheridan excelled, in which Regnard and Labiche revelled. It is a form of the drama having not only the high authority of these great names, but having also at all times enjoyed the widest popularity with the broad body of play-goers. But the broad body of play-goers are ashamed to confess the profound satisfaction they take in it; they begrudge the comic dramatist the double reward of praise and laughter; and thus they make him pay the penalty of humor.

It would be easier to understand this semi-contemptuous attitude if it were shown toward the mere clowns only. Grinning through a horse-collar is not the most exalted way of earning a living —although there are worse. But the same treatment is bestowed also toward those in whose works humor is only the outward expression of serious thought. Because the "Fable of the Critics" was full of fun, many readers in 1849 did not discover that it was the acutest criticism to which our young American literature had until then been subjected. Perhaps no mask is more difficult to penetrate than the jester's, and no disguise is more effective than the cloak of humor. Just as Shylock was long acted as a comic part, so *Don Quixote* was accepted as a mere jest-book; and no part of Mr. Ormsby's introduction to his spirited translation of the masterpiece of Cervantes is more illuminative than the pages in which he sketches for us the successive stages of the discovery that *Don Quixote*, so far from being a mere piece of fooling, is really one of the wisest books of the world. In like manner his boisterous outbursts of gigantic fun, always extravagant and exaggerated, often tasteless and obscene, veil the knowledge and the wisdom of Rabelais.

It is not easy to suggest a philosophical explanation for the kindly condescension which the world is wont to bestow on the humorist. The condescension is kindly, even if it be semi-contemptuous, and there is no suggestion of animosity in it. Humor evokes little or none of the hatred that wit so often arouses. And there is a kind of wit of which it is well to be distrustful, for it is dangerous. This is the scoffing, girding wit, which, to use George Eliot's phrase, debases the moral currency. The persiflage of Voltaire was often inspired by honest convictions; but there are writers on the newspapers of New York who have cultivated a wit not unlike Voltaire's, but with even less of

sincerity in it, soiling whatever it touches—corroding and disintegrating.

There is no affinity between this sharp and envenomed wit and true humor—sometimes broad, perhaps, but always cheerful and hearty, wholesome and antiseptic. Nor is the doubt awakened by the bitter wit the cause of the public attitude toward the joyous humorist. For that we must seek deeper. Having no desire to lose myself in the mists of metaphysics, it is perhaps sufficient now to suggest that we seem to have an intuitive feeling that laughter is less elevating than weeping. Mr. Lecky thinks that a man of cheerful disposition, having enjoyed a tragedy and a farce, will admit that the pleasure derived from the former is of a higher order than that derived from the latter, and therefore, although mere enjoyment might lead him to the farce, a sense of its nobler character inclines him to the tragedy.

In other words, we intuitively feel a masterpiece of tragedy to be superior to the masterpiece of farce; we admit it to be higher in kind. From this intuitive belief may be deduced the reason why our attitude toward humor is semi-contemptuous. It is the reason for this intuitive belief that it would be interesting to have elucidated. Why does a laugh strike many of us as a thing unseemly in itself, and therefore to be apologized for? Admitting with Mr. Lecky that most of us feel that humor is inferior to pathos, that the tear is superior to the smile, what is the basis of this feeling? what is its scientific foundation?

Whatever its cause, this feeling is as potent to-day in the United States as it was in France in the days of Rabelais, or in Spain in the days of Cervantes. And the very strangest of its effects now, as then, is that it blinds us to the other merits of a writer who may amuse us. Though we enjoy the fun he gives us, we set him down as a fun-maker only; and when a man makes us laugh abundantly we refuse to look into his writings to see if they do not contain more than mere mirth. There is no more striking example of this injustice than one now before our eyes.

We have to-day here in the United States as a contemporary a great humorist, who is also one of the masters of English prose. He is one of the foremost story-tellers of the world, with the gift of swift narrative, with the certain grasp of human nature, with a rare power of presenting character at a passionate crisis. There is not in the fiction of our language and of our country anything finer of its kind than any one of half a dozen chapters in *Tom Sawyer*, in *Huckleberry Finn*, in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*.

Partly because his fiction is uneven, and is never long sustained at its highest level of excellence, partly because he has also written too much that is little better than burlesque and extravaganza, but chiefly because he is primarily a humorist, because he is free from cant and sham pathos, because he does not take himself too seriously, because his humor is free, flowing, unfailing, because his laughter is robust and contagious and irresistible, because he has made more of our scattered English-speaking people laugh than any other man of our time—because of all these things we do not see that in all fiction, since the single footprint on the shore fell under the eyes of the frightened Crusoe, there is no more thrilling moment than that when the hand of Indian Joe (his one enemy) comes slowly within the vision of Tom Sawyer, lost in the cave; we do not see that no one of our American novelists has ever shown more insight into the springs of human action or more dramatic force than is revealed in Huck Finn's account of the Shepherdson-Grangerford feud, and of the attempt to lynch Colonel Sherburn; we do not see that it would be hard to select from all the story-tellers of the nineteenth century a scene of immeasurable pathos surpassing that in *Pudd'nhead Wilson* when the wretched Chambers knowingly sells his own mother "down the river."

When we find that the man who wrote these chapters, and so many more only a little less marvellous in their vigor and their truth, is set down in most accounts of American literature as a funny man only, when we see him dismissed with a line or two of patronizing comment, as though Mark Twain were only a newspaper humorist, a chance rival of John Phœnix or Artemus Ward or Orpheus C. Kerr as a vender of comic copy, then we have it brought home to us that humor is a possession for which the possessor must meet the bill. Mr. Clemens, having more humor than any one else of his generation, has had to pay a higher price.



THE TOWN-HALL AT LEIPZIG.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

XXXVI.

HOW THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG COMMENCED.

ON the 7th of October, 1813, Napoleon had spent his last night in the Marcolini Palace of Dresden—one might say his last night as master of Germany. He left the Saxon capital for the purpose of seeking and destroying the army of Blücher, who, on that same 7th of October, had come to a small village on the Mulde called Mühlbach (mill stream), for the purpose of an interview with the Crown-Prince of Sweden, who commanded the so-called North Army. Now Bernadotte was a man of big promises and small fulfilments. Hitherto he had carefully avoided fighting, and, above all things, appeared to fear meeting Napoleon. He had been given command of one of the three great armies for no better reason than that he was Crown-Prince of Sweden, and Blücher had for him great aversion.

Bernadotte knew no German, and Blücher no French, so that the conversation between these two commanders had to be carried on through interpreters. This was not altogether a misfortune, however, for the downright Blücher used language full of strange hussar oaths, intended to express contempt for cowards in general, and a Gascon one in particular. It was all that Gneisenau and other friends could do to keep the two generals from an open scandal.

Bernadotte was so frightened on learning that Napoleon had moved out of

Dresden that he arranged at once to retire across the Elbe to the right bank, and desired Blücher to follow him. But Blücher laughed at the idea, and with a crashing string of "millionen Donnerwetter" let the "Gascon" understand that he (Blücher) was hunting for Napoleon, and would go after him whether the North Army went back to Sweden or not.

Blücher took great risks in moving forward at this time, for his army was then only 60,000, while that of Bernadotte was 90,000; but the old hussar was as crafty as he was courageous, and he judged rightly that Bernadotte would not dare to go alone.

Napoleon, on leaving Dresden, aimed first for the army of Blücher, which he expected to find at Düben, on the river Mulde, about thirty kilometres (twenty English miles) northeast of Leipzig, and on a straight line from Leipzig to Berlin. After destroying Blücher, his plan was to turn against the Austrian army of Schwarzenberg, which was approaching from Bohemia. Napoleon treated Bernadotte as wholly beneath his notice — as a mere stage hero. But in regard to Blücher, Napoleon made a serious miscalculation, for, on arriving in Düben, on the 9th, he found that his enemy had cleverly eluded him — had crossed the Mulde, destroyed the intervening bridges, and joined with the Bernadotte army near Jessnitz, half-way between Düben and the Elbe. This was a serious check to Napoleon, for he needed a decisive victory in order to prevent the three armies from uniting against him. He felt, too, that the South German states were becoming disloyal, and that they would soon turn traitor to him, unless he demonstrated his power to win battles once more.

In parenthesis we may note here that while Napoleon had lost nothing of his power to command troops upon the field of battle, yet he had lost much of the power he had so successfully wielded in 1806. The Germans were no longer his devoted servants and spies—at least not all of them. To this fact alone we may trace many of the difficulties he had to contend with in 1813—difficulties which affected not merely the prompt delivery of his orders, but equally hindered the movements of his supplies. The peasants found excuses for refusing to furnish their cattle and their corn, the conscripts found facilities for escaping, volunteer spies were no longer to be had, and hireling spies proved of little value. Provision trains were being daily attacked by Landsturm patriots, and the German highways were no longer secure for small bodies of Frenchmen. All this showed that the spirit of the people had changed since the days of Jena and Auerstädt. On one occasion, after one of his generals, Lefebvre, had allowed himself to be badly worsted by guerillas of the allied army, he said, angrily: "My lieutenants have become stupid, awkward, dull, and that is why they have no luck. My marshals don't like to fight any more because I have given them too much wealth and too many titles. They all want quiet, and would purchase it at any price. *I alone* carry on war." He might justly have added that his generals resented the insulting arrogance daily displayed towards them by the Corsican soldier of fortune.

On October 10th Blücher was forced once more to meet Bernadotte, and once more to put upon himself the curb of comparative courtesy while listening to many reasons for going backward rather than going forward. To say truth, at no time in Blücher's life had he more struggles with himself than in these days before the battle of Leipzig, while trying to be civil to this Swedish Crown-Prince. "The scoundrel [Hundsfott] may wait long before I ever trouble myself on his account again," grumbled the old general. "Hereafter we shall depend upon our own strength alone, and have nothing to do with this Frenchman beyond telling him what we have already decided upon —he may go to the devil!"

And Blücher went on smoking his quaint old pipe and swearing his strange oaths. He had now made his headquarters in the old university town of Halle, northwest of Leipzig, on the Saale, where the Turnfather Jahn had studied, and where is still shown the cave wherein he retired for solitude. Here on the 13th once more did the panicky Gascon send messages to old Vorwärts telling of imaginary armies that were on their way to cut him off from Sweden; in short, Bernadotte was thoroughly frightened, and again said he was going back across the Elbe. "Follow me as quickly as you can," wrote he; and then, feeling that

Blücher was not the man to accept any such invitation, he added: "And, besides, I must remark that his Majesty the Emperor Alexander has informed me that under certain circumstances your Excellency was to be subject to my orders. Such a contingency has now arisen, and I therefore request you at once to follow me across to the right bank of the Elbe with the army of Silesia."

This was the last straw for old Blücher. He roared out his "Millionen schock Donnerwetter," while the more politic members of his staff sought to answer the Swedish Crown-Prince in a manner that should render the sense of Blücher's reply without the violence of his language.

So frightened was Bernadotte that he actually did move his army across the Elbe, and would have gone further had not General Stewart, who represented the British Exchequer, threatened him with very serious penalties in case he persisted in his backward movements.

Napoleon, finding that Blücher had escaped him, and believing that he need now fear nothing from either the Silesian or the North Army, hurried to Leipzig on the 13th (the eve of Jena, 1806), expecting there to meet the army of Schwarzenberg, and to destroy it before Blücher could again make his appearance. But the foxy hussar was a match for Napoleon at that game—he not only knew how to fight, he knew also how to avoid battles until the proper moment for striking arrived. He knew every movement of Napoleon's, though Napoleon knew very little about his.

On July 12th, at Trachenberg, the allies had determined upon their common plan of military movement. Napoleon in Saxony was at the centre of three independent hostile armies, each one of which he sought to destroy in detail. The object of the allies, therefore, was to avoid a battle until all three armies could co-operate on a common field. If Napoleon turned against one of these armies, that army retired, and the other two at once marched to its relief. This was a very simple general plan, and worked so admirably that subsequently each commanding general of that day claimed it as his peculiar property—even Bernadotte put in a claim. It was so simple that not even Napoleon suspected it until the 15th of August, when he exploded angrily at his enemy with, "Tiens! these animals have learned something, after all!"

Many of his generals shook their heads ominously when Leipzig was selected for the great battle—they advised abandoning Saxony altogether and taking up a position nearer the Rhine. Napoleon knew well the relative forces that would be battling soon, but had enough of the gambler in him to stake much upon several chances that had in the past served him well. He was in a strong position, and was in sole command. His enemy had many heads, speaking strange



THE CAVE AT HALLE ONCE A RESORT OF JAHN.

tongues, and feeling as different peoples. The allies had always been famous for stupid generalship and hasty capitulations — why should Napoleon's luck be less to-day than at other times? He knew that Schwarzenberg was wholly devoid of military talent, that Bernadotte was a timid wind-bag, and he believed that Blücher was far away. He had 190,000 men on hand, and believed that the allies would be thoroughly beaten before they could develop their whole strength.

And besides, it was a time when much must be risked. The Saxon King was following him about from place to place like a lackey, and only this strange devotion of their monarch held the Saxon people from declaring themselves against France. If Napoleon deserted Saxony, the little German states, whose rulers obeyed Napoleon only because they regarded him as invincible, would all rebel.

And thus a multiplicity of reasons, mostly personal and political, persuaded Napoleon to accept battle at Leipzig—a battle close to Jena, close to Rossbach, close to Lützen; a battle in which half a million men fought with the hatred of tigers, killing and maiming, until the ditches ran like the trough of a slaughter-house; a battle that enlisted men of every creed and tongue, and every resource which Christian nations could then command for the purpose of mutual extermination. Yet was ever battle more necessary to mankind? For on that field were joined Napoleonism and anti-Napoleonism in a life and death struggle. Those men died that the speech and spirit of Martin Luther might live to vitalize a new Germany.

But this is anticipation. The great battle of Leipzig, the Völkerschlacht — the Battle of the Nations, as it is popularly known in Germany — commenced with the morning of October 16, 1813. On the day before, Blücher started his army of 60,000 from Halle, having made up his mind meanwhile where and when he could fight to the best advantage. It was characteristic of the volunteers under his command that before marching out to battle they should unite about beer tables and sing the songs they had sung as students, some at Göttingen, some at Berlin, some at Heidelberg, some at Greifswald, some in Leipzig, under whose walls they were about to bleed, and many of them here in Halle. They represented the free spirit of United Germany, the searchers after truth, who, though subject to different monarchs, were none the less citizens of one great German republic of letters. On the eve of battle they sang hymns of patriotism and devotion; the university town of Halle never before or since embraced so much that spoke for a German Empire.

At the same time old Blücher was smoking his pipe in his quarters, while his generals were working out problems of strategy for the coming operations. Gneisenau came to him and announced that the disposition had been made.

"Well, then, you men of learning," was Blücher's greeting to his staff, "what have you grubbed out that is good?"

"Thus and thus, your Excellency," was the answer.

"Yes, yes—no doubt it's all very fine; but the question is, can I turn it to practical account? When I get on to the field with my boys [meine Jungens], I can soon tell what can be done. So let's have another pipe."

This is what Blücher's host in Halle reported, and it was no doubt true. Blücher had scant book-learning, and hated pedantry. But no man appreciated more completely than he the professional thoroughness of his dear friend and chief of staff, Gneisenau. These men were indispensable one to the other, and Blücher was never tired of referring to Gneisenau as his *head.*

Once more, then, as at the Katzbach, as at Dennewitz, as at Gross Beeren and Wartenburg, the Prussian volunteers were destined to be the first in action, the fiercest in fight, the ones who finally determined the fortunes of the day.

On the morning of October 16th, at eight o'clock, Blücher was at the head of York's corps on the road from Halle to Leipzig, on the banks of the Elster. He heard the rumbling of Napoleon's artillery far away towards Lieberwolkwitz, which was beyond Leipzig to the southeast. He was burning with eagerness to be nearer. Up rode General Stewart, the English military agent, with news that the slippery Bernadotte, instead of marching towards the sound of the cannon, was trying to get out of the way once more. With a mouthful of expletives old Blücher shouted, "Yonder by Leipzig Bonaparte has started a dance—we want to dance



BLÜCHER ON HIS WAY TO LEIPZIG.

with him—müssen vorwärts! forward march—bend or break!"

By nine o'clock his army was in full swing towards the sound of the fighting, each corps commander provided with necessary instructions. For the troops that filed by him he had always some homely word of encouragement that went straight to the hearts of his "children," as he called them.

"Na, Kinder, heute haut mal auf gut preussisch ein!"—Give them a good old-fashioned Prussian thrashing!—he called out to a regiment of East Prussian volunteer cavalry. "Whoever to-night is not either dead or deliciously happy [wonneselig], he must have fought like a scoundrelly spawn of a dog!"

While Napoleon with the bulk of his force was fighting the army of Schwarzenberg on the southeast side, he had detached only a small force under Marmont to keep an eye open for a possible interference from the direction of Blücher on the northwest, explaining to Marmont that he meant to thrash Schwarzenberg on the 16th and Blücher on the 17th. Marmont made a gallant stand, and defended his excellent position on the Elster with ability. Again and again the Prussian volunteers stormed his barricades, and as often were they driven back. York, the peppery old soldier, bore the brunt of this bloody attack. He was full of crotchets and very difficult to manage in ordinary times, but when the battle had once commenced, Blücher could trust him completely. Many a time in this day was old York seen to open his snuff-box, take out a pinch of snuff, and then forget to carry the hand to his nose. In his case this betokened deep disquietude; and, indeed, there was cause for worry. His whole corps was but about 20,000, and before the day was done he lost in dead and wounded near 6000 of his men—and all for a little village on the Elster, whose ruins at the close of that day were worthless to any man.

At the point of the bayonet the Frenchman was at last driven out, and with him fled Napoleon's last hope of maintaining himself in Germany. This victory of Blücher's settled the fate of Napoleon at Leipzig. What followed was in the nature of fighting for a line of retreat.

Since on this 16th of October Napoleon had failed to thrash the main body of the allies, he was consequently not in a position to smash Blücher on the 17th. On the contrary, he had just managed to hold Schwarzenberg's army in check near Lieberwolkwitz. His crushing defeat at the hands of the Prussians on the northwest of Leipzig cost him about 6000 dead and wounded and 2000 prisoners—8000 in all.

Yet Napoleon set all the Leipzig bells a-ringing to celebrate his glorious victory! And messengers flew to the ends of Europe carrying false news to his wavering allies. The King of Saxony rejoiced in Leipzig. He took his meals in a cellar to avoid the cannon-balls, and from there sent messages to his troops, exhorting them to fight well for him and France.

There had been hope for Napoleon on the morning of the 16th, for then he had on the battle-field 177,000 men against 193,000—a discrepancy not very serious, considering that the allies were the attacking party, and that Leipzig is in the midst of a boggy plain, much cut up by ditches, surrounded by little villages, whose stone walls proved useful to the defenders, for they had to be stormed as though they were forts. The small numerical advantage of the allies was more than made up to Napoleon by the excellent ground he had to defend, and by the feeble generalship of Schwarzenberg. Napoleon had at one point a concentrated force of 109,000 men, but Schwarzenberg never succeeded in uniting more than 84,000. Napoleon had no reason to complain of fortune in so far as he had counted upon his enemies making mistakes. Schwarzenberg had a glorious opportunity of exhibiting his plentiful lack of soldier wit, and he did so. He admitted that as late as October 14th he did not even know what had become of Blücher's army. Of course he was somewhat hampered by having three monarchs to look after, notably the Russian, who rather liked to play the general.

In parenthesis the reader has no doubt had occasion to note the fact that though this war was started by Prussia, fought chiefly by Prussians, and though the Prussians produced the only first-class generals this side of the Rhine, the leadership appeared to be divided between the Russian Czar and the Austrian field-marshal. We search in vain for the King of Prussia, or if we ever hear of him it is in some nebulous legendary form—some theatrical picture, such as diplomatic im-

presarios delight in preparing for patriotic effect.

The bells of Leipzig rang on the 16th of October for Napoleon's sham victory; they commenced to ring before he knew the full extent of his crushing defeat at the hands of Blücher; and they kept on ringing as though their merry peals could make his loss the less. But with the sound of these bells in his ears, the Corsican was yet sober enough to know that he had been badly worsted, and must see to his safety.

So at midnight he sent off a flag of truce, proposing the conditions of an armistice. But it was too late. The allied sovereigns were fortunately indisposed to parley; Schwarzenberg knew that he had plenty of reserves, and knew also that Napoleon had none. To be sure, Bernadotte was off skulking somewhere with his army of 100,000, but even without these the allies felt fairly confident of success. And thus closed the first day of the memorable battle of Leipzig.



GENERAL YORK AND HIS SNUFF-BOX.

XXXVII.

NAPOLEON'S STAR SINKS IN THE MUD AND BLOOD OF LEIPZIG.

THE second movement in this great Battle of the Nations, this cosmopolitan butchery, this Völkerschlacht, began with the dawn of October 17th, while Napoleon was vainly hoping that his flag of truce would be answered in some way that might gain time. The Austrian Captain-General Schwarzenberg, while himself a man of small soldier talent, recognized thoroughly the great gifts of Blücher, and by this time had come to the conviction that the old cavalry hotspur was, after all, the most important element in the allied army, and its virtual leader. So he sent over to Blücher to find out in what state his "children" were after the horrible work of the day before, and to learn if old "Forwards" cared to fight again on the 18th. It was a dangerous ride, this — from the Austrian headquarters southeast of Leipzig to the Blücher headquarters northwest of the town, with a French army in between. It was about ten miles as the crow flies, and the dangerous task was given to Count Stephan Secheny—a name honored wherever Hungary is held dear. The "Great Magyar" was the name he was known by in later days, and, indeed, it must be a superficial traveller who does not in Hungary feel that this noble patriot deserved well of his countrymen.

Secheny's task was to ride to Blücher straight through the French lines, and with him arrange for a joint attack on the 18th. None but a Hungarian could have done this successfully, and few Hungarians could have done it better than this fearless horseman. He found Blücher not merely ready to fight on the morrow, but ready to begin at once, in spite of the losses his army had sustained. "Tell your commander," said Blücher, "he needn't worry about me. I'll be there, and your Prince can rely on me — Schwerenoth! But as to that Bernadotte—only the devil can get him into the fire!" Secheny loved him for these words, for in Blücher was a broad strain of that electric current which makes the Magyar the best horseman and the hottest fighter anywhere between the British Channel and the Black Sea.

To get Bernadotte's army on to the battle-field was now the object of the allied monarchs and their craftiest persuaders. The English General Stewart was the most successful, for he threatened to cut off the subsidies paid to the Swedish army by Great Britain unless Bernadotte at once marched towards Leipzig. Of course the Gascon promised, but soon changed his mind after getting a very short distance.

He sent on the 17th an adjutant to Blücher, again proposing to retreat. To this the old soldier merely remarked, "My compliments to the hound [Hundsfott], and he may....," etc.

Another adjutant came begging Blücher to meet the Gascon once more. "Millionen schock Donnerwetter on that gypsy scoundrel!" was the Blücher reply, as he went on with his work. He cared no more for this Gascon Crown-Prince of Sweden than for so much camp baggage, but he took pains to let the Prussian and Russian commanders in the North Army know what he was doing, and gave them a broad hint that if they wished plenty of fighting they must manage to slip away from Bernadotte and follow him.

Finally, however, so much pressure was brought to bear upon Blücher that he agreed to meet Bernadotte; but he took plenty of witnesses, and had a stormy interview on the morning of the 18th, the result of which was that the Swede agreed to do so and so under conditions which he named himself, and which were so unreasonable that he expected Blücher to reject them. But, on the contrary, the old hussar agreed to everything, trusting that his own craftiness would checkmate any further evasions on the part of Bernadotte.

On the morning of October 18, 1813, Napoleon had scarce 150,000 men left with which to meet double that number of the enemy. In talking of armies in the field we must be perpetually revising and comparing figures, because of the enormous waste, caused less by bullets than by disease. On August 10, 1813, when the armistice ceased, Napoleon had taken the field in Saxony with 330,000 infantry, 72,000 cavalry, 33,000 artillery, 4000 technical troops—total, 440,000 men. On the same date the allies could put into the field only 364,000 infantry, 76,000 cavalry, 30,500 artillery and technical troops, which, along with some 22,000 Cossacks, made 493,000 men. Napoleon was obviously not crushed by sheer weight of



METTERNICH, AUSTRIAN PRIME MINISTER.
After the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

numbers, although many writers like to say so. He was pretty fairly matched up to the 18th, and before that day he had made his preparations for evacuating Leipzig and retiring to beyond the Rhine.

The 18th of October, therefore, resolved itself into a species of rear-guard fight, in which Napoleon sought to save what he could out of the 330,000 men with which he had commenced his autumn campaign. The allies stormed the famous old city simultaneously from different sides, the French fighting only for time in which to allow their passage over the one avenue of retreat that was open to them, the road to Naumburg. This led them westward by way of Lützen, Gross Görschen, Rossbach, Jena, Erfurt — all places calculated to excite mixed feelings in the minds of the French generals, who had come in along this road as conquerors only seven short years before.

All day long near half a million men made the fields about Leipzig a ground of slaughter, while the hundreds of cannon are said to have made the ground literally tremble. Napoleon's men had the shelter of stone walls, while the allies had to fight in the open, so that there was a tremendous amount of hand-to-hand butchery before the French could be, step by step, driven from behind their shelter. The Saxon King, cowering in his cellar, had been on the 16th cheered from hour to hour by news of victories that were never won, and the weak man obstinately refused to believe that any misfortune could permanently affect the star of Napoleon's destiny. But his troops knew more than their King on this subject, and seized the first opportunity that offered of running over to the Prussians and making common cause with the allies. The Saxon example was followed by the Würtembergers, whose King also persisted in his allegiance to the French, and treated the soldiers who had joined the allies as Frederick William III. treated York on his return from Russia. The Prussians had but a very cold reception for those Germans who had fought their fellow-Germans when the cause of Napoleon seemed irresistible, and who only repented when their assistance had become to the allies a matter of comparative indifference.

It is ridiculous to suppose that Napoleon's defeat was due to this defection, for the Frenchmen were hopelessly used up before it took place. To the cause of Germany, however, it was of good omen that, in spite of their monarchs, the soldiers of the petty states had come to regard the army of the allies as a stronger power than that of the man they had hitherto worshipped as the Battle-Master.

That night Napoleon spent in Leipzig, at an inn whose sign was "The King of Prussia." He was busied with the details of the retreat, and learned that he now had but 90,000 men left fit to bear a musket. All night long he worked, and on the morning of the 19th went to bid his ally, the Saxon King, good-by before leaving for Paris. He advised that monarch to make his peace with the allies on as good terms as he could. But this poor creature of a King had become so infatuated with the idea of Napoleon's almightiness that he persisted in holding to his French obligations, and rejected all proposals for co-operation made to him by the allies, at a time when such proposals might have been of service to both parties.

Napoleon had scarcely made his escape from the town when the allies burst in at several points, and with them the three monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who met upon the market-place. Of course there was immense cheering, not only by the troops, but by the German citizens, who had prayed long and earnestly for this day. There is a legend current in Leipzig that at some time during this long battle the three monarchs fell simultaneously each upon his knees, and made a dramatic picture of pious gratitude for the success that had attended their armies. The head of the Greek Church, the Roman Catholic Apostolic Kaiser Franz, and the Lutheran Prussian praying together to the same God of Battles would indeed have made an edifying picture—at least one calculated to encourage religious toleration.

Great was the cheering when grizzled old Blücher made his appearance. The effusive Muscovite Czar embraced the



MAP SHOWING NAPOLEON'S LINE OF RETREAT FROM LEIPZIG.



CAUB, WHERE BLÜCHER CROSSED THE RHINE.

old hero with much parade, and paid him many compliments. "I have only done my duty," answered the simple old hussar. "But my men—my brave soldiers—they have done much more." Of course the Prussian King had to say something pleasant to his faithful old general; and Schwarzenberg too; but Blücher cared no more for this sort of theatrical talk than for decorations and titles. The renegade Bernadotte had the impudence to attempt some compliments, but Blücher cut him short.

This was indeed a moment for rejoicing all over Germany, and it was well symbolized by the fraternization of troops from nearly every state of the common father-land. The people of Germany believed still that the allied monarchs were honestly fighting for the liberty of their subjects, and the volunteers still fought in the happy delusion that Prussia was to emerge from this great contest as a new German Empire, framed in the spirit of Stein and Blücher, Arndt and Gneisenau.

In the Leipzig market-place, on this 19th of November, Gneisenau first voiced the popular German programme: "The war can only end in Paris, and with the downfall of Napoleon"—the very words that were on the lips of every German in the summer of 1870, when another German Empire was in the making.

This, too, was Stein's programme, and that of every honest German—that now was the time for the constitutional German Empire. Stein wrote on the 21st to his wife: "At last we can be happy. Napoleon is beaten and in disorderly flight. The great structure he has reared in the blood and tears of so many millions by the maddest and most infamous tyranny—that structure is now cast down. We owe this not to cowardly officials and contemptible princes—it is the result of two bloody campaigns, full of labor, laurels, and tears."

It was a costly victory. Gneisenau wrote that Blücher's Silesian army since August had shrunk from 103,000 to 40,000, and that the allies had sacrificed in this one battle from 40,000 to 50,000 men.

Napoleon lost about 15,000 in killed, 30,000 wounded, 15,000 prisoners, to say nothing of 300 cannon and 900 ammunition-carts. Think of some 100,000 dead and dying massed in heaps in and about this little university town of Leipzig! They were cared for as well as might be by simple Christian citizens, but the best they could do was wholly inadequate. On the seventh day after the battle peasants still bore from the fields the mutilated bodies of living patriots who had lain neglected where they had fallen. The houses of Leipzig were crammed full of sick and wounded, but many Leipzigs would have failed to hold the thousands whose blood was soaking the fields for many miles around. Pestilence could not fail to come in the wake of so great slaughter, and disease hurried away thousands whose wounds might else have proved but a short inconvenience. Friend and enemy fared equally so far as misery was concerned, and thousands of French wounded begged to be taken prisoners if only that they might escape starvation. And yet this battle was fought in the most highly cultivated part of all Germany—in the one place where large masses of troops might with reason have been expected to receive rapid and abundant supplies of food.

We have before us letters of participants giving touching accounts of details rarely noted by history. On the morning of the 17th, for instance, Prussian (Mecklenburg) officers went to do what they could for the French wounded locked up in the church and town-hall of Schkeuditz, near which the hardest of Blücher's fighting had been. Here was seen a Prussian lieutenant feeding beef broth to a French captain whose face had been nearly cut to pieces. "It was touching," says one narrator, "to see how grateful the French were for our little acts of kindness, and how fortunate they counted themselves for having fallen into our hands rather than into those of the Cossacks. Not a single Frenchman had been robbed of his purse or his watch. Indeed, the confidence in us was so great that a captured colonel of the Guard-marine Infantry, having heard that Ney had given up the battle as lost, wrote in a Prussian officer's pocket-book the address of a friend in Paris, adding that the Prussians would soon be there without doubt."

This is pleasant contrast to the plundering of the French after Jena.

Nor can we forget here the gallant Private Timm, of the Mecklenburg hussars. He noticed two French officers galloping away from the battle-field, so he put spurs after them, knocked the first one from his horse and cut the second one across the head. But as he did so he noted a gold eagle of the Imperial Guard peeping from under the officer's coat, and with that he launched the mightiest stroke he was capable of, and this time the Frenchman, with his precious eagle, rolled in the mud. Now Private Timm knew no language but the Plattdeutsch of Mecklenburg, but he knew that no Imperial eagle had yet been captured, and that it was the grandest military trophy any regiment could desire. So he sprang from his horse, threw himself upon the Frenchman, and there, in the mud, while the great guns were booming and the fate of the world was in the balance, the Mecklenburg private and the officer of Napoleon wrestled for this bauble. So fierce was this struggle that the standard broke; but yet the gallant Frenchman held to it with a grip of steel, and at last the sword again had to be drawn, and the eagle wrested from the fingers of the dead.

Off galloped Private Timm to his regiment, swinging aloft the French eagle—the most precious trophy of the whole war. There had been plenty of eagles captured from line regiments, but here was the first one taken from the Imperial Guard, and it had been taken in hand-to-hand fight on the battle-field.

Timm was the hero of the day. He was sent to Blücher, and Blücher sent him to the monarchs. He received all sorts of high medals and many compliments. As the allied sovereigns passed the golden bird from hand to hand, the Mecklenburg hussar remarked to his neighbor: "Now that I have tamed that bird of prey, it is not difficult to let him hop from one finger to the other; yesterday I don't think these people would have cared to play with him."

Another Mecklenburg hussar pursued a French officer and called upon him to surrender. The answer came in the shape of a backhanded cut, which gave the hussar an ugly wound. But he still had strength enough to catch up with the Frenchman and give him one over the

head that toppled him down off his horse and made him beg for mercy. The hussar private at once dismounted, tore up his shirt for bandages, dressed his prisoner's wounds, and the prisoner did the same for his Mecklenburg captor. And all over this Leipzig plain were things done with equal incoherence—one moment two men madly seeking each to kill the other, the next trying each to heal the other's wounds.

XXXVIII.

BLÜCHER REACHES THE RHINE AFTER MUCH DIFFICULTY.

BLÜCHER'S idea of winning a battle was not merely to drive the enemy from the field, but to chase him until he was utterly demoralized and hopelessly incapable of further resistance. His anger was hot, therefore, when he learned that Napoleon had, after all, slipped away, and that no serious attempt had been made to stop him. Schwarzenberg has been accused, with much plausibility, of having connived at this escape. Indeed, there is some ground for thinking that in these latter days the allied monarchs did not desire Napoleon's fall; they would have been rather embarrassed to know what to do with him had he been captured. While the simple patriots of Germany were giving their last groschens in order to fight the monster who had so cruelly oppressed them, the professionally polite diplomats were exchanging messages from court to court, and in these messages was little that could kindle enthusiasm in an honest German.

Austria and Russia had not the slightest desire to see Prussia either free or strong. Both these countries regarded the German patriots as dangerous radicals who were attacking the foundations of old-fashioned monarchy, and they viewed with alarm a succession of victories which promised soon to make Prussia once more chief amongst the powers. Of course they kept their views very quiet while Napoleon was yet dangerous, and while Prussians bore the brunt of the hard fighting; but now that the common enemy was in full flight towards the Rhine, and that the allied armies represented an armed strength of fully one million men, the bond of self-preservation was loosened, and once more selfish intrigues commenced.

Blücher had already got close upon the heels of Napoleon (on October 25th) when, to his amazement and sorrow, he received orders from headquarters which put an end to the chase, and so by the 3d of November Napoleon had crossed the Rhine in safety. However, of his 330,000 he saved barely 60,000, and those who did follow him carried a frightful amount of typhus germs, the result of privations of all kinds. His guards, whom he had carefully shielded from exposure, sank in numbers from 40,000 to 10,000. Had Blücher commanded the allied armies, or even the whole of the Prussian army, it is safe to think that the war for German liberty would have ended in November of 1813, with the complete destruction of the French army and the capture of its leader.

But all this form of speculation brings us back to such questions as, why did the Prussian King permit himself to be led by the other monarchs? why did he echo the orders of a Russian or an Austrian? why did he not place himself at the head of the German people, or at least his own Prussians, and loudly proclaim that this war was one in which Prussia must of right take the lead, as she had been the chief sufferer, and had been the first to bear the brunt of battle?

The King of Prussia looked on and saw that Austria was making treaties with Bavaria and Würtemberg, whose monarchs were the creatures of Napoleon, and whose troops had helped to lay Prussia waste. Austrian Metternich had less interest in fighting France than in checking the possible expansion of Prussia. The guns of Leipzig had hardly ceased booming when courtiers throughout Germany were spinning a web of diplomatic intrigue, whose purpose was to thwart the people in their hopes for a united fatherland. The petty sovereigns whose titles sprang from Napoleon were not only all forgiven; they were not even made to restore their dishonest gains. Under Austrian auspices treaties were made in November with Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau, Saxe-Coburg, and many others, all after the pattern of the one with Bavaria. It was a league of some thirty petty monarchs, united not with their people, but against them. It was a "trust" or combination for police purposes; a kingly confederation intended to protect many weak thrones from the possible consequences of political discontent amongst the people.



THE SAXONS GO OVER TO THE ENEMY.

Napoleon's ambassador at some of the little German courts had been captured in Gotha and brought to Weimar. This happened while Blücher was straining every muscle to reach the Rhine before the French. Metternich received the ambassador cordially, and assured him that the allies felt very kindly towards France, and wished only for peace.

They jogged together to Frankfort, where all the monarchs had assembled, and all the diplomatic agents. Here Metternich fortified his proposition by securing the Russian and the English plenipotentiaries to unite with Austria in assuring the Frenchman that *nobody* wished to see the Napoleonic dynasty upset. *Nobody* referred, of course, to Blücher and Gneisenau and Stein.

On November 9th these diplomatic conspirators proposed peace to Napoleon on the condition, amongst many minor ones, that the Rhine be regarded as France's natural frontier. So here at the start Germany, after all her sacrifices, consented to surrender her right to regard the Rhine as a German stream. Had Napoleon accepted these conditions, it would have constituted his greatest political triumph—that a man flying with 50,000 beaten troops before an army of 500,000 should make terms by which he not only lost nothing, but actually held on to a large part of that which he had stolen from his neighbors.

But, fortunately for Europe, Napoleon was blinded by the gambler's passion, and persisted in repeating to his generals, "Next spring I shall be back again with 250,000 men." On November 15th he received this peace proposal in Paris, and on the day following Maret, his diplomatic chief clerk, despatched to Metternich in Frankfort such an answer as showed conclusively that Napoleon wanted time to arm, but not peace.

France had ceased to have a free press or a free deliberative assembly from the moment that Napoleon became her ruler; she was police-ridden in the sense that Russia is to-day. Yet even in France much grumbling was heard when their Emperor returned completely beaten a second time. He offered his people no apologies, no regrets, no promises of a liberal constitution. At once he sent out orders for a new levy of 300,000 recruits, as though babies could be born as rapidly as soldiers were killed.

Blücher had been marching straight for the Rhine, after having been ordered away from the pursuit of Napoleon, and in two columns passed Dillenburg and Siegen, reaching Altenkirchen on November 11th. He had intended to cross the Rhine on November 15th near Mülheim. But again he was arrested in his *vorwärts* move by the peace diplomatists, and, for fear the old firebrand would carry his men into France on his own account, he was ordered to march his army to Frankfort, there to be watched by the allies.

To be sure, his men needed rest, for he had at that moment only about 36,000 men left out of the 100,000 with which he had commenced the campaign. York's corps, which in August numbered 37,738, reached the Rhine only 11,515 strong. Out of 13,369 Landwehr, or volunteer militia, only 2164 reached the Rhine, and then in a most dilapidated condition. A walk from the Baltic to the Rhine is at no time of year an easy excursion, but a walk that commenced in July and ended at Christmas, that involved carrying about fifty pounds of baggage on the back, of going ragged and barefooted most of the way, of starting with summer clothing and never getting a change for winter, of tramping much of the time on an empty belly, and sleeping many nights in the cold and the wet—these are the details of soldier life that are not realized by many, even by those who camp out for a few warm nights at Aldershot or Peekskill. The dangers of war are greater in camp than on the battle-field; more soldiers are killed by bad food, exposure, and disease than by the bullets of the enemy. German chronicles tell us that in the hospitals of that year the mortality was anywhere between twenty-five and fifty out of every hundred sick.

And yet, while German liberty was being traded away by Metternich and Company for purely dynastic advantages, the little hamlets of Brandenburg and Pomerania kept on sending to the front what they could spare for their fathers and brothers under arms, so that the ravages of the last month's fighting might be made good.

Stein felt very indignant when the allies commenced to parley with Napoleon instead of demanding his surrender. He had come with the Russian Czar intrusted by that monarch with the task of providing temporary administration of law



A MECKLENBURG HUSSAR'S CAPTURE.

in those German lands which were successively occupied by the allied armies. We remember him as having first given to Prussia the laws that made her a great power, and as having been driven from office by order of Napoleon in 1808. Now was a time for the Prussian King to take him back into his service, but Frederick William preferred the courtly Hardenberg. Stein was doing a great work for Germany, though not one so full of dramatic situations as that of a commanding general. When, however, in Frankfort, he learned that his master, the Russian Czar, instead of pressing on to Paris, talked of terms with the Corsican invader, he forgot the little court polish he had ever had, and roundly took his Muscovite Majesty to task for breaking his word. He accused him of seeking to perpetuate small kingdoms in Germany instead of seeking to found a great German Empire.

"But," pleaded Alexander, piteously, "I must have a lot of small states in Ger-

many and a lot of royal dynasties. Otherwise how shall I be able to have suitable marriages for all my Russian grand-dukes and grand-duchesses?"

"Of course — I apologize," answered Stein, with flaming eyes. "How could I suspect that your Majesty wished to make of Germany a Russian stud-farm!"

At any rate, Stein put an end to the peace-at-any-price party in Frankfort— in fact, his name was discussed at the mess-tables of German regiments as that of a possible first Emperor of Germany. The idea of German unity and a German Empire was in the hearts of the German soldiers of 1813. This feeling was revived fifty-seven years later; but in 1870 there was a soldier King on the Prussian throne and a real Crown-Prince — the beloved Unser Fritz, who first put this idea into practical political form, and forced a Prussian Prime Minister to follow in the great popular movement that finally crowned William I. at Versailles.

On the 1st of December the patriots of Germany once more looked happy—war began again, and Paris was made the goal. On the eve of the new year, 1814, Blücher crossed the Rhine at Caub, where still stands the old castle in mid-stream from which the pontoons were stretched to either bank. It was a momentous night for Germany when Blücher led his 50,000 into the enemy's country. He was the first to break the way, and every one who knows the old soldier knows that he was bound to keep ahead of all the rest and do more fighting than any one else. The Rhine is now a stream of pleasure, where luxurious steamers provide fine wines and lengthy *tables d'hôte* to the passengers who sit on deck and admire the passing landscape. Let us believe that when they pass the grim old castle of Caub they feel the spirit of brave old Blücher hovering about its ancient walls, and are grateful to the gallant old man who here broke the path in which might tread the future armies of united Germany.

THERE.

BY LULAH RAGSDALE.

HERE I am sick with thinking and with dreams;
With memories of struggles, lately past.
Here come to me the town's sharp, fretful streams
Of jarring sounds—that all sweet sounds outlast.

There in the wood's shut heart is spacious calm;
And vast, deep silence; and sweet spicery
Shed downward from the dusky pines like balm—
Good to sad souls that ache for sympathy.

There, from the open mouth of one cool spring,
The gurgling laughter breaks in silvery streams,—
Too soft to mock the quiet of a human thing,
Beside it resting from late fever-dreams.

There vague, fresh airs uplift, like finger-tips,
The matted curls from off the throbbing brain;
And vapory kisses, from the mist's light lips,
Dissolve upon the cheek in fine, sweet rain.

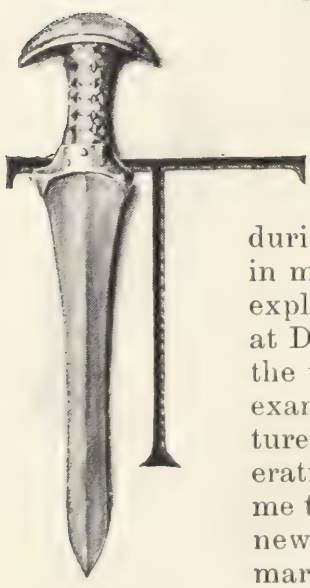
There is green shadow, shot with threads of gold,—
Too mellow-toned to strain an aching eye,—
And there a heaven of bluets, on a wold
Far up the sloping hill-side that lies by.

There can one catch, too—prone in emerald gloom—
Semblance of dawn; rose billows, foaming fair,
Of a peach orchard full of clustered bloom
That blows pink flakes afar:—Would I were there!



THE DASHUR EXPLORATIONS

BY JACQUES DE MORGAN.



THE important results that I had obtained during the preceding year in my first campaign as an explorer in the necropolis at Dashur led me to devote the winter of 1894–5 to the examination of those structures which my earlier operations had not allowed me to inspect, and with this new year discoveries as remarkable as those foregoing them, if, indeed, not of greater interest, occurred as the reward of my effort and of four months spent in the midst of the sands of the desert.

It was on the 15th of November that I resumed my operations, employing in them the *fellahs* of Sakkara and their two *reïs*, Rubi Hamzarri and his son Khalif Hamzarri, whose practical knowledge and long experience have been often of such utility to me. Rubi Hamzarri was a young man when Marietta Bey opened the Serapeum of the New Empire, in 1852. Since that time he has not ceased to be the *chef de chantiers* and main assistant of the founder of our antiquarian service. While Marietta Bey was carrying on his operations at Sakkara, Rubi was growing old in his profession, and so taught his son the secrets of the business, along with those principles of honesty and discipline unfortunately very rare among the *fellahin* of the present generation. The two men are notable figures in their calling. Enjoying the greatest respect on the part of the village folk, they are solicitous for such respect even more than for money; and, before all things else, they are thoroughly interested in their occupation as antiquarian explorers.

As to the actual workmen that I employ — who number some two hundred or two hundred and fifty men — these are all from the village of Sakkara itself. The men are paid at an average rate of seventy-five centimes a day for each digger. Children receive fifty centimes, and are utilized in carrying away earth in baskets, which they poise on their heads. To be sure, this process is a superannuated one. But the Egyptian *fellah* abides by it, and any improvements on it are dismissed by him with scorn. There is a gain in picturesqueness through it, assuredly; for nothing is more curious than to watch these files of children hastening on and on, like ants to an ant-hill, to empty their baskets at the place assigned; while at the same time the carts, tilted over by the *chantiers*, remain quite useless. But the most improved methods of such work seem only to bear testimony to the prodigious strength of primitive means—those by which the pyramids themselves were erected, and the greatest edifices of antiquity brought into existence. The *fellah* workman withal is industrious; he subsists on a little bread and water, adding a few dates, or cucumbers, or vegetables, though very rarely any meat—a thing much too costly for his resources. Hence, when my explorations have led to an important discovery, I follow the custom of regaling the laborers with—a native buffalo! This means a fine fête for the village. It was in the midst of such simple people, in his Sakkara house, that Marietta Bey lived many years. It was with them that I as well spent my winters, dividing my time between my editorial necessities and the superintending of the field of operations. And Marietta Bey was right in his liking for the *fellah* and his desert. One experiences in the neighborhood of these vast cities of the dead, buried in the sands, poetical emotions impossible to define.

I resumed, on the 15th of November, 1894, the labors that had been given over on the 17th of June in the same year. I had various ends to follow out. I was anxious to continue the researches made under the Pyramid of Usertesen III., in order that I might light upon the royal chamber in it; to seek under the southerly pyramid for bricks from the tomb of Amenemhat III.; and, finally, to examine once again the ruins that lie halfway between the understructure of the Memphisian Necropolis, indicated under the rubric "Pyramid No. LI."—that one ordinarily called in the vicinity the "White Mastaba"—"Mastaba el Beïdah."

In the Pyramid of Usertesen III. I had already come upon its Gallery of Princesses and Treasures. I knew the name of the king who had been buried there, which name had been found in the ruins of the neighboring funerary temple. But, in spite of very general mining, I had not yet been able to reach the royal funerary apartments when I was terminating my first campaign. The heats of the month of June came on with such intensity that it was not possible to keep lights burning in the galleries. The air was insufficient for the lungs of my workmen. In November my first care was to adjust a system of artificial aeration, in the same manner in which ordinary miners manage the matter; and also properly to re enforce with wood certain portions c the galleries that had become unsafe. By the 17th of November, these preparations being finished, I began the new ramifications with the layers occurring in the western understructure of the edifice.



RUBI HAMZARRI.

The theories accepted up to that time had affirmed that the funerary chambers



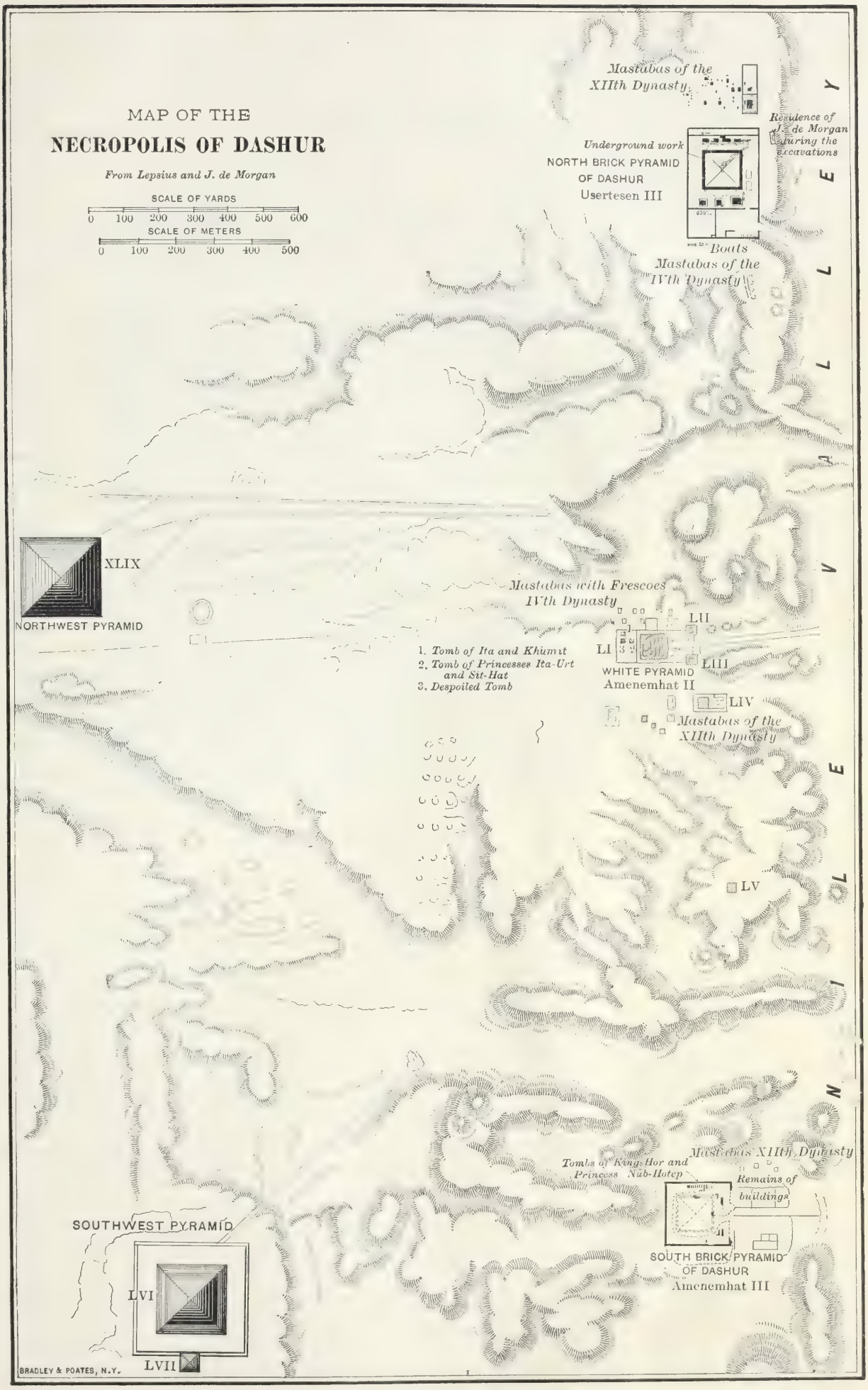
KHALIF HAMZARRI.

were situated under the centre of such an edifice, whether the upper portion of their ceilings was made a part of the lower layers of the pyramid, or had been formed into a roomy cavity, open to the sky, before the construction of the exterior parts of the monument. But it has happened with this notion precisely as with all theories based on imperfect premises—it proves to be at fault. For, on November 23d, after a week's effort, I came upon the royal apartments, built in a spacious excavation in the rock itself, and far westward of the centre of the pyramid in question. The royal sepulchre of the king consists of several chambers, that of the sarcophagus, the most important one, being constructed in the chalk-white granite of Assouan. The other apartments, made of Turah limestone, are less roomy, but finished with a care equal to the royal one, properly so called. A very narrow passageway permitted the transportation of the royal mummy to the tomb itself. The entrance to this passageway was through a shaft situated in the westerly part of the pyramid. The sarcophagus was introduced by another passage. But I could not pursue this gallery, on account of some obstacles to my workmen's efforts.

The tomb of Usertesen III. was absolutely empty. The spoilers of it had carried off even the smallest fragments of the sarcophagus. Before turning away from these violated and pillaged chambers the intruders had traced upon the walls human figures, caricatures representing Egyptian subjects, and even a series of busts, the characteristics of which were so removed from the artistic usages of ancient Egypt that one could readily conclude that the despoilers were foreign ones.

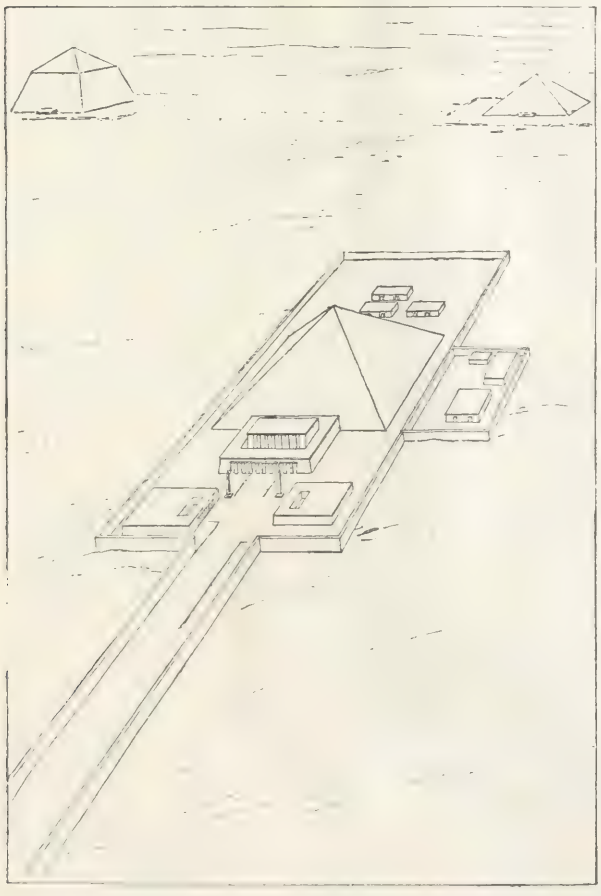
The exterior casing of the Pyramid of Usertesen III. was exploited at the epoch of the Ramessides, the *graffiti* that were met in the fragments of the exploitation being the proof of this fact. The spoliation of it took place prior to this demolition, for the *débris* of the outer casing is so situated that the robbery must have taken place between the Twelfth and Nineteenth Dynasties. Perhaps we should set the destruction of the royal tombs at the epoch of the Shepherd Kings, in the course of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Dynasties. The Hyksos sovereigns occupied Lower Egypt during three centuries, and the traditions of the sacrileges which they committed in the cases of the tombs and the temples abode in the memory of the Egyptian race even down to the time of Herodotus. They were established in the Delta. But Memphis fell into their power, and with Memphis fell the tombs of the kings, the necropoli of Gizeh, of Sakkara, and of Dashur.

The Hyksos tribes were Asiatics—nomads of the sort that inhabit the sterile regions of country lying between the Euphrates and the Egyptian territories of Pelusium and the Sinai district. They were probably driven thence by the migration that came from Chaldea at the time of the conquest of Kudur Nakunta, the King of Elam. As a people they had none of the religious faith or superstitions of the Egyptian populations; for them the temples, the tombs, even the sanctuaries of the dead, were not sacred; and either through cupidity, or else resolving to annihilate the very last traces of the conquered race, they pillaged its holy places. It is therefore not remarkable that these invading rulers who sacked the valley of the Nile should so regularly, and perhaps even governmentally, have ravaged the tombs of the ancient kings of the land, which still enclosed incalculable treasures. Never in all Egypt, within the hundred years in which researches have been scientifically furthered, has a


MAP OF THE
NECROPOLIS OF DASHUR
From Lepsius and J. de Morgan
SCALE OF YARDS
0 100 200 300 400 500 600
SCALE OF METERS
0 100 200 300 400 500
Mastabas of the XIIth Dynasty
Residence of J. de Morgan during the excavations
Underground work
NORTH BRICK PYRAMID OF DASHUR
Usertesen III
Boats
Mastabas of the IVth Dynasty
NILE VALLEY
XLIX
NORTHWEST PYRAMID
Mastabas with Frescoes IVth Dynasty
1. Tomb of Ita and Khumit
2. Tomb of Princesses Ita-Urt and Sit-Hat
3. Despoiled Tomb
LII
LI
LIII
WHITE PYRAMID
Amenemhat II
LIV
Mastabas of the XIIth Dynasty
LV
Mastabas XIIth Dynasty
Tombs of Kings Hor and Princess Nub-Hotep
Remains of buildings
SOUTH BRICK PYRAMID OF DASHUR
Amenemhat III
SOUTHWEST PYRAMID
LVI
LVII
BRADLEY & POATES, N.Y.

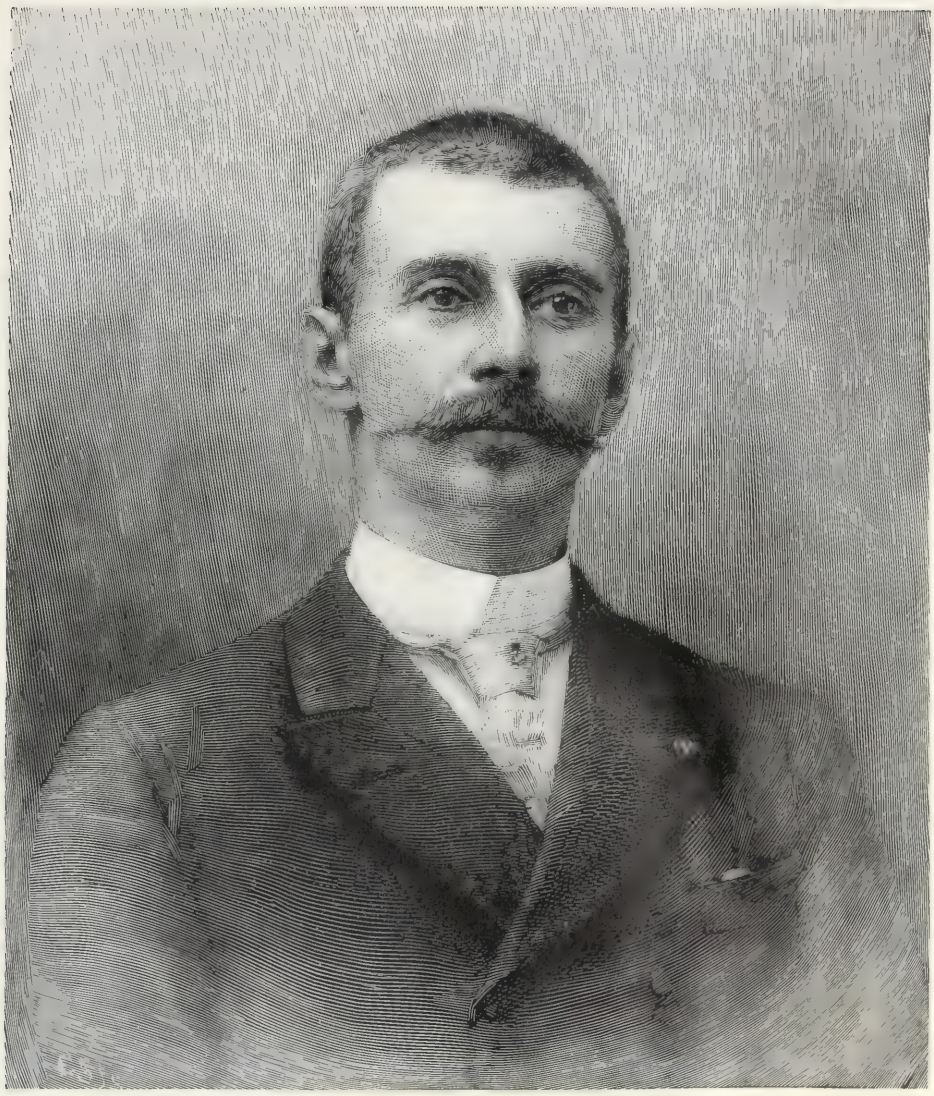
single unviolated pyramid been found, and it is quite probable that none such will be found. All such from the first period have attracted attention to themselves. And as to the treasures they secluded, we can only obtain an idea of them by the unviolated tombs—the tombs of princes and princesses — which only within two years have been found near to the pyramids of Dashur. The riches deposited in the royal tombs were important, and naturally would tempt invaders, who saw in such regal sepulchres merely pecuniary resources. It is therefore allowable to suppose that the tomb-robberies in question took place at the epoch of the Shepherd Kings.

By the southern brick pyramid—that one which the funerary temple's ruins authorize us to attribute to King Amenemhat III.—I had examined in 1894 the territory included between the pyramid itself and its *enceinte*. It was there that I had discovered the tomb of the co-regent of Amenemhat III., known as Hor-Ra Fou Ab (Hor Aoub Ra), whose chronologic situation once gave rise to lively polemics—a matter definitely decided as of the Twelfth Dynasty by all the Egyptologists after the Congress of Orientalists at Geneva in 1894. It was in the same locality that I had found the unopened tomb of the Princess Nūb-Hotep. But there remained still the examination of the passage which in ancient times led to the funerary temple of the pyramid, as well as to inspect the portions situated under the pyramid's base, and also to find the tomb of King Amenemhat III. himself. The operations outside of the principal structure brought to light constructive foundations which I have concluded to be the ruins of dwellings in which resided the priests of the pyramid. Also we exposed the flagged passageway, a *couloir*, extending from east to west, which led from the valley to the funerary temple, this spacious avenue terminating toward the plain by a bridge built of enormous blocks of stones, and so crossing a strip which bounded the royal demesnes. In the midst of all these ruins I encountered many fragments of bass-reliefs, in which the name of the king often reappeared under the two forms Ra-en-Mat and Amenemhat. There is not the least doubt as to the origin of this pyramid, or of those structures which surround it, or with reference to the epoch of King Hor and the Princess Nūb-Hotep. We know that the Canopic vases of Ra Fou Ab were sealed with the seal of Amenemhat III.



PLAN OF THE WHITE PYRAMID OF AMENEMHAT II. RESTORED.

The great difficulty was to get to the chambers actually situated in the pyramid, and this problem only was to be solved. In order not to reduce to a ruin, but to preserve for posterity, the only single brick pyramid which is left in all Egypt in a state adequate to its preservation, I attacked directly the lower bed of natural rock on which the structure is erected. The plateau which faces the village of Mencheeya is of gray argillaceous rock, dipping slightly southward. It is in these strata that were excavated the tombs of King Hor and of the Princess Nūb-Hotep; it is also upon this argillaceous bed that the pyramid itself is based. Within four months 250 metres in galleries were excavated — almost all the space under the pyramid between its first layers of bricks and a depth of eight metres. These labors brought about the discovery of the royal apartments. They are very large, and closed to the great number of vaulted chambers in the lime-



JACQUES DE MORGAN.

stone. The entrance is eastward. The royal tomb is located to the southeast of the pyramid's centre. These facts do not accord in any respect with those that had been furnished me by the monument of Usertesen III. They put at fault once again the recognized theories in exploration; so true it is that in regard to Egypt's ancient edifices the share of imagination has been much larger than one would have supposed it to be, until now.

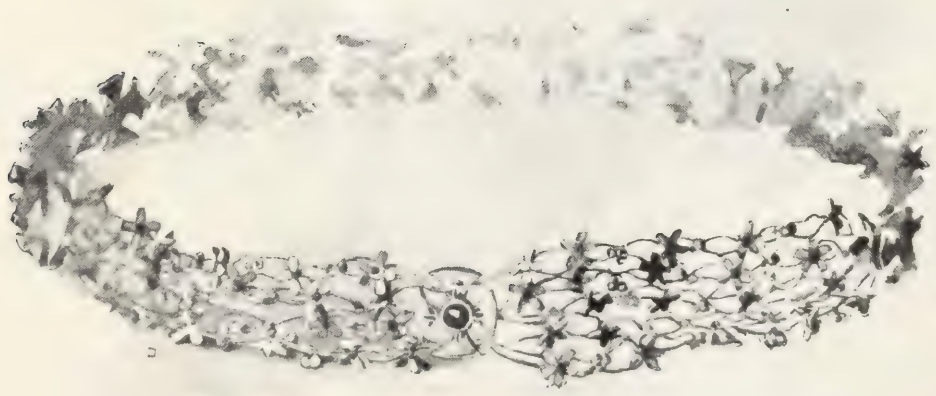
The Pyramid No. LI. is that of a structure built entirely in the white Turah limestone. Its chamber is located under the monument's centre, in an excavation formerly open to the sky. An inclined passage gives access to it. By its construction, by the adjustment of its material, and by its general disposition, this pyramid classes itself in the group of those of the Ancient Empire. Nevertheless, it is of the Twelfth Dynasty—the time of King Amenemhat II., whose cartouche once upon a time embellished the walls of the funerary temple. The domain reserved for the king and the royal household was enclosed by a wall in unbaked bricks, a large rectangle, whose greatest length was from east to west. On the east was the avenue descending toward the valley, a distance of about three hundred metres. Then in the enclosure, at the right hand and on the left of the gateway, were two square edifices, whose use is unknown to me. At the axis of the avenue, and at the foot of what may be called the casing or the *revêtement* of the pyramid, rose the funerary temple, where the king became a god after his decease and was duly worshipped as such. This monument, to-day wholly destroyed, was one of much importance, if I judge it rightly by the remains met in a state of *débris*. The doors were constructed in

granite. The walls were covered with bass-reliefs and paintings, in which the cartouche of the defunct was reproduced almost to each line of its text. It is there, accordingly, that one can find all the inscriptions visible to the public eye; since, contrary to the usages of the Old Empire, and in conformity to those of the Twelfth Dynasty, the pyramid itself did not enclose in its chambers any indication of the name of the sovereign proprietor whose tomb it was.

In the various unrobbed sepulchres that it has been my fortune to examine, only very rarely have I come upon documentary matter inscribed on stone. The texts have almost always been written on the wooden coffins, the Canopic vases, and on objects that the spoliators probably carried off—for they were generally inlaid or mounted with gold. This explains why we are so poor in texts of the Twelfth Dynasty. The exterior structures were destroyed, and the subterranean ones contained no inscriptions.

It was between the westerly face of the pyramid and its *enceinte* that I discovered the six royal tombs containing the treasures recently exhibited in the Gizeh Museum. The tombs in question were arranged two by two in each subterranean enclosure, and two of these groups had remained undespoiled. The personages buried in them were—the Princesses Ita and Khūmit, in the tomb first opened; in the second group, which had been violated, Prince Khūma-Nūb and Princess Amen-Hotep; and last, in the third monument, the Princesses Sit-Hat and Ita-Urt. This prince and these princesses were "issue of the royal blood," and belonged to the family of Amenemhat II.

The explorations carried on around the three pyramids of the Twelfth Dynasty that stand on the Dashur plateau enable one to affirm that at their epoch the territory included under the pyramid itself was royal property, while that between the foot of the royal monument and the *enceinte* was reserved for the members of the royal family. The high officials were interred outside of the *enceinte*. No absolute rule exists for determining the position within the *enceinte* of the tombs of the princes. They are northward of the pyramids and near to the monuments of Usertesen III. and of Amenemhat III., while westward of the pyramid of Amenemhat II. The higher officials appear to have selected their places at hazard. Those of Usertesen III. located their tombs northward of their sovereign's pyramid, while the *mastabas* contemporary with Amenemhat III. crown the little hills situated southward of that king's pyramid. The leading personages of the reign of Amenemhat II. are buried on the



CROWN OF THE PRINCESS KHŪMIT.



CROWN OF THE PRINCESS KHŪMIT.

plateau that stretches to the south of the pyramid. The positions of their *mastabas* were still fairly defined, before the excavations, by the *débris* of Turah limestone scattered over the ground.

The tombs of the princes of the epoch of Amenemhat II. are composed each of a passage about twelve metres in length, trending from the north to the south. Each passage gives access to two small chambers, just large enough to contain the sarcophagi. Below the entrance passage are certain small rooms wherein were deposited the offerings, the chests containing the Canopic vases, and those objects which the relatives of the deceased deemed useful to his existence in another state. After the burial, the entrance passage, the various chambers—except those for the reception of offerings — and, in short, all the cavities of the monument, were closed up by stones hewed beforehand. The portcullises in front were dropped; and so were the mummies left as if imprisoned in one enormous block of solid masonry.

The tombs of the four princesses were unequal in the richness of their contents, the most sumptuous being that of Khūmit, princess of the royal line, who, judging by her funerary accompaniments, must have occupied a very important situation at the court of Amenemhat II., who probably was her father. On the mummy of this lady I found the ornaments habitual to her—a large necklace, composed of beads of gold, silver, carnelian, lapis lazuli, emerald, of hieroglyphic signs in gold crusted with precious stones; anklets, bracelets, and armlets, and similar small objects. Formerly the body of the princess was shut up in a sheathing of gilded and painted paste; but by the action of time this fragile covering had been shattered, permitting the passage through the cracks of a multitude of beads, gold, carnelian, emerald, and lapis lazuli, which formerly constituted a net-work overlying the body. In the coffin itself to the left of the mummy, lay the sceptres, the canes, the arc, the *flagellum*, and the mace, ornamented with plates of gold. The condition of these articles was one of marvellous preservation. The coffin itself was of wood laminated with gold, the inscription being painted on its interior. The sarcophagus, carved in a block of stone, bore no inscription. The *serdab*, or chamber for offerings, which one entered by narrow portals (previously mentioned as intended to put the mummy in communication with the articles that should be its property in a future life), was of the same dimensions as the one containing the sarcophagus. Within it were found, lying in disorder, the chest for Canopic vases; the coffer enclosing the vases of alabaster filled with perfumes; offerings of various portions of beef, water-fowl, made dishes, wheat, various grains, and flour; small tables for writing; a white swan carved in wood and of natural size; some canes, and finally a heap of jewelry—pieces

fallen in confusion on the pavement of the apartment in the middle of the mess of other matters. There were crowns, diadems, necklaces, *pendeloques*, in gold filigree, a gold vulture, and a multitude of different gold objects ornamented with gems. All these articles were introduced into the *serdab* by an opening in its ceiling, allowing communication with the small passage that I have described. After the sealing of the sarcophagus, and after the depositing of the articles in the *serdab*, the small opening last described was stopped up by means of a flat stone, and the passageway was completely filled with enormous blocks of rock.

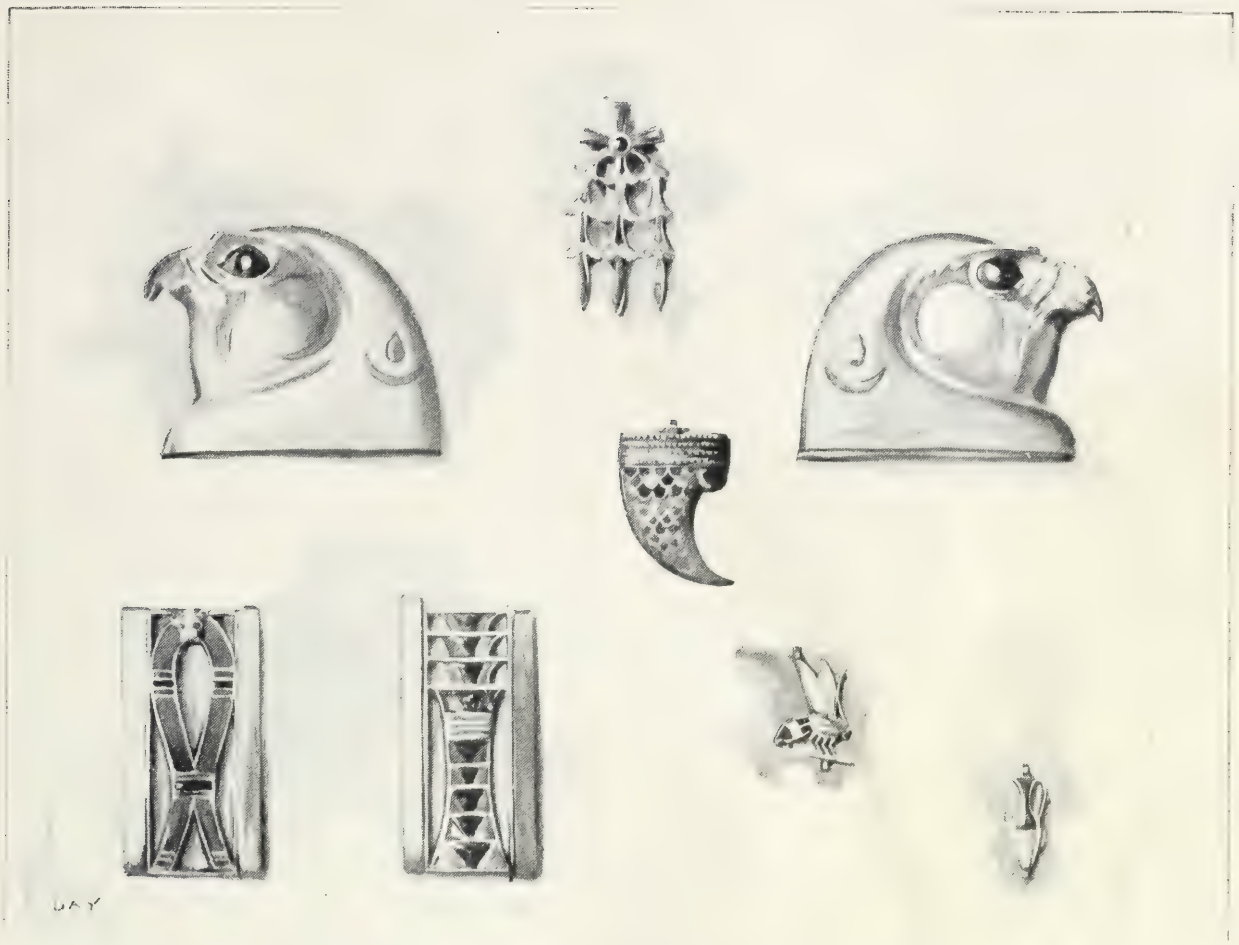
In the same monument was located the tomb of the Princess Ita, also a princess of the royal lineage, and graced with all the titles of honor that a woman of rank in ancient Egypt could possess. Her resting-place was arranged similarly to that of the Princess Khūmit. It also contained, upon the mummy, the ornaments that she was in the habit of wearing; and though these were less beautiful than those that had belonged to her neighbor in execution, they were superb. Along with the sceptres, the arc, and the *flagellum* was discovered a poniard with a bronze blade; the hilt in solid gold, and very remarkable on account of the fineness of the incrustations which ornamented it. The *serdab* for this tomb did not contain any jewelry.

The last abode of Princess Ita-Urt and of Princess Sit-Hat is of the same type as the tombs that are placed to the west of the passageway, *i. e.*, closed (as in the case of the Princess Khūmit's tomb) with stone blocks. This custom of stopping the entrance passages with colossal blocks, carefully adjusted, seems usual with many of the royal sepultures of the Twelfth Dynasty. At Sikt, among other examples, the gallery of the Pyramid of Usertesen I. has been blockaded by cubes of granite, which the workmen have slipped into place after the burial. Moreover—above all, in the case of the tombs of the Old Empire—for the closing up of the *couloir* (the passageway described), has been substituted obliteration, effected by means of portcullises in granite or the calcareous Turah rock mentioned. This process was employed also in a sepulchre near to the two tombs of which I have been speaking, that of Prince Khūma-Nūb and the Princess Amen-Hotep, they also being contemporaries of Amenemhat II.

The ornaments of the Princesses Ita-Urt and Sit-Hat are much less important than those of the Princesses Khūmit and Ita. They are less elegantly manufactured, less expensive, and seem to indicate that these ladies, while making a part of the royal family, occupied in it a relatively secondary rank.

I shall not speak at length of the hieroglyphic inscriptions that accompanied this group of royal tombs. They determine the age of the "find." They are not numerous. It would seem, indeed, that the Mediæval Egyptian Empire has shown us little generosity in the matter of epigraphic documents. Only the coffins themselves, and those coffers containing Canopic vases, bear the names of personages; and the walls of the tombs have remained untouched, both in the cases of royal or princely ones, and in those of notable individuals. If we turn to the inscribed material furnished by the *mastabas* of the Twelfth Dynasty at Dashur, we discover that all their display of inscriptions occurs externally, either on the mausoleums, and, as one sees in the instance of Khnūm-Hotep, in the case of individuals not royal, or in the instance of sovereigns in their funerary temples. The many fragments of text and the bass-reliefs that are met with in the ruins of the temples of the three pyramids in question attest this. On the exterior of the tomb, in the chambers forever sealed after the depositing of the mummy, one meets only the laconic and indispensable formulas associated with the entrance of the dead into a future existence. Nevertheless, among the tombs of the high personages that are situated to the south of the Pyramid of Amenemhat II. there is one tomb the walls of which were covered by its architect (in a revival of ancient practices) with quotations from the Book of the Dead. One hundred and forty-six lines of text, very finely cut, cover the walls of this tomb. This is a very rare occurrence in the case of tombs of Egypt's middle period of empire, as has been remarked.

These discoveries of last year at Dashur have come in a very happy manner for completing our acquaintance with art and industry under this same mediæval period of Egypt's empire. Already (in 1894) in my preceding explorations I had brought



ORNAMENTS OF THE PRINCESSES ITA AND KHŪMIT.

to light valuables that were in a way revelations artistic and historical. The discoveries of this winter demonstrated that the jewelry of those princesses contemporary with Usertesen III. was not exceptional; that already under that sovereign's predecessor the jeweller's art had attained an extraordinary perfectness. With the exception of some ornaments (very imperfect in condition) of the Eleventh Dynasty, we have not had any jewelry, except that of the Ramessides period, until the Dashur researches. At present we are sure, therefore, that although the ornaments of the Antūf are relatively crude, this fact is due not to Egyptian ignorance of art at the time of the Eleventh Dynasty, but because their owners were not wealthy enough to possess specimens of the first order. The same distinction is met with in the Twelfth Dynasty. We see that the Princesses Nūb-Hotep, Ita, Ita-Urt, and Sit-Hat adorned themselves with precious articles quite inferior to those of the Princess Khūmit and of the royal women contemporaneous with Usertesen III. in workmanship.

The treasures of Princess Khūmit present a great number of pieces that can be called *hors ligne*. All are remarkable for their composition as an artistic whole, by the precision and fineness of their chiselling, and by the incrustations of gems which they possess. At the first glance one would be tempted to suppose that the polychromatic effects have been obtained by *cloisonné* enamelling; and surely such a process would be remarkable when one considers the antiquity of the ornaments. But on inspecting them with care one perceives that each color has been obtained by the chasing of gold and by the employment of gems c for such effects.

The hieroglyphic symbols and the *motifs* represented are occasionally of much delicacy, and nevertheless the finest elements of the design have been cut out in hard stones. One notices, among others, the cane of the sign Ouas—formed of a gem eight millimetres in length and only the half of such a measure in breadth. Such a symbol offers very diversified contours; the characters have been scrupu-

lously respected, and the gem has been cut to follow the necessary inflections. Another symbol will present a human head, or the head of a bird, and the minutest details have been engraved in relief in the hardest substances. No detail of it is in default; and the shapes are rendered with the same perfection in a design that is the size of only two or three millimetres as if the work were done on a colossal statue.

In carefully examining the art objects in general of ancient Egypt one is impressed with this same ease and preciseness of execution. The subject in hand, be it glyptic or statuesque, always is treated with a marvellous surety of hand, whether it be executed in soft stone or carved in rock of the hardest texture. The ornaments of the Twelfth Dynasty are especially notable in this quality, for with them we meet the most perfect technical skill. Under the Ramessides the jeweller's art was, in common with all the oth[illegible] Egyptian arts, in full decadence. In spite of the ideas of those who wish to make this epoch the most brilliant for choice jewe[illegible] one does not meet other than gems [illegible], ill cut; and often, even, the artists have substituted for the gems, that their predecessors would have employed, plaques of enamel composition. The general effects are not very different; but there is as much distinction between t[illegible]e workmanship of the ornaments of the [illegible]diæval Egyptian period and that of [illegible]he Ramessides' time as one observes between the articles in goldsmith's work [illegible] the Italian Renaissance period and t[illegible] bad copies that are nowadays everywhere sold.

The general patterns of the pectoral orna[illegible]ents, of the clasps of the bracelets, of the necklaces, and of the hieroglyphic symbols had been already fixed for a [illegible] long time before the Twelfth Dy[illegible]. The artists of that epoch could change nothing (in the designs), and all t[illegible] grace of the ornament devolved upon i[illegible] workmanship. In the same way un[illegible]r the Ramessides the forms were, so to say, congealed; but the workers were less skilful than their predecessors, and did not obtain other than very inferior results. Of this fact one can easily assure himself by comparing the ornaments of the different periods as they are exposed, side by side, in the Museum of Gizeh. I have no hesitation in saying that the jewelry of Dashur much surpasses all that has been known up to this day, either as to composition or execution.

The gems used for incrustations or mountings of these Dashur ornaments are the red carnelian (of which stone there exist important beds in the environs of Assouan and at other points of the Saïd); lapis lazuli, and turquoises, stones abundant in the vicinity of Sinai; the feldspar, milky white and green; the quartz hyaline, the amethyst, the garnet, and the obsidian. All these stones are met in the regions known to the very ancient Egyptians. As to the metal employed, the gold of which the ornaments were made came from Nubia and Central Africa; and the silver—rarer and generally badly preserved—came probably from foreign parts, for I do not think that there exist any veins of galenite in the Egyptian mountains. Nevertheless, the degree of our information does not allow of being positive on this topic. The Egyptians of the Twelfth Dynasty understood the working of gold, and practised it with great skill. The proof of this is afforded by the numerous articles in filigree, or ornamented with fine work, which are to be found in the Dashur treasures brought to light in course of the last two years.

The most important object, without doubt, is a large crown of solid gold, entirely incrusted with gems. It is composed, so to say, of eight *motifs*, each being one of three ornaments in lyre form, united at the base around a rose-work design. One of these lyre details constitutes the main detail; the two others go toward forming the circle of the crown. Gems of various colors give to this ornament an exterior aspect highly decorative, while its interior, finely chased, repeats the ornaments of the circumference. Of old, the Princess Khūmit surmounted this crown by plumes, which she could vary at her fancy—on one day wearing an aigrette mounted in a little gold tube, which was suited in design to the chief ornament; on another dressing her head with a *panache* of feathers, whose mountings also have been discovered. Sometimes, too, she placed upon her coiffure a palm frond in gold, with *fleurs* of carnelian and lapis lazuli. So decorated and worn, this crown must have presented a highly original appearance, in a degree not possible to estimate before such a discovery. And does not

the crown itself curiously suggest those with which the princes of the Middle Ages ornamented their helmets?

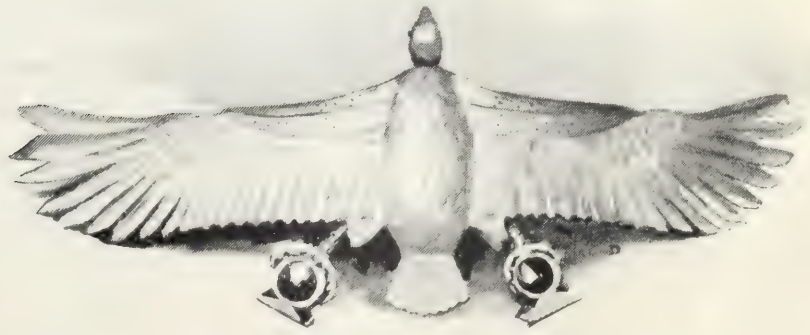
A second crown, of quite different style, surprises one by its grace and elegance. It is composed of six *rosaces* in gold, formed with four lotus flowers, covered with precious stones, and presenting the design of a cross. From these general details of the design branch interlacements in gold wire, ornamented with small red and blue flowers and beads of lapis lazuli. The details of this crown are extremely fine, and their working out is beyond criticism. As to the general artistic idea that runs through the composition, it denotes a very great refinement in the tastes of the Egyptian women five thousand years ago. We do not meet the inclination for clumsy masses of gold which among races of less advanced civilization was generally the principal matter; far from this, we find here, through grace, lightness, and the elegance of form, that this ornament was much prized by the Princess Khūmit. It was a sort of *joyau de fantaisie*, that must certainly have been worn by her to the enhancement of her elegance of appearance, while as a crown it was the emblem of the power conferred by her elevated rank.

The vulture in chased gold, with garnets as its only gem ornaments, commends itself by the fineness of its tool-work. It is quite one of the most beautiful specimens known of the goldsmith's work with his chisels.

Ornaments of lesser size, bracelet clasps, necklaces, pendants, and so on, were found in profusion in Princess Khūmit's tomb. All presented the same perfection of workmanship, the same fine art. The series of objects, however, which particularly attracted notice was a group of articles in filigree—small chains to which hung pendants of star form; shells made in chased gold; and a circular medallion in which the artist had placed a mosaic representing an animal, the design covered with a thin piece of quartz, in the way in which to-day our watches are guarded by their crystals.

The tomb of Princess Ita contained only ornaments of a secondary interest compared with those which I have briefly thus described. Nevertheless, the dagger found in it deserves special notice. Its blade, made of bronze, was formerly surrounded by a wooden sheath, ornamented with gold and lapis lazuli. Its hilt of solid gold is adorned with a series of *rosaces*, simple and well placed on it, the design being a quincunx of flowers enriched with gems. The handle, very large, is composed of one single piece of lapis lazuli.

Such, then, are the principal results of last year's explorations at Dashur. They complete the knowledge that we possess as to the Twelfth Dynasty. They open to us new vistas on the Egyptian civilization of the epoch—one that, though it has seemed for a period well understood, has still been wrapt in deep mysteries. In fact, Egypt, to which during a hundred years a galaxy of *savants* of all nations has come to carry on researches and studies, seems ever ready to reveal new scientific treasures to those who may know how to make its necropoli speak. The study of its territory reserves still many surprises like these of Dashur—surprises that are not apt always to be agreeable to the theory-maker, but by which science will benefit, and in which conscientious scientists will rejoice.



GOLDEN VULTURE OF THE PRINCESS KHŪMIT.



LEAVING MOUNT VERNON FOR THE CONGRESS OF THE COLONIES.

AT HOME IN VIRGINIA.

BY WOODROW WILSON.

ON a May day in 1758, as he spurred upon the way to Williamsburg, under orders from the frontier, Washington rode straight upon an adventure he had not looked for. He was within a few hours' ride of the little capital; old plantations lay close upon the way; neighborly homes began to multiply; and so striking a horseman, riding uniformed and attended, could not thereabouts go far unrecognized. He was waylaid and haled to dinner, despite excuses and protests of public business calling for despatch. There was a charming woman to be seen at the house, his friend told him, if a good dinner was not argument enough—and his business could not spoil for an hour's stay in agreeable company. And so, of a sudden, under constraint of Virginian hospitality, he was hurried into the presence of the gracious young matron who was at once, and as if of right, to make his heart safe against further quest or adventure. Martha Custis was but six-and-twenty. To the charm of youth and beauty were added that touch of quiet sweetness and that winning grace of self-possession which come to a woman wived in her girlhood, and widowed before age or care has checked the first full tide of life. At seventeen she had married Daniel Parke Custis, a man more than twenty years her senior; but eight years of quiet love and duty as wife and mother had only made her youth the more gracious in that rural land of leisure and good neighborhood; and a year's widowhood had been but a suitable preparation for perceiving the charm of this stately young soldier who now came riding her way upon the public business. His age was her own; all the land knew him and loved him for gallantry and brave capacity; he carried himself like a prince—and he forgot his errand to linger in her company. Dinner was soon over, and his horses at the door; there was the drilled and dutiful Bishop, trained servant that he was, leading his restless and impatient charge back and forth within sight of the windows and of the terrace where his young colonel tarried, absorbed and forgetful; man and beast alike had been in the service of the unhappy Braddock, and might seem to walk there lively memorials of duty done and undertaken. But dusk came; the horses were put up; and the next morning was well advanced before the abstracted young officer got at last to his saddle, and spurred on belated to Williamsburg. His business concerned the preparations then afoot for General Forbes's advance upon Duquesne. "I came here at this critical juncture," said Washington to the President of the Council, "by the express order of Sir John St. Clair, to represent in the fullest manner the posture of our affairs at Winchester"—lack of clothes, arms, and equipage, lack of money, lack of wise regulations touching rank and discipline. General Forbes had been in Philadelphia a month already, awaiting the formation of his army in Virginia; Sir John St. Clair, his quartermaster-general, had come into the province to see that proper plans were made and executed; it was necessary that matters should be pressed forward very diligently and at once; and Washington, when once at the seat of government, was not slack to urge and superintend official action. But, the troublesome business once in proper course, he turned back to seek Mrs. Custis again, this time at her own home, ere he went the long distance of the frontier. The onset was made with a soldier's promptness and audacity. He returned to his post, after a delay too slight to deserve any reasonable man's remark, and yet with a pledge given and taken which made him look forward to the end of the campaign with a new longing as to the winning of a real home and an unwonted happiness.

The campaign dragged painfully far into the drear autumn. December had come before the captured post on Ohio could be left to the keeping of Colonel Mercer and a little garrison of provincials. But when at last he was free again, there was no reason why Washington should wait longer to be happy, and he was married to Martha Custis on the 6th of January, 1759. The sun shone very bright that day, and there was the fine glitter of gold, the brave show of resplendent uniforms, in the little church where the marriage was solemnized. Officers of his



THE OLD CAPITOL AT WILLIAMSBURG.

Majesty's service crowded there, in their gold lace and scarlet coats, to see their comrade wedded; the new Governor, Francis Fauquier, himself came, clad as befitted his rank; and the bridegroom took the sun not less gallantly than the rest, as he rode, in blue and silver and scarlet, beside the coach and six that bore his bride homeward amidst the thronging friends of the country-side. The young soldier's love of a gallant array and a becoming ceremony was satisfied to the full, and he must have rejoiced to be so brave a horseman on such a day. For three months of deep content he lived with his bride at her own residence, the White House, by York River side, where their troth had been plighted, forgetting the fatigues of the frontier, and learning gratefully the new life of quiet love and homely duty.

These peaceful, healing months gone by, he turned once more to public business. Six months before his marriage he had been chosen a member of the House of Burgesses for Frederick County —the county which had been his scene of adventure in the old days of surveying in the wilderness, and in which ever since Braddock's fatal rout he had maintained his headquarters, striving to keep the border against the savages. Small wonder that he led the poll taken there in Winchester, where through so many seasons men had seen him bear himself like a capable man and a gallant, indomitable soldier. 'Twas no unwelcome duty, either, to take his young wife to Williamsburg in "the season," when all Virginia was in town in the persons of the Burgesses and the country gentry come to enjoy the festivities and join in the business then sure to be afoot. The young soldier was unused to assemblies, however, and suffered a keen embarrassment to find himself for a space too conspicuous amidst the novel Parliamentary scene. He had hardly taken his seat when the gracious and stately Robinson, Speaker of the House and Treasurer of the colony these twenty years, rose, at the bidding of the Burgesses, to thank him for the services of which all were

speaking. This sudden praise, spoken with generous warmth there in a public place, was more than Washington knew how to meet. He got to his feet when Mr. Speaker was done, but he could utter not a syllable. He stood there, instead, hot with blushes, stammering, all atremble from head to foot. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," cried the Speaker; "your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

Again and again, as the years passed, Washington returned at each session to Williamsburg to take his place in the Assembly; and with custom came familiarity and the ease and firmness he at first had lacked upon the floor. His life broadened about him; all the uses of peace contributed to give him facility and knowledge and a wide comradeship in affairs. Along with quiet days as a citizen, a neighbor, and a country gentleman, came maturity and the wise lessons of a various experience. No man in Virginia lived more or with a greater zest henceforth than Colonel Washington. His marriage brought him great increase of wealth, as well as increase of responsibility. Mr. Custis had left many thousand acres of land, and forty-five thousand pounds sterling in money, a substantial fortune, to the young wife and the two little children who survived him; and Washington had become, by special decree of the Governor and Council in General Court, trustee and manager of the whole. It needed capacity and knowledge and patience of no mean order to get good farming out of slaves, and profitable prices out of London merchants; to find prompt and trustworthy ship-masters by whom to send out cargoes, and induce correspondents over sea to ship the perishable goods sent in return by the right vessels, bound to the nearest river; and the bigger your estate the more difficult its proper conduct and economy, the more disastrous in scale the effects of mismanagement. No doubt the addition of Mrs. Custis's handsome property to his own broad and fertile acres at Mount Vernon made Colonel Washington one of the wealthiest men in Virginia. But Virginian wealth was not to be counted till crops were harvested and got to market. The current price of tobacco might leave you with or without a balance to your credit in London—your only clearing-house, as it chanced. Your principal purchases, too, must be made over sea and through factors. Both what you sold and what you bought must take the hazards of the sea-voyage, the whims of sea-captains, the chances of a foreign market. To be farmer and merchant at once, manage your own negroes and your own overseers, conduct an international correspondence, to keep the run of prices current, duties, port dues, and commissions, know the fluctuating rates of exchange, to understand and meet all changes, whether in merchants or in markets, three thousand miles away, required an amount of information, an alertness, a steady attention to detail, a sagacity in farming and a shrewdness in trade, such as made a great property a burden to idle or inefficient men. But Washington took pains to succeed. He had a great zest for business. The practical genius which had shone in him almost prematurely as a



THE WHITE HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

boy now grew heartily in him as a man of fortune. Messrs. Robert Cary and Company, his factors in London, must soon have learned to recognize his letters in the mere handling, by their bulk. No detail escaped him, when once he had gotten into the swing of the work. They must be as punctilious as he was, they found, in seeing to every part of the trade and accounting with which he intrusted them, or else look to lose his lucrative patronage. He was not many years in learning how to make the best tobacco in Virginia, and to get it recognized as such in England. Barrels of flour marked "George Washington, Mount Vernon," were erelong suffered to pass the inspectors at the ports of the British West Indies without scrutiny. It was worth while to serve so efficient a man to his satisfaction—worth while or not, he would not be served otherwise.

He had emerged, as it were, after a tense and troubled youth, upon a peaceful tract of time, where his powers could stretch and form themselves without strain or hurry. He had robust health, to which he gave leave in unstinted work, athletic strength, and an insatiable relish for being much afoot and in the open, which he satisfied with early rounds of superintendence in the fields where the men were at their tasks, with many a tireless ride after the hounds, or steadfast wait at the haunts of the deer; a planning will that craved some practical achievement every day, which he indulged by finding tasks of betterment about the estate, and keeping his men at them with unflagging discipline; a huge capacity for being useful and for understanding how to be so, which he suffered his neighbors, his parish, his county, the colony itself, to employ when there was need. To a young man, bred these ten years in the forests and in the struggle of warfare upon a far frontier, it had been intolerable to live tamely, without executive tasks big and various enough to keep his energy from rust. The clerical side of business he had learned very thoroughly in camp, as well as the exceeding stir and strain of individual effort—the incessant letter-writing necessary to keep promised performance afoot, the reckoning of men and of stores, the nice calculations of time and ways and means; the scrutiny of individual men, too, which is so critical a part of management, and the slow organization of effort: he had been in a fine school for these things all his youth, and would have thought shame to himself not to have learned temperance, sagacity, thrift, and patience wherewith to use his energy. His happy marriage did him the service to keep him from restlessness. His love took his allegiance, and held him to his home as to a post of honor and reward. He had never before had leave to be tender with children, or show with what a devotion he could preside over a household all his own. His home got strong hold upon him. His estates gave him scope of command and a life of action. 'Twas no wonder he kept his factors busy, and shipped goods authenticated by the brand.

The soldierly young planter gave those who knew him best, as well as those who met him but to pass, the impression of a singular restraint and self-command, which lent a peculiar dignity and charm to his speech and carriage. They deemed him deeply passionate, and yet could never remember to have seen him in a passion. The impression was often a wholesome check upon strangers, and even upon friends and neighbors, who would have sought to impose upon him. No doubt he had given way to bursts of passion often enough in camp and upon the march, when inefficiency, disobedience, or cowardice angered him hotly and of a sudden. There were stories to be heard of men who had reason to remember how terrible he could be in his wrath. But he had learned, in the very heat and discipline of such scenes, how he must curb and guard himself against surprise, and it was no doubt trials of command made in his youth that had given him the fine self-poise men noted in him now. He had been bred in a strict school of manners at Belvoir and Greenway Court, and here at his own Mount Vernon in the old days, and the place must have seemed to him full of the traditions of whatsoever was just and honest and lovely and of good report as he looked back to the time of his gentle brother. It was still dangerous to cross or thwart him, indeed. Poachers might look to be caught and soundly thrashed by the master himself if he chanced their way. Negligent overseers might expect sharp penalties, and unfaithful contractors a strict accounting, if necessary work went wrong by their fault. He was exacting almost to the

point of harshness in every matter of just right or authority. But he was open and wholesome as the day, and reasonable to the point of pity in every affair of humanity, through it all. Now it was "my rascally overseer, Hardwick," in his diary, when certain mares were sent home "scarce able to highlone, much less to assist in the business of the plantations"; but not a month later it was "my worthy overseer, Hardwick, lying in Winchester of a broken leg." It was not in his way to add anything to the penalties of nature.

A quiet simplicity of life and a geuinne love of real sport rid him of morbid humors. All up and down the English world, while the eighteenth century lasted, gentlemen were commonly to be found drunk after dinner—outside New England, where the efficient Puritan Church had fastened so singular a discipline in manners upon a whole society—and Virginian gentlemen had a reputation for deep drinking which they had been at some pains to deserve. A rural society craves excitement, and can get it very simply by such practices. There is always leisure to sleep afterwards, even though your dinner come in the middle of the day; and there is good reason you should be thirsty if you have been since daybreak in the saddle. To ride hard and to drink hard seemed to go together in Virginia as inevitably as the rhymes in a song; and 'twas famous hard riding after the fox over the rough fields and through the dense thickets. If Washington drank only small-beer or cider and a couple of glasses of Madeira at dinner, it was no doubt because he had found his quick blood tonic enough, and had set himself a hard regimen as a soldier. He did not scruple to supply drink enough for the thirstiest gathering when he presented himself to the voters of the country-side as a candidate for the House of Burgesses. "A hogshead and a barrel of punch, thirty-five gallons of wine, forty-three gallons of strong cider, and dinner for his friends," was what he cheerfully paid for at his first election, and the poll footed but a few hundred votes all told. Mount Vernon saw as much company and as constant merriment and good cheer as any house in Virginia; and the master was no martinet to his guests, even though they came upon professional errands. "Doctor Laurie came here, I may add drunk," says his quiet diary, without comment, though the doctor had come upon summons to attend Mrs. Washington, and was next morning suffered to use his lancet for her relief. No doubt a good fellow when sober, and not to be lightly chidden when drunk, like many a gallant horseman and gentleman who joined the meet of the country-side at the hospitable place to follow the hounds when the hunting was good. There was fox-hunting winter and summer, in season and out, but the sport was best in the frosty days of January and February, when the year was young and the gentlemen of the country round gathered at Belvoir or Gunston Hall or Mount Vernon two or three times a week to warm their blood in the hale sport, and dine together afterwards—a cordial company of neighbors, with as many topics of good talk as foxes to run to cover. The hunt went fastest and most incessantly when Lord Fairfax came down from his lodge in the Valley and joined them for days together in the field and at the table.

Washington loved horses and dogs with the heartiest sportsman of them all. He had a great gust for stalking deer with George Mason on the broad forested tracts round Gunston Hall, and liked often to take gun or rod after lesser game when the days fell dull; but best of all he loved a horse's back, and the hard ride for hours together after the dogs and a crafty quarry—a horse it put a man to his points to ride, a country where the running was only for those who dared. His own mounts could nowhere be bettered in Virginia. There was full blood of Araby in his noble Magnolia, and as good hunting blood as was to be found in the colony in his Blueskin and Ajax, Valiant and Chinkling. His hounds he bred "so flew'd, so sanded," so matched in speed and habit, that they kept always tune and pace together in the field. "A cry more tuneable was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn," than theirs when they were let "spend their mouths" till echo replied "as if another chase were in the skies." 'Twas first to the stables for him always in the morning, and then to the kennels.

It had been hard and anxious work to get his affairs into prosperous shape again when the war was over, and those long, hopeless summers on the stricken frontier. Stock, buildings, fences—everything

had to be renewed, refitted, repaired. For the first two or three years there were even provisions to buy, so slow was the place to support itself once more. Not only all his own ready money, but all he got by his marriage too, and more besides, was swallowed up, and he found himself in debt before matters were finally set to rights and profitable crops made and marketed. But, the thing once done, affairs cleared and became easy as if of their own accord in the business of the estate. The men he had to deal with presently knew their master: the young planter had matured his plans and his discipline. Henceforth his affairs were well in hand, and he could take his wholesome pleasures both handsomely and with a free heart. There was little that was debonair about the disciplined and masterful young soldier. He had taken Pallas' gift: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power. And because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." But he took heed of his life very genially, and was matured by pleasure no less than by duty done. He loved a game of cards in almost any company, and paid his stakes upon the rubber like every other well-conducted man of his century. He did not find Annapolis, or even Philadelphia, too far away to be visited for the pleasure of seeing a good horse-race or enjoying a round of balls and evenings at the theatre, to shake the rustic dulness off of a too constant stay at home. Mrs. Washington enjoyed such outings, such little flings into the simple world of provincial fashion, as much as he did; and they could not sit waiting all the year for the short season at Williamsburg.

A young man at once so handsome, so famous, and so punctilious in point of dress as Colonel Washington could not but make a notable figure in any society. "I want neither lace nor embroidery," was the order he sent to London. "Plain clothes, with a gold or silver button (if worn in genteel dress), are all I desire. My stature is six feet; otherwise rather slender than corpulent." But he was careful the material, the color, and the fit should be of the best and most tasteful, and that very elegant stuffs should be provided from over sea for Mrs. Washington and her children, and very substantial for the servants who were to be in attendance upon the household—a livery of white and scarlet. 'Twas a point of pride with Virginians to know how to dress, both well and in the fashion; and the master of Mount Vernon would have deemed it an impropriety to be less careful than his neighbors, less well dressed than his station and fortune warranted. He watched the tradesmen sharply. "'Tis a custom, I have some reason to believe, with many shopkeepers and tradesmen in London," he wrote bluntly to the Messrs. Cary, "when they know goods are bespoken for exportation, to palm sometimes old, and sometimes very slight and indifferent goods upon us, taking care at the same time to advance the price," and he wished them informed that their distant customers would not be so duped.

He longed once and again to be quit of the narrow life of the colony, and stretch himself for a little upon the broader English stage at home. "But I am tied by the leg," he told his friends there, "and must set inclination aside. My indulging myself in a trip to England depends upon so many contingencies, which, in all probability, may never occur, that I dare not even think of such a gratification." But the disappointment bred no real discontent. There could be no better air or company to come to maturity in than were to be had there in Virginia, if a young man were poised and master of himself. "We have few things here striking to European travellers (except our abundant woods)," he professed, when he wrote to his kinsman Richard Washington in England; "but little variety, a welcome reception among a few friends, and the open and prevalent hospitality of the country;" but it was a land that bred men, and men of affairs, in no common fashion.

Especially now, after the quickening of pulses that had come with the French war, and its sweep of continental, even of international, forces across the colonial stage, hitherto set only for petty and sectional affairs. The colonies had grown self-conscious and restless as the plot thickened and thrust them forward to a rôle of consequence in the empire such as they had never thought to play, and the events which succeeded hurried them to a quick maturity. It was a season a young man was sure to ripen in, and there was good company. The House of Burgesses was very quiet the year Wash-

ington first took his place in it, and stood abashed to hear himself praised; but before Mr. Robinson, its already veteran Speaker, was dead, a notable change had set in. Within five years, before the country on the St. Lawrence and the lakes was well out of the hands of the French, the Parliament in England had entered upon measures of government which seemed meant of deliberate purpose to set the colonies agog, and every body of counsellors in America stood between anger and amazement to see their people in danger to be so put upon.

The threat and pressure of the French power upon the frontiers had made the colonies thoughtful always, so long as it lasted, of their dependence upon England for succor and defence should there come a time of need. Once and again—often enough to keep them sensible how they must stand or fall, succeed or fail, with the power at home—their own raw levies had taken part with the King's troops out of England in some clumsy stroke or other against a French stronghold in the North or a Spanish fortress in the South; and now at last they had gone with English troops into the field in a national cause. Provincials and redcoats had joined for a final grapple with the French, to settle once and for all who should be owners and masters on the coveted continent. The issue had been decisive. By the summer of 1760 Washington could write his kinsman in England that the French were so thoroughly drubbed and humbled that there remained little to do to reduce Canada from end to end to the British power. But the very thoroughness of the success wrought a revolution in the relations of the colonies to the mother-country. It rid them of their sense of dependence. English regiments had mustered their thousands, no doubt, upon the battle-fields of the war in order that the colonies might be free to possess the continent, and it was hard to see how the thing could have been accomplished without them. But it had been accomplished, and would not need to be done again. Moreover, it had shown the colonial militia how strong they were even in the presence of regulars. They had almost everywhere borne an equal part in the fighting, and, rank and file, they had felt with a keen resentment the open contempt for their rude equipment and rustic discipline which too many arrogant officers and insolent men among the regulars had shown. They knew that they had proved themselves the equals of any man in the King's pay in the fighting, and they had come out of the hot business confident that henceforth, at any rate, they could dispense with English troops and take care of themselves. They had lost both their fear of the French and their awe of the English.

'Twas hardly an opportune time for statesmen in London to make a new and larger place for England's authority in America, and yet that was what they immediately attempted. Save Chatham and Burke and a few discerning men who had neither place nor power, there was no longer any one in England who knew, though it were never so vaguely, the real temper and character of the colonists. 'Twas matter of common knowledge and comment, it is true, that the men of Massachusetts were beyond all reason impatient of command or restraint, affecting an independence which was hardly to be distinguished from contumacy and insubordination; but what ground was there to suppose that a like haughty and ungovernable spirit lurked in the loyal and quiet South, or among the prudent traders and phlegmatic farmers who were making the middle colonies so rich, and so regardful of themselves in every point of gain or interest? Statesmen of an elder generation had had a sure instinct what must be the feeling of Englishmen in America, and had, with "a wise and salutary neglect," suffered them to take their own way in every matter of self-government. Though ministry after ministry had asserted a rigorous and exacting supremacy for the mother-country in every affair of commerce, and had determined as they pleased what the colonies should be suffered to manufacture, and how they should be allowed to trade—with what merchants, in what commodities, in what bottoms, within what limits—they had nevertheless withheld their hands hitherto from all direct exercise of authority in the handling of the internal affairs of the several settlements, had given them leave always to originate their own legislation and their own measures of finance, until self-government had become with them a thing as if of immemorial privilege. Sir William Keith, sometime Governor of Pennsylvania, had suggested to Sir Robert

Walpole that he should raise revenue from the colonies. "What!" exclaimed that shrewd master of men. "I have Old England set against me, and do you think I will have New England likewise?"

But men had come into authority in England now who lacked this stout sagacity, and every element of sound discretion. English arms and English money, they could say, had swept the French power from America in order that the colonies might no longer suffer menace or rivalry. A great debt had been piled up in the process. Should not the colonies, who had reaped the chief benefit, bear part of the cost? They had themselves incurred burdensome debts, no doubt, in the struggle, and their assemblies would very likely profess themselves willing to vote what they could should his Majesty call upon them and press them. But an adequate and orderly system of taxation could not be wrought out by the separate measures of a dozen petty legislatures; 'twere best the taxation should be direct and by Parliament, whose authority, surely, no man outside turbulent Boston would be mad enough seriously to question or resist. It would, in any event, be wholesome, now the colonies were likely to grow lusty as kingdoms in their roomy continent, to assert a mother's power to use and restrain—a power by no means lost because too long unexercised and neglected. It was with such wisdom the first step was taken. In March, 1764, Parliament voted it "just and necessary that a revenue be raised in America," passed an act meant to secure duties on wines and sugars, and took measures to increase the efficiency of the revenue service in America.

George Grenville was Prime Minister. He lacked neither official capacity nor acquaintance with affairs. He thought it just the colonists should pay their quota into the national treasury, seeing they were so served by the national power; and he declared that in the next session of Parliament he should propose certain direct taxes in addition to the indirect already in force. He saw no sufficient reason to doubt that the colonies would acquiesce, if not without protest, at least without tumult or dangerous resistance. It was a sad blunder. Virginia resented threat and execution alike in such a matter as deeply as did litigious Massachusetts. A long generation ago, in the quiet year 1732, when bluff Sir Robert was Prime Minister, there had been an incident which Governor Keith, maybe, had forgotten. The ministry had demanded of Massachusetts that she should establish a fixed salary for her governors by a standing grant; but she had refused, and the ministers had receded. The affair had not been lost upon the other colonies. That sturdy onetime royal Governor Alexander Spotswood, in Virginia, had noted it very particularly, and spoken of it very bluntly, diligent servant of the crown as he was, to Colonel William Byrd, when he came his way on his "progress to the mines." He declared "that if the Assembly in New England would stand bluff, he did not see how they could be forced to raise money against their will; for if they should direct it to be done by act of Parliament, which they have threatened to do (though it be against the right of Englishmen to be taxed but by their representatives), yet they would find it no easy matter to put such an act in execution." No observing man could so much as travel in Virginia without finding very promptly what it was that gave point and poignancy to such an opinion. That quiet gentleman the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, Vicar of Greenwich, was in Virginia in 1759, and saw plainly enough how matters stood. "The public or political character of the Virginians," he said, "corresponds with their private one; they are haughty and jealous of their liberties, impatient of restraint, and can scarcely bear the thought of being controlled by any superior power. Many of them consider the colonies as independent states, not connected with Great Britain otherwise than by having the same common King and being bound to her with natural affection." Not only so, but "they think it a hardship not to have an unlimited trade to every part of the world." All this, and more, Grenville might have learned by the simple pains of inquiry. One had but to open his eyes and look to see how imperious a race had been bred in the almost feudal South; and, for all they had never heard revolutionary talk thence, ministers ought to have dreaded the leisure men had there to think, the provocation to be proud, the necessity to be masterful and individual, quite as much as they had ever dreaded the stubborn temper and the quick capacity for

united action they had once and again seen excited in New England.

It was not necessary to try new laws to see what the colonies would do if provoked. The difficulty already encountered in enforcing the laws of trade was object-lesson enough; and the trouble in that matter had grown acute but yesterday. For long, indeed, no one in the colonies questioned the right of Parliament to regulate their trade; but it was notorious that the laws actually enacted in that matter had gone smoothly off in America only because they were not seriously enforced. "The trade hither is engrossed by the Saints of New England," laughed Colonel Byrd, "who carry off a great deal of tobacco without troubling themselves with paying that impertinent duty of a penny a pound." The Acts of Trade practically forbade direct commerce with foreign countries or their dependencies, especially in foreign bottoms; but ships from France, Spain, and the Canary Isles came and went very freely notwithstanding in colonial ports; for royal officials liked to enjoy a comfortable peace and the esteem of their neighbors, and very genially winked at such transgressions. Cargoes without number were sent to the Dutch and Spanish West Indies every year, and as many brought thence, which were undoubtedly forfeit under the navigation laws Parliament had been at such pains to elaborate and enforce; and privateering as well as smuggling had for long afforded the doughty seamen of Boston, Salem, Charleston, and New York a genteel career of profit. Things had come to such a pass that where business went briskly the people of the colonial ports demanded as of right "a full freedom of illegal trade," and broke sometimes into riot when it was denied them. The Boston *News Letter* had been known very courteously to mourn the death of a worthy collector of his Majesty's customs because, "with much humanity," he had been used to take "pleasure in directing masters of vessels how they ought to avoid the breach of the Acts of Trade." Sea-captains grew accustomed to very confidential relations with owners and consignees, and knew very well, without official counsel, how to take the advice "not to declare at the Custom-house"; and things went very easily and cordially with all parties to the understanding.

In 1761 that understanding was of a sudden rudely broken and the trouble began, which Grenville had the folly to add to. The Board of Trade determined to collect the duties on sugar, molasses, and rum, so long and so systematically evaded in the trade between New England and the West Indies, at whatever cost of suit and scrutiny, and directed their agents in Boston to demand "writs of assistance" from the courts, giving them leave to enter what premises they would in search of smuggled goods. There was instant exasperation and resistance. General search-warrants, opening every man's door to the officers of the law, with or without just and explicit ground of suspicion against him, no English subject anywhere would submit to; and yet these writs authorized nothing less. Issued under a questionable extension to America of an exceptional power of the Court of Exchequer, they violated every precedent of the common law, no less than every principle of prudent administration; and the excitement which they provoked was at once deep and ominous. Sharp resistance was made in the courts, and no officer ever ventured to serve one of the obnoxious writs. Such challenge of the process was uttered by colonial counsel upon trial of the right, moreover, that ministers would be without excuse should they ignore the warning, so explicit and so eloquent of revolutionary purpose. It was James Otis who uttered it. He had but the other day carried the royal commission in his pocket as Advocate-General in his Majesty's Court of Admiralty; but he would not have scrupled, even as his Majesty's servant, he said, to oppose the exercise of a power which had already cost one King his head and another his throne. To oppose in such a case was to defend the very constitution under which the King wore his crown. That constitution secured to Englishmen everywhere the rights of freemen; the colonists had, besides, the plain guarantees of their own charters; if constitution and charter failed, or were gainsaid, the principles of natural reason sufficed for defence against measures so arrogant and so futile. No lawyer could justify these extraordinary writs; no King with an army at his back could ever force them to execution.

Protest not only, but defiance rang very clear in these fearless words; and ministers must avow themselves very ignorant

should they pretend they did not know how Mr. Otis had kindled fire from one end of the colonies to the other. But Grenville was resolute to take all risks and push his policy. He did not flinch from the enforcement of the measures of 1764, and in the session of 1765 calmly fulfilled his promise of further taxation. He proposed that the colonists should be required to use revenue stamps upon all their commercial paper, legal documents, pamphlets, and newspapers; and that, at once as a general measure of convenience and a salutary exhibition of authority, his Majesty's troops stationed in the plantations should be billeted on the people. Parliament readily acquiesced. It was thus Grenville purposed "defraying the expenses of defending, protecting, and securing" the colonies; but he came near losing them instead. The act was passed in March; it was not to go into effect until November; but the colonists did not keep him waiting until November for their protests. It was the voice of a veritable tempest that presently came over sea to the ear of the startled minister. And it was not the General Court of turbulent Massachusetts, but the House of Burgesses of loyal Virginia that first spoke the general indignation. Already in the autumn of 1764, upon the mere threat of what was to come, that House had spoken very urgently against the measures proposed, in a memorial to King and Parliament, which, amidst every proper phrase of loyalty and affection, had plainly declared it the opinion of his Majesty's subjects in Virginia that such acts would be in flat violation of their undoubted rights and liberties; and the committee by which that memorial was drawn up had contained almost every man of chief consequence in the counsels of the colony, the King's Attorney-General himself not excepted. But it was one thing to protest against measures to come and quite another to oppose their execution when enacted into laws. The one was constitutional agitation; the other, flat rebellion—little less. It was very ominous to read the words of the extraordinary resolutions passed by the Burgesses on the 30th of May, 1765, after the Stamp Act had become law, and note the tone of restrained passion that ran through them. They declared that from the first the settlers of "his Majesty's colony and dominion" of Virginia had possessed and enjoyed all the privileges, franchises, and immunities at any time enjoyed by the people of Great Britain itself; and that this, their freedom, had been explicitly secured to them by their charters, "to all intents and purposes as if they had been abiding and born within the realm of England"; "that the taxation of the people by themselves or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them" was "a distinguishing characteristic of British freedom, without which the ancient constitution" of the realm itself could not subsist; "and that his Majesty's liege people of this most ancient colony" had "uninterruptedly enjoyed the right of being thus governed by their assemblies in the article of their taxes and internal police," had never forfeited or relinquished it, and had seen it "constantly recognized by the Kings and people of Great Britain."

Spoken as it was in protest against actual legislation already adopted by Parliament in direct despite of all such privileges and immunities, this declaration of rights seemed to lack its conclusion. The constitutional rights of Virginians had been invaded. What then? Resolved, therefore, "that his Majesty's liege people, the inhabitants of this colony, are not bound to yield obedience to any law or ordinance whatever designed to impose any taxation whatsoever upon them, other than the laws or ordinances of the General Assembly aforesaid," and "that any person who shall, by speaking or writing, assert or maintain" the contrary "shall be deemed an enemy of his Majesty's colony." Such had been the uncompromising conclusion drawn by the mover of the resolutions. What other conclusion could any man draw if he deemed the colonists men, and proud men at that? But the Burgesses would not go so far or be so explicit. They feared to speak treason; they were content to protest of their rights, and let the issue bring conclusions to light. It had been hot fighting to get even that much said. The men hitherto accepted always as leaders in the House had wished to hold it back from rash and heated action, and there had been bitter debates before even those significant premises for a revolutionary conclusion had been forced to adoption. Old leaders and new, young men and old alike, had willingly united in the memorial of 1764; but now that the Stamp Act

was law, conservative members shrank from doing what must look so like a flat defiance of Parliament. Only young men would have had the audacity to urge such action; only very extraordinary young men would have had the capacity to induce the House to take it. But such young men were at hand, their leader as veritable a democrat as had ever taken the floor in that assembly.



WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, WILLIAMSBURG, AT THE PRESENT DAY.

Patrick Henry was not of the aristocracy of the colony. Good Scots blood ran in his veins, quickened by the lively strain of an old Welsh stock. His father came of a race of scholars, and, good Churchman though he was, knew his Livy and his Horace better than his Bible. His mother came of a vivacious line of easy-going wits and talkers, which but a touch more of steadiness and energy might any day have made famous. His father had served his county of Hanover very capably and acceptably as surveyor, colonel, magistrate, and his uncle had been beloved as the faithful pastor of quiet parishes. But they had been no long time in the colony; they lived back from the tide-water counties where the real aristocracy had its strength and supremacy; they were of that middle class of yeomen-gentlemen who love liberty but do not affect rank. "A vigorous aristocracy favors the growth of personal eminence even in those who are not of it, but only near it," and these plain men of the middle counties were the more excellent and individual in the cultivation of their powers by reason of the contact. But there was a touch of rusticity, a neglect of polish, a rough candor of speech, about them which set them apart and distinguished them sharply enough when they came into the presence of the courtly and formal gentlemen who practised the manners of London in the river counties. Patrick Henry, at any rate, must have seemed a very rustic figure to the Burgesses when he first came to take his seat amongst them on a May day in 1765. He was known, indeed, to many. This was the man, they must have known, who had won so strange a verdict from a jury



WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.
From an old print.

two years ago in the celebrated parsons' case at Hanover court-house, against the law and the evidence. But his careless dress and manner, his loose, ungainly figure, his listless, absent bearing, must have set many a courtly member staring. For such men as Washington, indeed, there can have been nothing either strange or unattractive in the rough exterior and unstudied ways of the new member. Punctilious though he was himself in every point of dress and bearing, Washington's life had most of it been spent with men who looked thus, and yet were stuff of true courage and rich capacity within. The manner of a man could count as no test of quality with him. His experience had covered the whole variety of Virginian life. He was an aristocrat by taste, not by principle. And Patrick Henry had, in fact, come to the same growth as he in essential quality and principle, though by another way. Henry's life had been wilful, capricious, a bit haphazard; Washington's all the while subject to discipline; but both men had touched and seen the whole energy of the commonwealth, knew its hope, could divine its destiny. There was but one Virginia, and they were her children. It could not take long to bring them to an understanding and comradeship in affairs.

It was characteristic of the new member that he should step at once and unhesitatingly to a place of leadership when debate of the Stamp Act stirred the House, and that he should instantly sweep the majority into his following with a charm and dash of eloquence that came like a revelation upon the quiet assembly. He was but twenty-nine years old, but he had spent all his life in learning how the world went, and by what manner of speech it was moved and governed. He had roamed the woods with no thought but for sport, or a quiet hour with a book or his fancy in the shade of the trees. He had kept a country store, and let gossip and talk of affairs of colony and country-side take precedence of business. Finally he had turned with a permanent relish to the law, and had set himself to plead causes for his neighbors in a way that made judges stare and juries surrender at discretion. In everything he had seemed to read the passions of men. Books no less than men, the chance company of an old author no less than the constant talk of the neighborly land he lived in, seemed to fill him with the quick principles of the people and polity to which he belonged, and to lend him as inevitably every living phrase in which to utter them. The universal sympathy and insight which made his pleasantry so engaging to men of every stamp rendered his power no less than terrible when he turned to play upon their passions. He was not conscious of any audacity when he sprang to his feet upon the instant he saw the House resolved into committee to consider the Stamp Act. It was of the ardor of his nature to speak when conviction moved him strongly, without thought of propriety or precedence; and it was like him to stand there absorbed, reading his resolutions from a fly-leaf torn from an old law-book.

It seemed no doubt a precious piece of audacity in the eyes of the prescriptive leaders of the House to hear this almost unknown man propose his high recital of Virginia's liberties and his express defiance of Parliament—in tones which rang no less clear and confident upon the clause which declared "his Majesty's liege people" of the colony in no way bound to yield obedience, than in the utterance of the accepted matter of his premises. Debate flamed up at once, hot, even passionate. The astounding, moving eloquence of the young advocate, his instant hold upon the House, the directness with which he purposed and executed action in so grave a matter, stirred the pulses of his opponents and his followers with an equal power, and roused those who would have checked him to a vehemence as great as his own. The old leaders of the House, with whom he now stood face to face in this critical business, were the more formidable because of the strong reason of their position. No one could justly doubt that they wished to see the Old Dominion keep and vindicate her liberty, but they deemed it folly to be thus intemperately beforehand with the issue. Almost to a man they were sprung of families who had come to Virginia with the great migration that had brought the Washingtons, in the evil day when so many were fleeing England to be quit of the Puritan tyranny—royalists all, and touched to the quick with the sentiment of loyalty. 'Twas now a long time since Cromwell's day, indeed; generations had passed, and a deep passion for Virginia had been added to that old reverence for the wearer of the crown in England. But these men prided themselves still upon their loyalty; made it a point of honor to show themselves no agitators, but constitutional statesmen. It made them grave and deeply anxious to see the privileges that were most dear to them thus violated and denied, but it did not make them hasty to quarrel with the Parliament of the realm. They had intended opposition, but they feared to throw their cause away by defiance. 'Twas as little wise as dignified to flout thus at the sovereign power before all means had been exhausted to win it to forbearance.

It was not the least part of the difficulty to face the veteran Speaker, John Robinson, so old in affairs, so stately in his age, so gravely courteous, and yet with such a threat of good manners against those who should make breach of the decorous traditions of the place. But the men chiefly to be feared were on the floor. There was Richard Bland, "wary, old, experienced," with "something of the look," a Virginian wit said, "of old musty parchments, which he handleth and studieth much," author of a "treatise against the Quakers on water-baptism"; with none of the gifts of an orator, but a veritable antiquarian in law and the precedents of public business, a very formidable man in counsel. Quiet men trusted him, and thought his prudence very wise. George Wythe was no less learned, and no less



HANOVER COURT-HOUSE

influential. Men knew him a man of letters, bringing the knowledge of many wise books to the practice of affairs, and set great store by his sincerity, as artless as it was human, and sweetened with good feeling. It made Randolph and Pendleton and Nicholas, the elder orators of the House, seem the more redoubtable that they should have such men as these at their elbows to prompt and steady them. And yet they would have been formidable enough of themselves. Edmund Pendleton had not, indeed, the blood or the breeding that gave his colleagues prestige. He had won his way to leadership by his own steady genius for affairs. He read nothing but law-books, knew nothing but business, cared for nothing but to make practical test of his powers. But he took all his life and purpose with such a zest, made every stroke with so serene a self-possession, was so quick to see and act upon every advantage in his business of debate, and was withal so transparent, bore himself with such a grace and charm of manner, was so obviously right-minded and upright, that it meant a great deal to the House to hear him intervene in its discussions with his melodious voice, his cool, distinct, effective elocution. Robert Carter Nicholas added to like talents for business and debate a reverent piety, a title to be loved and trusted without question, which no man ever thought to gainsay. And Peyton Randolph, with his "knowledge, temper, experience, judgment, integrity" as of a true Roman spirit, was a sort of prince among the rest. No man could doubt he wished Virginia to have her liberties. He had gone over sea to speak for her in Dinwiddie's day, though he was the King's attorney, and had lost his office for his boldness. But there were traditions of loyalty and service in his breeding which no man might rightly ignore. His father before him had won knighthood and the royal favor by long and honorable service as his Majesty's attorney in the colony. Pride and loyalty had gone hand in hand in the annals of a proud race, and had won for the Randolphs a prestige which made it impossible Sir John's son should very long be kept from the office he had so honorably inherited. And so Peyton Randolph was now once again the King's attorney. It was not as the King's officer, however, but as an experienced Parliamentary tactician, a trained debater, a sound man of affairs, that he had set himself to check Henry in his revolutionary courses.



TAZEWELL HALL, THE HOME OF THE RANDOLPHS.

After a print in *Omitted Chapters of History disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph*. By courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Henry found himself, in truth, passionately set upon. Even threats were uttered, and abuse such as proud men find ill to bear. They cried "Treason! treason!" upon him when he dared declare the King would do well to look to the fate of Cæsar and Charles the First for profitable examples. But he was not daunted a whit. "If this be treason, make the most of it," was his defiance to them. One ally who might have stood with him, had he known, was absent. Richard Henry Lee would have brought to his support a name as ancient and as honorable as any in the colony, and an eloquence scarcely less than his own. But, as it was, he was left almost



PEYTON RANDOLPH.

alone, and won his battle with no other aid than very plain men could lend by vote and homely utterance. The vote was very close, but enough. Randolph flung out of the House, muttering in his heat that he "would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote." Henry, taking the triumph very simply, as was his wont, and knowing his work for the session done, quietly made his way homeward that very day, striding unconcernedly down Duke of Gloucester Street, chatting with a friend, his legs clad in buckskin as if for the frontier, his saddle-bags and the reins of his lean nag slung carelessly over his arm.

The Assembly had adopted Henry's declaration of rights, not his resolution of disobedience, and had softened a little the language he would have used; but its action seemed seditious enough to Fauquier, the Governor, and he promptly dissolved them. It did little good to send Virginians home, however, if the object was to check agitation. The whole manner of their life bred thought and concert of action. Where men have leave to be individual, live separately and with a proud self-respect, and yet are much at each other's tables, often in vestry council together, constantly coming and going, talking and planning throughout all the country-side, accustomed to form their opinions in league, and yet express each man his own with a dash and flavor of independence; where there is the leisure to reflect, the habit of joint efforts in business, the spirit to be social, and abundant



GUNSTON HALL, THE HOME OF GEORGE MASON.

From a photograph showing in the foreground the northwest corner room in which the Virginia Declaration of Rights is supposed to have been drafted.

opportunity to be frank withal — if you will, you may look to see public views form themselves very confidently, and as easily without assemblies as with them. Washington had taken no part in the stormy scenes of the House, but had sat calmly apart rather, concerned and thoughtful. He was not easily caught by the excitement of a sudden agitation. He had the soldier's steady habit of self-possession in the presence of a crisis, and his own way of holding things at arm's-length for scrutiny—"like a bishop at his prayers," a wag said. He had a soldier's loyalty, too, and slowness at rebellion. His thought, no doubt, was with the conservatives, whatever may have been the light that sprang into his quiet eye when Henry's voice rang out so like a clarion, calling Virginia to her standard; and he went home, upon the dissolution, to join and aid his neighbors in the slow discussion which must shape affairs to an issue.

"The Virginia Resolutions" had run like a flame through the colonies—not as the Burgesses had adopted them, but as Henry had drawn them, with their express threat of disobedience. Nor was that all. October, 1765, saw delegates from nine colonies come together in New York, at the call of Massachusetts, to take counsel what should be done. Every one knew that Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, the only colonies absent from the "congress," would have sent delegates too had their Governors not prevented them by the dissolution of their Assemblies before they could act on the call. A deep excitement and concern had spread everywhere throughout the settlements. Not only did the impending enforcement of the act engross "the conversation of the speculative part of the colonists," as Washington wrote to Francis Dandridge in London; it promised to engross also the energies of very active, and it might be very violent, men in many quarters, and it began to grow evident that some part of government itself would be brought to a standstill by its processes. "Our courts of judicature," declared Washington, "must inevitably be shut up; for it is impossible (or next of kin to it), under our present circumstances, that the act of Parliament can be complied with . . .; and if a stop be put to our judicial proceedings, I fancy the merchants of Great Britain trading to the colonies will not be among the last to wish for a repeal of it." The con-

gress at New York drew up nothing less than a bill of rights and immunities, and sent resolutions over sea which arrested the attention of the world. The Virginian Assembly despatched like papers for itself; and Richard Henry Lee, when he had assisted to draw its memorials, hastened home to form in his own Cavalier county a "Westmoreland Association," whose members (four Washingtons among the rest) bound themselves by a solemn covenant to "exert every faculty to prevent the execution of the said Stamp Act in any instance whatsoever within this colony." The ministry could not stand the pressure. They gave way to Lord Rockingham, and the act was repealed.



GEORGE MASON.

Meanwhile Washington, his calm temper unshaken, was slowly coming to a clear vision of affairs in all their significance. Fox-hunting did not cease. He was much in the saddle and at table with the Fairfaxes, whom nothing could shake from their allegiance, and who looked with sad forebodings upon the temper the colony was in. It was proper they should speak so if they deemed it just, and Washington had no intolerance for what they urged. But George Mason, the neighbor whom he most trusted, was of a very different mind, and strengthened and confirmed him in other counsels. Mason was six years his senior; a man, too, cast by nature to understand men and events, how they must go and how be guided. They conferred con-



Thomas Jefferson. R. H. Lee. Patrick Henry. F. L. Lee.

IN THE OLD RALEIGH TAVERN.

stantly, at every turn of their intimate life, in the field or in the library, mounted or afoot in the forests, and came very deliberately and soberly to their statesman's view. Randolph and Pendleton and Wythe and Bland had themselves turned, after the first hesitation, to act with ardent men like Lee in framing the memorials to King, Lords, and Commons which were to go from the Burgesses along with the resolutions of the Stamp Act Congress in New York; and Washington, who had never hesitated, but had only gone slowly and with his eyes open, with that self-poise men had found so striking in him from the first, came steadily with the rest to the at last common purpose of resolute opposition. The repeal of the act came to all like a great deliverance.

Governor Fauquier had deemed it his duty to dissolve the Assembly upon the passage of Henry's resolutions, but he had acted without passion in the matter, and had kept the respect of the men he dealt with. He was not a man, indeed, to take public business very seriously, having been bred a man of fashion and a courtier rather than a master of affairs. He loved gay company and the deep excitement of the gaming-table, not the round of official routine. Affable, generous, elegant, a scholar and real lover of letters, he vastly preferred the talk of vivacious women and accomplished men to the business of the General Court, and was a man to be liked rather than consulted. Washington, always admitted to the intimacy of official circles at Williamsburg, very likely relished the gallant Fauquier better than the too officious Dinwiddie. It was, unhappily, no portent to see a man still devoted to dissipation at sixty-two, even though he were Governor of one of his Majesty's colonies and a trusted servant of the crown; and Fauquier's gifts as a man of wit and of instructed tastes made his companionship no less acceptable to Washington than to the other men of discernment who frequented the ballrooms and receptions, ate formal dinners, and played quiet games of cards during the brief season at the little capital. It did not seriously disturb life there that the Governor upheld the power of Parliament to tax, while the Burgesses strenuously opposed it. Washington, for one, did not hesitate on that account to be seen often in friendly talk with the Governor, or to accept frequent invitations to the "palace." He was of the temper which has so distinguished the nobler sort of Englishmen in politics: he might regard opposition as a public duty, but he never made it a ground of personal feeling or private spite. In a sense, indeed, he had long been regarded as belonging to official circles in the colony more intimately than any other man who did not hold office. He had been put forward by the Fairfaxes in his youth; men in the Council and at the head of affairs had been his sponsors and friends from the first; he had been always, like his brother before him, a member of one of the chief groups in the colony for influence and a confidential connection with the public business. It was even understood that he was himself destined for the Council, when it should be possible to put him in it without seeming to give too great a preponderance to the Fairfax interest, already so much regarded in its make-up.

The first flurry of differing views and conflicting purposes among the Virginian leaders had passed off. The judgment of high-spirited men everywhere sustained Henry—gave him unmistakable authentication as a leader; put all public men in the way of understanding their constituents. Some were bold and some were timid, but all were animated by the same hope and purpose, and few were yet intemperate. "Sensible of the importance of unanimity among our constituents," said Jefferson afterwards, looking back to that time when he was young and in the first flush of his radical sentiments, "although we often wished to have gone faster, we slackened our pace, that our less ardent colleagues might keep up with us; and they, on their part, differing nothing from us in principle, quickened their gait somewhat beyond that which their prudence might of itself have advised." Patrick Henry was received to the place he had earned; and although the older leaders resumed that sway in counsel to which their tried skill and varied experience in affairs fairly entitled them, there was no longer any jealous exclusion of new men. Henry's fame crept through the colonies as the man who had first spoken the mind not of Virginians only, but of all just men, with regard to the liberties of Englishmen in America. Before a year was out Richard Bland him-

self, parchment man and conservative that he was, had written and published a pamphlet entitled "An Inquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies," which said nothing less than that in all that concerned her internal affairs Virginia was "a distinct, independent state," though "united with the parent state by the closest league and amity, and under the same allegiance." A colony "treated with injury and violence," he exclaimed, "is become an alien." When antiquarians and lawyers, fresh from poring upon old documents, spoke thus, there were surely signs of the times.

The government at home kept colonial sentiment very busy. Even Lord Rockingham's government, with Burke to admonish it, coupled its repeal of the stamp duties with a "declaratory act" which sought to quiet controversy by giving the lie direct to every argument urged against its authority in the colonies. "Parliament has power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever," was its round assertion: "a resolution for England's right to do what the Treasury pleased with three millions of freemen," cried Chatham. Though Rockingham's government would not act on that right, its successors, without scruple, would; and they were soon about it, for Rockingham's ministry retained office scarcely a twelvemonth. Grenville was, indeed, discredited; but Grafton and Townshend were as bad, as stubborn in temper, as reckless in policy. The year 1767 saw taxes proposed and enacted on glass, paper, painters' colors, and tea imported into the colonies, with a purpose to pay fixed salaries to the crown's officers in the colonies out of the proceeds, and the contested ground was all to go over again. To show their temper, the new ministers suspended the legislative powers of the Colonial Assembly in New York for refusing to make provision for troops quartered upon the colony. To complete their fiscal arrangements they presently created a custom-house and board of revenue commissioners for America. It was an ominous year, and set opinion forward not a little in the colonies.

The House of Burgesses broke, at its next session (1768), into fresh protests and remonstrances, and there was no one to restrain or rebuke it. Fauquier was dead, and gone to his reckoning; the reins of government were in the hands of gentle John Blair, President of the Council, a Virginian every inch, and with never a thought of checking his fellow-colonists in the expression of their just opinions. The autumn brought Lord Botetourt, the new Governor-General, who came in showy state, and with genial display of courtly manners and good feeling; but his arrival made little difference. The Burgesses smiled to see him come to open their session of 1769 with pageant of coach and six, brave display of royal insignia, and the manner of a sovereign meeting Parliament, and turned from him almost in contempt to denounce once more the course of the ministers, argue again the rights of America, declare they would draw the colonies together in concerted opposition, and call upon the other colonies to concur with them alike in their principles and in their purpose. Botetourt came hot foot to dissolve them; but they only shifted their place of meeting, gathered again at the private house of Mr. Anthony Hay, and there resolved no longer to import the things which Parliament had taxed in despite of them. George Mason had drawn the resolutions, at Washington's request, and Washington himself presented them.

Mason's thought had hastened very far along the path of opposition under the whip of England's policy, and Washington's quite as far. The government had not only sent troops to Boston and dissolved every Assembly that protested, but had advised the King to press prosecutions for treason in the colonies, and, should there be deemed sufficient ground, transport the accused to England to be tried by special commission. It was this last measure that had provoked the Burgesses to their hottest outburst. "At a time when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom," wrote Washington to Mason, with a sudden burst of passion, "it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. . . . That no man should scruple, or hesitate a moment, to use a-ms in defence of so valuable a blessing, on which all the good and evil of life depends, is clearly my opinion. Yet a-ms, I would beg leave to add, should be the last resource." Addresses to the throne

and remonstrances to Parliament had failed: it remained to try "starving their trades and manufactures," to see if that at last would arrest their attention. No doubt even that would prove of little avail; but it was at least peaceable and worth the trial. The next month, accordingly, he got unhesitatingly to his feet in the private meeting of the Burgesses at Mr. Hay's and moved George Mason's resolutions; nor did he forget to subscribe his quota to the fund which was to defray the expenses of the "association" there formed.

The next evening he attended the "Queen's Birth-Night" at the palace with the same naturalness of demeanor and frankness of dealing towards the Governor as before. Botetourt was not all show and gallantry, but was a genuine man at bottom. He had come to Virginia thinking the colonists a pleasure-loving people who could be taken by display and cajoled by hospitality: he had been told they were such in London. But he knew his mistake almost as soon as he had made it; and was prompt, even while he upheld prerogative, to do what he could to deal with them in a liberal and manly spirit. He had acquiesced very heartily at the outset of his administration in a decision of the Council that writs of assistance could not legally be issued in Virginia; for the process had been tried there too. He made such representations with regard to the state of the colony to the ministers at home as were both just and wise; was assured in reply that the ministers were willing to make every necessary concession; pledged his word in Virginia that there should be a substantial change of policy; and died the sooner (October 15, 1770) because the government would not, after all, redeem his promises. "Your Governor is becoming very popular, as we are told here," wrote Arthur Lee to his brother, from London, "and I have the worst proof of it in the increased orders for fineries from the ladies." Virginians did not find it easy to break an immemorial habit in order to starve the English trades and manufactures; and it was more than once necessary to urge and renew the non-importation agreements alike among the Burgesses and merchants at Williamsburg and by means of local associations throughout the colony. But Washington was punctilious to observe to the letter the agreements he had himself proposed. Again and again he bade his mercantile agents in London assist him to guard against any inadvertent breach of them: not to send him the articles Parliament had picked out for taxation in the colonies.

Life still continued to go, it is true, with something of the old sumptuousness at Mount Vernon. It was in June, 1768, that Colonel Washington ordered a new chariot, "made in the newest taste, handsome, genteel, and light, to be made of the best seasoned wood, and by a celebrated workman," which was to cost him, fittings and all, one hundred and thirty-three pounds. For all he grew uneasy lest the colonies' disagreement with England should come at last to a conflict of arms, he pushed his private interests with no abatement of thoroughness or self-possession, as if there were no fear but that things would long enough stand as they were. He had not run surveyor's lines for Lord Fairfax or assisted to drive the French from the Ohio without seeing what fair lands lay upon the western rivers awaiting an owner; and, though there was still doubt how titles were to be established in that wilderness, he took care, through the good offices of an old comrade in arms, at least to be quietly beforehand with other claimants in setting up such titles as might be where the land lay richest and most accessible. "A silent management" was what he advised, "snugly carried on under the guise of hunting other game," lest there should be a premature rush thither that would set rival interests a-clashing. A strange mixture of the shrewdness of the speculator and the honesty of the gentleman — claims pushed with privacy, but without trickery or chicane—ran through his letters to Captain Crawford, and drew as canny replies from the frontiered soldier. Business gave way often to sport and pleasure, too, as of old, when politics fell dull between sessions. Now it was the hunt; then a gunning party in the woods; and again a day or two aboard his schooner, dropping down the river, and drawing the seine for sheep's-heads upon the bar at Cedar Point. Even politics was mixed with diversion. He must needs give a ball at Alexandria on the evening of his election to the House which was to meet Lord Botetourt, no less than on other like occasions, of

whatever kind the business of the Assembly was likely to be. He did not lose his passion for fine horseflesh, either, at the thickest of the plot. In 1770 he was with Governor Eden, of North Carolina, at the Jockey Club races in Philadelphia, no doubt relieved by the news that all but the tea tax had been repealed. The next year it was the races in Annapolis that claimed him; and in 1773 Jacky Custis held him again at Philadelphia on the same errand. It was wholesome to be thus calmly in pursuit of diversion in the intervals of trying business. It bespoke a hearty life and a fine balance in the man.

There was one matter to which Washington felt it his bounden duty as a soldier and a man of honor to devote his time and energies, whether politics pressed or not. A grant of two hundred thousand acres of the western lands had been promised by the government of the colony to those who enlisted for the war against the French and Indians in 1754; but nothing had ever been done to fulfil the promise, and Washington undertook to act as agent for his comrades in the business. In the autumn of 1770, accordingly, he turned away for a space from the deepening trouble in the east to plunge once more into the western ways and search out proper tracts for the grant along the reaches of the Ohio. 'Twas a two months' journey, for he did not stop till he had gone close upon three hundred miles beyond Fort Pitt. And when he was home again no one in the government who could lend a hand in the matter got any peace from the stirring, thorough man until the business was put finally into shape. There was a tidy profit in the grant for himself: for his own share was large, and he providently bought, besides, the shares of others who were unwilling to spend or co-operate in the matter. But there were months upon months of weary, unrequited service for his comrades, too, given with hearty diligence and without grudging. Their portions were as well placed as his own, they were to find, when it came to the survey. He came off from the business very rich in western lands—buying the Great Meadows, among the rest, for memory's sake—but richer still in the gratitude and admiration of the men for whom he had labored.

Meanwhile events darkened ominously. A new administration had been formed in England under Lord North, and had begun its government by repealing all the taxes of 1769 except that on tea. But it was Parliament's right to tax them that the colonists were fighting, not the taxes themselves, and one tax was as hateful as a hundred. The year had been marked in sinister fashion, moreover, by a broil between townsmen and troops in the streets of Boston, in which arms had been used and men slain, and in the heated imaginations of the colonists the affair had taken on the ugly aspect of a massacre. The year 1771 went quietly enough for Virginians. Botetourt was dead, and that good merchant of York, William Nelson, President of the Council, sat in the place of authority throughout the year. Although the whole country refused the taxed tea, the attention of the ministers, as it happened, was fixed chiefly upon Massachusetts, where trade centred at a growing port and opposition had a local habitation. In Virginia there was no place to send troops to, unless the whole country were occupied, and so long as Mr. Nelson was acting Governor, Colonel Washington could go without preoccupation to the races, and gentlemen everywhere follow their own devices in the quiet counties. There was rioting — rebellion even—in North Carolina, so uneasily did affairs go there; but Governor Tryon was a soldier as well as a despot, and did not need to trouble his neighbors about that. It was not until the first months of 1772 that Virginians began to read plain signs of change in the face of their new Governor, John Murray, Earl Dunmore—a dark and distant man, who seemed to the Virginians to come like a satrap to his province, who brought a soldier with him for secretary and confidential adviser, set up a fixed etiquette to be observed by all who would approach him, spoke abruptly and without courtesy, displayed in all things an arbitrary temper, and took more interest, it presently appeared, in acquiring tracts of western land than in conducting the government of the colony. The year of his coming was marked by the secret destruction of the revenue-schooner *Gaspé* in Rhode Island, and by many significant flaws of temper here and there throughout the colonies; and 1773 saw affairs at last come to a crisis.

Dunmore had summoned the Burgesses to meet him upon his first coming, but

had liked their proud temper as little as they liked his, and was careful not to call them together again till March, 1773, though he had promised to convene them earlier. There was instant trouble. In view of the affair of the *Gaspé*, Parliament had again resolved upon the trial of malcontents in England, and the Burgesses were hot at seeing the sentiments of the colonies so flouted. Conservative men would still have waited to try events, but their fellow-members of quicker pulse were diligent to disappoint them. Leadership fell to those who were bold enough to take it; and Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Dabney Carr, and Thomas Jefferson, radicals all, drew together, a self-constituted committee of guidance. Evening after evening they met in a private room at the Raleigh, with now and again one or two other like spirits called into counsel, to consult what should be done. Richard Henry Lee proposed that the colonies should be invited to join Virginia in appointing committees of correspondence, through which to devise steady concert of action, and that Virginia's committee, to be appointed at once, should be instructed to look into the character of the new court of trial lately established in Rhode Island. Dabney Carr was directed to move the resolutions, and the eloquence of Lee and Henry won for them an instant and hearty acceptance. Dunmore promptly dissolved the Assembly, and Washington was free to set out for New York to place Jacky Custis at King's College, lingering on the way in Philadelphia to see the races, and pick up the talk of the hour during half a dozen evenings at the rooms of the Jockey Club, at the balls and assemblies of the gay town, and at the hospitable tables of his friends.

The opening of the year had found Washington in a very genial humor, his letters touched with pleasantry and gossip. "Our celebrated fortune, Miss French, whom half the world was in pursuit of," he wrote, in February, to Colonel Bassett, "bestowed her hand on Wednesday last, being her birthday (you perceive, I think myself under a necessity of accounting for the choice) on Mr. Ben Dulany, who is to take her to Maryland. .... Mentioning of one wedding puts me in mind of another"—and so through the news of Miss More, "remarkable for a very frizzled head and good singing," and the rest of the neighborhood talk. But the year turned out a very sad one for him. He had been scarcely ten days back from New York when Patsy Custis, whom he loved as his own daughter, died. It called forth all the latent Christian faith of the thoughtful, steadfast man to withstand the shock. And Master Jack Custis, the girl's wayward brother, gave him little but anxiety. He would not study, for all Washington was so solicitous he should have the liberalizing outlook of books, and be made "fit for more useful purposes than horse-racer," and though he was but twenty, could hardly be induced to see the year out at college before getting married.

It was no doubt very well that public affairs of the first consequence called Washington's mind imperatively off from these private anxieties, which could not but be dwarfed in the presence of transactions which threatened to shake the continent. As the year drew on, the government in England undertook to force cargoes of the East India Company's tea into the ports. When all resisted, and Boston, more forward even than the rest, threw three hundred and forty odd chests of tea into the harbor, acts passed Parliament giving dangerous increase of power to the Governor of Massachusetts, and directing that Boston port be closed to all commerce on and after the first day of June, and it became evident that vigorous action must be taken in response. The Burgesses in Virginia (May, 1774) resolved that June 1st should be set apart as a day of fasting and prayer—prayer that civil war might be averted and the people of America united in a common cause. Again Dunmore dissolved them; but they gathered in the long room of the Raleigh tavern, and there resolved to urge a congress of all the colonies, and to call a convention for Virginia to meet at that place on the first day of August to take action for the colony. They showed no spleen towards the Governor. Washington dined with him the very day of the dissolution, spent the evening at the palace, even rode out with him to his farm on the following morning and breakfasted there; and the Burgesses did not fail to give the ball they had planned in honor of Lady Dunmore and her daughters on the evening of the day they had held their meeting in the "Appolo room" at the Raleigh. But there were fasting and

prayer on the 1st of June; the convention met on the first day of August; very outspoken resolutions were adopted; and Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Edmund Pendleton, George Washington, and Benjamin Harrison were directed to attend the congress of the colonies appointed to meet in Philadelphia on the fifth day of September. When the time came for the journey, Henry and Pendleton joined Washington at Mount Vernon. It must have been with many grave thoughts that the three companions got to horse and turned to ride through the long August day towards the north.

THE ENGLISH CRISIS.

BY AN EASTERN DIPLOMATIST.

ONE would have to go a very long way back for a parallel of the complications, anxieties, and fears amid which the world entered upon this new year. It was usual to look upon the condition of Europe, with its congested population, its inherited feuds, its unsolved social problems, and the crushing weight of its armaments, as one of constant peril and imminent break-down. It seemed that the view of those few men who foresaw that the proximate cause of the inevitable catastrophe would arise outside of Europe was on the eve of being realized.

Strange as it may sound to American ears, it is nevertheless true that those states which have their power and interests centred mainly in Europe are the very ones which enjoy just now an undisturbed and almost heedless peace. Such is the state of Austria, and, next in degree, that of Germany, France, and Russia—in inverse ratio to their extra-European or colonial concerns, and, curiously enough, in direct proportion to their warlike preparations. England, on the other hand, whose concerns are almost exclusively commercial, and whose power is purely colonial, finds herself in the midst of complications and perils, the multiplicity of which, as well as the conflicting adversity of coincident circumstances, may fairly tax to the utmost the sagacity of her statesmen and the patriotism of her sons.

England owes her past growth and her present power to the robust and sterling qualities of her people; and unless these national characteristics be kept well in view, no forecast of the immediate future can be safely ventured upon. National character is, in the long-run, the one great force which moulds the life and decides the destinies of states. But there are other contingent conditions, some of nature, some of circumstance, which control this main factor.

How far therefore the well-tried qualities of national character alone may help to extricate England from the perils which now encompass her on every side must remain for some time to come a matter of doubt; the reason being that, irrespective of natural advantages, such as an impulse to seafaring enterprise, an insular position, and its concurrent immunity from inroads, England has, during the main course of her flourishing period, enjoyed exceptional favors of chance and privileges of circumstance, the benefits of which she has striven hard to maintain, but which in the nature of things cannot be perpetuated indefinitely.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars the peace of 1815 left England practically pre-eminent in the world. Her political influence and diplomatic prestige were predominant; her maritime supremacy over the fleets of all the other powers put together was indisputable;* her public and private wealth was unequalled; in industry and commerce she knew no sort of rivalry; while, to all intents and purposes, she was the only colonial power on earth. Since that time the possessions and resources of England have gone on increasing enormously—this, however, in an absolute sense, not relatively to the influence, power, and wealth of other nations. Therefore the pre-eminence of England is no longer as distinct and undisputed, nor could it be so maintained in face of the rise of the United States in the new world and of the German Empire in the old.

It can be affirmed that the turning-point of England's supremacy may be

* The Admiralty Report of 1890 gives the number of battle-ships possessed by England in 1807 at 207, against 180 owned by all the other powers of Europe.

traced to those very struggles in which she has had no part—the collapse of the Southern Confederation in America, and the rise of the power of Prussia at Sadowa —simultaneous events of about a generation ago. The downfall of the Napoleonic régime in France and the consolidation of the German Empire in 1870 can only be viewed as inevitable corollaries of the war of 1866. Yet the attitude of England in the Franco-German war had even more serious consequences for her than those following the two previous wars, since it resulted in the definite alienation of the friendship of France, and in an isolation which is embarrassing in its moral and diplomatic bearing quite as much as it is paralyzing in a military point of view.

From that moment England ceased to exercise the predominant influence, which she had formerly succeeded with great skill in making felt all over Europe by securing to herself the co-operation of the chief Continental power of the time being. Her entire abandonment of France—her ally up to the day preceding the war—to the tender mercies of Germany was a political error of the first magnitude. In facilitating thus enormously the accomplishment of Prince Bismarck's designs, England as good as warned him at the same time that her friendship could only be counted upon in fair weather, and by such alone as might be in the enjoyment of power and success. Moreover, the policy of the kindred Saxon race was not to be guided, as that of France often was, by sentimental considerations or "ideas." Its support would have to be paid for in coin of some sort; and a German knows always how to drive a hard bargain.

The downfall of imperial France and the building up of a huge German Empire had furthermore as an immediate result the resumption of Russian activity in Eastern Europe. If the abstention of England from the Franco-German struggle was caused by fear lest Prussia should find a counter-ally in Russia, such reasoning is now proved to have been founded on erroneous and insufficient data. The war was not yet over when Russia denounced the neutrality of the Black Sea, which constituted for England the most important clause of the Treaty of Paris, 1856; and to this arbitrary step England could then oppose no restraint. It soon became evident that an understanding existed whereby the German Emperor guaranteed to the Czar that freedom of action in Turkey which he had received from him in regard to France. England, therefore, in allowing France to be crippled, found herself helpless when, seven years later, Russia further avenged the Crimean war by exacting from Turkey the Treaty of San Stefano.

But a short space of time has sufficed to show that the policy then pursued by Lord Beaconsfield, suggested to him, as it notoriously was, by race animosity and by personal ends—a policy of deceptive glitter and ephemeral worth—was only calculated to alienate still more the Continental powers from England, and to involve her in difficulties from which no issue appears now possible, in some instances at least, but war or a damaging loss of prestige. Lord Beaconsfield's unsympathetic and unfriendly, not to say harsh and cruel, attitude towards the Christian subjects of the Porte; his flippant denunciation of authentic accounts of massacres as "coffee-house babble"; his preposterous panegyrics of the present Sultan, one of the most brutal occupants of the Turkish throne, who has shown his gratitude by developing a bitter hatred against England; his uncompromising opposition at the Berlin congress to genuine reforms in Turkey; and, above all, the secret convention with the Sultan guaranteeing his Asiatic possessions on the flimsy promise of reforms, but on the substantial cession of Cyprus—these feats, which Lord Beaconsfield proclaimed as having secured to England "peace with honor," are now proved to endanger peace and to render honor questionable. The persistent but ineffectual efforts of English diplomacy to secure, not good government, but even immunity from pillage and butchery, in those very provinces which are the object of the Cyprus convention, place England in the dilemma of choosing between war and dishonor; since she finds that her exertions, as to the sincerity of which there is no doubt, meet with the tacit opposition of almost all the other powers.

But the culminating point of Continental animosity against England has been reached by her occupation and retention of Egypt. In urging England to that step, and in facilitating its execution, Prince Bismarck gave proof of the highest power of insight, not only into the relations of European states, but into the

character, the very nature, of Englishmen and Frenchmen. A dangerous though smouldering feud has thus been established between the two nations, which will remain open as long as the Egyptian question is not solved, either by war or by means of a European conference—the latter contingency being a very improbable one. Beyond this, however, the English occupation of Egypt acts as a permanent source of bitterness to the Sultan, while it also serves as a precedent and an excuse for any high-handed measure which Russia may find it her interest to adopt at any moment. In one word, Egypt has proved thus far a *damnosa hereditas* for England.

On the other hand, it would be a grave disregard of fairness not to add here that the English occupation has been to Egypt itself a real blessing. Since the time of the Ptolemys that country has not seen happier days. Administrative order and efficiency, impartiality and despatch in the dispensation of justice, financial prosperity, agricultural and commercial development, freedom of conscience, and material well-being of every sort, have flourished again on the banks of the Nile under the *Pax Britannica*. For wherever England plants her flag, there good government, justice, and prosperity build their abiding home.

These, however, are not the only circumstances in which the relative political position of England among her compeers has been modified. The sudden and truly wondrous rise of Japan as a power of the first order, as regards both actual military achievements and further possibilities in the near future, is calculated to influence materially the prospects of England in the far East; the more so as Japan has given proof of naval talent and of diplomatic skill of the very highest promise, whilst her industrial activity and progress are already ousting English manufactures from the Asiatic markets. In fact, the marvellous development of Japanese genius, in warlike deeds and peaceful enterprise alike, opens an entirely new chapter in the struggle for commercial supremacy, in which the main efforts of nations have been centred in recent times.

In this struggle England has held, since the beginning of this century, an almost exclusive supremacy; and it is only during the last generation that she has encountered serious competition. The unique position which she has long enjoyed, and which has constituted her prosperity and her greatness, is no longer unchallenged. Rivals have arisen on every side; markets formerly her exclusive ground have been invaded by competitors; on more than one point her commercial hegemony is menaced, and manufacturing supremacy has ceased to be hers. The magnitude of her trade, the vastness of her shipping, is still far above that of any other country. But France excels all other nations in many an industry; Germany is making gigantic strides in the extension of her commerce, which her people have the knack of promoting at absurdly low profits; even Russia holds securely in her grasp very considerable Asiatic monopolies, which are being daily enlarged and strengthened. I need not here add anything regarding the stupendous development of the United States, which, with but a moderately prudent and enlightened fiscal and commercial policy, might soon drive every competitor out of the American continent, and even monopolize many branches of European trade.

Furthermore, public and private wealth has increased in all Continental countries, and in America more especially, in a manner so rapid and in proportions so vast that although London still remains "the Clearing-house of the World," yet England holds no longer that sway over the finances of other states which was once hers exclusively. The fact, moreover, that wealth is more evenly divided in such countries as France and the United States, that there is in them a far larger proportion of men possessed of some means than in England, renders the wealth of these countries a more stable basis of national strength and prosperity.

Finally, in regard to colonial possessions—the root of England's greatness and the origin of her power—she no longer stands all but alone, as she did after absorbing the colonies of Spain, Holland, and France. The consolidation of her colonial empire is one of the most astounding achievements in history. It is the growth of less than two centuries, dating virtually from the conquest of Jamaica from the Spaniards, under Cromwell, the founder of this mighty edifice. It extends in every quarter of the globe, covering more than ten million square miles, and

comprising some three hundred and fifty-five millions of inhabitants, of every creed and race under the sun. It far exceeds in extent, population, and diversity the Roman Empire, which took ten centuries to attain its full development, and it is administered by the most diverse forms of government, from the mild absolutism of India to the extreme democratic institutions prevalent at the Cape. But everywhere peace, justice, and law prevail, prosperity is increasing, and many of these colonies, such as Australia and New Zealand, not two generations old, bid fair soon to outstrip in every way most of the venerable monarchies of Europe. Still, this huge structure, of an expanse unparalleled in human annals, keeps on steadily growing, its latest developments in Africa marking the most gigantic strides it has yet made.

Nothing in our time will more impress the future historian as an epoch-making event than this "scramble for Africa." Considering its mediate and immediate consequences, it will figure in the history of the world, in all probability, only as second in importance to the discovery of America. Not that it has given a like impulse to a new life, but because the commercial activity, the military organizations and resources of the Continental powers, dangerously cooped up in Europe, have found an outlet and a scope to many of them novel and reinvigorating. We have witnessed the unprecedented enterprise of an individual sovereign, acquiring an enormous expanse of hitherto unknown country, and establishing there the "State of Congo," while the kingdom over which he reigns neither possesses nor cares for any colonies. France has been seen to found, within the last fifteen years, a colonial empire in Asia and Africa as vast as and perhaps more important than the one she had lost to England in the last century. Germany, within the same space of time, has given a new impetus to the colonizing spirit of her sons, who may now enrich not foreign lands, but the newly acquired possessions of the father-land. Even Italy, bankrupt financially, and distracted administratively, has been playing at colonization, squandering millions which it can ill afford, and blood that might have been shed to better purpose in checking brigandage at home than in decimating the only native Christian race in Africa. For there she had not an Italian settler to protect, or a bale of Italian goods to dispose of. A whim of this kind, however, can only be regarded as the grotesque or humorous by-play to a serious drama. And the absorption of Africa by Europe bids fair to furnish us with most dramatic incidents; unless, indeed, it should lead to those tragic developments which some statesmen have discerned at its very earliest stages. In it, not in a French policy of revenge, not in Anglo-Russian rivalry, not in Turkish misrule and massacre, they discerned the fatal spark which is to set fire to the European powder-magazine. They dreaded the differences which must arise out of the division of Africa.

If in no other respect, this forecast carries conviction inasmuch as it points to the essential modification which the parcelling out of African soil among Continental powers has wrought in the extra-European position of England. The cardinal principle of her colonial policy has been to discourage and prevent, as much as possible, the establishment of European settlements and possessions on the immediate frontiers of English colonies. All the efforts of England in Central Asia have aimed at the maintenance of this principle; and her endeavors to the same end have been persistent at every other point of her vast empire. Where no other remedy was available, "buffer states" were invented. But the industrial activity and commercial expansion of the rest of Europe, already referred to, were destined to render the continuance of this condition impossible; and it no longer exists, especially in Africa.

Along with this another assumed privilege has disappeared, which had grown out of a traditional and undisputed practice. Until quite recently England exercised, in colonial matters generally, a vague patronage, amounting to a kind of suzerainty, skilfully wielded and tacitly admitted. Her own colonial empire and her naval supremacy were so overwhelming that the exercise of this undefined privilege, which consisted more in the tone assumed by English policy in kindred matters than in the exaction of any definite allegiance, came to be considered as a matter of course. The other European powers, however, having now taken an active share in colonization, are no longer disposed to admit any exceptional

right in the extra-European policy of England. They have, on the contrary, exacted on recent occasions the abandonment by England of claims which they deemed prejudicial to their own colonial interests.

Simultaneously with and as a necessary corollary of these changed relations of the powers, the naval armaments of Continental states have assumed dimensions hitherto unparalleled in their own records. And although England is still a long way ahead, both in number and strength of ships, in the organization and efficiency of her navy, in the training and the spirit animating the crews, it must not be forgotten that the requirements of her enormous commerce and of her widespread possessions reduce considerably the naval means actually available for fighting purposes at any given point. And naval supremacy can only be assured by such concentration of fighting power.

The foregoing considerations make it clear that although the resources as well as the power of England have increased immensely within the last fifty years, her relative position among the states of the world is no longer as exceptional and supreme as it was during the first quarter of this century. The territories and peoples owing allegiance to the British crown have been more than doubled; but the responsibilities, and indeed the difficulties and dangers, of the empire have thereby increased tenfold; and England has to meet to-day competitors in fields of action formerly her own exclusively. It is now easier to come to close quarters with her, and consequently she has become more vulnerable. She has fewer friends or dependents to rely upon, and more enemies to apprehend; more eventualities to fear, and fewer opportunities to avail herself of.

But while conceding all this—and it has been the purpose of this inquiry to consider first and to concede every unfavorable consideration—it would be a very grave error on the part of any nation to count lightly on an easy, or even a probable, victory over an antagonist whose vigor is in its prime, whose power is untouched, and whose resources are practically inexhaustible; the spirit of the nation remains as undaunted as ever, its instincts imperial, and its patriotism ready for any sacrifice. No careful observer of the temper of the English people will deny that their pride need only be aroused, a sense of real danger and the necessity of self-preservation need only become apparent, for them to repeat the acts of heroism and self-abnegation by means of which they built up their empire. It is only ignorance of their real character that can misguide one into the belief that the English have degenerated in those qualities which made of them a conquering race. They fully realize that the danger of their disappearing as a great power in case of defeat is now greater than at any former time—the stakes are infinitely more important; and consequently the efforts to stave off disaster would be more strenuous, the sacrifices more heroic.

I have never been an admirer of Lord Beaconsfield, but of the many shrewd things he has said, nothing, to my mind, is more true than his memorable declaration—made, with characteristic malignity, when Russia was already exhausted after a winter campaign against Turkey—that England was not a country to be checked or discouraged by the issue of a first campaign; but, if provoked to war, would persist through a third and fourth year, until she attained victory. This was no mere "bluff," but the result of an intimate knowledge, not only of the power and the resources of this country, but of the temper of its people—of the very conditions, I may add, of its existence as a nation.

As long as England retains the mastery of the sea she can disregard defeat in other quarters. She would persevere in exhausting her opponents, while her own resources in men and money would remain practically limitless. That her congested population—a large proportion of which leads a hand-to-mouth existence, and is absolutely dependent on the uninterrupted activity of her manufacturing industry—that a large proportion of her population will suffer cruel privations, and may even be brought to the verge of starvation by dearth of food-stuffs, is more than probable. But England would engage in a war against one or more great powers only as in a life and death struggle. And should she emerge victorious, to which end she would employ every means humanly possible, the conditions she would exact would be so overwhelmingly onerous and hard as to crush all

substance out of her adversaries and indemnify herself largely for her sacrifices.

The terrible risks and the appalling catastrophies which a war nowadays involves are understood by none better than by the great military powers themselves, who have long been occupied in making all possible preparations for war; and therefore their diplomacy has aimed mainly at securing themselves against the moral odium and the material risk of being the first to engage in a war. Each power has, for some twenty years past, been nursing *in petto* the pious wish that some one else would begin. The advantages of a great military or naval power, able, while still fresh and untouched, to fix at will the price of her alliance with one of those who would be already more or less exhausted, need no explanation.

It is not within the province of this mere statement of facts to inquire into the probable outcome of a war between England and America. It would be a struggle of giants, which would result for certain in crippling and in exhausting both combatants for an indefinite length of time. Such a result would be fraught not only with ruinous consequences to their own immediate prosperity, but with long-abiding disaster to the interests of civilization the whole world over. The two foremost leaders in progress, the guardians of liberty, the champions of the oppressed, the propagators of Christianity in modern times, would be laid low, and, being themselves reduced to impotence, would be compelled to allow free scope to those agencies whose illiberal, nefarious, and retrograde tendencies they alone hold now in check.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

THERE is a disposition among our contemporaries to criticise women for wearing at theatres and operas big hats that obstruct the view of the stage. Everybody who frequents the theatre suffers from this evil, and those who cultivate the Christian graces elsewhere find it easy during the performances to construct emphatic expressions which would not pass current in a drawing-room. These theatre hats are such stumbling-blocks to a Christian disposition that it is doubtful whether the theatre will ever be a means of grace so long as they are permitted to irritate the minds of the spectators. The topic is not a new one. In the early part of this century the newspapers of New York devoted themselves to the extirpation of this nuisance. They employed all their weapons of entreaty, of sarcasm, of ridicule. Did they have any effect? Not the slightest. Ridicule, which is always a mistake when applied to a "fashion," glanced off harmless. Sarcasm was taken as an envious tribute, and entreaty regarded as a sign of weakness in the attacking party. The hats grew like weeds in a garden under copious showers. When they diminished it was not on account of public opinion, but in obedience to a ukase from an authority absolutely undiscoverable and veiled in obscurity, but more powerful than any law, human or divine.

It is this mysterious origin of a fashion that makes any attack on it so futile. Why blame the women? Observation teaches that they are helpless. They must follow the mode of the hour. If any number of them were to meet in convention and pass resolutions against wearing hats and bonnets in theatres, probably every member of the convention would break the resolution that night. They would like to be unselfish and altruistic—that is their nature; they agree that the wish of people in a theatre to see the actors is a natural wish; but some power which is stronger than they compels them to act as obstructors of the view. And they are so amiable that they do this with an air of innocent enjoyment. They do not resent an appeal to their "better nature" in this matter—they respond to it; but better nature must take a vacation when fashion bids.

That women are helpless in this mat-

ter they freely acknowledge. The evidence on this point is overwhelming. There is scarcely anything that women, and men also, will not sacrifice on the shrine of their personal appearance and good looks. Yet women would rather be ugly in apparel and look like guys than be out of the mode. Some time ago, when it was rumored that big hoops were coming in again, a shiver of terror went through the feminine world, for no invention had ever so deformed the human figure as the huge balloon skirts. And yet no woman dreamed of resisting the hideous thing if it became again the style. With tears they confessed themselves powerless. It is so with regard to big sleeves, which, mounted above the scant skirts, give to women the appearance of some flamboyant sort of orchid, sweet, but misshapen. Unanimously the sex condemn them as inconvenient and ugly. And yet no woman who aspires to be in the mode would dare to wear an ordinary mutton-leg sleeve when the fashion is a Southdown-mutton-leg sleeve.

But this is not the only just defence of the women for destroying the pleasure of theatre-goers. There is the serious matter of dressing the hair. There is one method of dressing the hair when a bonnet is worn, and another method without a bonnet. As it is necessary for most women to wear a hat or bonnet in the street, it is very inconvenient to change this method in laying aside the hat in the theatre. This is a vital question of personal appearance, not connected with enjoyment of the dramatic art. It may be contended that fair personal appearance is as important as any pleasure that may be got from seeing a play. I am not saying that any women go to the theatre to be seen and not to see, and that men ought not to be satisfied with the real loveliness that is around them instead of longing to see the fictitious world on the stage. There are several justifiable objects that take people to a theatre. But the argument about the hair has proved to be a specious one, if the real object is to see the people on the stage and not those in the auditorium. It has happened in some periods when hats have been left off that the hair has been dressed in such a fashion, piled up into such wonderful structures, as to beat any hat as an obstructor of the view. "Hence we view" that the difficulty is deeper than the hat. It is in the nature of woman. And would any of the critics expect or desire that woman should change her nature?

Still it must be admitted that the dissatisfaction at the monstrous hats in the theatres is shared by some women, who would like to escape from this tyranny, and they express this when the offending hat is worn by a lady in front of them. They also would admit that the abatement of this nuisance must come from outside their sex. One suggestion is that the men should have the orchestra seats exclusively to themselves, and indulge unrestricted their propensity to see a play. Another is that the women should be massed together on one side of the house, so that they could have the undisturbed enjoyment of their own obstructions, and that admission to the men's side should only be given to women with uncovered heads. The corollary to this would be that no men who did not wear tall hats should sit with the women. But the only real remedy is one that can be applied by the managers of the theatres, and this is the application of the almost universal practice in all civilized countries, namely, that no man or woman shall occupy a seat in a theatre or opera with a hat on. This is the application of the doctrine of equality, and it is at least curious that it is not applied in the country which is specially committed to that doctrine. It has often been said that women are opposed to this doctrine, but it is not fair to close this brief and inadequate defence of the conduct of women in regard to the theatres without acknowledging the new spirit that is abroad in the feminine world.

II.

It is the voice of the crow! It is heard at intervals all winter—for the crow is loyal to his home—whenever there is a spirit of Thaw (one of our Northern gods) abroad; but it is really a harbinger of spring, when the streams are released, and the clouds are loose and high-sailing, and the wooing south-wind makes all the trees uneasy to take on color and to burst their buds into bloom. On any day when the sun, climbing northward, attacks the frost, and the snow and ice slide with a thunder-rumble off the steep New England farm-house roofs, the crow is abroad calling us to a new life. It is the harsh-

est voice in the whole orchestra of birds, yet it is homelike and sincere, and has in it a note of wild freedom, of indefinite promise. The crow has never yielded to the modern demand for culture, and his "caw" is almost the only thing in civilized life that can take us back to the untamed and primeval nature. He belongs to the forests, to the free buccaneering life we all secretly long for. When we walk in the woods in the spring, it is the call of the crow that interprets for us our wild desires. For myself, I confess that he stirs in me more memories and sets me in a more sympathetic thrill with Nature than any other of her voices. He is not for me the raven of poetry — the dark-winged symbol of a maiden's hair — nor the ancestral and domestic rook, but the plain New England crow. Perhaps he is the gypsy of our staid region. He is called a thief, because he digs where he has not planted, like a stock-operator, and he is an outlaw with a price on his head; but as I hear his voice on a day when there is a smell of new earth and a wide awakening over the liberated land, I forgive him all the defects of his qualities. When I consider his ways, his military-like discipline, his shrewdness, his contempt of the scarecrows of this world, his refusal to be tamed in our decadent civilization, I am grateful for his example.

There are two charges against the crow: he is despised because he is poor, and he is hated because he is not edible. But many men are as poor as they are inedible. If the crow were not both, we should exterminate him. His refusal to be civilized in these respects is his protection. He sets us an example of poverty borne with self-respect, and he shows his wisdom in making his diet so miscellaneous that no one desires to eat him. Even in the matter of diet he is better than the decayed-fish-eaters of the arctic regions, and I have no doubt he prefers good clean corn when he can get it, and he often risks his life to pull it out of the corn-hills. In fact, the crow has character, and we cannot tell what he might not become if he were well fed and decently treated. We may criticise his voice — though I hope its note of wild freedom will never be changed — but I have heard some orchestras which would be improved by the introduction of his "caw." I wish I could sing the crow! No poet has ever done it, not even Walt Whitman, who might have had a surer hold on immortality by singing the crow than by singing himself.

III.

Is literature becoming a mere scheme of color? We do not hear much now of "local color"; that has rather gone out; and there seems to be a belief that you can somehow dye the language and make it more expressive to the reading eye. "Local color" had a fine run while it lasted, and it seemed as easy of accomplishment as one of Rembrandt's pictures. You could go and get it, sometimes buy it in the shops, and put it on like pigment. The process was, unfortunately, not patented, and so much color was produced that the market broke down. It was an external affair, and its use was supposed to serve the gospel of Realism. Given a theme or a motive for a story or sketch, the problem was how to work it out so that it would appear native and Real. The author had only to go to the "locality" that he intended to attack and immortalize, or write to a friend there residing, in order to pick up the style of profanity there current, the dialect, if any existed; if not, to work up one from slovenly and ungrammatical speech, procure some "views" of scenery and of costume, strike the kind of landscape necessary to the atmosphere of the story — endless prairie, iridescent desert, weird passes, smiling valleys, though smiling valleys were not in much request — and the thing was done. As soon as the reader saw the "local color" thus laid on he knew that the story was a real story of real life. He was deceived by the striking appearance, and it was some time before he began to suspect that the artist had begun to put on color before he knew how to draw. Now we never thought of "local color" in the writing of the masters, in Shakespeare, or Scott, or Tolstoi, or Turgenieff, or Thackeray, or Cervantes. All they did was vividly a representation of human life, and was unconsciously stamped with the character of the country, the race, the scenery even, which was not daubed on the picture, or worked in with design, but was part of the texture, the very woof and warp of their literature. No man studied particulars more carefully, no man was more exacting in all the details of the environment of his characters, than Balzac. But

he did his work before the invention of "local color" as a kind of commodity.

But color is essential, and high color attracts even the uneducated taste. Some writers are putting it on their pages in blotches, simply for effect upon the eye. The experiment is an interesting one. Some years ago a volume of sketches and poems was published in Louisville, printed in inks of many colors — shades to match the sentiment of the effusions. The fashion did not spread; and now the color scheme is tried in a more subtle form—that is, by suggestions of real colors in words. We read of an ethical motive as "a yellow light thrown upon the color of his ambitions"; in the army a soldier is part of "a vast blue demonstration"; we read of "liquid stillness" and "red rage," a "black procession" of oaths, the "red sickness of battle," and so on, and so on. The attempt in the book from which these expressions are taken is to make every page blaze with color, in order to affect the mind through the eye. It is all very interesting. Every page is painted, perhaps I should say saturated, with this intensity of color. Undeniably the reader is strongly affected by it—though the effect is weakened in time. The natural eye cannot stand a constant glare of brilliant light, and the mind soon wearies of the quality that has come to be called "intensity" in literature. Great literature is always calm, and produces its effects by less apparent effort. This is of course a truism, but at the same time the reader does love warmth and color and the occasional show of vivid pictures on the printed page.

The story to which I have referred is in many respects a remarkable one. It is the description of the feeling and experience of a raw soldier lad in a couple of days of battle, and it has gained foreign approval as one of the most real pictures of war ever made, one that could only have been drawn from personal experience. I believe, in fact, that it is purely the work of imagination, and it might not have been written but for Tolstoi's *Sevastopol.* And yet it is quite original in its manner. I have been curious to hear what the "Realists" would say about it. The conversations are plainly vernacular, and there is no attempt to idealize the persons of the vivid drama. There is a studied commonplaceness about the talk and the characters, which seems nature itself. But I have talked with many soldiers of what they actually saw and felt in great battles, and I never got from any of them such a literary appreciation of a battle as this, nothing, in fact, half so interesting. I would not dare to say, from internal evidence, that this young soldier was "not in it," but any man who could see these pictures, have these sensations, and go through this mental and moral struggle in such circumstances ought not to be food for powder. He is needed in the New York drama. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I liked the book very much. I was carried along by its intensity, and felt at the end as if I had experienced a most exciting and melodramic dream, which I could not shake off when waking. I do not know how much of this effect was due to the scheme of color. It is almost a poem—quite, except in form. It is real, in a way. But what worried me was the thought of the verdict of the Realists. Would they not call it lurid realism?

IV.

The story of Helen Keller is too well known to need repetition here. My only excuse for increasing the publicity of it, which she and her judicious friends have never sought, is the exceedingly interesting mental and moral problems involved in it. A child of great apparent promise and most winning qualities, she became deaf, dumb, and blind at the age of nineteen months. Thenceforward, till her seventh year, the soul within her was sealed up from any of the common modes of communication with the world. It could only faintly express itself, and there seemed no way that knowledge could reach it. What was it during that silent period? Was it stagnant, or was it growing? If it was taking in no impressions, usually reckoned necessary to education, was it expanding by what used to be called "innate ideas"? When her teacher, with infinite patience, tact, and skill, at length established communication with her, she found a mind of uncommon quality, so rare that in its rapid subsequent development one is tempted to apply the epithet of genius to it. It was sound, sweet, responsive to a wonderful degree. The perceptions, if I may use that word, were wonderfully acute; the memory was extraordinary; in short, there was discovered a mind of uncommon

quality. Was it really a blank that the teacher had to work on, or was there a mind in process of developing independent of contact with other minds? The development, or the growth, was very rapid. Helen Keller is now fifteen, and better educated in literature and languages, with greater activity of thought, more vivacity, quickness of appreciation, and greater facility of happy expression of her thoughts, than most girls her superior in years. Considering her limited facilities for acquiring information, the result is very puzzling from a merely materialistic point of view.

Another train of thought is suggested by her character and disposition. She is what her infancy promised. Great amiability and sweetness of disposition have been preserved in her intellectual development, and I believe that she is the purest-minded human being ever in existence. She has never known or thought any evil. She does not suspect it in others. The world to her is what her own mind is. She has not even learned that exhibition upon which so many pride themselves of "righteous indignation." Some time ago, when a policeman shot dead her dog, a dearly loved daily companion, she found in her forgiving heart no condemnation for the man; she only said, "If he had only known what a good dog he was, he would not have shot him." It was said of old time, "Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Of course the question will arise whether, if Helen Keller had not been guarded from the knowledge of evil, she would have been what she is to-day. But I cannot but fancy that there was in her a radical predisposition to goodness.

I said that Helen is what her infancy promised. This point needs further explanation. Up to the time, at the age of nineteen months, when illness left her deaf, dumb, and blind, she was a most amiable, tractable child, not only winning and lovely, but with apparently an even, sweet temper and an unselfish disposition. From that date until, in her seventh year, when Miss Sullivan found means to communicate with her, she had been isolated from the world. She could only express herself as an animal might. She could only be influenced by physical means—there was no way of telling her what to do or what not to do but by laying hands on her. She could make signs if she were hungry or thirsty. Her soul was absolutely shut in from influence or expression. In this condition she began to be more and more like a caged bird, beating its wings and bruising itself against the bars, to its physical injury. When Miss Sullivan took her it was almost impossible to control her. The fiery spirit within exhibited itself in outward violent temper. How could it be otherwise in what must have been an internal rage at the want of ability to make herself understood? But from the day that communication was established with her all was changed. She apprehended at once the means of communication, and was docile and controllable, only eager to learn more. And then she became again what she had promised to be in infancy, sweet-tempered, loving, and gentle. All the investiture of the years of seclusion fell off her as if it had been an ill-fitting garment. And never since for an hour, for a moment, has she been impatient or variable in temper, never otherwise than amiable and unselfish, and always happy.

And this opens the way to what, after all, is the radical question in this case—the educational question. In all her education Helen has been put in communication with the best minds, with the best literature. She has known no other. Her mind has neither been made effeminate by the weak and silly literature, nor has it been vitiated by that which is suggestive of baseness. In consequence her mind is not only vigorous, but it is pure. She is in love with noble things, with noble thoughts, and with the characters of noble men and women. It is not a possible condition for most of us in the world, but, nevertheless, the experiment of her education is very suggestive. If children in the family and in the public schools were fed with only the best literature, if their minds were treated with as much care in regard to the things sown in them as our wheatfields, what a result we should have! It is not possible to guard any normal person from the knowledge of evil and from the thoughts of a disordered world, but it is possible to encourage the growth in education of love for the noblest literature, for that which is pure and stimulating. And this result we shall have some time when education is taken out of politics, out of the hands of persons who are untrained in psychology or pedagogy, and committed to those who are experts

in dealing with the vital problem of the character of the generations to succeed us. Any one who converses with Helen Keller will find that her high training in the best literature has not destroyed her power of discrimination, her ability to make quick deductions and distinctions. On one occasion she repeated for me Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" with proper emphasis. She has learned to talk so as to articulate words with fair distinctness. In order to test her loyalty to Longfellow, who is one of her heroes, as Bishop Brooks also is, I asked her if it had never occurred to her that the "sands" in the poem was a poor material upon which to leave enduring footprints. "No," she said, "I never thought of that; but the waves tumbling in on the sea-shore do obliterate the marks on the sand." And then her face lighted up with imaginative comprehension, and she added, "Perhaps it is different with the sands of *time*." Such a mind as that, in time, can be trusted to make acquaintance with any literature, for it will be equipped for judgment.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on March 10, 1896.—Ballington Booth was removed from the command of the Salvation Army in America by an order from his father, General William Booth, of London. He announced, February 23d, that he would not accept another command in the Salvation Army, and on Sunday, March 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth made public their purpose to found a new religious organization in America.

Ground was broken at Washington March 9th for the first building of the American University.

The war in Cuba continued. United States government officers, February 25th, boarded the British steamship *Bermuda* in New York Harbor, where it was being fitted out for a filibustering expedition, seized a large amount of munitions of war, and arrested General Calixto Garcia, the promoter of the expedition. The United States Senate, February 28th, passed resolutions favoring the recognition by the United States government of the Cuban insurgents as belligerents. The House, March 2d, adopted similar resolutions. This was followed by hostile demonstrations in Spain against the United States. The Spanish government protected United States consulates against mobs, and closed the universities on account of student riots.

The Venezuelan Arbitration Commission appointed by President Cleveland sat during the month. The Blue Book of the British government, issued March 6th, contained a long statement of the British side of the controversy. An unofficial proposal to settle the question by a joint commission of English and American representatives was generally approved in England, and in both England and the United States meetings were held in advocacy of a permanent board of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between the two nations.

Excitement in England over the South African complications subsided. Dr. Jameson and the officers who accompanied him on his raid into the Transvaal were brought to London for trial.

News was received from Archangel February 14th indicating that Dr. Fridjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, had discovered the North Pole.

The Italian campaign in Abyssinia resulted in disaster. Information received March 3d showed a loss of 5000 men in a battle in the mountains near Massowah. Out of 247 officers engaged, 207 were killed. The cabinet, headed by Signor Crispi, resigned, and a new ministry was formed under the premiership of the Marquis di Rudini.

OBITUARY.

February 12th.—At Paris, C. L. Ambroise Thomas, the musical composer, aged eighty-five years.

February 14th.—At New Haven, William Lathrop Kingsley, the writer, aged seventy-two years.

February 15th.—At Boston, Thomas Hewes Hinckley, the painter, aged eighty-three years.

February 21st.—At Columbus, Ohio, President C. C. Waite, of the Columbus, Hocking Valley, and Toledo Railroad, aged fifty-two years.

February 22d.—At Chicopee, Massachusetts, George D. Robinson, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, aged sixty-two years.—At Toledo, Ohio, ex-Congressman Michael D. Harter, aged fifty years.

February 24th.—At Brooklyn, Henry C. Bowen, editor and publisher of *The Independent*, aged eighty-three years.

February 25th.—At Pierce, Nebraska, Joseph Tyffe, Rear-Admiral, U.S.N., retired, aged sixty-four years.

February 26th.—At Paris, Arsène Houssaye, the writer, aged eighty-one years.

February 27th.—At St. Louis, General Madison Miller, of the United States Army, aged eighty-seven years.

March 1st.—At Worcester, Massachusetts, William W. Rice, ex-Member of Congress, aged seventy years.

March 4th.—At Lowell, Frederick T. Greenhalge, Governor of Massachusetts, aged fifty-four years.—At St. Louis, ex-Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick, aged ninety years.

March 6th.—At Hempstead, Long Island, Philip J. A. Harper, eldest son of the late Mayor James Harper, of New York, one of the founders of the firm of Harper and Brothers, in his seventy-second year.

March 10th.—At Kovno, Isaac Elchonon, Chief Rabbi of the Jewish Church in All the Russias.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

A Farce in One Act.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Miss Belle Cheviot.	Miss Sally Driver.
Miss Grace Lofter.	Miss Charlotte Brassie.
Mr. Jack Hazard.	Dr. Austin Cheviot.

Scene.—*The hall of the Peconic Bay Golf Club. Practicable French window at L. C. back. Entrances at R. C. back and L. Large table at R. C. Small table and large easy-chair at L. front. Small cabinet at R. front. Telephone at R. C. back. Time, morning.* Miss Cheviot *is discovered leaning against table at R. C. She is dressed in golf costume and holds a bundle of golf clubs.*

Miss C. (*resolutely*). And I continue to prefer a straight-faced driver; the bulger "pulls" the ball. (*Looking over L.*) Gone! And without another word! I will never forgive him—never! never!

[*She sinks into a chair at R. and puts her handkerchief to her eyes. Enter* Dr. Cheviot, *L. He carries a morocco-covered medicine-chest.*

Dr. C. (*crossing over R.*). Hello! is that you, Belle?

Miss C. (*whipping away her handkerchief*). Austin! I didn't know you were back.

Dr. C. (*coming down*). I came in on the early train. (*Offering to kiss her.*) How are you?

Miss C. (*avoiding him*). Please don't—never before luncheon, you know.

Dr. C. (*laughing and walking away*). Oh, I don't mind—being your brother.

Miss C. (*irritably*). I do wish you would be quiet, Austin; it's perfectly maddening the way your boots creak.

Dr. C. (*looking at her curiously*). You seem a trifle upset this morning. Has anything happened?

Miss C. Of course not. How absurd you are!

Dr. C. I met Hazard outside just now.

Miss C. (*defiantly*). Well?

Dr. C. There is something wrong between you two, and I propose to inquire into it. Have you been foolish enough—

Miss C. (*interrupting*). I can't see that it concerns you at all, but since you take such a fraternal interest in my affairs you may as well know that our engagement is broken.

Dr. C. What!

Miss C. It was all a mistake from the beginning, and fortunately we have found it out in time. No-



body was to blame; it is nobody's fault. We have parted, and that is the end of it.

Dr. C. But, Belle—

Miss C. (*interrupting*). My dear brother, allow me to remind you again that this is entirely my own affair. There is absolutely nothing more to say.

Dr. C. (*shortly*). Oh, very well; I suppose we will have to fall back upon golf, as usual.

Miss C. (*loftily*). It is the mark of a small mind to despise what it cannot appreciate. If it hadn't been for golf—

Dr. C. (*sotto voce*). You would still be engaged to Jack Hazard.

Miss C. (*absently*). But that is all over now. (*Looking over R.*) I suppose that you have your absurd class in "First Aid to the Injured" this morning.

Dr. C. (*warmly*). I can't see anything absurd about it; but of course your business is to break hearts, not to mend them. I shouldn't like to hear of Jack's taking a dose of poison after what has happened this morning. (*Gloomily.*) You wouldn't have the faintest idea what to do for him.

Miss C. (*lightly*). I don't think the contingency a likely one. Men don't do that sort of thing nowadays.

Dr. C. No; the women are not worth it.

Miss C. And the club brandy and soda answers the same purpose in the end. (*Picking up her golf clubs and going up.*) You might say to Mr. Hazard that I expect to make the course in eighty-two or under, and that I shall use a straight-faced driver. The bulger "PULLS" the ball.

[*Exit by window, L. C. back.*

Dr. C. Poor Jack! it's just that little difference between a straight-faced and a bulger driver that has separated them. A miserable eighth of an inch, and yet as wide as the world.

[Mr. Jack Hazard *enters, L. He is dressed in golf costume and carries a cleek.*

Jack (*with a hasty look around*). Gone! And without another word!

Dr. C. (*turning*). That you, Jack?

Jack. Don't let me disturb you. (*Taking a golf ball from his pocket and proceeding to "address" it.*) We have an in-doors course now, you know, and the inkstand is the last hole. Fore! (*Makes two or three ineffectual attempts to hit the ball.*) It's no use, I can't keep my eye on the ball this morning.

Dr. C. (*putting his hand on* Hazard's *shoulder*). See here, old man, I'm awfully sorry about this affair.

Jack (*with a gulp*). Oh, I dare say I was a bit too positive. (*Plaintively.*) Only a bulger *doesn't* "pull" the ball if you hold it right.

Dr. C. Of course; everybody understands that.

Jack (*mournfully*). If she had only let me explain.

Dr C. (*sympathetically*). Exactly. (*Apart.*) What fools these golfers be!

Jack. But I mustn't stay here; you're going to have your class, I suppose. (*Uncertainly.*) I think I'll go and work up my "putting" a bit; it's my weak point, you know. (*Brightening up.*) You can get a tremendous lot of practice with a tumbler on the billiard-room floor.

Dr. C. Yes; that's a capital idea; it 'll do you no end of good, and, by-the-way, Jack, I know you're not a drinking man, but I brought down with me some particularly choice stuff—"St. Nicholas Club, Private Stock," you know. (*Crossing over to cabinet.*) I keep it in here, and if you feel inclined for a nip, help yourself. (*Smiling.*) Don't scare at the label; it won't hurt you.

Jack (*going*). Thanks, very much, but I seldom indulge. I find it's apt to make me a little wild in my "approach." (*At door, L.*) I can make that perfectly plain about the "bulger" any time you like. You might tell your sister what I said about its "*pulling*" the ball. [*Exit, L.*

Dr. C. (*shaking his head*). I'm afraid that Cupid has no chance against the caddie.

[*He bends over the table at R. C. Enter at R. C. back* Miss Grace Lofter, Miss Charlotte Brassie, *and* Miss Sally Driver. *They wear white caps and large aprons, and each has an immense note-book.*

Sally (*coming down*). Good-morning, Doctor Cheviot.

Dr. C. (*looking up*). Oh, there you are. (*He passes by* Sally, *who holds out her hand, and offers his to* Grace.) Good-morning, Miss Lofter. (*Aside.*) Am I to have my answer to-day? (*Aloud.*) How do you do, Miss Brassie? (*Shakes hands.*) And you too, Miss Driver? It's very nice to see you all again, and to be able to resume our lessons. (*Looking around.*) But where are the rest — Mrs. Bunker and Miss Niblick and the others?

Sally. Oh, as for Miss Niblick—

[*She stops and giggles.*

Dr. C. (*puzzled*). Well?

Sally. It is really very unfortunate, but she is quite upset about poor Mr. Foozle.

Dr. C. Indeed; nothing serious, I hope?

Sally. Oh, I don't think so. Dr. Cleek, who is in attendance, says that it is merely an aggravated case of "First Aid to the Injured," and that he hopes to make it all right in time. But poor Anna is nearly distracted to think that she had put it on wrong.

Dr. C. Put it on wrong! What are you talking about?

Sally. Why, his hand. You see, he slipped on the smooth grass at the "Punch-bowl" hole and dislocated his wrist. Miss Niblick was very cool, and reduced it all by herself, only she made a mistake and put it back this way.

[*She illustrates her meaning by twisting her hand around and back upon her wrist.*

Dr. C. Great Heavens!

Charlotte. She explained to Dr. Cleek that you had told her how to do it.

Dr. C. I?

Sally. She had it all drawn out with diagrams in her notes, only she happened to open the book upside down.

Grace (*sympathetically*). Dr. Cleek was very nice about it. He exonerated you entirely.

Dr. C. (*nervously walking up and down*). Too bad! too bad! I wouldn't have had it happen for anything.

Charlotte. And as for the Putting-Green girls, it has served them just right.

Dr. C. (*resignedly*). What have they been doing?

Charlotte. Why, they were both arrested day before yesterday over at Sandhurst, and fined twenty-five dollars apiece for practising medicine without a license. They are not coming to the class any longer.

Dr. C. (*passing his handkerchief over his forehead*). Oh dear! This is very unfortunate.

[Grace *passes behind table and gives him a sympathetic hand.*

Sally. I don't think that Mrs. Bunker will be here either. [*She stops and giggles.*

Dr. C. (*desperately.*) Oh, go on; don't mind me.

Sally. Well, you know how perfectly crazy she has been for some one to get half drowned, so that she could try her hand at resuscitation—her specialty. Of course no one would oblige her; it really wasn't to be expected; so yesterday afternoon she persuaded Mr. Bunker to go in bathing with her. All at once there was a tremendous commotion, and Mr. Bunker disappeared. Everybody screamed and ran down to the beach. There was Mrs. Bunker still in the water, and looking as calm as you please, but no Mr. Bunker. It seemed like an age before the bathing-master found him and pulled him out, and then he was purple in the face, and had swallowed just quarts and quarts and quarts of nasty salt water.

Dr. C. Was he unconscious?

Sally. Oh no; but the dreadful part of it was that as soon as he could speak without choking he flatly accused Mrs. Bunker of deliberately tripping him up and then sitting on his head. He even intimated that it had something to do with the heavy life-insurance policy that he had just taken out. Awful, wasn't it?

Dr. C. (*smiling involuntarily*). I should think so.

Sally. He wouldn't give Mrs. Bunker any chance to explain, for of course she had intended to bring him to.

Dr. C. Of course.

Charlotte. We were all perfectly sure of *that.*

Sally. And the end of it was that he went right off to town to see about getting a divorce, and poor Mrs. Bunker is perfectly prostrated.

Dr. C. (*gravely*). Well, young ladies, this all goes to show that our work here must be taken seriously, or it had better be given up altogether. (*Cheerfully.*) However, I expect better things of you who remain, and we must endeavor to retrieve ourselves. Perhaps it would be well this morning to have a short oral examination on the subjects we have been over instead of the regular lecture.

All (*anxiously*). Examination!

Dr. C. Oh, it won't be very formidable. If you will kindly be seated.

[*They bring their chairs forward in front of the table.* Dr. Cheviot *seats himself behind it.*

Dr. C. (*looking up*). Remember now—simplicity, clearness, conciseness. (*Referring to some memoranda.*) Perhaps Grace — er — Miss Lofter will kindly show us how to make a tourniquet. We will suppose that Miss Brassie has severed an artery in her arm, and is rapidly bleeding to death. Please stand up, Miss Brassie. Now, then, Miss Lofter.

[Grace, *with a great show of professional skill, proceeds to tie a scarlet ribbon around* Charlotte's *wrist.*

Dr. C. Above the cut, if you please.

[Grace *looks confused, and tries again.*

Dr. C. (*critically*). The bow is very tastefully made, but pardon me if I suggest that the object is to constrict and not necessarily to ornament the arm. I believe that I told you to employ a stout cord, and then by twisting with a small stick—

Grace (*nervously*). I beg your pardon. I had quite forgotten about the stick, but I think I can find one outside. [*Going over L.*

Dr. C. (*gravely*). I am afraid that you are too late. The patient (*looking at his watch*) has been dead at least three minutes.

Grace (*falteringly*). I—I am so sorry.

[*She goes up with her handkerchief to her eyes.*

Dr. C. (*repentantly*). What a brute I am!

[*He follows her up stage and whispers something in her ear.*

Sally (*sotto voce to* Charlotte). Somebody else was injured that time.

Dr. C. (*bringing* Grace *down*). It really doesn't make the slightest difference, not the least in the world. We're all liable to make mistakes; I do it myself. Please don't think *anything* more about it. (*Jocularly.*) I'll make all the necessary explanations to Miss Brassie's sorrowing family.

Grace (*smiling faintly*). Thank you so much.

Dr. C. Now let us begin again. Will you, Miss



Driver, indicate the proper treatment for a fainting turn?

Sally (*shutting note-book with a bang and reciting glibly*). Hold the patient firmly that he may not injure himself during the paroxysms. In extreme cases pass a stout strap around the chest, confining the arms close to the body. At short intervals hypodermic injections of weak water and water—no, weak brandy and brandy—

Dr. C. Pardon me, but for a *faint.*

Sally (*with a hasty glance at her book*). Oh, laws! *that* was for fits. I just happened to see the letter F, and of course I thought—he! he! he!

[*She giggles in unaffected enjoyment.*

Dr. C. (*annoyed*). Really, Miss Driver, this ill-timed levity. (*Apart.*) I'm devoutly thankful that

old Dr. Cleek didn't hear that. (*Aloud.*) Miss Driver, let me beg of you—

[*He sits back, frowning gloomily.*

Sally (*with unrestrained merriment*). Ha! ha! "In extreme cases — paroxysms — hypodermic injections." Oh, doctor, it will kill me—he! he! he! he! (*Recovering herself.*) I'm sure I beg your pardon.

Dr. C. (*stiffly*). Oh, certainly.

Sally (*penitently*). It was all the fault of that odious letter F. I had them both on the same page, fits and faints, and—

[*She stuffs her handkerchief in her mouth, and bends over her book.* Dr. Cheviot *arranges his papers and proceeds to boil within. A pause.*

Dr. C. (*to* Charlotte, *who has been studying attentively through everything*). Did you make a special study of any particular subject, Miss Brassie?

Charlotte (*looking up*). Yes; I took the resuscitation of the drowned.

Dr. C. If you will be so kind, then, and please be very, very careful.

[Sally *involuntarily giggles, and* Dr. Cheviot *looks at her sternly.*

Charlotte (*speaking very slowly and distinctly*). Lay the patient upon his back so that the water in the mouth may run out.

Dr. C. (*kindly*). You mean lay him upon his face.

Charlotte (*with dignity*). If you prefer it that way. (*Continuing.*) Then turn him over, taking care to keep the chest depressed and the head slightly elevated.

Dr. C. (*interrupting*). The *head* depressed and the *chest* elevated.

Charlotte. Didn't I say that?

Dr. C. (*shortly*). No.

Charlotte (*calmly*). I beg your pardon. (*Continuing.*) Move the arms gently up and down so as to induce artificial refrigeration.

Dr. C. (*wearily*). Respiration, if you please.

Charlotte (*offended*). That's what I said. (*Continuing.*) Finally, and this is of great importance: Roll the patient upon a barrel.

Dr. C. (*impatiently*). Do *not* roll upon a barrel.

Charlotte (*insistently*). You distinctly told us to roll him upon a barrel.

Dr. C. (*restraining himself*). Miss Brassie, I distinctly told you *not* to roll him upon a barrel.

Charlotte (*calmly argumentative*). I can show it to you in my note-book. [*She offers him the book.*

Dr. C. (*waving it back*). But I tell you that your notes are wrong.

Charlotte (*coldly*). Do you wish me to correct them?

Dr. C. If you will be so good.

Charlotte (*with dignity*). Certainly. (*She makes the correction.*) It now reads: "Do not roll upon a barrel." Is that satisfactory?

Dr. C. Perfectly. (*Passing his handkerchief over his forehead.*) I think that will do for to-day.

[*The telephone bell rings violently.*

Charlotte. But the patient is still unconscious.

Dr. C. (*rising and going up to telephone at R. C. back*). Excuse me; it may be a call for me. (*Answering.*) Yes; this is Dr. Cheviot—what? Speak louder, please. (*He strikes the side of the box excitedly.*) Hey! Say that again. (*He listens with a horror-stricken countenance.*) Very well, I'll come. (*He hangs up the receiver and comes down slowly. Speaking with great deliberation.*) May I inquire which one of you young ladies prescribed this morning for old Mr. Dormie's sore throat?

[*The girls look at each other but no one speaks.*

Dr. C. (*still icily deliberate*). Fortunately Mr. Dormie didn't take the prescription himself; he tried it on Mrs. Stymie's pug-dog. Mr. Dormie is now feeling very thankful, as the wretched animal immediately turned green about the mouth and went into a fit. (*Sarcastically.*) Perhaps Miss Driver would like to attend to the case. (*Going to the table and taking his hat.*) I suppose I must do what I can, though I don't think there is much chance. (*Going up and speaking with suppressed agitation.*) As it happens, Mrs. Stymie was my one rich patient, and that dog was worth $1500 a year to me. (*Bowing.*) Ladies, I have the honor to bid you a very good-morning. [*Exit R. C. back.*

Sally (*jumping up*). Well, of all the rude, nasty—

Grace (*stopping her*). Girls, I did that.

Sally. } You!
Charlotte. }

Grace (*despairingly*). Yes, I.

Sally (*explosively*). Why couldn't Mr. Dormie have taken the medicine himself? Horrid old suspicious thing.

Charlotte. I'm sure he wasn't worth $1500 a year to anybody.

Sally (*mournfully*). Fifteen hundred dollars a year! You can never make that up to him, even though you are an heiress. There's no way in which he could take it.

Charlotte (*at window*). I do believe that Belle is break-



ing the record. Such a crowd following her—she's just going to drive. [*Exit, L. C. back.*

Sally (*bolting out*). You don't say!

[*Exit hastily L. C. back.*

Grace (*with sudden resolution*). But there *is* a way, and I shall take it.

[Hazard *appears at door, L., with a bulger driver and a large file.*

Jack. Beg pardon—thought the class was over.

[*Enters slowly.*

Grace (*going*). So it is, and I am just going—to announce my engagement to Dr. Cheviot.

Jack (*shaking hands*). I'm awfully glad, Miss Lofter. You don't play golf, do you?

Grace (*going up*). No. I don't know a cleek from a clam.

Jack. And neither does Cheviot. (*Holding open door at R. C. back.*) Never learn, as you value your eternal happiness. Never! never! never! (Grace *exit, R. C. back.* Jack *comes down.*) Yes, they'll be happy as the day is long. (*Filing away at the club.*) I'm changing all my bulgers to straight-faced ones, but I'm afraid it's too late now. (*Walking up and down nervously.*) Hang it all! I must get something to tone me up a bit. (*Desperately.*) I'll have some of Austin's whiskey, even if it should ruin my "iron-play." (*He goes to the cabinet at R. C. and takes out a bottle and glasses. He pours out a drink and places the bottle on small table at L. C. so as to conceal the label from the sight of the audience. He seats himself in easy-chair at L. C. front. Drinks.*) That isn't bad whiskey. I rather think that it might *improve* my "iron-play." (*After a moment's pause.*) It seems rather warm in here. (*Closing his eyes.*) Very warm.

[*He sleeps. Sounds of hand-clapping and applause heard without.* Miss Cheviot *appears at window, L. C. back.*

Miss C. (*speaking off*). I'm going to put my score up. (*She enters, and comes down, waving her score-card triumphantly.*) I've done it—broken the record. (*Stopping, and looking around.*) What have they done with the bulletin-board? (*She catches sight of the bottle standing on the table.*) What's that? (*She suddenly snatches up the bottle with a face of horror.*) Oh, never! It can't be! (*Glancing at* Hazard *asleep in the chair.*) Jack, and unconscious already! Oh, what shall I do? Help! Help! (*Running up to window, L. C. back, and beckoning frantically.*) Grace! Sally! Charlotte!

[Grace, Sally, *and* Charlotte *appear at windows, L. C. back.*

Sally (*entering*). Belle What is it?

[*The others follow her in.*

Miss C. (*pointing to bottle*). There!

[*The girls are horror-stricken.*

Miss C. Tell me—tell me—

[*She is unable to proceed.*

Sally (*recovering herself*). We must keep our heads. Charlotte, your note-book!



[Miss Cheviot *kneels at* Hazard's *right and begins to chafe his hand.* Grace *nervously tries a succession of tourniquets on his left arm.* Charlotte *anxiously turns the leaves of her note-book, with* Sally *looking over her shoulder.*

Sally (*coming down*). Grace! run, quick — the doctor! (*To* Charlotte.) Have you found it—the treatment? [Grace *exit hastily, L. C. back.*

Charlotte (*calmly*). Yes, and I will take charge of the case. Let us all keep perfectly cool. (*Consulting book.*) Is the patient still unconscious?

[Hazard *has opened his eyes and is looking about him in blank astonishment.*

Miss C. (*pressing his hand to her heart*). Jack! Oh, Jack!

Jack. Belle!

[*He tries to rise, but* Sally *holds him down.*

Miss C. (*hysterically*). Jack, dearest Jack, do you really know me?

Jack (*incredulously*). It must be all a dream.

[*Closes his eyes.*

Charlotte (*decisively*). We mustn't let him get unconscious again. Burn some feathers, Sally. Pull his hair, Belle! Well, if you won't, I will.

[*She does so.*

Jack (*opening his eyes*). Ouch! (*Seeing* Miss Cheviot.) Belle! Is it really you?

Miss C. (*anxiously*). You mustn't say a word, dear. We're doing everything we can for you.

Jack. All right. Keep hold of my hand, and I'll be like a lamb.

Charlotte. Never mind the feathers, Sally. Here, take the book while I prepare the antidote.

[*She goes to the table and pours out a dose.*

Jack (*with some uneasiness*). But won't you tell me—

Miss C. Hush! hush! Please, dear Jack.

Charlotte (*administering the dose*). There!

[*She manages to spill it all over him.*

Sally (*snatching up the medicine-bottle*). Charlotte! What have you done? You've given him twenty drops of strychnine instead of the antidote.

Jack (*cheerfully*). No you haven't—it all went down my collar.

Charlotte (*severely*). Well, it can't be helped now. You would move your head around. Oh, I knew I'd forgotten something. We must get him upon his head at once.

Sally (*reading from book*). "Get the patient upon his *feet* as quickly as possible."

Charlotte (*unwilling to yield the point*). I'm sure the doctor said *head.*

Sally. Well, look for yourself. (*Thrusting the book into* Charlotte's *hand.*) We must do something. Take hold of his arm, Belle.

[Miss Cheviot *and* Sally *assist* Jack *to rise.*

Charlotte (*consulting notes*). I am certain that I am right.

Sally (*resolutely*). Take his other arm, Charlotte, and I'll push behind. We must keep him moving.

Jack (*disposed to resist*). Oh, I say, now!

Miss C. (*pleadingly*). Jack! for my sake.

Jack (*submitting*). All right, only keep hold of my hand.

[*The quartet cross over and back,* Sally *pushing from behind.*

Sally (*breathlessly*). Keep him moving, keep him moving.

Jack (*at the top of his voice*) But what is this all about—I will know!



Charlotte (*with dignity*). Since you insist upon it, Mr. Hazard—you are *poisoned.*

Jack (*horror-stricken*). POISONED!! But I don't insist upon it.

Miss C. (*pulling him along*). Oh, Jack! dear Jack!

Sally (*pushing*). Keep him moving, keep him moving.

Enter Dr. Cheviot, *in haste, L. C. back.*

Dr. C. (*running down*). What's all this? Jack poisoned! impossible! Let me see him.

Sally. Of course he is. Look here. (*She snatches up the whiskey-bottle and reads the label aloud.*) "LAUDANUM! A DEADLY POISON!! TAKE CARE!!!"

Dr. C. (*taking the bottle*). Oh! (*He pulls out the cork and sniffs at it.*) Exactly; it's my own particular private poison.

Jack (*puzzled*). Why, you gave it to me yourself.

Dr. C. Of course I did, and I told you not to scare at the label. I don't propose to have my "St. Nicholas Club Private Stock" sampled by everybody in the club.

All. Oh!

Sally (*indignantly*). It's a beastly shame; that's what it is.

[*She joins* Charlotte, *who is still reading her note-book.*

Dr. C. You should stick to fits, Miss Driver.

[*He goes up and joins* Grace, *who enters, L. C. back.*

Jack (*turning*). Belle!

Miss C. Don't say another word; it was all my fault.

Jack (*tenderly*). I was too hasty. And perhaps a "bulger" does "pull" the ball. I've changed all mine to straight-faced.

Miss C. Don't, Jack; I can't bear it. I've—I've just broken the record.

Jack (*admiringly*). Broken the record!

Miss C. (*contritely*). Yes, by two strokes; and—and—I did it with a brassie bulger. Oh, Jack! [*She buries her face on his shoulder.*

Dr. C. (*coming down with* Grace). My dearest, there's just one thing more.

Grace (*looking down*). Yes.

Dr. C. I pulled the pug through, after all, and Mrs. Stymie is profoundly grateful. My practice there will be worth $2500 in the future. Perhaps now—that is, under the present circumstances—your answer—

Grace (*giving him her hand*). It is still the same.

Charlotte (*looking up*). Could we have done any more, doctor? It was impossible to get Mr. Hazard on his head.

Sally (*sarcastically*). And he simply would NOT take the twenty drops of strychnine.

Dr. C. (*turning*). My dear young ladies, you have handled the case to perfection, and I congratulate you with all my heart. For even if you were not actually called upon to save life, you have at least succeeded in making it worth living for two miserable bachelors, who cannot thank you enough for your prompt and efficient tender of

First Aid to the Injured.

[*All join hands and bow profoundly.*

Miss C. Jack. Sally. Charlotte. Dr. Cheviot. Grace.

CURTAIN.



FLORIDA STATISTICS.

NORTHERN VISITOR. "What kind of a fish should you call that, uncle?"
UNCLE MOSE, OF FERNANDINA. "Wal, boss, ef I wuz yo', I'd frow dat fish away fust, en call him a hundred-pound tarpan aftahwads."

DREAMS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

My library's not lined with treasûres rare,
With treasures rich, with treasures past compare.
No manuscripts it holds of Poe, or Scott,
And many are the autographs I've not.
In yonder alcove, over to the left,
You'll find a spot of rarest tomes bereft;
And there upon the walnut chiffonnier
There stands no folio of Will Shakespeare.
Now turn the key of that not-buhl-work chest,
And gaze into its depths; no rare prints rest
Therein—just try, I pray, to take one out:
The truth of what I say 'twill prove past doubt.
Those Stevensons you fail to find up there
Are, all of them, the rarest of the rare;
And those editions of the Poets past
Hold not a "first" among them—all are "last."
And that small color sketch upon the wall
Is not a fine Cruikshank original.
But, oh what joy is mine to dream of what
I haven't got!

LOGIC.

EVERY one knows that Triest forms a part of the "Unredeemed Italy" which still belongs to Austria, but sighs to become a part of her own country. At a church in that city a traveller was shown a large number of votive offerings, and among them a silver mouse, which had been presented by a lady whose house was horribly infested by such vermin. After this gift to the Madonna, the nuisance entirely disappeared.

"Do you believe that?" inquired the sceptical traveller.

"Of course not," replied the sacristan, "or we should have made a silver Austrian long ago." MARY ARGYLE TAYLOR.

THE BRILLIANT IDIOT.

IT was on the five-o'clock accommodation on the Boston and Maine. He was a green brakeman—greener than grass at this time of year—and it was his first run over the road. At Somerville he woke old Spettegrew out of his every-afternoon nap by announcing "Chelsea!" and a little later, when they stopped at East Everett, he paralyzed old lady Pettijohn by proclaiming "Prides Crossing!" But the climax was reached when the train arrived in Lynn.

When the veteran brake-twister on the front platform threw open the door with a bang, and with a familiarity born of years of experience, rattled off, "Lynn! Lynn! Change cars for East Lynn, Swampscott, Philiips Beach, Beach Bluff, Clifton, Devereaux, and Marblehead! Lynn! Lynn!" the brilliant idiot on the rear platform poked his head in the other door and shouted, "*Same here!*" W. O. P.

CHEERFUL BUCKMINSTER.

"He was the onluckiest man, this feller Buckminster, of any man I ever knowed," said old Milo Bush, as if he had been talking of the unfortunate Buckminster for half an hour, though, in point of fact, it was the first remark he had made that evening. "And I've knowed a-many onlucky men too, having made a kind of a study of 'em, so to speak. But this here Buckminster just naturally laid over anything *I* ever seen or heered tell of in the onlucky line.

"The fust day he struck the Territory it begun. He had a light wagon and a team of mules, and 'lowed to start a stage line betwixt American Eagle and Ghost Prairie. Druv into town and stopped in the Square. Each mule cocked his right ear for'ards and his left ear back'ards, put his head down, and just as if somebody had counted 'One, two, three—go!' for 'em, or dropped a hat, them mules began to kick like all get out, fust one up, t'other one down, t'other one up, fust one down, like a machine; and some o' the pieces of that wagon didn't fall for—well, not for—well, *some* of 'em *never* was *seen* to fall, though I s'pose, of course, they did evenchooly come down *somewheres*. Well, him and his wife crawled out, and says he, cheerful as a bull-frog, says he, 'I've got the mules yet, anyhow; I'll just hustle for another wagon'; and he started out to do it; and what happened while he was gone? Them mules walked over to the town well, pulled off the cover with their teeth, and just dove right in and was drownded.

"Was Buckminster discouraged? Not a ding-batted bit. On the con*trary*ry, he was cheerful as a—a—laying hen—just like a laying hen, gentlemen—reminded everybody that saw him of a durned old cackling, laying hen. Took his wife and walked up to the hotel. And what do you reckon? Man there cleaned him out of half his money by selling him stock in a gold-mine that didn't exist—acchooly didn't *exist*—no such *thing*—*wasn't* such a mine *nowhere, nohow;* not a *salted* mine even, which mebby Buckminster could of sold to somebody else, and kept money easy and in circulation, but a mine which wa'n't no mine at all 'cause there wa'n't no such thing. And the man was a stranger too, and lit out with the cash, and it never done the town no good.

"And what did this here Buckminster do next? Bought a house with what he had left. Cheerful? Why, dog my cats—dog *all* of my cats—if the feller didn't whistle, 'Pop goes the weasel' while they was making out the deed—and the pieces of his wagon not all down yet, and his mules standing on their heads in twenty feet of water, and a total stranger streaking out of town with his wad! 'Pop goes the fub-gasted weasel,' gentlemen, while the lawyer was making out the deed of a five-hundred-dollar house for eight hundred and fifty! Cheerful as a lop-horned cow, I swear.

"Buckminster's notion was to start a boarding-house. Might as well of tried to start a shot-tower. While he and his wife was marketing, the third day, a cyclone come along and blew the house galley-west, with every jim-fizzled boarder in it, and rattling round like the seeds in a dry gourd. Bet a peck of red apples that house is end-over-ending yet, with good boarders sifting out the cracks.

"Next? Went to boarding himself, and got a job on the street. Still cheerful—say, *whistling* wa'n't good enough now—took to *singing*, reg'lar. 'Cap'n Jenks,' 'Sweet by-and-by,' 'Old Joe stood at the garden gate,' 'Doxology,' and all such songs. Luck change? Hardly. Wife run away with a travelling dentist. Said *she* couldn't stand it no longer. What did *he* say? Said a wife wa'n't a necessity. Argyed that wives was luxuries. Let on he thought they was going out of style. Offered to bet $10 the best-dressed men didn't have 'em. *And* kept up his pesky music. Took to singing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' Reckon he must of been thinking of his mules.

"Nothing more to lose, hey? You didn't know that there horn-swizzled Phil Buckminster. You bet there *was* something more for *him* to lose! One day a letter came to the postmaster from back East, where he used to live, saying his name wa'n't Buckminster at all, but Tubbs, *Tom* Tubbs, I believe; that he'd changed it when he had to leave town for setting the Baptist church afire, just to see if a Baptist church would burn, or if it was too wet. So there was Philip Buckminster without even his *name* left.

"What'd'e do next? Why, hang *me*, there wa'n't but one thing for him *to* do! He went into politics, of course. The people felt sorry for him, and elected him County Clerk. He's held the office ever since; yanks out his salary each month, gets rid of it like a fool, and goes back to work. And still cheerful? Cheerful, gentlemen, as a durned red-headed willipus-wallipus—or more so." HAYDEN CARRUTH.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

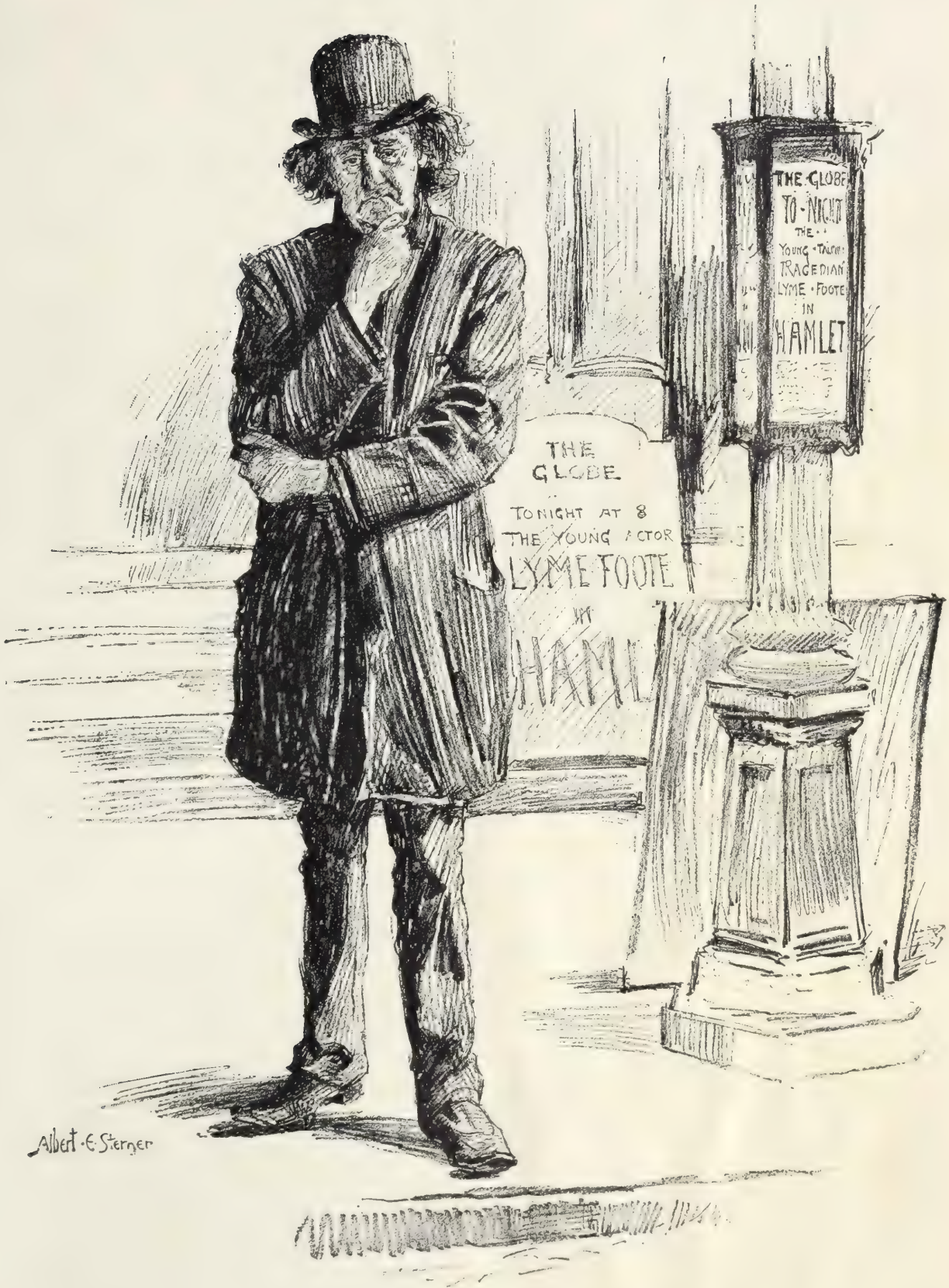
An irascible German father angrily waves an open telegram into the face of his meek spouse, and says:

"Listen to the tone in which that infernal rascal of a son speaks to his father, the impertinent spendthrift: 'Father, send me money—Hannes!' Now what do you say to such barefaced impudence? Spending money, and then giving his father peremptory orders to send more!"

"But he does not say that at all, my dear husband," calmly replied the fond mother, taking the telegram out of her irate husband's hand. "Listen; this is what he writes," and with soft, pleading, ingratiating voice, she reads: "'Faather! Sénd me money. Hánnes!'"

She had *des larmes dans la voix* when she came to the boy's name.

"If only he had written that!" the father replied, almost persuaded into pity.



IN DAYS OF YORE.

Soliloquy. "Hamlet! Hamlet! Let me see. I believe I played the part *once* meself!"

IT WAS A COLD DAY.

SELF-SACRIFICE is a noble thing, and the Senior class at Metropolitan University hailed Jim Dingley as a second Curtius.

The class had not studied hygiene for two terms under Professor O'Zone without learning that fresh air is a good thing to have in the house, but they objected to the practical exemplification of the professor's theories, which resulted in a temperature in his lecture-room of about 20° F. lower than elsewhere in the college buildings. Respectful protests had proved of no avail, and during the last cold snap the class held an indignation meeting for the purpose of taking vigorous measures to bring about a reform. Various methods were suggested, every one of which, however, involved the class in an organized conspiracy against constituted authority that seemed likely to result disastrously to whomsoever the faculty should happen to hit on as the ring-leaders.

It was consequently with a great sense of relief that the class heard Jim Dingley, who of them all stood the least chance of graduating, offer to take the entire responsibility on himself.

"Leave it to me," he cried; "I'll make it warm for the old man. Keep your eye on Dingley," and with cheers the meeting broke up.

When the class next met for a dose of hygiene it seemed colder than ever before, and the boys, as requested, kept their eyes on Dingley. The chairs were all screwed to the floor; but Dingley, who sat in the third row, had provided himself with a screw-driver, and in a few moments he arose, carried his chair over by the heater, and sat down.

The professor looked up in surprise. "Mr. Dingley, return your chair to its place."

"It's too cold."

"Mr. Dingley, do as I say."

Dingley obeyed, but immediately began ostentatiously to blow on his fingers and to slap his arms across his chest.

"Mr. Dingley, leave the room!" ordered the professor.

Dingley went and reported at once to the president that he had been sent out of Professor O'Zone's room for trying to keep warm. The upshot of the matter was that the president privately advised Dr. O'Zone to turn on a little more heat, but told Dingley that he would be expelled unless he publicly apologized to the professor.

Accordingly, the next day that the class met in Professor O'Zone's room, Jim went into the coat-room, and after making a careful selection from the wraps on the hooks, appeared, at the beginning of the lecture, clad in an enormous ulster, a large fur cap, fur gauntlet-gloves, ear-muffs, a worsted muffler, and the largest pair of arctics he could find. Standing up as soon as the roll was called, he said, "Professor O'Zone, in regard to the disturbance which occurred in your room the other day, it's a pity it ever happened."

"Mr. Dingley," returned the professor, gravely, "I accept your apology in the same spirit as that in which it is offered. In the future your seat will be there," indicating a chair which was bolted to the floor close to the heater.

Jim sat down, and noticed, to his horror, that it was turned full on, and that a large thermometer on the wall registered 82°.

At last reports Jim's heroism was rapidly thawing out. H. G. PAINE.

BUSINESS ABILITY.

THEY were sitting around a table in the grill-room of a New York club—several members, and a visiting army officer from Idaho.

"Speaking of sharpness," said the Major, "there was a man named Hitt who came out to Idaho. His only capital was the fact that he had been born in Connecticut. He looked around a bit, and the thing which struck him the most forcibly was that the modern Idaho Indian is a quite different sort of creature from the Indian of Cooper, who talked blank verse, and on moral questions towered like the Matterhorn. He saw, too, that the dusky brothers had more or less money; and thus the problem requiring solution was seen to be simple—to wit, the transferral of this money from the aboriginal to the Connecticut pocket. So what do you guess this man Hitt did? Started, of all things, an artificial scalp factory, where the tepee-keeping brave might purchase alleged evidence of his prowess on the war-path at one dollar a piece, or ten dollars a dozen. The warriors of the forest and the plain took to it like young ducks to a mill-pond, and Hitt is getting rich."

The Major paused, and gradually the suspicion crept into the minds of the members that he had been lying; but none of them felt like saying so. Then one of the New-Yorkers said:

"Your friend was clever, Major, but I once knew a man here in the East that I think rather surpassed him in business acumen. His name was Longworthy, and he came of a good family. He lived out at Squink Squnk, New Jersey, but he came to New York every day, where he carried on a house-renting agency, making a specialty of flats with all rooms having windows on four sides. The first of January Longworthy bought a fifty-ride family ticket on the railroad between Squink Squnk and this city. It was good for one year. The first morning Longworthy noticed that when the conductor punched this ticket the little piece cut out fell to the floor, so after the official passed on he picked it up, touched the edge all around with mucilage, and slipped it back in. He always made the trip both ways with the same conductor, and as he never failed to pick up the hole and replace it, he came out at the end of the year with a ticket as good as new."



JUST HIS KIND.

"Who's your friend, Wilbur?"
"That's Jack Barber. I wish you'd let me introduce him—he's just your kind."
"Looks like a D. F."
"He is, but *you* can't help liking him."

"By George!" exclaimed the Major, "he *was* pretty sharp, wasn't he?"

"Rather. But that wasn't all. He then went to the company, and, on the plea of not having used the ticket, got them to refund the purchase price. He'd have been all right if, after getting it in his pocket, he hadn't set up a loud and rasping demand for interest at legal rates. This was too much, and the president of the company jumped over the counter and kicked him the whole length of a long corridor, projecting him from seven to ten feet at each kick. However, Longworthy sued for five thousand dollars damages, and a jury of other commuters said he was too modest, and awarded him ten thousand; and the newspapers all headed their accounts, 'Rebuke to Corporate Greed — Full Vindication of a Poor but Honest Citizen.'"

TO A REJECTED POEM.

Dear little rhyme, hast thou indeed come back again?
Is all my constant toil to have thee published vain?
Well, come into my heart, sweet verse. No more repine.
What if none want thee? I do! Child thou art of mine.

As such I love thee—as the father loves a maid
Whose virtues all mankind o'erlooks; who's doomed to fade
Close by the parent tree, a blessing gone to waste,
Because a hurly-burly world's devoid of taste.

A mother loves a daughter none the less at all
Because at dances she doth decorate "the wall."
So shalt thou be to me, dear verse. Though thou be tossed
Aside by all, I'll cherish what the world hath lost.

Henry Herbert Harkness.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

THE train drew into a station on the Atlantic Coast Line, *en route* for Jacksonville, and the rear car was immediately besieged by small darkies, clad in rags, and clamoring for a nickel.

"Why don't you boys go to work instead of begging?" asked one of the travellers.

"We ain't a-beggin'," returned one of the lads; "we's workin'."

"Oh!—and what is your business?"

"Scramblin'," replied the spokesman, showing a set of teeth beside which the ivory keys of a piano would have seemed like amber.

"Scramblin', eh? And what is that?" asked the tourist.

"Shoot up a nickel an' you'll see," replied the spokesman; and the nickel was tossed, and the tourist at once perceived two things—first, what scrambling was; and second, why the rags of a Southern darky seem to be the raggedest rags in creation.

After the struggle for the possession of the nickel was over, one of the smaller boys, who looked tired, and as pale as a negro can, asked for another to "buy sumpin t' eat."

"Something to eat! Why don't you go home and get it?"

"'Ain't got no home," he replied, his eyes growing wide.

"What? No home? Why, wh[illegible] sleep?"

"Don't never sleep," was the answer.

The boy received a quarter for his can[illegible].

NOT MUCH OF A LIGHT.

IT was at a state ball. The Englishman and the American girl were talking over some of those present, when the Englishman asked:

"That is Lord B—— who has just passed you. Have you met him?"

"Yes," was the answer, "and I thought he was extremely dull."

"You surprise me," said he. "He is one of the most brilliant lights of our service."

"Really?" she replied. "Then it is my turn to be surprised. His light flickered so when he talked with me that I set him down as one of your tallow diplomats."



GOOD ADVICE.

OLD GOTROKS (*savagely*). "Well, sir, I hope you're ready to go to work now. Your dabbling around the Continent has cost me a pretty penny."

CHOLLY GOTROKS (*remonstrating*). "Now, fawthaw, fawthaw; it's six of one an' hawf-dozen of th' other. S'pose I'd staid home an' dabbled raoun' Wall Street, naow? If y' really want to save money, give me another letter of cwedit and ship me back to Paris."